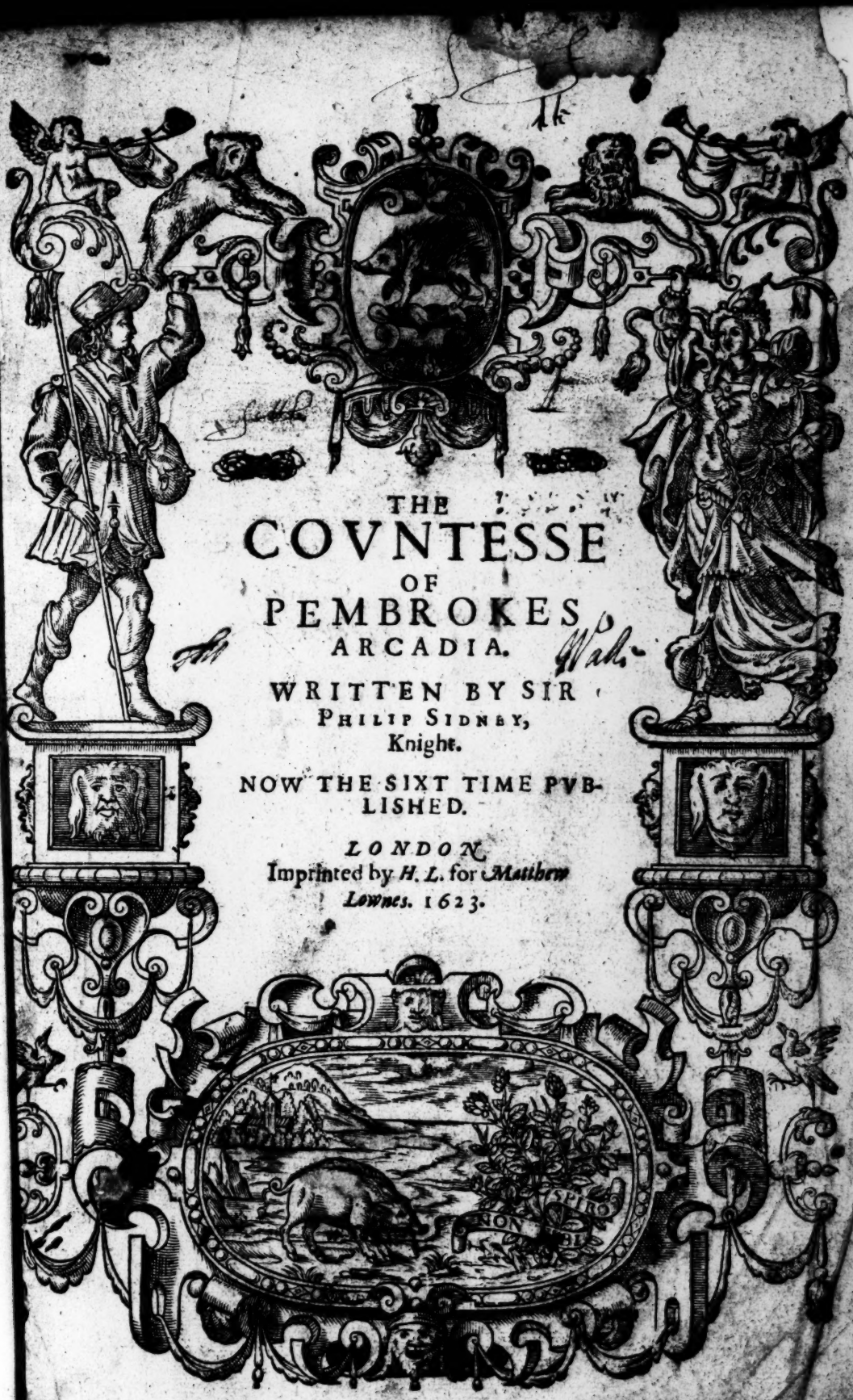


THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight.

NOW THE SIXT TIME PVBLISHED.

LONDON
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TO MY DEARE LADY AND SISTER, THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKE.

HEere now haue you (moſt deare, and moſt worthy to be moſt deare Ladie) this idle worke of mine: which I feare (like the Spiders web) will be thought fitter to be ſwept away, then worne to any other purpoſe. For my part, in very truth (as the cruell fathers among the Greekes were woont to doe to the babes they would not foſter) I could well finde in my heart, to caſt out in ſome deſert of forgetfulneſſe this childe, which I am loth to father. But you deſired me to do it, & your deſire, to my heart is an abſolute commandement. Now, it is done onely for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to your ſelfe, or to ſuch friends, who will weigh errors in the balance of good will, I hope, for the fathers ſake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it ſelfe it haue deformities. For indeed, for ſeuerer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your deare ſelfe can beſt witneſſe the manner, being done in looſe ſheetes of paper, moſt of it in your preſence, the reſt, by ſheetes, ſent vnto you, as faſt as they were done. In ſumme, a young head, not ſo well ſtaied as I would it were (and ſhal be when God will) hauing many many

fancies

fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in ſome way deliuered, would haue growne a monſter, and more ſorie might I be that they came in, then that they gatout. But his chiefe ſafety, ſhall be the not walking abroad; and his chiefe protection, the bearing the liuerie of your name, which (if much good will doe not deceiue me) is worthy to be a ſanctuarie for a greater offendor. This ſay I, becauſe I know the vertue ſo; and this ſay I, becauſe it may be euer ſo, or to ſay better, becauſe it wil be euer ſo. Reade it then at your idle times, & the follies your good iudgement will finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. And ſo, looking for no better ſtuffe, then, as in a Haberdaſhers ſhop, glaſſes, or feathers, you will continue to loue the writer, who doth exceedingly loue you, and moſt moſt heartily prayes you may long liue, to be a principall ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

Your louing brother,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

To the Reader.

THE disfigured face, gentle Reader, wherewith this Worke not long since appeared to the common view, moued that noble Lady, to whose Honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away those spots wherwith the beauties thereof were vnworthely blemished. But as often repairing a ruinous house, the mending of some old part occasioneth the making of some new: so here her honourable labour begun in correcting the faults, ended in supplying the defects; by the view of what was ill done, guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part with what aduice entred into, with what accesse it had beene passed through, most by her doing, all by her directing, if they may be entreated not to define, which are vnfurnisht of meanes to discerne, the rest (it is hoped) will fauourably censure. But this they shall, for their better satisfaction, vnderstand, that though they find not here what might be expected, they may find neuerthelesse as much as was intended, the conclusion, not the perfection of Arcadia: and that no further then the Authors own writings, or knowne determinations could direct. Whereof who sees not the reason, must consider there may be reason which hee sees not. Albeit I dare affirme he either sees, or from wiser iudgements then his owne may heare, that Sir Philip Sidneies writings can no more be perfected without Sir Philip Sidneie, then APELLES pictures without APELLES. There are that thinke

the

the contrarie: and no wonder. Neuer was Arcadia *free from the comber of such Cattell. To vs, say they, the pastures are not pleasant: and as for the flowers, such as wee light on wee take no delight in, but the greater part grow not within our reach. Poore soules! what talke they of flowers? They are Roses, not flowers, must doe them good, which if they finde not here, they shall doe well to feede elsewhere: Any place will better like them: For without* Arcadia *nothing growes in more plentie, then* Lettuce *sutable to their* Lippes. *If it be true that likenesse is a great cause of liking, and that contraries inferre contrarie consequences; then is it true, that the worthlesse Reader can neuer worthely esteeme of so worthy a writing: and as true, that the noble, the wise, the vertuous, the curteous, as many as haue had any acquaintance with true learning and knowledge, will with all loue and deareneſſe entertaine it, aswell for affinitie with themselues, as being childe to such a father. Whom albeit it doe not exactly and in euerie lineamẽt represent, yet cõsidering the fathers vntimely death preuented the timely birth of the childe, it may happily seeme a thank-worthy labour, that the defects being so few, so small, and in no principall part, yet the greatest vnlikenesse is rather in defect then in deformitie. But howsoeuer it is, it is now by more then one interest,* The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia: *done as it was, for her; as it is, by her. Neither shall these paines be the last (if no vnexpected accident cut off her determination) which the euerlasting loue of her excellent brother, will make her consecrate to his memory.*

H. S.

Henry Sidney
Sir Philip's father?

THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA, WRITTEN BY SIR *PHILIP SIDNEY.*

THE FIRST BOOKE.

IT was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparell againſt the approach of her louer, and that the Sunne running a moſt euen courſe, becomes an indifferent arbiter betweene the night and the day; when the hopeleſſe Shepheard *Strephon* was come to the ſands, which lye againſt the Iſlande of Cithera; where viewing the place with a heauie kind of delight, and ſometimes caſting his eyes to the Iſleward, he called his friendly riuall, the paſtor *Claius* vnto him, & ſetting firſt down in his darkened countenance a dolefull copy of what he would ſpeake: O my *Claius*, ſaid he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are ſo called vnto by ouerbuſie Remembrance, Remembrance, reſtleſſe Remembrance, which claymes not onely this duetie of vs, but for it will haue vs forget our ſelues. I pray you when we were amid our flock, & that of other ſhepheards ſome were running after their ſheepe ſtrayed beyond their bounds, ſome delighting their eies with ſeeing thē nibble vpō the ſhore & ſweet graſſe, ſome medicining their ſicke ewes, ſome ſetting a bell for an enſigne of a ſheepiſh ſquadron, ſome with more leiſure inuenting new games of exerciſing their bodies, and ſporting their wits: did Remembrance graunt vs any holiday, eyther for paſtime or deuotion, nay either for neceſſarie food or naturall reſt? but that ſtill it forced our thoughts to worke vpon this place, where we laſt (alas that the word laſt ſhould ſo long laſt) did graze our eyes vpon her euer flouriſhing beautie: did it not ſtill crye within vs? Ah you baſe minded wretches, are your thoughts ſo deepely bemyred in the trade of ordinarie worldlings, as for reſpect of gaine ſome paultrie wooll may yeeld you, to let ſo much time paſſe without knowing perfectly her eſtate, eſpecially in ſo troubleſome a ſeaſon? to leaue that ſhore vnſaluted, from whence you may ſee to the Iſland where ſhe dwelleth? to leaue thoſe ſteps vnkiſſed wherin *Vrania* printed the farewell of all beautie? Well then, Remembrance cōmanded, we obeyed, & here we find, that as our remēbrāce came euer cloathed vnto vs in the form of this place, ſo this place giues new heat to the feauer of our languiſhing remēbrance. Yonder my *Claius*, *Vrania* lighted, the very horſe (me thought) bewailed, to be ſo disburdned: & as for thee, poor *Claius*, when thou wentſt to help her down, I ſaw reuerēce & deſire ſo deuide thee, that thou didſt at one inſtant both bluſh & quake, & inſtead of bearing her, wert readie to fall

down thy ſelfe. There ſhe ſate, vouchſafing my cloake (then moſt gorgeous) vnder her: at yonder riſing of the ground ſhe turned her ſelfe, looking backe toward her woonted abode, and becauſe of her parting, bearing much ſorrow in her eyes, the lightſomneſſe whereof had yet ſo naturall a cheerefulneſſe, as it made euen ſorrow ſeeme to ſmile; at that turning ſhee ſpake to vs all, opening the cherrie of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine eares did feed vpon the ſweet words ſhe vttered? And here ſhe laide her hand ouer thine eyes, when ſhe ſaw the teares ſpringing in them, as if ſhe would conceale them from other, and yet her ſelfe feele ſome of thy ſorrow: But woe is me, yonder, yonder, did ſhee put her foote into the boate, at that inſtant, as it were diuiding her heauenly beautie, betweene the earth and the ſea. But when ſhe was imbarked, did you not marke how the windes whiſtled, and the ſeas daunc't for ioy? how the ſayles did ſwell with pride, and all becauſe they had *Vrania*? O *Vrania*, bleſſed be thou *Vrania*, the ſweeteſt fairneſſe, & faireſt ſweetneſſe: with that word his voice brake ſo with ſobbing, that he could ſay no further; and *Claius* thus anſwered, Alas my *Strephon* (ſaid hee) what needes this skore to recken vp onely our loſſes? What doubt is there, but that the ſight of this place doth call our thoughts to appeare at the court of affection, held by that racking ſteward, Remembrance? Aſwell may ſheepe forget to feare when they ſpie Wolues, as we can miſſe ſuch fancies, when we ſee anie place made happie by her treading. Who can chooſe that ſaw her, but thinke where ſhe ſtayed, where ſhe walkt, where ſhe turned, where ſhe ſpoke? But what is all this? truely no more, but as this place ſerued vs to thinke of thoſe things, ſo thoſe things ſerue as places to call to memorie more excellent matters. No, no, let vs thinke with conſideration, and conſider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, & admire with loue, and loue with ioy in the midſt of all woes: let vs in ſuch ſort thinke, I ſay, that our poore eyes were ſo inriched as to behold, and our low hearts ſo exalted as to loue a maide, who is ſuch, that as the greateſt thing the world can ſhew, is her beautie, ſo the leaſt thing that may be praiſed in her, is her beautie. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleaſant to behold, then two white kiddes climbing vp a faire tree, and browſing on his tendreſt branches, and yet are nothing, compared to the day-ſhining ſtarres contayned in them; and as her breath is more ſweet then a gentle South-weſt wind, which comes creeping ouer flowrie fields and ſhadowed waters in the extreame heate of Summer, and yet is nothing, compared to the honey flowing ſpeech that breath doth carrie: no more all that our eyes can ſee of her (though when they haue ſeene her, what elſe they ſhall euer ſee is but drie ſtubble after clouers graſſe) is to bee matched with the flocke of vnſpeakeable vertues, laid vp delightfully in that beſt builded fold. But indeed, as wee can better conſider the ſunnes beautie, by marking how he guildes theſe waters and mountaines, then by looking vpon his owne face, too glorious for our weake eyes: ſo it may be our conceits (not able to beare her ſun-ſtaining excellencie) will better way it by her workes vpon ſome meaner ſubiect employed. And alas, who can better witneſſe that then we, whoſe experience is grounded vpon feeling? hath not the onely loue of her made vs (being ſilly ignorant ſhepheards) raiſe vp our thoughts aboue the ordinarie leuell of the world, ſo as great clerkes doe not diſdaine our conference? hath not the deſire to ſeeme worthy in her eyes, made vs when others were ſleeping, to ſit viewing the courſe of heauens? when others were running at baſe, to run ouer learned writings? when other marke their ſheepe, we to marke our ſelues? hath not ſhe throwne reaſon vpon our deſires, and, as it were giuen eyes vnto *Cupid*? hath in anie, but in her, loue-fellowſhip maintayned

friendſhip

friendship betweene riuals, & beautie taught the beholders chastitie? He was going on with his prayses, but *Strephon* bad him stay, and looke: and so they both perceiued a thing which floated drawing neerer and neerer to the banke; but rather by the fauourable working of the sea, then by any selfe industry. They doubted a while what it should be; till it was cast vp euen hard before them: at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whervpon running for pitte sake vnto him, they found his hands (as it should appeare, constanter friends to his life than his memorie) fast griping vpon the edge of a square small coffer, which lay all vnder his brest: else in himselfe no shew of life, so as the boord seemed to be but a Beere to cattie him a land to his Sepulcher. So drew they vp a young man of so goodly shape, & well pleasing fauour, that one would thinke death had in him a louely countenance; and, that though he were naked, nakednesse was to him an apparell. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called vp their care; so that lifting his feete aboue his head, making a great deale of salt water come out of his mouth they laid him vpon some of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recouer both breath the seruant, and warmth the companion of liuing. At length opening his eyes, he gaue a great groan, (a dolefull note but a pleasant dittie) for by that, they found not onely life, but strength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, vntill (his spirits being well returned,) he (without so much as thanking them for their paines) gate vp, and looking round about to the vttermost limits of his sight, and crying vpon the name of *Pirocles*, not seeing nor hearning cause of comfort, what (said he) and shall *Musidorus* liue after *Pirocles* destruction? therewithall he offered wilfully to cast himselfe againe into the Sea: a strange sight to the shepheards, to whom it seemed, that before being in apparance dead, had yet saued his life, and now comming to his life, should be a cause to procure his death; but they ranne vnto him, and pulling him backe (then too feeble for them) by force stickled that vnnaturall fray. I pray you (said he) honest men, what such right haue you in me, as not to suffer me to do with my selfe what I list? & what pollicie haue you to bestow a benefit where it is counted an iniurie? They hearing him speake in Greeke (which was their naturall language) became the more tender hearted towards him; and considering by his calling, and looking that the losse of some deare friend was great cause of his sorrow; told him they were poore men that were bound by course of humanitie to preuent so great a mischiefe, and that they wisht him, if opinion of some bodies perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his owne proofe, who had lately escaped as apparant danger as any might be. No, no (said he) it is not for me to attend so high a blissefulnesse: but since you take care of me, I pray you finde meanes that some Barke may be prouided, that will go out of the Hauen, that if it be possible we may finde the body far, farre too precious food for fishes: and for the hire (said he) I haue within this casket, of value sufficient to content them. *Clains* presently went to a Fisherman, & hauing agreed with him, & prouided some apparell for the naked stranger, he imbarked, & the shepheards with him: & were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the hauen, but that some way into the Sea they might discerne (as it were) a staine of the waters colour, & by times some sparks & smoke mounting thereout. But the young man no sooner saw it, but that beating his breast, he cried, that there was the beginning of his ruine, intreating them to bend their course as neere vnto it as they could; telling, how that smoke was but a small relique of a great fire, which had driuen both him & his friend rather to commit themselues to the cold mercie of the

Sea, than to abide the hot crueltie of the fire: and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ſhip, that he was (if any where) in that courſe to be met withall. They ſteared therefore as neere thither-ward as they could: but when they came ſo neere as their eyes were full maſters of the obiect, they ſaw a ſight full of pitieous ſtrangeneſſe: a ſhip, or rather the carkaſſe of the ſhip, or rather ſome few bones of the carkaſſe, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death hauing vſed more than one dart to that deſtruction. About it floted great ſtore of verie rich things, and many cheſts which might promiſe no leſſe. And amidſt the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewiſe did not onely teſtifie both elements violence, but that the chiefe violence was growne of humane inhumanitie: for their bodies were full of griſly wounds, and their blood had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the Seas viſage: which it ſeemed the Sea would not waſh away, that it might witneſſe it is not alwaies his fault, when we condemne his cruelty. In ſumme, a defeate, where the conquered kept both field and ſpoile: a ſhipwrack without ſtorme or ill footing: and a waſt of fire in the midſt of the water.

But a little way off they ſaw the maſt, whoſe proud height now lay a long; like a widdow hauing loſt her make of whom ſhe held her honour: but vpon the maſt they ſaw a young man (at leaſt if he were a man) bearing ſhew of about eighteene yeares of age, who ſate (as on horſebacke) hauing nothing vpon him but his ſhirt, which being wrought with blew ſilke and gold, had a kind of reſemblance to the Sea: on which the Sunne (then neere his Weſterne home) did ſhoote ſome of his beames. His haire (which the young man of Greece vſed to weare verie long) was ſtirred vp & downe with the wind, which ſeemed to haue a ſport to play with it, as the Sea had to kiſſe his feete; himſelfe full of admirable beautie, ſet foorth by the ſtrangeneſſe both of his ſeat & geſture: for, holding his head vp full of vnmoued maieſtie, he held a ſword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waued about his crowne, as though he would threaten the world in that extremitie. But the fiſhermen, when they came ſo neere him, that it was time to throwe out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their ſimplicitie bred ſuch amaſement, and their amaſement ſuch ſuperſtition, that (aſſuredly thinking it was ſome God begotten betweene *Neptune* and *Venus*, that had made all this terrible ſlaughter) as they went vnder ſaile by him, held vp their hands and made their prayers. Which when *Muſidorus* ſaw, though he were almoſt as much rauiſhed with ioy, as they with aſtoniſhment, he leapt to the Mariner, and tooke the cord out of his hand and (ſaying, doeſt thou liue, and art well? who anſwered, thou canſt tell beſt, ſince moſt of my well being ſtands in thee,) threw it out, but alreadie the ſhip was paſt beyond *Pyrocles*: and therefore *Muſidorus* could doe no more but perſwade the Mariners to caſt about againe, aſſuring them that he was but a man, although of moſt diuine excellencies, and promiſing great rewards for their paine.

And now they were alreadie come vpon the ſtaies; when one of the ſailers deſcried a Galley which came with ſailes and oares directly in the chaſe of them; and ſtreight perceiued it was a well knowen Pirate, who hunted not onely for goods but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his Galley ſlaues, or to ſell at the beſt market. Which when the Maſter vnderſtood, he commaunded foorthwith to ſet on all the canuaſſe they could, and flye homeward, leauing in that ſort poore *Pyrocles* ſo neere to be reſcued. But what did not *Muſidorus* ſay? what did he not offer to perſwade them to venture the fight? But feare ſtanding at the gates of their eares, put backe all perſwaſions: ſo that he had nothing wherewith to accompanie

Pyrocles,

Pyrocles, but his eies; not to ſuccour him, but his wiſhes. Therefore praying for him, and caſting a long looke that way, he ſaw the Galley leaue the purſuite of them, and turne to take vp the ſpoiles of the other wracke: & laſtly he might well ſee them lift vp the young man; and alas (ſaid he to himſelfe) deare *Pyrocles*, ſhall that bodie of thine be enchained? ſhall thoſe victorious hands of thine be commanded to baſe offices? ſhall vertue become a ſlaue to thoſe that be ſlaues to viciouſnes? Alas, better had it bin thou hadſt ended nobly thy noble dayes: what death is ſo euill as vnworthy ſeruitude? But that opinion ſoone ceaſed, when he ſaw the Galley ſetting vpon another ſhip, which held long & ſtrong fight with her: for then he began a freſh to feare the life of his friend, & to wiſh well to the Pyrates whom before he hated, leaſt in their ruine he might periſh. But the fiſhermen made ſuch ſpeed into the hauen, that they abſented his eyes from beholding the iſſue: where being entred, he could procure neither them, nor any other as then to put themſelues into the ſea: ſo that being as full of ſorrow for being vnable to doe any thing, as void of counſell how to do anie thing, beſides, that ſickenes grew ſomthing vpon him, the honeſt ſhepheards *Strephon* & *Claius* (who being themſelues true friends, did the more perfectly iudge the iuſtneſſe of his ſorrow) aduiſe him, that he ſhould mitigate ſomwhat of his woe, ſince he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from aſſured perſwaſion of his death, to haue no cauſe to deſpaire of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his ſheepe, ſhould after know they were but ſtrayed, would receiue pleaſure though readily he knew not where to finde them.

Now ſir (ſaid they) thus for our ſelues it is; We are in profeſsion but ſhepheards, and in this countrie of Laconia little better then ſtrangers, and therefore neyther in skill, nor abilitie of power greatly to ſtead you. But what we can preſent vnto you is this: Arcadia, of which country wee are, is but a little way hence; and euen vpon the next confines there dwelleth a Gentleman, by name *Kalander*, who vouchſafeth much fauour vnto vs: A man who for his hoſpitalitie is ſo much haunted, that no newes ſtirre, but come to his eares; for his vpright dealing ſo beloued of his neighbours, that he hath manie euer readie to doe him their vttermoſt ſeruice, and by the great good will our Prince beares him, may ſoone obtaine the vſe of his name and credite, which hath a principall ſway, not onely in his owne Arcadia, but in all theſe countries of *Peloponneſus*: and (which is worth all) all theſe things giue him not ſo much power, as his nature giues him will to benefit. ſo that it ſeemes no Muſicke is ſo ſweet to his eare as deſerued thanks. To him we will bring you, & there you may recouer againe your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent ſearch for your friend: and therefore you muſt labour for it. Beſides, wee are ſure the comfort of curteſie, and eaſe of wiſe counſell ſhall not be wanting.

Muſidorus (who beſides he was meerly vnacquainted in the country, had his wits aſtoniſhed with ſorrow) gaue eaſie conſent to that, from which hee ſaw no reaſon to diſagree: and therefore (defraying the Mariners with a ring beſtowed vpon them) they tooke their iourney together through Laconia; *Claius* and *Strephon* by courſe carrying his cheſt for him, *Muſidorus* only bearing in his countenance euident markes of a ſorrowfull mind ſupported with a weake bodie, which they perceiuing, and knowing that the violence of ſorrow is not at the firſt to be ſtriuen withall: (being like a mightie beaſt, ſooner tamed with following, than ouerthrowne by withſtanding) they gaue way vnto it for that day and the next; neuer troubling him, either with asking queſtions, or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor dolorous diſcourſes of their owne and other folks misfortune. Which

ſpeeches, though they had not a liuely entrance to his ſences ſhut vp in ſorrow, yet like one halfe aſleepe he tooke hold of much of the matters ſpoken vnto him, ſo as a man may ſay, ere ſorrow was aware, they made his thoughts beare away ſomthing elſe beſide his own ſorrow, which wrought ſo in him, that at length he grew content to marke their ſpeeches, then to maruell at ſuch wit in ſhepheards, after to like their companie, & laſtly to vouchſafe conferance: ſo that the third day after, in the time that the morning did ſtrow roſes and violets in the heauenly floore againſt the comming of the Sunne, the Nightingales (ſtriuing one with the other which could in moſt daintie varietie recount their wrong cauſed ſorrow) made them put off their ſleepe, and riſing from vnder a tree (which that night had bin their pauillion) they went on their iourney, which by and by welcomed *Muſidorus* eies (wearied with the waſted ſoile of Laconia) with delightfull proſpects. There were hills which garniſhed their proud heights with ſtately trees: humble vallies, whoſe baſe eſtate ſeemed comforted with the refreſhing of ſiluer riuers: medowes, enamelled with all ſorts of eie-pleaſing flowers: thickets, which being lined with moſt pleaſant ſhade, were witneſſed ſo too, by the cheerfull diſpoſition of manie well-tuned birds: each paſture ſtored with ſheep feeding with ſober ſecuritie, while the prettie lambes with bleating oratorie craued the dammes comfort: here a ſhepheards boy piping, as though he ſhould neuer be old: there a young ſhepheardeſſe knitting, and withall ſinging, and it ſeemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voices muſick. As for the houſes of the countrey (for manie houſes came vnder their eye) they were all ſcattered, no two being one by th'other, and yet not ſo farre off as that it barred mutuall ſuccour: a ſhew, as it were, of an accompanable ſolitarineſſe, and of a ciuill wildenes. I pray you (ſaid *Muſidorus*, then firſt vnſealing his long ſilent lips) what countries be theſe wee paſſe through, which are ſo diuers in ſhew, the one wanting no ſtore, the other hauing no ſtore but of want.

The country (anſwered *Claius*) where you were caſt a ſhore, and now are paſt through, is Laconia, not ſo poore by the barrennes of the ſoile (though in it ſelfe not paſsing fertill) as by a ciuill warre, which being theſe two yeares within the bowels of that eſtate, betweene the gentlemen and the peaſants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this ſort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it ſo vnhoſpitall as now you haue found it: the townes neither of the one ſide nor the other, willingly opening their gates to ſtrangers, nor ſtrangers willingly entring for feare of being miſtaken.

But this country (where now you ſet your foot) is Arcadia: & euen hard by is the houſe of *Kalander* whither we lead you: this country being thus decked with peace, & (the child of peace) good husbādry. Theſe houſes you ſee ſo ſcattered are of men, as we two are, that liue vpon the commoditie of their ſheepe: and therefore in the diuiſion of the Arcadian eſtate are termed ſhepheards: a happy people, wanting little, becauſe they deſire not much. What cauſe then ſaid *Muſidorus*, made yon venter to leaue this ſweet life, and put your ſelfe in yonder vnpleaſant & dangerous realme? Guarded with pouertie (anſwered *Strephon*) and guided with loue. But now (ſaid *Claius*) ſince it hath pleaſed you to aske anie thing of vs whoſe baſenes is ſuch as the very knowledge is darkeneſſe: giue vs leaue to know ſomething of you, and of the yong man you ſo much lament, that at leaſt we may be the better inſtructed to enforme *Kalender*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Muſidorus* (according to the agreement betweene *Pyrocles* and him to alter their names) anſwered, that he called himſelfe *Palladius*, & his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I haue

him

him againe (ſaid he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my ſtory is of nothing; his entertainment (ſince ſo good a man he is) cannot be ſo low as I account my eſtate, and in ſumme, the ſumme of all his curteſie may be to helpe me by ſome meanes to ſeeke my friend.

They perceiued he was not willing to open himſelfe further, & therefore without further queſtioning brought him to the houſe; about which they might ſee (with fit conſideration both of the aire, the proſpect, and the nature of the ground) all ſuch neceſſarie additions to a great houſe, as might well ſhew *Kalander* knew that prouiſion is the foundation of hoſpitalitie, & thriſt the fewell of magnificence. The houſe it ſelfe was built of faire and ſtrong ſtone, not affecting ſo much any extraordinarie kind of fineneſſe, as an honourable repreſenting of a firme ſtatelineſſe. The lights, doores and ſtaires, rather directed to the vſe of the gueſt, then to the eye of the Artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, ſo the other not neglected; each place handſome without curioſitie, and homely without loathſomneſſe; not ſo daintie as not to be trode on, nor yet ſlubbered vp with good fellowſhip; all more laſting than beautifull, but that the conſideration of the exceeding laſtingneſſe made the eye beleeue it was exceeding beautifull. The ſeruants not ſo many in number, as cleanely in apparell, & ſeruiceable in behauiour, teſtifying euen in their countenances, that their maiſter tooke aſwell care to be ſerued, as of them that did ſerue. One of them was forthwith readie to welcome the ſhepheards, as men, who though they were poore, their maiſter greatly fauoured; & vnderſtanding by them, that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had ſeene tokens of more then common greatneſſe, howſoeuer now eclipſed with fortune: he ran to his maiſter, who came preſently forth, and pleaſantly welcomming the ſhepheards, but eſpecially applying him to *Muſidorus*, *Strephon* priuatly told him all what he knew of him and particularly that he found this ſtraunger was loth to be knowne.

No ſaid *Kalander* (ſpeaking aloud) I am no Herald to enquire of mens pedegrees, it ſufficeth me if I know their vertues; which (if this young mans face be not a falſe witnes) do better apparel his mind, then you haue done his body. While he was thus ſpeaking, there came a boy, in ſhew like a Marchants prentiſe, who taking *Strephon* by the ſleeue, deliuered him a letter, written iointly both to him & *Claius* from *Vrania*: which they no ſooner had read, but that with ſhort leaue-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly gueſſed and ſmiled at the matter) and once againe (though haſtily) recommending the young man vnto him, they went away, leauing *Muſidorus* euen loth to part with them, for the good conuerſation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himſelfe tied in vnto them: and therefore, they deliuering his cheſt vnto him, he opened it, and would haue preſented them with two very rich iewels, but they abſolutely refuſed them, telling him, that they were more then enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without harkning vnto a repply (like men whoſe hearts diſdained all deſires but one) gat ſpeedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that ſight *Kalander* ſoone iudged, that his gueſt was of no meane calling; & therefore the more reſpectfully entertaining him, *Muſidorus* found his ſicknes (which the fight, the ſea, and late trauell had laid vpon him) grow greatly, ſo that fearing ſome ſodaine accident, he deliuered the cheſt to *Kalander*, which was full of moſt precious ſtones, gorgeouſly and cunningly ſet in diuerſe manners, deſiring him he would keepe thoſe trifles, and if he died, he would beſtow ſo much of it as was needefull, to find out and redeeme a young man, naming himſelfe *Daiphantus*, as then in the hands of Laconia Pirats.

But

But *Kalander* seeing him faint more and more, with carefull speed conueyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house: where being possest with an extreame burning feuer, hee continued some while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victorie of sickneſſe, so that in sixe weekes the excellency of his returned beautie was a credible Embassador of his health, to the great ioy of *Kalander*, who, as in this time he had by certaine friends of his, that dwelt neare the sea in Missenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seeke and succour *Diaphantus*: so at home did hee omit nothing which hee thought might either profit or gratifie *Palladius*.

For, hauing found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by dayly discourses, which he delighted himselfe to haue with him, a mind of most excellent composition (a piercing wit quite voyd of ostentation, high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesie, an eloquence as sweet in the vttering, as slow to come to the vttering, a behauiour so noble, as gaue a maiestie to aduersitie: and all in a man whose age could not be aboue one and twentie yeares) the good olde man was euen enamoured with a fatherly loue towards him, or rather became his seruant by the bonds such vertue laid vpon him; once, he acknowledged himselfe so to bee, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* hauing gotten his health, & only staying there to be in place, where he might heare answere of the ships set forth; *Kalander* one afternoone led him abroad to a well arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to shew him before his going, as the place himselfe more then in any other delighted. The backside of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as soone as the descending of the staires had deliuered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most tast-pleasing fruits: but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were sodainly stept into a delicate greene, of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being vnder the trees, the trees were to them a Pauillion, and they to the trees a Mosaicall floore: so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delighfull, by counterfeyting his enemie Errour, and making order in confusion.

In the middest of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking christall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, so that it bare shew of two gardens; one in deede, the other in shadowes: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus: A naked *Venus* of white marble, wherein the grauer had vsed such cunning, that the natural blew veines of the marble were framed in fit places, to set forth the beautifull veines of her bodie. At her breast she had her babe *Æneas*, who seemed (hauing begun to sucke) to leaue that, to looke vpon her faire eyes, which smiled at the babes folly, meane while the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure built for a sommer retiring place, whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a square roome full of delightfull pictures, made by the most excellent workman of Greece. There was *Diana* when *Acteon* saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the Painter had set such a colour, as was mixt betweene shame and disdaine, & one of her foolish Nymphes who weeping, and withall lowring, one might see the workeman meant to set forth teares of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*; the posture of whose limmes was so liuely expressed, that if the eyes were only iudges, as they bee the only seers, one would haue sworne the very picture had run. Besides many mo as of *Helena*, *Omphale Iole*: but in none of them all beautie seemed to speake so much as in a large table, which

which contained a comely olde man, with a Lady of middle age, but of excellent beautie, and more excellent would haue bin deemed, but that there ſtood betweene them a yong maide whoſe wonderfulnes tooke away all beautie from her, but that which it might ſeeme ſhe gaue her back againe by her verie ſhadow. And ſuch difference (being knowne that it did indeed counterfeit a perſon liuing) was there betweene her & all the other, though Goddeſſes, that it ſeemed the skill of the Painter beſtowed on the other new beautie, but that the beautie of her beſtowed new skill of the Painter. Though he thought inquiſitiuenes an vncomely gueſt, hee could not chooſe but aske who ſhe was, that bearing ſhew of one being indeed, could with naturall gifts goe beyond the reach of inuention. *Kalander* anſwered, that it was made by *Philoclea*, the younger daughter of his Prince, who alſo with his wife were contained in that Table: the Painter meaning to repreſent the preſent condition of the young Lady, who ſtood watched by an ouer-curious eye of her parents; and that he would alſo haue drawne her eldeſt ſiſter, eſteemed her match for beautie, in her ſhepheardiſh attire, but that the rude clowne her gardian would not ſuffer it; neither durſt he aske leaue of the Prince for feare of ſuſpition. *Palladius* perceiued that the matter was wrapt vp in ſome ſecrecie, and therefore would for modeſtie demand no further, but yet his countenance could not but with dumbe eloquence deſire it: Which *Kalander* perceiuing; well (ſaid he) my deare gueſt, I know your minde, and I will ſatisfie it: neither will I doe it like a niggardly anſwerer, going no further then the bounds of the queſtion, but I will diſcouer vnto you, aſwell that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinarie meanes is deliuered vnto me; knowing ſo much in you (though not long acquainted) that I ſhall finde your eares faithfull treaſurers. So then ſitting downe in two chaires, and ſometimes caſting his eye to the picture, he thus ſpake:

This country Arcadia among all the prouinces of Greece, hath euer beene had in ſingular reputation; partly for the ſweetnes of the ayre, and other naturall benefits, but principally for the well tempered mindes of the people, who (finding that the ſhining title of glorie, ſo much affected by other nations, doth indeed helpe little to the happineſſe of life) are the onely people, which as by their iuſtice and prouidence giue neither cauſe nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, ſo are they not ſtirred with falſe praiſe to trouble others quiet, thinking it a ſmall reward for the waſting of their owne liues in rauening, that their poſteritie ſhould long after ſay, they had done ſo. Euen the Muſes ſeeme to approue their good determination, by chooſing this country for their chiefe repairing place, and by beſtowing their perfections ſo largely hete, that the verie ſhepheards haue their fancies lifted to ſo high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, & imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and raigneth this Prince (whoſe picture you ſee) by name *Baſilius*, a Prince of ſufficient skill to gouern ſo quiet a country, where the good minds of the former Princes had ſet downe good lawes; and the well bringing vp of the people doth ſerue as a moſt ſure bond to hold them. But to be plaine with you, he excels in nothing ſo much, as the zealous loue of his people, wherein he doth not only paſſe all his owne fore-goers, but as I thinke, all the Princes liuing. Whereof the cauſe is, that though he exceed not in the vertues which get admiration; as depth of wiſedome, height of courage & largenes of magnificence, yet is he notable in thoſe which ſtirre affection, as truth of word, meekeneſſe, curteſie, mercifulneſſe, and liberalitie.

He being alreadie well ſtriken in yeares, married a yong Princeſſe named *Gynecia*, daugh-

daughter to the king of Cyprus of notable beautie, as by her picture you ſee: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely vertues than her husband; of moſt vnſpotted chaſtitie, but of ſo working a minde, and ſo vehement ſpirits, as a man may ſay, it was happie ſhe tooke a good courſe, for otherwiſe it would haue beene terrible.

Of theſe two are brought to the world two daughters, ſo beyond meaſure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reaſonable creatures, that wee may thinke they were borne to ſhew, that nature is no ſtepmother to that ſexe, how much ſoeuer ſome men (ſharpe witted only in euill ſpeaking) haue ſought to diſgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferiour to her ſiſter: for my part, when I marked them both, me thought there was (if at leaſt ſuch perfections may receiue the word of more) more ſweetnes in *Philoclea*, but more maieſtie in *Pamela*: mee thought loue plaid in *Philocleas* eies, & threatned in *Pamelas*: me thought *Philocleas* beautie only perſwaded, but ſo perſwaded as all hearts muſt yeeld; *Pamelas* beautie vſed violence, and ſuch violence as no heart could reſiſt. And it ſeems that ſuch proportion is betweene their mindes: *Philoclea* ſo baſhfull, as though her excellencies had ſtolne into her before ſhe was aware; ſo humble, that ſhe will put all pride out of countenance; in ſumme, ſuch proceeding as will ſtirre hope, but teach hope good maners. *Pamela* of high thoughts, who auoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mothers wiſedome, greatneſſe, nobilitie, but (if I can gueſſe aright) knit with a more conſtant temper. Now then, our *Baſilius* being ſo publikely happie as to be a Prince, and ſo happie in that happineſſe, as to be a beloued Prince, and ſo in his priuate bleſſed as to haue ſo excellent a wife, and ſo ouer excellent children, hath of late taken a courſe, which yet makes him more ſpoken of than all theſe bleſsings. For, hauing made a iourney to Delphos, and ſafely returned, within ſhort ſpace he brake vp his Court, and retired himſelfe, his wife & children into a certaine forreſt hereby, which he calleth his deſert; wherein (beſides a houſe appointed for ſtables, and lodgings for certaine perſons of meane calling, who doe all houſhold ſeruices) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himſelfe remaines with his yonger daughter *Philoclea*, which was the cauſe they three were matched together in this picture, without hauing any other creature liuing in that lodge with him.

Which, though it be ſtrange, yet not ſo ſtrange, as the courſe he hath taken with the Princeſſe *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how thinke you accompanied? truely with none other but one *Dametas*, the moſt arrant dolt iſh clowne, that I thinke euer was without the priuiledge of a bable, with his wife *Miſo*, and daughter *Mopſa*, in whom no wit can deuiſe any thing wherein they may pleaſure her, but to exerciſe her patience, & to ſerue for a foyle of her perfections. This lowtiſh clown is ſuch, that you neuer ſaw ſoill-fauoured a viſar; his behauiour ſuch, that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; & for his apparell, euen as I would wiſh him: *Miſo* his wife, ſo handſome a beldame, that only her face and her ſplay-foote haue made her accuſed for a witch; onely one good point ſhe hath, that ſhe obſerues *decorum*, hauing a froward minde in a wretched body. Between theſe two perſonages (who neuer agreed in any humour, but in diſagreeing) is iſſued forth miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections: but becauſe a pleaſant fellow of my acquaintance ſet forth her praiſes in verſe, I will only repeat them, and ſpare mine owne tongue, ſince ſhe goes for a woman. The verſes are theſe, which I haue ſo often cauſed to be ſung, that I haue them without booke:

What

What length of verse can serue braue Mopsas *good to show?*
When vertues strange, and beauties such as no man them may know:
Thus shrewdly burdned then, how can my Muse escape?
The gods must helpe, and precious things must serue to shew her shape.
Like great god Saturne *faire, and like faire* Venus *chaste:*
As smooth as Pan, *as* Iuno *mild, like goddesse Iris fast,*
With Cupid *she foresees and goes god* Vulcans *pace:*
And for a taste of all these gifts, she stealeth god Momus *grace.*
Her forehead Iacinth like, her cheeks of shall hue,
Her twinckling eyes bedeckt with pearle, her lips as Saphir blew:
Her haire like Crapal stone, her mouth a heauenly wide:
Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like siluer ware vntride.
As for her parts vnknowne, which hidden sure are best:
Happy be they which well beleeue, and neuer seeke the rest.

Now truly hauing made these descriptions vnto you, me thinks you should imagine that I rather faine some pleasant deuise, then recount a truth, that a Prince (not banished from his owne wits) could possibly make so vnworthy a choise. But truely (deare guest) so it is, that Princes (whose doings haue beene often smoothed with good successe) thinke nothing so absurd, which they cannot make honourable. The beginning of his credit was by the Princes straying out of the way on time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way; and so falling into other questions, he found some of his answers (as a dog sure if he could speake, had wit enough to describe his kennell) not vnsensible, and all vttered with such rudenesse, which he interpreted plainnesse (though there be great difference betweene them) that *Basilius* conceiuing a sodaine delight, tooke him to his Court, with apparant shew of his good opinion: where the flattering Courtier had no sooner taken the Princes minde, but that there were straight reasons to confirme the Princes doing, and shadowes of vertues found for *Dametas*. His silence grew wit, bluntnesse integritie, his beastly ignorance vertuous simplicitie: and the Prince (according to the nature of great persons, in loue with that he had done himselfe) fancied, that his weakenesse with his presence would much be mended. And so like a creature of his owne making, he liked him more and more; and thus hauing first giuen him the office of principall heardman; lastly, since he tooke this strange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himselfe and his children into his hands. Which authoritie (like too great a saile for so small a boat) doth so ouer-sway poore *Dametas*, that if before he were a good foole in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedie. so as I doubt me (I feare me indeed) my master will in the end (with his cost) finde, that his office is not to make men, but to vse men as men are, no more then a horse will be taught to hunt, or an asse to manage. But in sooth I am afraide I haue giuen your eares too great a surfet, with grosse discourses of that heauie peece of flesh. But the zealous griefe I conceiue to see so great an errour in my Lord, hath made me bestow more words then I confesse so base a subiect deserueth.

Thus much now that I haue told you, is nothing more then in effect any Arcadian knowes. But what moued him to this strange solitarinesse, hath beene imparted (as I thinke) but to one person liuing. My selfe can coniecture, and indeed more then coniecture by this accident that I will tell you: I haue an only Sonne by name *Clitophon*, who is now absent, preparing for his owne marriage, which I meane shortly

shall

ſhall be here celebrated. This ſonne of mine (while the Prince kept his Court) was of his bed chamber: now ſince the breaking vp thereof, returned home, and ſhewed me (among other things he had gathered) the copie which he had taken of a letter: which when the Prince had reade, hee had laid in a window, preſuming no body durſt looke in his writtings: but my ſonne not only tooke a time to read it, but to copie it. In trueth I blamed *Clitophon* for the curioſitie, which made him breake his dutie in ſuch a kind, whereby kings ſecrets are ſubiect to be reuealed; but ſince it was done, I was content to take ſo much profit, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I euer ſince for my good liking, haue caried about me: which before I reade vnto you, I muſt tell you from whom it came. It is a noble-man of this countrey named *Philanax*, appointed by the Prince, regent in this time of his retiring and moſt worthy ſo to be: for, their liues no man, whoſe excellent witte more ſimplie imbraceth integritie, beſides his vnfayned loue to his maiſter, wherein neuer yet any could make queſtion, ſauing whether he loued *Baſilius* or the Prince better: a rare temper, while moſt men either ſeruilely yeeld to all appetites, or with an obſtinate auſteritie looking to that they fancie good, in effect neglect the Princes perſon. This then being the man, whom of all other (and moſt worthy) the Prince chiefly loues, it ſhould ſeeme (for more then the letter I haue not to gheſſe by) that the Prince vpon his returne from Delphos, (*Philanax* then lying ſicke) had written vnto him his determination, riſing (as euidently appeares) vpon ſome Oracle he had there receiued: whereunto he wrote this anſwer:

Philanax his letter to Baſilius.

Moſt redoubted and beloued Prince, if as well it had pleaſed you at your going to Delphos as now, to haue vſed my humble ſeruice, both I ſhould in better ſeaſon, and to better purpoſe haue ſpoken: and you (if my ſpeech had preuailed) ſhould haue beene at this time, as no way more in danger, ſo much more in quietneſſe, I would then haue ſaid, that wiſedome and vertue be the only deſtinies appointed to man to follow, whence we ought to ſeeke all our knowledge, ſince they be ſuch guides as cannot faile; which, beſides their inward comfort, doe leade ſo direct a way of proceeding, as either proſperitie muſt inſue; or, if the wickedneſſe of the world ſhould oppreſſe it, it can neuer be ſaid, that euill happeneth to him, who falles accompanied with vertue: I would then haue ſaid, the heauenly powers to be reuerenced, and not ſearched into; and their mercies rather by praiers to be ſought, then their hidden counſels by curioſitie. Theſe kinds of ſoothſayings (ſince they haue left vs in our ſelues ſufficient guides) be nothing but fancie, wherein there muſt either be vanitie, or infallibleneſſe, and ſo, either not to be reſpected, or not to be preuented. But ſince it is weakeneſſe too much to remember, what ſhould haue beene done, and that your commaundement ſtretched to know what is to be done, I doe (moſt deare Lord) with humble boldneſſe ſay, that the manner of your determination doth in no ſort better pleaſe me, then the cauſe of your going. Theſe thirtie yeares you haue ſo gouerned this Region, that neither your Subiects haue wanted iuſtice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours haue found you ſo hurteleſly ſtrong, that they thought it better to reſt in your friendſhip, then make new triall of your enmitie. If this then haue proceeded out of the good conſtitution of your ſtate, and out of a wiſe prouidence, generally to preuent all thoſe things, which might encomber your happineſſe: why ſhould you now ſeeke new courſes ſince your owne example comforts you to continue, & that it is to me moſt certaine

though

though it pleaſe you not to tell me the verie words of the Oracle) that yet no deſtiny nor influence whatſoeuer, can bring mans wit to a higher point, than wiſedome and goodnes? why ſhould you depriue your ſelfe of gouernment, for feare of loſing your gouernment, like one that ſhould kill himſelfe for feare of death? Nay rather, if this Oracle be to be accounted of, arme vp your courage the more againſt it: for who will ſtick to him that abandons himſelfe; let your ſubiects haue you in their eies, let them ſee the benefits of your iuſtice daily more & more; and ſo muſt they needs rather like of preſent ſuerties then vncertaine changes. Laſtly, whether your time call you to liue or die, do both like a Prince. Now for your ſecond reſolution; which is to ſuffer no worthy Prince to be a ſuter to either of your daughters, but while you liue to keepe them both vnmarried, and, as it were, to kill the ioy of poſteritie, which in your time you may enioy, moued perchance by a miſ-underſtood Oracle: what ſhall I ſay, if the affection of a father to his owne children, cannot plead ſufficiently againſt ſuch fancies? once certaine it is, the God which is God of nature, doth neuer teach vnnaturalneſſe: and euen the ſame minde hold I touching your baniſhing them from companie, leaſt, I know not what ſtrange loues ſhould follow. Certainlie, ſir, in my Ladies your daughters, nature promiſeth nothing but goodneſſe, and their education by your fatherly care hath beene hitherto ſuch, as hath beene moſt fit to reſtraine all euill; giuing their minds vertuous delights, and not greiuing them for want of well ruled libertie. Now to fall to a ſodaine ſtraightning them, what can it do but argue ſuſpition, a thing no more vnpleaſant, then vnſure, for the preſeruing of vertue. Leaue womens minds, the moſt vntamed that way of any: ſee whether a cage can pleaſe a bird? or whether a dog grow not fiercer with tying? what doth iealouſie, but ſtirre vp the minde to thinke, what it is from which they are reſtrained? for they are treaſures or things of great delight, which men vſe to hide, for the aptneſſe they haue to each mans fancies: and the thoughts once awaked to that, harder ſure it is to keepe thoſe thoughts from accompliſhment, then had beene before to haue kept the minde (which being the chiefe part, by this meanes is defiled) from thinking. Laſtly, for the recommending ſo principall a charge of the Princeſſe *Pamela* (whoſe minde goes beyond the gouerning of many thouſands ſuch) to ſuch a perſon as *Dametas* is (beſides that the thing in it ſelfe is ſtrange) it comes of a verie euill ground, that ignorance ſhould be the mother of faithfulneſſe; O no; he cannot be good that knowes not why he is good, but ſtands ſo farre good as his fortune may keepe him vnaſſaied: but comming once to that, his rude ſimplicitie is either eaſily changed, or eaſily deceiued: and ſo growes that to be the laſt excuſe of his fault, which ſeemed to haue beene the firſt foundation of his faith. Thus farre hath your commaundement and my zeale drawn me, which I, like a man in a valley that may diſcerne hilles, or like a poore paſſenger that may ſpie a rocke, ſo humblie ſubmit to your gracious conſideration, beſeeching you againe to ſtand wholy vpon your owne vertue, as the ſureſt way to maintaine you in that you are, and to auoide any euill which may be imagined.

By the contents of this letter you may perceiue, that the cauſe of all, hath beene the vanitie which poſſeſſeth many, who (making a perpetuall manſion of this poore baiting place of mans life) are deſirous to know the certaintie of things to come, wherein there is nothing ſo certaine as our continuall vncertaintie. But what in particulare points the Oracle was, in faith I know not, neither (as you may ſee by one place of *Philanax* letter) he himſelfe diſtinctly knew. But this expetience ſhewes vs, that *Baſilius* iudgement, corrupted with a Princes fortune, hath rather heard then

followed the wiſe (as I take it) counſell of *Philanax*. For hauing left the ſterne of his gouernement, with much amazement to the people, among whom manie ſtrange bruits are receiued for currant, and with ſome apparance of danger in reſpect of the valiant *Amphialus* his nephew, & much enuying the ambitious number of the Nobilitie againſt *Philanax*, to ſee *Philanax* ſo aduanced, though (to ſpeake ſimply) he deſerue more then as manie of vs as there be in *Arcadia*: the Prince himſelfe hath hidden his head, in ſuch ſort as I told you, not ſticking plainly to confeſſe, that hee meanes not (while he breathes) that his daughters ſhall haue any husband, but keep them thus ſolitarie with him: where he giues no other body leaue to viſit him at anie time but a certaine Prieſt, who being excellent in poetrie, hee makes him write out ſuch things as he beſt likes, he being no leſſe delightfull in conuerſation, then needfull for deuotion, and about twentie ſpecified ſhepheards, in whom (ſome for exerciſes, and ſome for Eglogs) he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my ſelfe: wherein if I haue held you ouer long, lay hardly the fault vpon my old age, which in the verie diſpoſition of it, is talkatiue: whether it be (ſaid he ſmiling) that nature loues to exerciſe that part moſt, which is leaſt decayed, and that is our tongue: or, that knowledge being the onely thing whereof we poore olde men can brag, we cannot make it knowne but by vtterance: or, that mankind by all meanes ſeeking to eternize himſelfe ſo much the more, as he is neare his end, doth it not only by the children that come of him, but by ſpeeches & writings recommended to the memorie of hearers and readers. And yet thus much I will ſay for my ſelfe, that I haue not laid theſe matters, either ſo openly or largely to any as to your ſelfe: ſo much (if I much faile not) do I ſee in you, which makes me both loue & truſt you. Neuer may he be old, anſwered *Palladius*, that doth not reuerence that age, whoſe heauineſſe, if it waye downe the fraile and fleſhly ballance, it as much lifts vp the noble and ſpirituall part; and well might you haue alleaged another reaſon, that their wiſedome makes them willing to profit others. And that haue I receiued of you, neuer to be forgotten, but with vngratefulneſſe. But among many ſtrange conceits you told me, which haue ſhewed effects in your Prince, truely euen the laſt, that hee ſhould conceiue ſuch pleaſure in ſhepheards diſcourſes, would not ſeeme the leaſt vnto me, ſauing that you told mee at the firſt, that this country is notable in thoſe wits, and that indeed my ſelfe hauing bin brought not onely to this place, but to my life by *Strephon* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become ſuch ſhepheards as *Homer* ſpeakes of, that be gouernours of peoples, then ſuch Senators who hold their Councell in a ſheepe-cote. For them two (ſaid *Kalander*) eſpecially *Claius*, they are beyond the reſt by ſo much, as learning commonly doth adde to nature: for, hauing neglected their wealth in reſpect of their knowledge, they haue not ſo much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithſtanding, it is a ſporte to heare how they impute to loue, which hath indued their thoughts (ſay they) with ſuch a ſtrength.

But certainly all the people of this country from high to lowe, is giuen to thoſe ſports of the wit, ſo as you would wonder to heare how ſoone euen children will begin to verſifie. Once, ordinarie it is amongſt the meaneſt ſort, to make ſongs and dialogues in meeter, either loue whetting their braine, or long peace hauing begun it; example and emulation amending it. Not ſo much, but the Clowne *Dametas* will ſtumble ſometimes vpon ſome ſongs that might become a better braine: but no ſort of people ſo excellent in that kind as the paſtors, for their liuing ſtanding

but

but vpon the looking to their beaſts, they haue eaſe, the Nurſe of Poetrie. Neither are our ſhepheards ſuch, as (I heare) they be in other countries; but they are the verie owners of the ſheepe, to which either themſelues looke, or their children giue daily attendance. And then truly, it would delight you vnder ſome tree, or by ſome riuers ſide (when two or three of them meete together) to heare their rurall Muſe, how pretily it will deliuer out, ſometimes ioyes, ſometimes lamentations, ſometimes challengings one of the other, ſometimes vnder hidden formes vttering ſuch matters as otherwiſe they durſt not deale with. Then haue they moſt commonly one, who iudgeth the priſe to the beſt doer, of which they are no leſſe glad, then great Princes are of Triumphs: and his part is to ſet downe in writing all that is ſaid, ſaue that it may be, his pen with more leaſure doth poliſh the rudeneſſe of an vnthought-on ſong. Now the choiſe of all (as you may well thinke) either for goodneſſe of voice, or pleaſantneſſe of wit, the Prince hath: among whom alſo there are two or three ſtrangers, whom inward melancholies hauing made wearie of the worlds eyes, haue come to ſpend their liues among the countrey people of *Arcadia*, and their conuerſation being well approued, the Prince vouchſafeth them his preſence, and not onely by looking on, but by great curteſie and liberalitie, animates the ſhepheards the more exquiſitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cauſe to blame the Prince for ſometimes hearing them: the blame-worthineſſe is, that to heare them, he rather goes to ſolitarineſſe, then makes them come to companie. Neither do I accuſe my maiſter for aduancing a countriuan, as *Dametas* is, ſince God forbid, but where worthineſſe is (as truely it is among diuerſe of that fellowſhip) any outward lowneſſe ſhould hinder the higheſt raiſing, but that he would needs make election of one, the baſenes of whoſe mind is ſuch, that it ſinks a thouſand degrees lower then the baſeſt bodie could carrie the moſt baſe fortune: which although it might be anſwered for the Prince, that it is rather a truſt he hath in his ſimple plainneſſe, then any great aduancement, but being chiefe heardman; yet all honeſt hearts feele, that the truſt of their Lord goes beyoud all aduancement. But I am euer too long vpon him, when he croſſeth the way of my ſpeech, and by the ſhadow of yonder tower, I ſee it is a fitter time, with our ſupper to pay the duties we owe to our ſtomacks, then to breake the aire with my idle diſcourſes: and more wit I might haue learned of *Homer* (whom euen now you mentioned) who neuer entertained either gueſts or hoſts with long ſpeeches, till the mouth of hunger be throughly ſtopped. So withall he roſe, leading *Palladius* through the Garden againe to the Parler, where they vſed to ſuppe; *Palladius* aſſuring him that hee had alreadie been more fed to his liking, then he could be by the skilfulleſt trenchermen of *Media*.

But being come to the ſupping place, one of *Kalanders* ſeruants rounded in his eare; at which (his colour changing) he retired himſelfe into his chamber; commanding his men diligently to wait vpon *Palladius*, and to excuſe his abſence with ſome neceſſary buſines he had preſently to diſpatch: which they accordingly did, for ſome few daies forcing themſelues to let no change appeare, but though they framed their countenances neuer ſo cunningly, *Palladius* perceiued there was ſome ill-pleaſing accident fallen out. Wherupon, being againe ſet alone at ſupper, he called to the ſteward, and deſired him to tell him the matter of his ſudden alteration: who after ſome trifling excuſes, in the end confeſſed vnto him, that his maiſter had receiued newes, that his ſonne before the day of his neare mariage, chaunc't to be at a battaile, which was to be fought betweene the Gentlemen of Lacedæmon and the

Helots: who winning the victorie, he was there made priſoner, going to deliuer a friend of his taken priſoner by the *Helots*; that the poore young Gentleman had offered great ranſome for his life; but that the hate thoſe peaſants conceiued againſt all Gentlemen was ſuch, that euery houre he was to looke for nothing, but ſome cruell death: which hit hervnto had only bene delayed by the Captaines vehement dealing for him, who ſeemed to haue a heart of more manly pitty then the reſt. Which loſſe had ſtricken the old Gentleman with ſuch ſorrow, as if abundance of teares did not ſeeme ſufficiently to witneſſe it, he was alone retired, tearing his beard and haire, and cutting his olde age, that had not made his graue to ſtop his eares from ſuch aduertiſements: but that his faithfull ſeruants had written in his name to all his friends, followers, and tenants (*Philanax* the gouernour refuſing to deale in it as a priuate cauſe, but yet giuing leaue to ſeeke their beſt redreſſe, ſo as they wronged not the ſtate of *Lacedemon*) of whom there were now gathered vpon the frontiers good forces, that he was ſure would ſpend their liues by any way, to redeeme or reuenge *Clitophon*. Now ſir (ſaid he) this is my maſters nature, though his griefe be ſuch, as to liue is a griefe vnto him, and that euen his reaſon is darkened with ſorrow; yet the lawes of hoſpitalitie (long and holily obſerued by him) giue ſtill ſuch a ſway to his proceeding, that he will no way ſuffer the ſtranger lodged vnder his rooſe, to receiue (as it were) any infection of his anguiſh, eſpecially you, toward whom I know not whether his loue, or admiration be greater. But *Palladius* could ſcarce heare out his tale with patience, ſo was his heart torne in peeces with compaſsion of the caſe, liking of *Kalanders* noble behauiour, kindeneſſe for his reſpect to himward, and deſire to finde ſome remedie, beſides the image of his deareſt friend *Daiphantus*, whom he iudged to ſuffer either a like or worſe fortune. Therefore riſing from the boord, he deſired the Steward to tell him particularly the ground and euent of this accident, becauſe by knowledge of many circumſtances, there might perhaps ſome way of helpe be opened. Whereunto the Steward eaſily in this ſort condiſcended.

My Lord (ſaid he) when our good king *Baſilius*, with better ſucceſſe then expectation, took to wife (euen in his more then decaying years) the faire yong Princeſſe *Gynecia*; there came with her a young Lord, couſin german to her ſelfe, named *Argalus*, led hither, partly with the loue & honor of his noble kinſwoman, partly with the humour of youth, which euer thinkes that good, whoſe goodneſſe he ſees not. and in this Court he receiued ſo good increaſe of knowledge, that after ſome years ſpent, he ſo manifeſted a moſt vertuous mind in all his actions, that *Arcadia* gloried ſuch a plant was tranſported vnto them, being a Gentleman indeed moſt rarely accompliſhed, excellently learned, but without all vaine glorie: friendly, without factiouſnes; valiant, ſo as for my part, I thinke the earth hath no man that hath done more heroicall acts then he; howſoeuer now of late the fame flies of the two Princes of *Theſſalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble Prince *Amphialus*; who indeed, in our parts is onely accounted likely to match him: but I ſay for my part, I thinke no man for valour of mind, and abilitie of bodie to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet ſo valiant as he neuer durſt doe any bodie iniurie: in behauiour ſome will ſay euer ſad, ſurely ſober, and ſomewhat giuen to muſing, but neuer vncourteous; his word euer led by his thought, and followed by his deede; rather liberall then magnificent, though the one wanted not, and the other had euer good choiſe of the receiuer: in ſumme (for I perceiue I ſhall eaſily take a great draught of his praiſes, whom both I and all this countrey loue ſo well)

ſuch

ſuch a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the niceſt eye can find a ſpot in, if the ouer-vehement conſtancie of yet ſpotleſſe affection, may not in hard wreſted conſtructions be counted a ſpot: which in this manner began that worke in him, which hath made both him, and it ſelfe in him ouer all this countrey famous. My maiſters ſonne *Clitophon* (whoſe loſſe giues the cauſe to this diſcourſe, and yet giues me cauſe to begin with *Argalus*, ſince his loſſe proceeds from *Argalus*) being a young Gentleman, as of great birth (being our kings ſiſters ſonne) ſo truly of good nature, and one that can ſee good and loue it, haunted more the companie of this worthie *Argalus*, then of any other: ſo as if there were not a friendſhip (which is ſo rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word) at leaſt there was ſuch a liking and friendlineſſe, as hath brought forth the effects which you ſhall heare. About two yeares ſince, it ſo fell out, that he brought him to a great Ladies houſe, ſiſter to my maiſter, who had with her her onely daughter, the faire *Parthenia*; faire indeed (fame I thinke it ſelfe daring not to call any fairer, if it be not *Helena* Queene of *Corinth*, & the two incomparable ſiſters of *Arcadia*) & that which made her faireneſſe much the fairer, was, that it was but a faire Embaſſadour of a moſt faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to iudge it ſelfe, then to ſhew it ſelfe: her ſpeech being as rare as pretious; her ſilence without ſullenneſſe; her modeſtie without affectation; her ſhamefaſtneſſe without ignorance: in ſumme, one that to praiſe well, one muſt firſt ſet downe with himſelfe, what it is to be excellent: for ſo ſhee is.

I thinke you think, that theſe perfections meeting, could not chooſe but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likeneſſe of maners is likely in reaſon to draw liking with affection, mens actions doe not alwaies croſſe with reaſon: to be ſhort, it did ſo indeed. They loued, although for a while the fire thereof (hopes wings being cut off) were blowne by the bellowes of diſpaire vpon this occaſion.

There had bin a good while before, & ſo continued, a ſuter to this ſame Ladie, a great noble man, though of Laconia, yet neere neighbour to *Parthenias* mother, named *Demagoras*: a man mightie in riches & power, and proud thereof, ſtubbornly ſtout, louing no body but himſelfe, and for his owne delights ſake *Parthenia*: & purſuing vehemently his deſire, his riches had ſo guilded ouer all his other imperfections, that the old Lady (though contrarie to my Lord her brothers mind) had giuen her conſent; and vſing a mothers authoritie vpon her faire daughter, had made her yeeld thereunto, not becauſe ſhe liked her choiſe, but becauſe her obedient minde had not yet taken vpon it to make choiſe; & the day of their aſſurance drew neare, when my young Lord *Clitophon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principally to ſee ſo rare a ſight, as *Parthenia* by all well iudging eyes was iudged.

But though few dayes were before the time of aſſurance appointed, yet loue that ſaw he had a great iourney to make in ſhort time, haſted ſo himſelfe, that before her word could tye her to *Demagoras*, her heart hath vowed her to *Argalus*, with ſo gratefull a receipt in mutuall affection, that if ſhee deſired aboue all things to haue *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to miſſe *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and miſliking, louing and loathing, and out of paſsion began to take the authoritie of iudgement; in ſo much, that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud ioy) thought to receiue the gift of her ſelfe, ſhee with words of reſolute refuſal (though with teares ſhewing ſhe was ſorie ſhe muſt refuſe) aſſured her mother, ſhe would firſt be bedded in her graue, then wedded to *Demagoras*. The chaunge was no more ſtraunge, then vnpleaſant to the mother: who

being determinately (leſt I ſhould ſay of a great Ladie wilfully) bent to marrie her to *Demagoras*, tried all wayes which a wittie and hard-hearted mother could vſe, vpon ſo humble a daughter; in whom the only reſiſting power was loue. But the more ſhe aſſaulted, the more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to defend; and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more ſhe made her mother obſtinate in the aſſault: who at length finding, that *Argalus* ſtanding betweene them, was it that moſt eclipſed her affection from ſhining vpon *Damagoras*, ſhe ſought all meanes how to remoue him, ſo much the more as he manifeſted himſelfe an vnremoueable ſuter to her daughter: firſt, by employing him in as many dangerous enterpriſes, as euer the euill ſtep-mother *Iuno* recommended to the famous *Hercules*: but the more his vertue was tryed, the more pure it grew, while all the things ſhe did to ouerthrow him, did ſet him vp vpon the height of honour; enough to haue moued her heart, eſpecially to a man euerie way ſo worthie as *Argalus*: but ſhe ſtrugling againſt all reaſon, becauſe ſhe would haue her will, and ſhew her authoritie in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more vertuous *Argalus* was, the more ſhe hated him, thinking her-ſelfe conquered in his conqueſts, and therefore ſtill imploying him in more and more dangerous attempts: in the meane while, ſhe vſed all extremities poſsible vpon her faire daughter, to make her giue ouer her ſelfe to her direction. But it was hard to iudge, whether he in doing, or ſhe in ſuffering, ſhewed greater conſtancie of affection: for, as to *Argalus* the world ſooner wanted occaſions, then he valour to goe through them: ſo to *Parthenia*, malice ſooner ceaſed, then her vnchanged patience. Laſtly, by treaſons, *Demagoras* and ſhe would haue made away *Argalus*; but he with prouidence and courage ſo paſt ouer all, that the mother tooke ſuch a ſpitefull griefe at it, that her heart brake withall, and ſhe dyed.

But then, *Demagoras* aſſuring himſelfe, that now *Parthenia* was her owne, ſhee would neuer be his, and receiuing as much by her owne determinate anſwere, not more deſiring his owne happineſſe, then enuying *Argalus*, whom hee ſaw with narrow eyes, euen readie to enioy the perfection of his deſires, ſtrengthening his conceit with all the miſchieuous counſels which diſdained loue, and enuious pride could giue vnto him; the wicked wretch (taking a time that *Argalus* was gone to his countrie, to fetch ſome of his principall friends to honour the marriage, which *Parthenia* had moſt ioyfully conſented vnto) the wicked *Demagoras* (I ſay) deſiring to ſpeake with her, with vnmercifull force (her weake armes in vaine reſiſting) rubd all ouer her face a moſt horrible poyſon: the effect whereof was ſuch, that neuer leaper lookt more vgly then ſhe did: which done, hauing his men and horſes ready, departed away in ſpite of her ſeruants, as readie to reuenge as they could be, in ſuch an vnexpected miſchiefe. But the abhominableneſſe of this fact being come to my L. *Kalander*, he made ſuch meanes, both by our kings interceſsion, and his owne, that by the King and Senate of Lacedæmon, *Demagoras* was vpon paine of death baniſhed the countrey: who hating the puniſhment, where he ſhould haue hated the fault, ioyned himſelfe, with all the powers he could make, vnto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion againſt that ſtate: and they (glad to haue a man of ſuch authoritie among them) made him their Generall: and vnder him haue committed diuers the moſt outragious villanies, that a baſe multitude (full of deſperate reuenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pittifull fact committed vpon *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poore Gentleman) hauing her faire image in his heart, & already promiſing his eyes the vttermoſt of his felicitie, when they (no body elſe daring to tell it him) were the firſt meſſengers to thēſelues of their own misfortune. I meane not to moue

paſsions

paſſions with telling you the griefe of both, when hee knew her, for at firſt hee did not, nor at firſt knowledge could poſſibly haue vertues aide ſo readie, as not euen weakely to lament the loſſe of ſuch a iewell, ſo much the more, as that skilfull men in that art aſſured it was vnrecouerable, but within a while, truth of loue (which ſtill held the firſt face in his memorie) a vertuous conſtancie, and euen a delight to bee conſtant, faith giuen, and inward worthineſſe ſhinning through the fouleſt miſts, tooke ſo full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not only in ſuch comfort which wittie arguments may beſtow vpon aduerſity, but euen with the moſt abundant kindeneſſe that an eye-rauiſhed louer can expreſſe, he laboured both to driue the extremitie of ſorrow from her, and to haſten the celebration of their marriage: whereunto he vnfainedly ſhewed himſelfe no leſſe cheerefully earneſt, then if ſhe had neuer beene diſinherited of that goodly portion, which nature had ſo liberally bequeathed vnto her; and for that cauſe deferred his intended reuenge vpon *Demagoras*, becauſe hee might continually bee in her preſence; ſhewing more humble ſeruiceableneſſe, & ioy to content her, then euer before.

But as he gaue this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*: ſo of the other ſide, ſhe tooke as ſtrange a courſe in affection: for, where ſhe deſired to enioy him, more then to liue; yet did ſhe ouerthrow both her owne deſire and his, and in no ſort would yeeld to marrie him; with a ſtrange encounter of loues affects, & effects; that he by an affection ſprong from exceſſiue beautie, ſhould delight in horrible foulneſſe; and ſhe of a vehement deſire to haue him, ſhould kindly build a reſolution neuer to haue him; for truth it is, that ſo in heart ſhe loued him, as ſhe could not finde in her heart he ſhould be tied to what was vnworthy of his preſence.

Truely Sir, a verie good Orator might haue a faire field to vſe eloquence in, if he did but only repeate the lamentable, and truely affectionated ſpeeches, while he coniured her by remembrance of her affection, & true oathes of his owne affection, not to make him ſo vnhappy, as to thinke he had not only loſt her face, but her heart; that her face, when it was faireſt, had beene but as a marſhall, to lodge the loue of her in his minde, which now was ſo well placed, as it needed no further helpe of any outward harbinger: beſeeching her, euen with teares, to know, that his loue was not ſo ſuperficiall, as to goe no further then the skin; which yet now to him was moſt faire, ſince it was hers: how could hee bee ſo vngratefull, as to loue her the leſſe for that which ſhe had only receiued for his ſake? that he neuer beheld it, but therein he ſaw the louelineſſe of her loue towards him: proteſting vnto her, that he would neuer take ioy of his life, if he might not enioy her, for whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that ouerheard them) ſhee (wringing him by the hand) made no other anſwere but this: my Lord (ſaid ſhe) God knowes I loue you: if I were Princeſſe of the whole world, and had withall, all the bleſſings that euer the world brought forth, I ſhould not make delay, to lay my ſelfe, and them vnder your feete, or if I had continued but as I was, though (I muſt confeſſe) farre vnworthy of you, yet would (I with too great a ioy for my heart now to thinke of) haue accepted your vouchſafing me to be yours, and with faith & obedience would haue ſupplied all other defects. But firſt let me be much more miſerable then I am, ere I match *Argalus* to ſuch a *Parthenia*; Liue happie deare *Argalus*, I giue you full libertie, and I beſeech you take it; and I aſſure you I ſhall reioyce (whatſoeuer become of me) to ſee you ſo coupled, as may be fit both for your honour and ſatisfaction. With that ſhe burſt out in crying and weeping, not able longer to containe her ſelfe from blaming her fortune, and wiſhing her owne death.

But

But *Argalus* with a moſt heauie heart ſtill purſuing his deſire, ſhe fixt of minde to auoide further intreatie, and to flie all companie; which (euen of him) grew vnpleaſant vnto her, one night ſhe ſtole away: but whither, as yet it is vnknowne, or indeede what is become of her.

Argalus ſought her long, and in many places; at length (diſpairing to finde her, and the more hee deſpaired, the more enraged) wearie of his life, but firſt determining to bee reuenged of *Demagoras*, hee went alone diſguiſed into the chiefe towne held by the *Helots*: where comming into his preſence, garded about by many of his ſoldiers, he could delay his furie no longer for a fitter time: but ſetting vpon him, in deſpight of a great many that helped him, gaue him diuerſe mortall wounds, and himſelfe (no queſtion) had beene there preſently murthered, but that *Demagoras* himſelfe deſired hee might bee kept aliue: perchance with intention to feede his owne eyes with ſome cruell execution to bee laid vpon him, but death came ſooner then he lookt for; yet hauing had leiſure to appoint his ſucceſſor, a young man, not long before deliuered out of the priſon of the King of *Lacedæmon*, where he ſhould haue ſuffered death for hauing ſlaine the Kings Nephew. but him he named, who at that time was abſent, making roades vpon the *Lacedæmonians*, but being returned, the reſt of the *Helots*, for the great liking they conceiued of that young man, eſpecially becauſe they had none among themſelues to whom the others would yeelde, were content to follow *Demagoras* appointment. And well hath it ſucceeded with them, hee hauing ſince done things beyond the hope of the youngeſt heads, of whom I ſpeake the rather, becauſe he hath hitherto preſerued *Argalus* aliue vnder pretence to haue him publikly, and with exquiſite torments executed, after the end of theſe warres, of which they hope for a ſoone and proſperous iſſue.

And he hath likewiſe hitherto kept my young Lord *Clitophon* aliue, who (to redeeme his friend) went with certaine other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to beſiege this young and new ſucceſſor: but hee iſſuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, ſlew many of the noble men, and tooke *Clitophon* priſoner, whom with much a doe hee keepeth aliue, the *Helots* being villanoſly cruell; but he tempereth them ſo ſometimes by following their humor, ſometimes by ſtriuing with it, that hitherto he hath ſaued both their liues, but in different eſtates; *Argalus* being kept in a cloſe and hard priſon, *Clitophon* at ſome libertie. And now Sir, though (to ſay the truth) we can promiſe our ſelues little of their ſafeties, while they are in the *Helots* hands, I haue deliuered all I vnderſtand touching the loſſe of my Lords ſonne, and the cauſe thereof: which, though it was not neceſſarie to *Clitophons* caſe, to bee ſo particularly told, yet the ſtrangeneſſe of it, made me thinke it would not be vnpleaſant vnto you.

Palladius thanked him greatly for it, being euen paſſionately delighted with hearing ſo ſtraunge an accident, of a knight ſo famous ouer the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had himſelfe a long deſire to meete: ſo had fame powred a noble emulation in him towards him.

But then (welbethinking himſelfe) he called for armour, deſiring them to prouide him of horſe & guide, & armed all ſaning the head, he went vp to *Kalander*, whom he found lying vpon the ground, hauing euer ſince baniſhed both ſleepe and foode, as enemies to the mourning, which paſſion perſwaded him was reaſonable. But *Palladius* raiſed him vp, ſaying vnto him: No more, no more of this my Lord *Kalander*; let vs labour to finde, before wee lament the loſſe: you know my ſelfe miſſe one,

one, who though he be not my ſonne, I would diſdaine the fauour of life after him: but while there is hope left, let not the weakeneſſe of ſorrow, make the ſtrength of it languiſh: take comfort, and good ſucceſſe will follow. And with thoſe wordes, comfort ſeemed to lighten in his eyes, and that in his face and geſture was painted victorie. Once, *Kalanders* ſpirits were ſo reuiued withall, that (receiuing ſome ſuſtenance, and taking a little reſt) he armed himſelfe, & thoſe few of his ſeruants he had left vnſent, and ſo himſelfe guided *Palladius* to the place vpon the frontiers; where alreadie there were aſſembled between three & foure thouſand men, all well diſpoſed (for *Kalanders* ſake) to abide any perril: but like men diſuſed with a long peace, more determinate to doe, then skilfull how to doe: luſtie bodies, and braue armors; with ſuch courage, as rather grew of deſpiſing their enemies, whom they knew not, then of anie confidence for anie thing which in themſelues they knew; but neither cunning vſe of their weapons, nor art ſhewed in their marching, or incamping. Which *Palladius* ſoone perceiuing, he deſired to vnderſtand (as much as could be deliuered vnto him) the eſtate of the *Helots*.

And he was anſwered by a man well acquainted with the affaires of Laconia, that they were a kind of people, who hauing beene of olde, freemen and poſſeſſioners, the *Lacedæmonians* had conquered them, and laid not onely tribute, but bondage vpon them, which they had long borne, till of late the *Lacedæmonians* through greedineſſe growing more heauie then they could beare, and through contempt leſſe carefull how to make them beare, they had with a generall conſent (rather ſpringing by the generalneſſe of the cauſe, then of anie artificiall practiſe) ſet themſelues in armes, and whetting their courage with reuenge, and grounding their reſolution vpon diſpaire, they had proceeded with vnlooked for ſucceſſe hauing alreadie taken diuerſe Townes and Caſtles with the ſlaughter of many of the Gentrie, for whom no ſex nor age could be accepted for an excuſe. And that although at the firſt they had fought rather with beaſtly fury, then any ſouldietly diſcipline, practiſe had now made them comparable to the beſt of the *Lacedæmonians*, & more of late then euer; by reaſon, firſt of *Demagoras* a great Lord, who had made himſelfe of their partie, and ſince his death, of another Captain they had gotten, who had brought vp their ignorance, and brought downe their furie, to ſuch a meane of good gouernement, and withall led them ſo valorouſly, that (beſides the time wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had the better in ſome other great conflicts: in ſuch wiſe, that the eſtate of *Lacedæmon* had ſent vnto them, offering peace with moſt reaſonable and honourable conditions. *Palladius* hauing gotten his general knowledge of the party againſt whom, as he had already of the party for whom he was to fight, he went to *Kalander*, and told him plainly, that by plaine force, there was ſmall apparance of helping *Clitophon*: but ſome deuice was to be taken in hand, wherein no leſſe diſcretion then valour was to be vſed.

Whereupon, the counſell of the chiefe men was called, and at laſt, this way *Palladius* (who by ſome experience, but eſpecially by reading Hiſtories, was acquainted with ſtratagems) inuented, and was by all the reſt approued: that all the men there ſhould dreſſe themſelues like the pooreſt ſort of the people in *Arcadia*, hauing no banners, but bloudie ſhirtes hanged vpon long ſtaues, with ſome bad bagge-pipes in ſtead of drumme & phyfe, their armour they ſhould as well as might be, couer, or at leaſt make them looke ſo ruſtilie, and ill fauourredly as might well become ſuch wearers, and this the whole number ſhould doe, ſauing two hundred of the beſt choſen Gentlemen, for courage and ſtrength,

whereof

whereof *Palladius* himselfe would bee one, who should haue their armes chained, and be put in cartes like prisoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the towne of *Cardamila* where *Clitophon* was Captaine; and being come two houres before Sunne-set within view of the walles, the *Helots* already discrying their number, and beginning to sound the Allarum, they sent a cunning fellow (so much the cunninger as that he could maske it vnderrudenesse) who with such a kind of Rhetorike, as weeded out all flowers of Rhetorike, deliuered vnto the *Helots* assembled together, that they were countrey people of *Arcadia*, no lesse oppressed by their Lords, and no lesse desirous of libertie then they, and therefore had put themselues in the field, and had already (besides a great number slaine) taken nine or ten score Gentlemen prisoners whom they had there well and fast chained. Now because they had no strong retiring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keepe the field against their Princes forces, they were come to them for succour; knowing that daily more & more of their quality would flock vnto them, but that in the meane time, least their Prince should pursue them, or the *Lacedæmonian* King & nobilitie (for the likenesse of the cause) fall vpon them, they desired that if there were not roome enough for them in the towne, that yet they might encampe vnder the walles, and for suertie haue their prisoners (who were such men as were able to make their peace) kept within the towne.

The *Helots* made but a short cõsultation, being glad that their cõtagion had spread it selfe into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out betweene them and their King, that it was the best way to set fire in all the parts of *Greece*; besides their greedinesse to haue so many Gentlemen in their hands, in whose raunsomes they alreadie meant to haue a share; to which hast of concluding two things well helped: the one, that their Captaine, with the wisest of them, was at that time absent about cõfirming or breaking the peace with the state of *Lacedæmon*: the second, that ouer many good fortunes began to breed a proud reckelesnesse in them, therefore sending to view the Campe, and finding that by their speech they were *Arcadians*, with whom they had had no warre, neuer suspecting a priuate mans credit could haue gathered such a force, and that all other tokens witnessed them to bee of the lowest calling (besides the chaines vpon the Gentlemen) they graunted not onely leaue for the prisoners, but for some others of the companie, and to all, that they might harbour vnder the walles. So opened they the gates, and receiued in the carts, which being done, and *Palladius* seeing fit time, hee gaue the signe, and shaking off their chaines (which were made with such arte, that though they seemed most strong and fast, he that ware them might easily loose them) drew their swords hidden in the carts, and so setting vpon the ward, made them to flie either from the place, or from their bodies, and so giue entry to all the force of the *Arcadians* before the *Helots* could make any head to resist them.

But the *Helots* being men hardened against daungers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the market place, and thence would haue giuen a shrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that *Palladius* (blaming those that were slow, heartning them that were forward, but especially with his owne example leading them) made such an impression into the squadron of the *Helots*, that at first the great bodie of them beginning to shake and stagger; at length, euerie particular body recommended the protection of his life to his feete. Then *Kalander* cried to goe to the prison, where he thought his sonne was, but *Palladius* wisht him (first scouring the streets) to house all the *Helots*, and make themselues master of the gates.

But

But ere that could be accompliſhed, the *Helots* had gotten new heart, and with diuers ſorts of ſhot from corners of ſtreetes, and houſe windowes, galled them; which courage was come vnto them by the returne of their Captaine, who though he brought not many with him (hauing diſperſt moſt of his companies to other of his holds) yet meeting a great number running out of the gate, not yet poſſeſt by the *Arcadians*, he made them turne face, and with banners diſplayed, his Trumpet giue the lowdeſt teſtimonie he could of his returne; which once heard, the reſt of the *Helots* which were otherwiſe ſcattered, bent thitherward with a new life of reſolution: as if their Captaine had beene a root, out of which (as into branches) their courage had ſprong. Then began the fight to grow moſt ſharpe, & the encounters of more cruel obſtinacie. The *Arcadians* fighting to keepe that they had won; the *Helots* to recouer what they had loſt. The *Arcadians* as in an vnknowne place, hauing no ſuccour but in their hands; the *Helots*, as in their owne place fighting for their liuings, wiues and children. There was victorie and courage againſt reuenge and deſpaire: ſafetie of both ſides being no otherwiſe to be gotten, but by deſtruction.

At length, the left wind of the *Arcadians* began to looſe ground; which *Palladius* ſeeing, he ſtraight thruſt himſelfe with his choiſe band againſt the throng that oppreſſed them, with ſuch an ouerflowing of valour, that the Captaine of the *Helots* (whoſe eyes ſoone iudged of that wherewith themſelues were gouerned) ſaw that he alone was worth all the reſt of the *Arcadians*: which he ſo wondred at, that it was hard to ſay, whether he more liked his doings, or miſliked the effects of his doings: but determining that vpon that caſt the game lay, and diſdaining to fight with anie other, ſought only to ioine with him: which mind was no leſſe in *Palladius*, hauing eaſily marked, that he was as the firſt mouer of all the other hands. And ſo their thoughts meeting in one point, they conſented (though not agreed) to trye each others fortune: and ſo drawing themſelues to be the vttermoſt of the one ſide, they began a combat, which was ſo much inferior to the battaile in noiſe and number, as it was ſurpaſsing it in brauerie of fighting, & (as it were) delightful terriblenes. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neyther did their hardineſſe darken their wit, nor their wit coole their hardineſſe: both valiant, as men deſpiſing death; both confident, as vnwonted to be ouercome; yet doubtfull by their preſent feeling, & reſpectfull by what they had alreadie ſeene. Their feete ſtedie, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their hearts reſolute. The parts either not armed, or weakely armed, were well knowne, & according to the knowledge ſhould haue bin ſharpely viſited, but that the anſwer was as quicke as the obiection. Yet ſome lightning, the ſmart bred rage, and the rage bred ſmart againe: till both ſides beginning to waxe faint, and rather deſirous to die accompanied, then hopefull to liue victorious, the Captaine of the *Helots* with a blow, whoſe violence grew of fury, not of ſtrength or of ſtrength proceeding of furie, ſtrake *Palladius* vpon the ſide of the head that he reeled aſtonied: and withall the helmet fell off, he remaining bare headed. but other of the *Arcadians* were readie to ſhield him from any harme might riſe of that nakednesſe.

But little needed it, for his chiefe enemy in ſteed of purſuing that aduantage, kneeled downe, offering to deliuer the pommel of his ſword, in token of yeelding, withall ſpeaking alowd vnto him, that he thought it more liberty to be his priſoner, then any others Generall. *Palladius* ſtading vpō himſelf, & miſdoubting ſom craft, & the *Helots* (that were next their captain) wauering between looking for ſome ſtratagem, or fearing treſō, what, ſaid the captain, hath *Palladius* forgotē the voice of *Daiphantus*?

By

By that watch word *Palladius* knew that it was his onely friend *Pyrocles*, whom he had loſt vpon the ſea, and therefore both moſt full of wonder, ſo to be met, if they had not been fuller of ioy then wonder, cauſed the retrait to be ſounded, *Daiphantus* by authoritie & *Palladius* by perſwaſion; to which helped well the little aduantage that was of either ſide: & that of the *Helots* partie their Captaines behauiour had made as manie amazed as ſaw or heard of it: and of the *Arcadian* ſide the good old *Kalander* ſtriuing more then his old age could atchieue, was newly taken priſoner. But indeed the chiefe parter of the fray was the night, which with her blacke armes pulled their malicious ſights one from the other. But he that tooke *Kalander*, meant nothing leſſe then to ſaue him, but onely ſo long, as the Captaine might learn the enemies ſecrets, towards whom he led the old Gentleman, when he cauſed the retreit to be ſounded; looking for no other deliuerie from that captiuitie, but by the painfull taking away of all paine: when, whom ſhould he ſee next to the Captaine (with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day againſt the *Arcadians*) but his ſonne *Clitophon*? But now the Captaine had cauſed all the principall *Helots* to be aſſembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do, as to receiue a meſſage from the *Arcadians*; Among whom *Palladius* vertue (beſides the loue *Kalander* bare him) hauing gotten principall authoritie, he had perſwaded them to ſeek rather by parley to recouer the Father and the Sonne, then by the ſword: ſince the goodneſſe of the Captaine aſſured him that way to ſpeed, & his value (wherewith he was of old acquainted) made him thinke any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in orderly maner, giuing them to vnderſtand, that as they came but to deliuer *Clitophon*, ſo offering to leaue the footing, they alreadie had in the towne, to goe away without any further hurt, ſo as they might haue the father & the ſonne without ranſome deliuered. Which conditions being heard and conceiued by the *Helots*, *Daiphantus* perſwaded them without delay to accept them. For firſt (ſaid he) ſince the ſtrife is within our owne home, if you looſe, you looſe all that in this life can be deare vnto you: if you winne, it will be a bloudie victorie with no profit, but the flattering in our ſelues that ſame bad humour of reuenge. Beſides, it is like to ſtirre *Arcadia* vpon vs, which now, by vſing theſe perſons well, may be brought to ſome amitie. Laſtly, but eſpecially, leaſt the King and Nobilitie of *Laconia* (with whom now we haue made a perfect peace) ſhould hope by occaſion of this quarrell to ioine the *Arcadians* with them, and ſo breake off the profitable agreement alreadie concluded. In ſumme, as in all deliberations (waying the profit of the good ſucceſſe with the harme of the euill ſucceſſe) you ſhall finde this way moſt ſafe and honourable.

The *Helots*, as much moued by his authoritie, as perſwaded by his reaſons, were content therewith. Whereupon *Palladius* tooke order that the *Arcadians* ſhould preſently march out of the town, taking with them their priſoners, while the night with mutuall diffidence might keepe them quiet, and ere day came they might bee well on of their way, & ſo auoid thoſe accidents which in late enemies, a looke, a word, or a particular mans quarrell might engender. This being on both ſides concluded on, *Kalander* & *Clitophon*, who now (with infinite ioy did know each other) came to kiſſe the hands and feete of *Daiphantus*: *Clitophon* telling his father, how *Daiphantus* (not without danger to himſelfe) had preſerued him from the furious malice of the *Helots*: and euen that day going to conclude the peace (leaſt in his abſence hee might receiue ſome hurt) hee had taken him in his companie, and giuen him armour, vpon promiſe he ſhould take the part of the *Helots*; which hee had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was againſt his father. but (ſaid *Clitophon*)

here

here is he, who (as a father) hath new begotten me, and (as a God) hath ſaued mee from manie deaths, who alreadie laid hold on me: which *Kalander* with teares of ioy acknowledged (beſides his owne deliuerance) onely his benefite. But *Daiphantus*, who loued doing well for it ſelfe, and not for thankes, brake off thoſe ceremonies, deſiring to know how *Palladius* (for ſo he called *Muſidorus*) was come into that companie, and what his preſent eſtate was; whereof receiuing a briefe declaration of *Kalander*, he ſent him word by *Clitophon*, that he ſhould not as now come vnto him, becauſe he held himſelfe not ſo ſure a maiſter of the *Helots* mindes, that hee would aduenture him in their power, who was ſo well knowne with an vnfriendly acquaintance, but that he deſired him to return with *Kalander*, whither alſo he within few dayes (hauing diſpatched himſelfe of the *Helots*) would repaire. *Kalander* would needs kiſſe his hand againe for that promiſe, proteſting he would eſteeme his houſe more bleſſed then a temple of the gods, if it had once receiued him. And then deſiring pardon for *Argalus*. *Daiphantus* aſſured them that hee would die but hee would bring him (though till then kept in cloſe priſon, indeed for his ſafety, the *Helots* being ſo animated againſt him as elſe he could not haue liued) & ſo taking their leaue of him, *Kallander*, *Clitophon*, *Palladius*, and the reſt of the *Arcadians* ſwearing that they would no further in any ſort moleſt the *Helots*, they ſtraight way marched out of the towne, carrying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were alreadie within the limits of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other ſide ſhutting their gates, gaue themſelues to burie their dead, to cure their wounds, and reſt their wearied bodies; till (the next day beſtowing the cheerefull vſe of the light vpon them) *Daiphantus* making a generall conuocation, ſpake vnto them in this maner: We are firſt (ſaid he) to thank the gods, that (further then we had eyther cauſe to hope, or reaſon to imagine) haue deliuered vs out of this gulfe of daunger, wherein we were alreadie ſwallowed. For all being loſt, (had they not directed my returne ſo iuſt as they did) it had beene too late to recouer that, which being had, wee could not keepe. And had I not happened to know one of the principall men among them, by which meanes the truce began betweene vs, you may eaſily conceiue, what little reaſon we haue to thinke, but that eyther by ſome ſupply out of *Arcadia*, or from the Nobilitie of this Country (who would haue made fruits of wiſedome grow out of this occaſion) we ſhould haue had our power turned to ruine, our pride to repentance and ſorrow. But now the ſtorme, as it fell, ſo it ceaſed: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly then his age or quarrell deſerued, becomes a ſharpely learned experience, to vſe in other times more moderation.

Now haue I to deliuer vnto you the concluſion betweene the kings with the Nobilitie of Lacedæmon, and you; which is in all points as your ſelues deſired: aſwell for that you would haue graunted, as for the aſſurance of what is graunted. The Townes and Fortes you preſently haue, are ſtill left vnto you, to be kept either with or without garriſon, ſo as you alter not the lawes of the Countrey, and pay ſuch duties as the reſt of the *Laconians* doe: Your ſelues are made by publique decree, freemen, and ſo capable both to giue and receiue voyce in election of Magiſtrates. The diſtinction of names betweene *Helots* and *Lacedæmonians* to be quite taken away, and all indifferently to enioy both names of priuiledges of *Laconians*. Your children to be brought vp with theirs in the *Spartane* diſcipline: and ſo you (framing your ſelues to be good members of that eſtate) to be hereafter fellowes, and no longer ſeruants.

Which conditions you ſee, cartie in themſelues no more contention then aſſurance; For this is not a peace which is made with them, but this is a peace by which you are made of them. Laſtly a forgetfulneſſe decreed of all what is paſt, they ſhewing themſelues glad to haue ſo valiant men as you are, ioyned with them, ſo that you are to take mindes of peace, ſince the cauſe of warre is finiſhed; and as you hated them before like oppreſſors, ſo now to loue them as brothers; to take care of their eſtate becauſe it is yours, and to labour by vertuous doing, that the poſteritie may not repent your ioyning. But now one Article onely they ſtood vpon, which in the end I with your Commiſsioners haue agreed vnto, that I ſhould no more tarrie here, miſtaking perchance my humour, and thinking me as ſeditious as I am young, or elſe it is the King *Amiclas* procuring, in reſpect that it was my ill hap to kill his nephew *Furileon*; but howſoeuer it be, I haue condiſcended. But ſo will not we, cryed almoſt the whole aſſembly, counſelling one another, rather to trie the vttermoſt euent, then looſe him by whom they had beene victorious. But hee as well with generall orations, as particular dealing with the men of moſt credit, made them throughly ſee how neceſſarie it was to preferre ſuch an opportunitie before a vaine affection; but yet could not preuaile, till openly hee ſware, that he would (if at anie time the *Lacedæmonians* brake this treatie) come backe againe, and be their Captaine.

So then after a few dayes, ſetting them in perfect order, he took his leaue of them, whoſe eyes bad him farewell with teares, and mouthes with kiſsing the places where he ſtept, and after making temples vnto him as to a demi-God: thinking it beyond the degree of humanitie to haue a wit ſo farre ouergoing his age, and ſuch dreadfull terror proceede from ſo excellent beautie. But he for his ſake obtayned free pardon for *Argalus*, whom alſo (vpon oath neuer to beare armes againſt the *Helots*) hee deliuered: and taking onely with him certaine principall Iewels of his owne, hee would haue parted alone with *Argalus* (whoſe countenance well ſhewed, while *Parthenia* was loſt hee counted not himſelfe deliuered) but that the whole multitude would needs gard him into *Arcadia*. Where againe leauing them all to lament his departure, hee by enquirie got to the well-knowne houſe of *Kalandet*: There was hee receiued with louing ioye of *Kalander*, with ioyfull loue of *Palladius*, with humble (though dolefull) demeanour of *Argalus* (whom ſpecially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with gratefull ſeruiceablenes of *Clitophon*, & honourable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to haue no haire on his face, to witneſſe him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to looke with a certaine almoſt baſhfull kinde of modeſtie, as if hee feared the eyes of men, who was vnmooued with ſight of the moſt horrible continuances of death; and as if nature had miſtaken her worke to haue a *Marſes* heart in a *Cupids* bodie: All that beheld him (and all that might behold him, did behold him) made their eyes quicke meſſengers to their mindes, that there they had ſeene the vttermoſt that in mankind might be ſeene. The like wonder *Palladius* had before ſtirred, but that *Daiphantus*, as younger & newer come, had gotten now the aduantage in the moyſt and fickle impreſsion of eye-ſight. But while all men (ſauing poore *Argalus*) made the ioy of their eyes ſpeake for their hearts towards *Daiphantus*: Fortune (that belike was bid to that banket, and ment then to play the good fellow) brought a pleaſant aduenture among them. It was that as they had newly dined, there came into *Kalander* a meſſenger, that brought him word, a yong noble Ladie, neere kinſwoman to the faire *Helen* Queene of *Corinth*, was come thither

thither, and deſired to be lodged in his houſe. *Kalander* (moſt glad of ſuch an occaſion, went out, and all his other worthy gueſts with him, ſauing onely *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, deſirous that this companie were once broken vp, that he might goe in his ſolitarie queſt after *Parthenia*. But when they met this Ladie, *Kalander* ſtraight thought he ſaw his neece *Parthenia*, and was about in ſuch familiar ſort to haue ſpoken vnto her; but ſhee in graue and honourable manner giuing him to vnderſtand that hee was miſtaken, hee halfe aſhamed excuſed himſelfe with the exceeding likeneſſe was betweene them, though indeede it ſeemed that this Ladie was of the more pure and daintie complexion; ſhe ſaid, it might verie well be, hauing beene many times taken one for another. But aſſoone as ſhe was brought into the houſe, before ſhe would reſt her, ſhee deſired to ſpeake with *Argalus* publikely, who ſhee heard was in the houſe. *Argalus* came haſtily, and as haſtily thought as *Kalander* had done, with ſudden changes of ioy into ſorrow. But ſhee when ſhe had ſtaid their thoughts with telling them her name and qualitie, in this ſort ſpake vnto him. My Lord *Argalus*, ſaid ſhe, being of late left in the Court of Queene *Helen* of *Corinth*, as chiefe in her abſence (ſhe being vpon ſome occaſion gone thence) there came vnto me the Ladie *Parthenia*, ſo disfigured, as I thinke Greece hath nothing ſo ougly to behold. For my part, it was many daies, before with vehement oathes, and ſome good proofes, ſhee could make me thinke that ſhee was *Parthenia*. Yet at laſt finding certainely it was ſhee, and greatly pittying her misfortune, ſo much the more, as that all men had euer told me (as now you doe) of the great likeneſſe betweene vs, I tooke the beſt care I could of her, and of her vnderſtood the whole tragicall hiſtorie of her vndeſerued aduenture: and there withall, of that moſt noble conſtancie in you my Lord *Argalus*: which whoſoeuer loues not ſhews, himſelfe to be a hater of vertue, & vnworthy to liue in the ſocietie of mankinde. But no outward cheriſhing could ſalue the inward ſore of her minde, but a few daies ſince ſhe died, before her death earneſtly deſiring, and perſwading me, to thinke of no husband but of you; as of the only man in the world worthy to be loued: withall, ſhe gaue me this Ring to deliuer you, deſiring you, and by the authoritie of loue commaunding you, that the affection you bare her, you ſhould turne to me; aſſuring you, that nothing can pleaſe her ſoule more, then to ſee you and me matched together. Now my Lord though this office be not (perchance) ſutable to my eſtate, nor ſex, who ſhould rather looke to be deſired; yet, an extraordinarie deſert requires an extraordinarie proceeding: and therefore I am come (with faithfull loue built vpon your worthineſſe) to offer my ſelfe, and to beſeech you to accept the offer: and if theſe noble Gentlemen preſent, will ſay it is great folly, let them withall, ſay it is great loue. And then ſhe ſtaid earneſtly attending *Argalus* his anſwere, who firſt making moſt heartie ſighes (doing ſuch obſequies as he could to *Parthenia*) thus anſwered her.

Madame (ſaid he) infinitly am I bound vnto you, for this, no more rare then noble courteſie; but much bound for the goodneſſe I perceiue you ſhewed to the Ladie *Parthenia* (with that the teares ranne downe his eyes, but hee followed on) and as much as ſo vnfortunate a man, fit to bee the ſpectacle of miſerie, can doe you ſeruice; determine you haue made a purchaſe of a ſlaue (while I liue) neuer to faile you. But this great matter you propoſe vnto me, wherein I am not ſo blind as not to ſee what happineſſe it ſhould be vnto me; excellent Ladie, know, that if my heart were mine to giue, you before all other ſhould haue it; but *Parthenia* it is though dead: there I began, there I end all matter of affection, I hope I ſhall not long tarrie after her, with whoſe beautie if I had onely beene in loue, I ſhould be ſo with

you, who haue the ſame beautie: but it was *Parthenias* ſelfe I loued, and loue, which no likeneſſe can make one; no commaundement diſſolue, no foulneſſe defile, nor no death finiſh. And ſhall I receiue (ſaid ſhe) ſuch diſgrace, as to be refuſed? Noble Lady (ſaid he) let not that hard word be vſed; who know your exceeding worthines farre beyond my deſert: but it is onely happineſſe I refuſe, ſince of the onely happineſſe I could and can deſire, I am refuſed.

He had ſcarce ſpoken thoſe words, when ſhee ranne to him, and imbracing him, why then *Argalus* (ſaid ſhee) take thy *Parthenia*: and *Parthenia* it was indeede. But becauſe ſorrow forbad him too ſoone to beleeue, ſhe told him the trueth, with all circumſtances: how being parted alone, meaning to die in ſome ſolitarie place, as ſhe hapned to make her complaint, the Queene *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewiſe felt her part of miſeries) being then walking alſo alone in that lonely place, heard her, and neuer left till ſhe had knowne the whole diſcourſe. Which the noble Queene greatly pitying, ſhe ſent to her a phyſition of hers the moſt excellent man in the world, in hope he could helpe her: which in ſuch ſort as they ſaw he had performed, and ſhe taking with her of the Queenes ſeruants, thought yet to make this triall, whether he would quickely forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her ſpeech was confirmed by the *Corinthian* Gentlemen, who before had kept her councell, and *Argalus* eaſily perſwaded to what more then ten thouſand yeares of life he deſired: and *Kalander* would needs haue the marriage celebrated in his houſe, principally the longer to hold his deare gueſts, towards whom he was now (beſides his owne habite of hoſpitalitie) carried with loue and dutie: and therefore omitted no ſeruice that his wit could inuent, and his power miniſter.

But no way he ſaw he could ſo much pleaſure them, as by leauing the two friends alone, who being ſhrunke aſide to the banquetting houſe where the pictures were, there *Palladius* recounted vnto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ſhip (& either of them taken ſomething vnder him, the better to ſupport him to the ſhore) he knew not how, but either with ouer-labouring in the fight, and ſudden cold, or the too much receiuing of ſalt water, he was paſt himſelfe: but yet holding faſt (as the nature of dying men is to do) the cheſt that was vnder him, he was caſt on the ſands, where he was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, and by them brought to life againe, and kept from drowning himſelfe, when he deſpaired of his ſaftie. How after hauing failed to take him into the fiſher boate, he had by the ſhepheards perſwaſion come to this Gentlemans houſe; where being dangerouſly ſicke, he had yeelded to ſeeke the recouerie of health, onely for that hee might the ſooner goe ſeeke the deliuerie of *Pyrocles*; to which purpoſe *Kalander* by ſome friends of his in *Meſſena*, had alreadie ſet a ſhippe or two abroad, when this accident of *Clitophons* taking had ſo bleſſedly procured their meeting. Then did hee ſet forth vnto him the noble intertainment and carefull cheriſhing of *Kalander* towards him, and ſo vpon occaſion of the pictures preſent, deliuered with the franknes of a friends tongue, as neere as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had tolde him touching the ſtrange ſtorie (with all the particularities belonging) of *Arcadia*, which did in many ſorts ſo delight *Pyrocles* to heare: that hee would needs haue much of it againe repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himſelfe had anſwered him diuerſe queſtions.

But firſt at *Muſidorus* requeſt, though in briefe manner, his minde much running vpon the ſtrange ſtorie of *Arcadia*, he did declare by what courſe of aduentures hee was come to make vp their mutuall happineſſe in meeting. When (coſin ſaid he)

we

we had ſtript our ſelues, and were both leapt into the Sea, and ſwome a little toward the ſhore, I found by reaſon of ſome wounds I had, that I ſhould not be able to get the land, and therefore returned backe againe to the maſt of the ſhippe, where you found me, aſſuring my ſelfe, that if you came aliue to the ſhoare, you would ſeeke me; if you were loſt, as I thought it as good to periſh as to liue, ſo that place as good to periſh in as another. There I found my ſword among ſome of the ſhrowds, wiſhing (I muſt confeſſe) if I died, to be found with that in my hand, and withall wauing it about my head, that ſaylers by, might haue the better glimpſe of me. There you miſsing me, I was taken vp by Pyrats, who putting mee vnder boord priſoner, preſently ſet vpon another ſhip, and maintaining a long fight, in the end, put them all to the ſword. Amongſt whom I might heare them greatly praiſe one young man, who fought moſt valiantly, whom (as loue is carefull, and misfortune ſubiect to doubtfulneſſe) I thought certainely to be you. And ſo holding you as dead, from that time till the time I ſaw you, in truth I ſought nothing more then a noble end, which perchance made me more hardie then otherwiſe I would haue beene. Tryall whereof came within two dayes after: for the Kings of *Lacedæmon* hauing ſet out ſome Galleys, vnder the charge of one of their Nephewes, to ſcoure the Sea of the Pyrates, they met with vs, where our Captaine wanting men, was driuen to arme ſome of his priſoners, with promiſe of libertie for well fighting: among whom I was one; and being borded by the Admirall, it was my fortune to kill *Euryleon* the Kings Nephew: but in the end they preuayled, and wee were all taken priſoners, I not caring much what became of mee (onely keeping the name of *Daiphantus*, according to the reſolution you know is between vs:) but being laid in the iayle of *Tenaria*, with ſpeciall hate to me for the death of *Euryleon*, the popular ſort of that towne conſpired with the *Helots*, and ſo by night opened them the gates; where entring and killing all of the gentle and rich faction, for honeſtie ſake brake open all priſons, and ſo deliuered me: and I moued with grateful-neſſe, & encouraged with careleſneſſe of life, ſo behaued my ſelfe in ſome conflicts they had within few dayes, that they barbarouſly thinking vnſenſible wonders of mee, and withall ſo much the better truſting mee, as they heard I was hated of the King of *Lacedæmon*, their chiefe Captaine being ſlaine, as you know by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his perſwaſion) hauing borne a great affection vnto mee, and to auoide the dangerous emulation which grew among the chiefe, who ſhould haue the place, and alſo affected, as rather to haue a ſtraunger then a competitor, they elected mee (God wot little proude of that dignitie;) reſtoring vnto mee ſuch things of mine as being taken firſt by the Pyrates, and then by the *Lacedæmonians*, they had gotten in the ſacke of the towne. Now being in it, ſo good was my ſucceſſe with manie victories, that I made a peace for them to their owne liking the verie day that you deliuered *Clitophon*, whom I with much a-do had preſerued. And in my peace the king *Amiclas* of *Lacedæmon* would needes haue mee baniſhed, and depriued of the dignitie whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may ſee how much you are bound to mee) for your ſake I was content to ſuffer, a new hope riſing in mee, that you were not dead: and ſo meaning to trauaile ouer the world to ſeeke you; and now heere (my deere *Muſidorus*) you haue mee. And with that (embracing and kiſsing each other) they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* deſiring to heare the full ſtorie, which before he had recounted to *Palladius*, and to ſee the letter of *Philanax*, which he read and well marked.

But within ſome dayes after, the marriage betweene *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia* being to be celebrated, *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* ſelling ſome of their Iewels, furniſhed themſelues of verie faire apparell, meaning to do honour to their louing hoſt; who as much for their ſakes, as for the mariage, ſet forth each thing in moſt gorgeous manner. But all the coſt beſtowed did not ſo much enrich, nor all the fine decking ſo much beautifie, nor all the daintie deuiſes ſo much delight, as the faireneſſe of *Parthenia*, the pearle of all the maides of *Mantinæa*: who as ſhe went to the Temple to be maried, her eyes themſelues ſeemed a Temple, wherein loue & beautie were married; her lips though they were kept cloſe with modeſt ſilence, yet with a prety kind of naturall ſwelling, they ſeemed to inuite the gueſts that lookt on them; her cheekes bluſhing, and withall when ſhe was ſpoken vnto, a little ſmiling, were like Roſes, when their leaues are with a little breath ſtirred; her haire being laide at the full length downe her backe, bare ſhew as if the voward fayled, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, O *Iupiter* (ſaith he ſpeaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beautie is onely confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his ſpeech, ſome daies were continued in the ſolemnizing the mariage, with all conceipts that might deliuer delight to mens fancies.

But ſuch a chaunge was growne in *Daiphantus*, that (as if cheerefulneſſe had bin tediouſnes, and good entertainment were turned to diſcourteſie) he would euer get himſelfe alone, though almoſt when he was in company, he was alone; ſo little attention he gaue to any that ſpake vnto him: euen the colour and figure of his face began to receiue ſome alteration, which he ſhewed litle to heed: but euery morning earely going abroad, either to the Garden, or to ſome woods toward the deſert, it ſeemed his onely comfort was to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from *Palladius*, whom true loue made readie to marke, & long knowledge able to marke; and therefore being now growne wearie of his abode in *Arcadia*, hauing informed himſelfe fully of the ſtrength and riches of the countrey, of the nature of the people, and maner of their lawes: and ſeeing the Court could not be viſited, prohibited to all men, but to certaine ſhepheardiſh people; he greatly deſired a ſpeedie returne to his owne countrey, after the manie mazes of fortune he had troden. But perceiuing this great alteration in his friend, he thought firſt to breake with him thereof; and then to haſten his returne; whereof he found him but ſmally enclined: whereupon one day taking him alone with certaine graces and countenances, as if he were diſputing with the trees, began in this maner to ſay vnto him.

A minde well trained and long exerciſed in vertue (my ſweet & worthy couſin) doth not eaſily chaunge any courſe it once vndertakes, but vpon well grounded and well wayed cauſes; For being witneſſe to it ſelfe of his owne inward good, it findes nothing without it of ſo high a price, for which it ſhould be altered. Euen the verie countenance and behauiour of ſuch a man doth ſhew forth Images of the ſame conſtancie, by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it and the inward good, in yeelding it ſelfe ſutable to the vertuous reſolution of the minde. This ſpeech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles*) the excellencie of whoſe mind and well choſen courſe in vertue, if I do not ſufficiently know, hauing ſeene ſuch rare demonſtrations of it, it is my weakneſſe, and not your vnworthineſſe: but as indeed I knowe it, and knowing it moſt dearely loue both it, and him that hath it; ſo muſt I needs ſay, that ſince our late comming into this country, I haue marked in you, I will not ſay an alteration, but a relenting truly, & a ſlacking of the maine career, you had ſo notably begun & almoſt performed. & that in ſuch ſort, as I cannot find ſufficient reaſon in my great

loue

loue toward you how to allow it: for (to leaue off other ſecreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes me eaſily find) this in effect to anie man may be manifeſt; that wheras you were wont in all places you came, to giue your ſelfe vehemently to the knowledge of thoſe things which might better your minde, to ſeeke the familiaritie of excellent men in learning and ſouldiery, and laſtly, to put all theſe things in practiſe both by continuall wiſe proceeding, & worthy enterpriſes, as occaſion fell for them; you now leaue all theſe things vndone: you let your mind fall aſleep: beſide your countenance troubled, which ſurely comes not of vertue; for vertue (like the cleere heauen) is without clouds: & laſtly, you ſubiect your ſelfe to ſolitarines, the ſlie enemy, that doth moſt ſeperate a man from weldoing. *Pyrocles* mind was all this while ſo fixed vpō another deuotion, that he no more attētiuely marked his friends diſcourſe, then the child that hath leaue to play, marks the laſt part of his leſſon; or the diligent Pilot in a dangerous tempeſt doth attend the vnskilfull words of a paſſenger: yet the very ſound hauing imprinted the general points of his ſpeech in his heart, pierced with any miſlike of ſo deerely an eſteemed friend, & deſirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler conſideration of him, with a ſhamefac't looke (witneſsing he rather could not help, then did not know his fault) anſwered him to this purpoſe: Excellent *Muſidorus*, in the praiſe you gaue me in the beginning of your ſpeech, I eaſily acknowledge the force of your good will vnto me, for neither could you haue thought ſo well of me, if extremity of loue had not made your iudgment partiall, nor you could haue loued me ſo entirely, if you had not bin apt to make ſo great (though vndeſerued) iudgements of me; & euen ſo muſt I ſay to thoſe imperfections, to which though I haue euer through weakenes beene ſubiect, yet you by the daily mending of your mind haue of late bin able to looke into them, which before you could not diſcerne; ſo that the change you ſpeake of, falls not out by my impairing, but by your bettering. And yet vnder the leaue of your better iudgement, I muſt needs ſay thus much, my deere couſin, that I find not my ſelfe wholly to be condemned, becauſe I do not with continual vehemencie follow thoſe knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind; for both the mind it ſelfe muſt (like other things) ſomtimes be vnbent, or elſe it will be either weakned, or broken: And theſe knowledges, as they are of good vſe, ſo are they not all the mind may ſtretch it ſelfe vnto: who knowes whether I feed not my mind with higher thoughts? Truly, as I know not all the particularities, ſo yet I ſee the bounds of all theſe knowledges: but the workings of the mind, I finde much more infinite, then can be led vnto by the eie, or imagined by anie, that diſtract their thoughts without themſelues.

And in ſuch contemplation, or (as I thinke) more excellent, I enioy my ſolitarineſſe, & my ſolitarines perchance, is the nurſe of theſe contemplations Eagles we ſee flie alone, and they are but ſheep, which alwaies heard together; condemne not therfore my mind ſometimes to enioy it ſelfe; nor blame not the taking of ſuch times as ſerue moſt fit for it. And alas, deare *Muſidorus*, if I be ſadde, who knowes better then you the iuſt cauſes I haue of ſadneſſe? And here *Pyrocles* ſuddenly ſtopped, like a man vnſatisfied in himſelfe, though his wit might well haue ſerued to haue ſatisfied another. And ſo looking with a countenance, as though hee deſired hee ſhould know his minde without hearing him ſpeake, and yet deſirous to ſpeake, to breathe out ſome part of his inward euill, ſending againe new bloud to his face, he continued his ſpeech in this maner: And Lord (deere couſin, ſaid hee) dooth not the pleaſantnes of this place carrie in it ſelfe ſufficient reward for any time loſt in it? Doe you not ſee how all things conſpire together to make this country a heauenly

dwelling?

dwelling? Doe you not see the grasse, how in colour they excell the Emeralds, euery one striuing to passe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equall height? And see you not the rest of these beautifull flowers, each of which would require a mans wit to know, and his life to expresse? Do not these stately trees seeme to maintaine their flourishing old age with the only happinesse of their seat, being cloathed with a continuall spring, because no beautie here should euer fade? Dooth not the ayre breath health, which the birds (delightfull both to eare & eye) do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? Is not euerie *Eccho* thereof a perfect Musick? & these fresh & delightfull brookes how slowly they slide away, as loth to leaue the companie of so many things vnited in perfection? and with how sweet a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainly, certainly, cousin, it must needs be that some goddesse inhabiteth this Region, who is the soule of this soile: for neither is any lesse then a goddesse, worthy to be shrined in such a heape of pleasures: nor any lesse then a goddesse could haue made it so perfect a plotte of the cœlestiall dwellings. And so ended with a deepe sigh, rewfully casting his eye vpon *Musidorus* as more desirous of pittie then pleading. But *Musidorus* had all this while held his looke fixed vpon *Pyrocles* countenance; and with no lesse louing attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both these, he perceiued such strange diuersities, that they rather increased new doubts, then gaue him ground to settle anie iudgement: for besides his eyes sometimes euen great with teares, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of shaking vnstayednesse ouer all his body, he might see in his countenance some great determination mixed with feare; & might perceiue in him store of thoughts, rather stirred then digested; his words interrupted continually with sighes (which serued as a burthen to each sentence) and the tenour of his speech (though of his wonted phrase) not knit together to one constant end, but rather dissolued in it selfe, as the vehemencie of the inward passion preuailed: which made *Musidorus* frame his answere neerest to that humour, which should sooneste put out the secret. For hauing in the beginning of *Pyrocles* speech which defended his solitariues, framed in his mind a reply against it, in the praise of honourable action, in shewing that such a kind of contemplation is but a glorious title to idlenesse; that in action a man did not onely better himselfe but benefit others; that the gods would not haue deliuered a soule into the bodie, which had armes and legges, onely instruments of doing, but that it were intended the minde should imploy them, and that the minde should best know his owne good or euill by practise, which knowledge was the onely way to encrease the one, and correct the other: besides manie other arguments, which the plentifulnesse of the matter yeelded to the sharpenesse of his wit. When hee found *Pyrocles* leaue that, and fall into such an affected praysing of the place, he left it likewise, and ioyned with him therein: because he found him in that humour vtter more store of passion; and euen thus kindly embracing him, he said, Your words are such (noble cousin) so sweetly & strongly handled in the praise of solitarines, as they would make me likewise yeelde my selfe vp into it, but that the same words make me know, it is more pleasant to enioy the companie of him that can speake such words, then by such words to be perswaded to follow solitarines. And euen so doe I giue you leaue (sweet *Pyrocles*) euer to defend solitarines, so long as to defend it, you euer keepe companie. But I maruell at the excessiue praises you giue to this country; in truth it is not vnpleasant, but yet if you would returne into *Macedon*, you should either see many heauens, or find this no more then earthly. And euen *Tempe* in my *Thessalia* (where you and

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I to my great happineſſe were brought vp together) is nothing inferiour vnto it. But I thinke you will make me ſee, that the vigour of your wit can ſhew it ſelfe in anie ſubiect: or elſe you feede ſometimes your ſolitarineſſe with the conceits of the Poets, whoſe liberall pennes can as eaſily trauaile ouer mountaines, as mole-hills: and ſo like well diſpoſed men, ſet vp euery thing to the higheſt note; eſpecially, when they put ſuch words in the mouthes of one of theſe fantaſticall mind-infected people, that children & Muſitians call Louers. This word, Louer, did no leſſe pierce poore *Pyrocles*, then the right tune of muſicke toucheth him that is ſicke of the *Tarantula*. There was not one part of his bodie, that did not feele a ſudden motion, while his heart with panting, ſeemed to dance to the ſound of that word, yet after ſome pauſe (lifting vp his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Muſidorus*) armed with the verie countenance of the poore priſoner at the barre, whoſe anſwer is nothing but guiltie: with much a-doe he brought forth this queſtion. And alas, ſaid he, deare coſin, what if I be not ſo much the Poet (the freedome of whoſe pen can exerciſe it ſelfe in anie thing) as euen that miſerable ſubiect of his cunning, whereof you ſpeake? Now the eternall gods forbid (mainely cryed out *Muſidorus*) that euer my eare ſhould be poyſoned with ſo euill newes of you. O let me neuer know that anie baſe affection ſhould get anie Lordſhippe in your thoughts. But as he was ſpeaking more, *Kalander* came, & brake off their diſcourſe, with inuiting them to the hunting of a goodly Stagge, which being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good ſport, and driue away ſome part of *Daiphantus* melancholy. They condiſcended, and ſo going to their lodgings, furniſhed themſelues as liked them, *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left ſealed in a letter againſt their returne.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander* entertaining them with pleaſant diſcourſing, how well he loued the ſport of hunting, when he was a yong man, how much in the compariſon thereof hee diſdayned all chamber delights, that the Sunne (how great a iourney ſoeuer he had to make) could neuer preuent him with earlineſſe, nor the Moone (with her ſober countenance) diſſwade him from watching till midnight for the Deeres feeding. O, ſaid he, you will neuer liue to my age, without you keepe your ſelues in breath with exerciſe, & in heart with ioyfulneſſe: too much thinking doth conſume the ſpirits, and oft it falls out, that while one thinkes too much of his doing, he leaues to doe the effect of his thinking. Then ſpared hee not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was chaunged ſince his youth: actiuitie and good fellowſhippe being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old growing world, ſtill worſe and worſe. Then would he tell them ſtories of ſuch gallants as he had knowne: and ſo with pleaſant companie beguiled the times haſt, and ſhortned the wayes length, till they came to the ſide of the wood, where the hounds were in couples ſtaying their comming, but with a whining accent crauing libertie; many of them in colour and markes ſo reſembling, that it ſhewed they were of one kinde. The huntſmen handſomly attired in their greene liueries, as though they were children of Summer, with ſtaues in their hands to beate the guiltleſſe earth, when the houndes were at a fault, and with hornes about their neckes, to ſound an alarum vpon a ſilly fugitiue: The hounds were ſtraight vncouſpled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to truſt to the nimbleneſſe of his feete, then to the ſlender fortification of his lodging: but euen his feete betrayed him; for howſoeuer they went, they themſelues vttered themſelues to the ſent of their enemies; who one taking it of another,

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and ſometimes beleeuing the windes aduertiſements, ſometimes the view of (their faithfull counſellers) the huntſmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was already begunne. Their crie being compoſed of ſo well ſorted mouths, that any man would perceiue therein ſome kind of proportion, but the skilfull woodmen did finde a muſicke. Then delight and variety of opinion, drew the horſemen ſundry waies, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horne, kept ſtill (as it were) togethtr. The wood ſeemed to conſpire with them againſt his owne citizens, diſperſing their noiſe through all his quarters, and euen the Nymph *Eccho* left to bewaile the loſſe of *Narciſſus*, and became a hunter. But the Stagge was in the end ſo hotely purſued, that (leauing his flight) hee was driuen to make courage of diſpaire; & ſo turning his head, made the hounds, with change of ſpeech, to teſtifie that he was at a bay: as if from hot purſuit of their enemie, they were ſuddenly come to a parley.

But *Kalander* (by his skill of coaſting the countrey) was among the firſt that came in to the beſieged Deere; whom when ſome of the younger ſort would haue killed with their ſwords, he would not ſuffer: but with a Croſſe-bow ſent a death to the poore beaſt, who with teares ſhewed the vnkindneſſe he tooke of mans crueltie.

But by the time that the whole companie was aſſembled, and that the Stagge had beſtowed himſelfe liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was miſt, for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no newes could be giuen him, but by one that ſaid, hee thought he was returned home; for that hee markt him, in the chiefe of the hunting, take a by-way, which might leade to *Kalanders* houſe. That anſwer for the time ſatisfying, and they hauing performed all dueties, as well for the Stagges funerall, as the hounds triumph, they returned: ſome talking of the fatneſſe of the Deers body; ſome of the faireneſſe of his head; ſome of the hounds cunning; ſome of their ſpeed, and ſome of their crye; till comming home (about the time that the candles begin to inherite the Sunnes office) they found *Daiphantus* was not to be found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly maruelling, and a day or two paſsing, while neither ſearch nor enquirie could helpe him to knowledge, at laſt he lighted vpon the letter, which *Pyrocles* had written before he went a hunting, and left in his ſtudie among other of his writings. The letter was directed to *Palladius* himſelfe, and contained theſe words:

My onely friend, violence of loue leades me into ſuch a courſe, whereof your knowledge may much more vexe you, then helpe me. Therfore pardon my concealing it from you, ſince, if I wrong you, it is in the reſpect I beare you. Returne into *Theſſalia*, I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of deſire: and if I liue, I will in ſhort time follow you; if I die, loue my memorie.

This was all, and this *Palladius* read twice or thrice ouer. Ah (ſaid he) *Pyrocles*, what meanes this alteration? what haue I deſerued of thee, to be thus baniſhed of thy counſels? Heretofore I haue accuſed the ſea, condemned the Pyrats, and hated my euill fortune that depriued me of thee; but now thy ſelfe is the ſea, which drownes my comfort, thy ſelfe is the Pyrat that robs thy ſelfe from me: thy owne will becomes my euill fortune. Then turned he his thoughts to all formes of gheſſes that might light vpon the purpoſe and courſe of *Pyrocles*: for hee was not ſo ſure by his words, that it was loue, as he was doubtful where the loue was. One time he thoght, ſome beautie in *Laconia* had laid hold of his eies; another time hee feared, that it might be *Parthenias* excellencie, which had broken the bands of all former reſolutiō, but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of obiection riſing againſt any accepted opinion.

Then

Then as carefull he was what to doe himſelfe : at length determined, neuer to leaue ſeeking him, till his ſearch ſhould be eyther by meeting accompliſhed, or by death ended. Therefore (for all the vnkindnes bearing tender reſpect, that his friends ſecret determination ſhould be kept from any ſuſpition in others) he went to *Kalander*, and told him, that he had receiued a meſſage from his friend, by which hee vnderſtood he was gone backe againe into *Laconia*, about ſome matters greatly importing the poore men, whoſe protection he had vndertaken, and that it was in any ſort fit for him, to follow him, but in ſuch priuate wiſe, as not to be knowne, and that therefore he would as then bid him farewell; arming himſelfe in a blacke armour, as either a badge, or prognoſtication of his minde: and taking only with him good ſtore of money, and a few choiſe jewels, leauing the greateſt number of them, and moſt of his apparel with *Kalander*; which he did partly to giue the more cauſe to *Kalander* to expect their returne, and ſo to be the leſſe curiouſly inquiſitiue after them: and partly to leaue thoſe honourable thankes vnto him, for his charge and kindneſſe, which hee knew he would no other way receiue. The good olde man hauing neither reaſon to diſſwade, nor hope to perſwade, receiued the things, with minde of a keeper, not of an owner; but before he went, deſired hee might haue the happineſſe, fully to know what they were; which he ſaid, he had euer till then delayed, fearing to be any way importune: but now he could not be ſo much an enemy to his deſires, as any longer to impriſon them in ſilence; *Palladius* told him, that the matter was not ſo ſecret, but that ſo worthy a friend deſerued the knowledge, and ſhould haue it as ſoone as he might ſpeake with his friend; without whoſe conſent (becauſe their promiſe bound him otherwiſe) he could not reueale it: but bad him hold for moſt aſſured, that if they liued but a while, he ſhould find, that they which bare the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, would giue him and his, cauſe to thinke his noble courteſie wel imployed. *Kalander* would preſſe him no further, but deſiring that he might haue leaue to goe, or at leaſt to ſend his ſonne & ſeruants with him: *Palladius* brake off all ceremonies, by telling him, his caſe ſtood ſo, that his greateſt fauour ſhould be in making leaſt a-doe of his parting. Wherewith *Kalander* knowing it to be more cumber then courteſie, to ſtriue, abſtained from further vrging him, but not from heartie mourning the loſſe of ſo ſweet a conuerſation.

Onely *Clitophon* by vehement importunitie obtained to goe with him, to come againe to *Daiphantus*, whom hee named and accounted his Lord. And in ſuch priuate guiſe departed *Palladius*, though hauing a companion to talke withall, yet talking much more with vnkindneſſe. And firſt they went to *Mantinæa*; wherof becauſe *Parthenia* was, he ſuſpected there might be ſome cauſe of his abode. But finding there no newes of him, he went to *Tegæa*, *Ripa*, *Eniſpæ*, *Stimphalus*, and *Phineus*, famous for the poyſonous *Stygian* water, & through all the reſt of *Arcadia*, making their eyes, their eares, and their tongues ſerue almoſt for nothing, but that enquirie. But they could know nothing but that in none of thoſe places hee was knowne. And ſo went they, making one place ſucceede to another, in like vncertainty to their ſearch, many times encountring ſtrange aduentures, worthy to be regiſtred in the rolls of fame: but this may not be omitted. As they paſt in a pleaſant valley (of either ſide of which high hills lifted vp their beetle-browes, as if they would ouer looke the pleaſantneſſe of their vnder proſpect) they were by the daintineſſe of the place, & the wearines of themſelues, inuited to light from their horſes; and pulled off their bits, that they might ſomething refreſh their mouths vpon the graſſe (which plentifully grew, brought vp vnder the care of thoſe well ſhading trees)

trees) they themſelues layed them downe hard by the murmuring muſicke of certaine waters, which ſpouted out of the ſide of the hills, and in the bottom of the vallie made of many ſprings a prettie brooke, like a common-wealth of many families: but when they had a while harkened to the perſwaſion of ſleepe, they roſe, and walkt onward in that ſhadie place, till *Clitophon* eſpyed a piece of armour, and not far off another peece: and ſo the ſight of one peece teaching him to looke for more, hee at length found all, with head-peece and ſhield, by the deuice whereof, which was he ſtraight knew it to be the armour of his couſin, the noble *Amphialus*. Whereupon (fearing ſome inconuenience hapned vnto him) hee told both his doubt and cauſe of doubt to *Palladius*, who (conſidering thereof) thought beſt to make no longer ſtay, but to follow on: leaſt perchance ſome violence were offered to ſo worthy a knight, whom the fame of the world ſeemed to ſet in ballance with any Knight liuing. Yet with a ſudden conceipt, hauing long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought beſt to take that armour, thinking thereby to learne by them that ſhould know that armour, ſome newes of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the ſearch of *Daiphantus* too. So he by the helpe of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one peece wanting, though hacked in ſome places, bewraying ſome fight not long ſince paſſed. It was ſomething too great, but yet ſerued well enough. And ſo getting on their horſes, they trauelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the valley into a faire field, they met with a Coach drawne with foure milke white horſes furniſhed all in blacke, with a black-a-Moore boy vpon euery horſe, they all apparelled in white, the Coach it ſelfe verie richly furniſhed in black & white. But before they could come ſo neere as to diſcerne what was within, there came running vpon them aboue a douzen horſemen, who cryed to them to yeeld themſelues priſoners, or elſe they ſhould die. But *Palladius* not accuſtomed to graunt ouer the poſſeſſion of himſelfe vpon ſo vniuſt titles, with ſword drawne, gaue them ſo rude an anſwere, that diuerſe of them neuer had breath to reply againe: for being well backt by *Clitophon*, and hauing an excellent horſe vnder him, when he was ouerpreſt by ſome, he auoided them, & ere th'other thought of it, puniſhed in him his fellows faults: and ſo eyther with cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either liuing, or able to make his life ſerue to others hurt. Which being done, he approched the Coach, aſſuring the blacke boyes they ſhould haue no hurt, who were elſe readie to haue run away, and looking into the Coach, he found in the one end a Lady of great beautie, & ſuch a beautie, as ſhewed forth the beames both of wiſedome and good nature, but all as much darkned, as might be, with ſorrow. In the other, two Ladies (who by their demeanure ſhewed well, they were but her ſeruants) holding before them a picture; in which was a goodly Gentleman (whom he knew not) painted, hauing in their faces a certaine waiting ſorrow, their eyes being infected with their miſtres weeping. But, the chiefe Lady hauing not ſo much as once heard the noiſe of this cõflict (ſo had ſorrow cloſed vp al the entries of her mind, & loue tied her ſenſes to that beloued picture) now the ſhadow of him falling vpon the picture made her caſt vp her eye, & ſeeing the armour which too well ſhe knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus* the Lord of her deſires (bloud cõming more freely into her cheekes, as though it would be bold, & yet there growing new againe pale for feare) with a pitiful look (like one vniuſtly condemned:) My Lord *Amphialus* ſaid ſhe, you haue enough puniſhed me: it is time for crueltie to leaue you, and euill fortune me, If not I pray you (and to graunt my prayer, fitter time nor place you can haue)

haue)accompliſhed the one euen now,& finiſh the other. With that,ſorrow impatient to be ſlowly vttered in her often ſtaying ſpeeches,poured it ſelfe ſo faſt in teares, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error,but pulling off his helmet,Madam (ſaid he) I perceiue you miſtake me; I am a ſtranger in theſe parts,ſet vpon(without anie cauſe giuen by me) by ſome of your ſeruants, whom becauſe I haue in my iuſt defence euill entreated, I came to make my excuſe to you,whom ſeeing ſuch as I do, I find greater cauſe why I ſhould craue pardon of you. When ſhe ſaw his face, and heard his ſpeech,ſhe looked out of the Coach; & ſeeing her men, ſome ſlaine, ſome lying vnder their dead horſes, & ſtriuing to get from vnder them, without making more account of the matter: Truly (ſaid ſhe) they are well ſerued that durſt lift vp their arms againſt that armor. But ſir knight (ſaid ſhe) I pray you tell me,how come you by this armour? for if it be by the death of him that owed it, then haue I more to ſay vnto you. *Palladius* aſſured her it was not ſo, telling her the true maner how he found it. It is like enough (ſaid ſhe) for that agrees with the maner he hath lately vſed. But I beſeech you ſir (ſaid ſhe) ſince your proweſſe hath bereft me of my companie, let it yet ſo far heale the wounds it ſelfe hath giuen, as to guard me to the next towne. How great ſoeuer my buſines be faire Ladie,ſaid he,it ſhall willingly yeeld to ſo noble a cauſe: but firſt euen by the fauour you beare to the Lord of this noble armour, I coniure you to tell me the ſtorie of your fortune herein, leſt hereafter when the image of ſo excellent a Ladie in ſo ſtrange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemne my ſelfe of want of conſideration in not hauing demanded thus much. Neither aske I it without proteſtation, that wherin my ſword and faith may auaile you, they ſhall bind themſelues to your ſeruice. Your coniuration, faire Knight (ſaid ſhe) is too ſtrong for my poore ſpirit to diſobey, and that ſhall make me (without anie other hope, my ruine being but by one vnreleeuable) to graunt your will herein: and to ſay the truth, a ſtrange niceneſſe were it in mee to refraine that from the eares of a perſon repreſenting ſo much worthines, which I am glad euen to rocks and woods to vtter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, Queene by birth, and hitherto poſſeſsion of the faire cittie and territorie of *Corinth*. I can ſay no more of my ſelfe, but beloued of my people; and may iuſtly ſay beloued, ſince they are content to beare with my abſence,& folly. But I being left by my fathers death, and accepted by my people, in the higheſt degree that countrey could receiue; aſſoone, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it, my Court quickly ſwarmed full of ſuters: ſome perchance louing my eſtate, others my perſon, but once I know all of them, howſoeuer my poſſeſsions were in their hearts, my beautie (ſuch as it is) was in their mouthes, manie ſtrangers of princely & noble blood, and all of mine owne countrie, to whom either birth or vertue gaue courage to auow ſo high a deſire.

Among the reſt, or rather before the reſt, was the Lord *Philoxenus*, ſonne & heire to the vertuous noble man *Timotheus*; which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which paſſed all theſe) goodneſſe, and (which followed all theſe) loue of the people, beyond anie of the great men of my countrie. Now this ſonne of his, I muſt ſay truly, not vnworthie of ſuch a father, bending himſelfe by all meanes of ſeruiceablenes to mee, and ſetting forth of himſelfe to win my fauour, wan thus farre of mee, that in truth I leſſe miſliked him then anie of the reſt: which in ſome proportion, my countenance deliuered vnto him. Though I muſt proteſt it was a verie falſe embaſſadour, if it deliuered at all anie affection, whereof my heart was vtterlie void, I as then eſteeming my ſelfe borne to rule,& thinking foule ſcorne willingly to ſubmit my ſelfe to be ruled.

But whiles *Philoxenus* in good ſort purſued my fauour, and perchance nou-

riſhed himſelfe with ouer much hope, becauſe hee found I did in ſome ſort acknowledge his valew, one time among the reſt hee brought with him a deare friend of his, with that ſhee looked vpon the picture before her, and ſtraight ſighed, and ſtraight teares followed, as if the Idole of dutie ought to bee honoured with ſuch oblations, and then her ſpeech ſtaied the tale, hauing brought her to that looke, but that looke hauing quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pittying ſo ſweete a ſorrow in a Ladie, whom by fame hee had alreadie knowne & honoured, beſought for her promiſe ſake, to put ſilence ſo long vnto her mooning, till ſhee had recounted the reſt of this ſtorie. Why ſaid ſhe, this is the picture of *Amphialus:* what need I ſay more vnto you? What eare is ſo barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus?* who followes deeds of armes, but euerie where finds monuments of *Amphialus?* who is courteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus?* where are all heroicall parts, but in *Amphialus?* O *Amphialus*, I would thou were not ſo excellent, or I would I thought thee not ſo excellent, and yet would I not that I would ſo: with that ſhee wept againe; till hee againe ſoliciting the concluſion of her ſtorie: Then muſt you (ſaid ſhee) know the ſtorie of *Amphialus:* for his will is my life, his life my hiſtorie: and indeed in what can I better imploy my lips then in ſpeaking of *Amphialus.*

This Knight then whoſe figure you ſee, but whoſe minde can bee painted by nothing, but by their true ſhape of vertue, is brothers ſonne to *Baſilius* king of *Arcadia*, and in his childhood eſteemed his heire: till *Baſilius* in his old yeares, marrying a young and a faire Ladie, had of her thoſe two daughters, ſo famous for their perfection in beautie: which put by their young coſin from that expectation. Whereupon his mother (a woman of a haughtie heart, being daughter to the King of *Argos*, either diſdaining, or fearing, that her ſonne ſhould liue vnder the power of *Baſilius*, ſent him to that Lord *Timotheus*) betweene whom and her dead husband there had paſſed ſtraight bands of mutuall hoſpitalitie, to be brought vp in companie with his ſonne *Philoxenus.*

A happie reſolution for *Amphialus*, whoſe excellent nature was by this meanes trained on with as good education, as anie Princes ſonne in the world could haue, which otherwiſe it is thought his mother (farre vnworthie of ſuch a ſoone) would not haue giuen him. The good *Timotheus* no leſſe louing him then his own ſonne. Well, they grew in yeares; and ſhortly occaſions fell aptly to trie *Amphialus*, and all occaſions were but ſteppes for him to clime fame by. Nothing was ſo hard, but his valour ouercame; which yet ſtill he ſo guided with true vertue, that although no man was in our parts ſpoken of but he for his manhood, yet as though therein he excelled himſelfe, he was commonly called the courteous *Amphialus.* An endleſſe thing it were for me to tell, how manie aduentures (terrible to be ſpoken of) he atchieued; what Monſters, what Giants, what conqueſts of countries, ſometimes vſing policie, ſometimes force, but alwayes vertue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus:* betweene whom, and him, ſo faſt a friendſhip by education was knit, that at laſt *Philoxenus* hauing no greater matter to employ his friendſhip in, then to win me, therein deſired, and had his vttermoſt furtherance: to that purpoſe brought he him to my Court, where truly I may iuſtly witneſſe with him, that what his wit could conceiue (and his wit can conceiue as farre as the limits of reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forward the ſuite of his friend *Philoxenus:* mine eares could heare nothing from him, but touching the worthineſſe of *Philoxenus*, and of the great happineſſe it would be vnto mee to haue ſuch a husband; with manie arguments, which God knowes, I cannot well remember, becauſe I did not much beleeue.

leeue. For why ſhould I vſe many circumſtances to come to that where alreadie I am, & euer while I liue muſt continue? in few words, while he pleaded for another, he wan me for himſelfe: if at leaſt (with that ſhe ſighed) he would account it a winning, for his fame had ſo framed the way to my minde, that his preſence ſo full of beautie, ſweetnes, & noble conuerſation, had entred there before he vouchſafed to call for the keyes. O Lord, how did my ſoule hang at his lipps while hee ſpake! O when he in feeling maner would deſcribe the loue of his friend, how well (thought I) doth loue betweene thoſe lips! when he would with daintieſt eloquence ſtirre pittie in me toward *Philoxenus*, why ſure (ſaid I to my ſelfe) *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pittie: and when he would extoll the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who in deed had but wayted of him therein, alas (thought I) good *Philoxenus*, how euill doth it become thy name to be ſubſcribed to his letter? what ſhould I ſay? nay, what ſhould I not ſay (noble Knight) who am not aſhamed, nay am delighted, thus to expreſſe mine owne paſsions?

Daies paſt, his eagernes for his friend neuer decreaſed, my affection to him euer increaſed. At length, in way of ordinarie curteſie, I obtained of him (who ſuſpected no ſuch matter) this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I feare that I ſhall euer enioy: and growne bolder, or madder, or bold with madneſſe, I diſcouered my affection vnto him. But Lord, I ſhall neuer forget, how anger and curteſie, at one inſtant appeared in his eyes, when hee heard that motion: how with his bluſh hee taught me ſhame. In ſumme, he left nothing vnaſſayed, which might diſgrace himſelf, to grace his friend; in ſweet termes making me receiue a moſt reſolute refuſall of himſelfe. But when he found that his preſence did far more perſwade for himſelfe, then his ſpeech could do for his friend, he left my Court; hoping that forgetfulneſſe (which commonly waits vpon abſence) would make roome for his friend; to whom he would not vtter thus much (I think) for a kind feare not to grieue him, or perchance (though he cares little for me) of a certaine honourable gratefulneſſe, not yet to diſcouer ſo much of my ſecrets: but as it ſhould ſeeme, meant to trauel into farre countries, vntill his friends affection either ceaſed, or preuailed. But within a while, *Philoxenus* came to ſee how onward the fruits were of his friends labour, when (as in trueth I cared not much how he took it) he found me ſitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am ſure with a moſt affectionate minde. I ſtraight found ielouſie and diſdaine took hold of him, and yet the froward paine of mine own heart made me ſo delight to puniſh him, whom I eſteemed the chiefeſt let in my way; that when he with humble geſture, & vehement ſpeeches ſued for my fauour, I told him, that I would heare him more willingly, if he would ſpeake for *Amphialus*, as well as *Amphialus* had done for him: hee neuer anſwered me, but pale & quaking, went ſtraight away; & ſtraight my heart miſgaue me ſome euill ſucceſſe: and yet though I had authoritie enough to haue ſtayed him (as in theſe fatall things it falls out, that the high-working powers make ſecond cauſes vnwittingly acceſſarie to their determinations) I did no further, but ſent a foot-man of mine (whoſe faithfulnes to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, and bring me word of his proceedings: which (alas) haue brought forth that which I feare I muſt euer rewe.

For he had trauelled ſcarce a dayes iourney out of my countrey, but that (not far from this place) he ouer-tooke *Amphialus*, who (by ſuccouring a diſtreſſed Ladie) had beene here ſtaied: and by and by called him to fight with him, proteſting that one of them two ſhould die, you may eaſily iudge how ſtrange it was to *Amphialus*, whoſe hart could accuſe it ſelfe of no fault, but too much affectiō toward him, which

he (refuſing to fight with him) would faine haue made *Philoxenus* vnderſtand, but (as my ſeruant ſince told me) the more *Amphialus* went backe, the more he followed, calling him Traytor, & coward, yet neuer telling the cauſe of this ſtrãge alteration. Ah *Philoxenus* (ſaid *Amphialus*) I know I am no traytor, & thou well knoweſt I am no coward: but I pray thee content thy ſelfe with this much, & let this ſatisfie thee, that I loue thee, ſince I beare thus much of thee: but he leauing words, drew his ſword & gaue *Amphialus* a great blow or two, which but for the goodnes of his armor would haue ſlaine him: and yet ſo farre did *Amphialus* containe himſelfe, ſtepping aſide, and ſaying to him: Well *Philoxenus*, & thus much villany am I contẽt to put vp, not any longer for thy ſake (whom I haue no cauſe to loue, ſince thou doſt iniure me, & wilt not tell me the cauſe) but for thy vertuous fathers ſake, to whom I am ſo much bound; I pray thee go away, & conquer thine owne paſsions, & thou ſhalt make me ſoone yeeld to be thy ſeruant. But he would not attend his words, but ſtill ſtrake ſo fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end (nature preuailing aboue determination) hee was fain to defend himſelfe, & withall ſo to offend him, that by an vnlucky blow the poore *Philoxenus* fell dead at his feete; hauing had time only to ſpeake ſome words, wherby *Amphialus* knew it was for my ſake: which whẽ *Amphialus* ſaw, he forthwith gaue ſuch tokens of true-felt ſorrow, that as my ſeruãt ſaid, no imaginatiõ could cõceiue greater wo. But that by & by, an vnhappy occaſion made *Amphialus* paſſe himſelfe in ſorrow: for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the ſame place, the aged and vertuous *Timotheus*; who (hauing heard of his ſonnes ſodaine & paſsionate manner of parting from my Court) had followed him as ſpeedily as he could: but alas not ſo ſpeedily, but that he found him dead before he could ouertake him. Though my heart be nothing but a ſtage of Tragedies, yet I muſt confeſſe, it is euen vnable to beare the miſerable repreſentation thereof; knowing *Amphialus* and *Timotheus* as I haue done. Alas what ſorrow, what amaſement, what ſhame was in *Amphialus*, when he ſaw his deere foſter father, find him the killer of his only ſonne? In my heart I know, he wiſhed mountaines had laine vpon him, to keepe him from that meeding. As for *Timotheus*, ſorrow of his ſonne, and (I thinke principally) vnkindneſſe of *Amphialus* ſo deuoured his vitall ſpirits, that able to ſay no more but *Amphialus, Amphialus*, haue I? he ſanke to the earth, and preſently died.

But not my tongue, though daily vſed to complaints; no nor if my heart (which is nothing but ſorrow) were turned to tongues, durſt it vndertake to ſhew the vnſpeakeablenes of his griefe. But (becauſe this ſerues to make you know my fortune) hee threw away his armour, euen this which you haue now vpon you, which at the firſt ſight I vainely hoped hee had put on againe; and then (as aſhamed of the light) he ran into the thickeſt of the woods, lamenting, and euen crying out ſo pittifully, that my ſeruant, (though of a fortune not vſed to much tenderneſſe) could not refraine weeping when he told it me. He once ouertooke him, but *Amphialus* drawing his ſword, which was the onely part of his armes (God knowes to what purpoſe) he carried about him, threatned to kill him if he followed him, and withall bad him deliuer this bitter meſſage, that he wel enough found, I was the cauſe of all this miſchiefe; and that if I were a man, he would go ouer the world to kill me: but bad me aſſure my ſelfe, that of all creatures in the world, he moſt hated me. Ah ſir knight (whoſe eares I think by this time are tyred with the rugged waies of theſe misfortunes) now weigh my caſe, if at leaſt you know what loue is. For this cauſe haue I left my countrey, putting in hazard how my people will in time deale by me, aduenturing what perils or diſhonors might enſue, onely to follow him, who proclaimeth hate againſt me, & to bring my necke vnto him, if that may redeeme my treſpaſſe,

treſpaſſe, and aſſwage his fury. And now ſir (ſaid ſhe) you haue your requeſt, I pray you take paines to guide me to the next towne, that there I may gather ſuch of my companie againe, as your valor hath left me. *Palladius* willingly condiſcended: but ere they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who hauing bin ſomthing hurt by one of them, had purſued him a good way: at length ouereaking him and readie to kil him, vnderſtood they were ſeruants to the faire Queene *Helen*, and that the cauſe of this enterpriſe was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* priſoner, whom they knew their miſtres ſought; for ſhe concealed her ſorrow, nor cauſe of her ſorrow from no bodie.

But *Clitophon* (very ſorie for this accident) came back to comfort the Queen, helping ſuch as were hurt in the beſt ſort that he could, and framing friendly conſtructions of this raſhly vnder-taken enmitie, when in comes another (til that time vnſeen) all armed, with his beuer down, who firſt looking round about vpon the company, as ſoone as he ſpied *Palladius*, he drew his ſword, and making no other prologue, let flie at him. But *Palladius* (ſorie for ſo much harme as had alreadie happened) ſought rather to retire, and ward, thinking he might be ſome one that belonged to the faire Queene, whoſe caſe in his heart he pitied. Which *Clitophon* ſeeing, ſtept betweene them, asking the new-come knight the cauſe of his quarrel; who anſwered him, that he would kill that theefe, who had ſtolne away his Maſters armour, if he did not reſtore it. With that *Palladius* lookt vpon him, and ſaw that he of the other ſide had *Palladius* own armour vpon him: truly (ſaid *Palladius*) if I haue ſtolne this armour, you did not buy that; but you ſhall not fight with me vpon ſuch a quarrell, you ſhall haue this armour willingly, which I did onely put on to doe honour to the owner. But *Clitophon* ſtraight knew by his words and voyce, that it was *Iſmenus*, the faithfull and diligent Page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deſerued all honor, the young Gentleman pulled off his head-piece, and (lighting) went to kiſſe *Palladius* hands, deſiring him to pardon his folly, cauſed by extreame griefe, which eaſily might bring forth anger. Sweete Gentleman (ſaid *Palladius*) you ſhall onely make me this amends, that you ſhall carrie this your Lords armour from me to him, and tell him from an vnknown knight (who admires his worthines) that he cannot caſt a greater miſt ouer his glorie, then by being vnkind to ſo excellent a Princeſſe as this Queene is. *Iſmenus* promiſed he would as ſoone as he durſt find his Maſter: and with that went to doe his duetie to the Queene, whom in all theſe encounters aſtoniſhment made hardie; but aſſoone as ſhe ſaw *Iſmenus* (looking to her picture,) *Iſmenus*, ſaid ſhe, here is my Lord, where is yours? or come you to bring mee ſome ſentence of death from him? if it be ſo, welcome be it. I pray you ſpeake, and ſpeake quickly. Alas Madam, ſaid *Iſmenus*, I haue loſt my Lord, (with that teares came vnto his eyes) for aſſoone as the vnhappie combate was concluded with the death both of father and ſonne, my Maſter caſting off his armour, went his way: forbidding me vpon paine of death to follow him. Yet diuers daies I followed his ſteppes, till laſtly I found him, hauing newly met with an excellent Spaniell, belonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dogge ſtraight fawned on my Maſter for olde knowledge: but neuer was there thing more pitifull then to heare my Maſter blame the dogge for louing his Maſters murtherer, renewing afreſh his complaints, with the dumbe counſellor, as if they might comfort one another in their miſeries. But my Lord hauing ſpyed me, roſe vp in ſuch rage, that in truth I feared hee would kill me: yet as then he ſaid only, if I would not diſpleaſe him I ſhould not come neer him till he ſent for me; too hard a commandement for me to diſobey: I yeelded, leauing him only waited on by his dog, and as I thinke ſeeking out the moſt ſolitarie

places, that this or any other countrie can graunt him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another in ſtead thereof, and (diſdaining I muſt confeſſe that anie ſhould beare the armour of the beſt Knight liuing) armed my ſelfe therein to play the foole, as euen now I did. Faire *Iſmenus* (ſaid the Queene) a fitter meſſenger could hardly be to vnfold my Tragedie: I ſee the end, I ſee my end.

With that (ſobbing) ſhe deſired to be conducted to the next towne, where *Palladius* left her to be wayted on by *Clitophon*, at *Palladius* earneſt entreatie, who deſired alone to take that melancholy courſe of ſeeking his friend; and therefore chaunging armours againe with *Iſmenus* (who went withall to a caſtle belonging to his maſter) he continued his queſt for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he his courſe to *Laconia*, aſwell among the *Helots*, as *Spartans*: There indeed he found his fame flouriſhing, his monuments engraued in Marble, and yet more durably in mens memories, but the vniuerſall lamenting his abſented preſence, aſſured him of his preſent abſence. Thence into the *Elean* prouince, to ſee whether at the Olympian games (there celebrated) hee might in ſuch concourſe bleſſe his eyes with ſo deſired an encounter: but that huge and ſportfull aſſembly grew to him a tedious lonelineſſe, eſteeming no bodie found, ſince *Daiphantus* was loſt. Afterward he paſſed through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, prowde of their two Seas, to learne whether by the ſtreight of that *Iſthmus*, it were poſsible to know of his paſſage. But finding euerie place more dumbe then other to his demaunds, and remembring that it was late-taken loue, which had wrought this new courſe, hee returned againe (after two moneths trauaile in vaine) to make a freſh ſearch in *Arcadia*; ſo much the more, as then firſt he bethought himſelfe of the picture of *Philoclea* (which reſembling her he had once loued) might perhaps awake againe that ſleeping paſsion. And hauing alreadie paſt ouer the greateſt part of *Arcadia*, one day comming vnder the ſide of the pleaſant mountaine *Mænalus*, his horſe (nothing guiltie of his inquiſitiueneſſe) with flat-tyring taught him, that diſcreete ſtayes makes ſpeedie iournies: and therefore lighting down, & vnbridling his horſe, he himſelfe went to repoſe himſelfe in a little wood he ſaw thereby. Where lying vnder the protection of a ſhadie tree, with intention to make forgetting ſleepe comfort a ſorrowfull memorie, he ſaw a ſight which perſwaded, & obtayned of his eyes, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a Lady, who becauſe ſhe walked with her ſide toward him, he could not perfectly ſee her face; but ſo much he might ſee of her, that was a ſuertie for the reſt, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceiue the hanging of her haire in faireſt quantitie, in lockes ſome curled, and ſome as it were forgotten, with ſuch a careleſſe care, & an art ſo hiding art, that ſhe ſeemed ſhe would lay them for a patterne, whether nature ſimply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the reſt whereof was drawne into a Coronet of gold richly ſet with pearle, and ſo ioined all ouer with gold wyers and couered with feathers of diuers colours, that it was not vnlike to an helmet, ſuch a glittering ſhew it bare, & ſo brauely it was held vp from the head. Vpon her bodie ſhe ware a doublet of skie colour Satin, couered with plates of golde, and as it were nailed with precious ſtones, that in it ſhe might ſeeme armed; the neather part of her garment was full of ſtuffe, and cut after ſuch a faſhion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might ſometimes diſcerne the ſmall of her legge, which with the foot was dreſſed in a ſhort paire of crimſon Veluet Buſkins, in ſome places open (as the ancient maner was) to ſhew the fairenes of the skin. Ouer all this ſhe wore a certaine mantell, made in ſuch maner, that comming vnder her right arme, and couering moſt of that ſide, it had no faſtening on the left ſide, but

but onely vpon the top of the ſhoulder, where the two ends met, and were cloſed together with a verie rich jewell: the deuice whereof, as he after ſaw, was this; a *Hercules* made in little forme, but ſet with a diſtaffe in his hand as he once was by *Omphales* commandement, with a word in Greeke, but thus to be interpreted, *Neuer more valiant.* On the ſame ſide, on her thigh ſhe ware a ſword, which as it witneſſed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profeſsion, ſo it ſeemed but a needleſſe weapon, ſince her other forces were without withſtanding. But this Lady walked outright till he might ſee her enter into a fine cloſe arbour: it was of trees, whoſe branches ſo louingly enterlaced one the other, that it could reſiſt the ſtrongeſt violēce of eye-ſight; but ſhe went into it by a doore ſhe opened, which moued him as warily as he could to follow her, and by & by he might heare her ſing this ſong, with a voice no leſſe beautiful to his eares, then her goodlineſſe was full of harmonie to his eies.

TRansform'd in ſhew, but more transform'd in mind,
I ceaſe to ſtriue with double conqueſt foilde:
For (wo is me) my powers all I find
With outward force, and inward treaſon ſpoilde.

For from without came to mine eyes the blow,
Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeeld:
Both theſe conſpir'd poore Reaſons ouerthrow;
False in my ſelfe, thus haue I loſt the field.

Thus are my eyes ſtill captiue to one ſight;
Thus all my thoughts are ſlaues to one thought ſtill:
Thus Reaſon to his ſeruants yeelds his right,
Thus is my power transformed to your will:
What maruell then I take a womans hue,
Since what I ſee, thinke, know, is all but you?

The dittie gaue him ſome ſuſpition, but the voyce gaue him almoſt aſſurance, who the ſinger was. And therefore boldly thruſting open the doore, and entring into the arbour, he perceiued indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus diſguiſed, wherwith not receiuing ſo much ioy to haue found him, as griefe ſo to haue found him, amazedly looking vpon him (as *Apollo* is painted when he ſaw *Daphne* ſodainly turned into a Laurell) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much ſhame, as *Muſidorus* had ſorrow) riſing to him, would haue formed a ſubſtantiall excuſe; but his inſinuation being of bluſhing, and his diuiſion of ſighes, his whole oration ſtood vpon a ſhort narration, which was the cauſer of this Metamorphoſis. But by that time *Muſidorus* had gathered his ſpirits together, and yet caſting a gaſtfull countenance vpon him (as if hee would coniure ſome ſtrange ſpirits) he thus ſpake vnto him.

And is it poſsible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the onely young Prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exerciſe of vertue? or is it indeed ſome *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend in this ſort to vexe me? for likelier ſure I would haue thought it, that any outward face might haue bin diſguiſed, then that the face of ſo excellent a mind could haue bin thus blemiſhed. O ſweet *Pyrocles*, ſeperat your ſelfe a little (if it be poſsible) from your ſelfe, and let your owne mind looke vpon your owne proceedings, ſo ſhall my words be needleſſe

leſſe, and you beſt inſtructed. See with your ſelfe, how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, borne ſo great a Prince, and of ſo rare not onely expectation but proofe, deſired of your old father, and wanted of your native country, now ſo neare your home, to diuert your thoughts from the way of goodnes, to looſe, nay to abuſe your time. Laſtly, to ouerthrow all the excellent things you haue done, which haue filled the world with your fame; as if you ſhould drowne your ſhip in the long deſired hauen: or like an ill player, ſhould marre the laſt act of his Tragedie. Remember (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reaſonable part of our ſoule is to haue abſolute commandement; againſt which if any ſenſuall weakeneſſe ariſe, we are to yeeld all our ſound forces to the ouerthrowing of ſo vnnaturall a rebellion, wherein how can we want courage, ſince we are to deale againſt ſo weake an aduerſarie, that in it ſelfe is nothing but weakeneſſe? Nay, we are to reſolue, that if reaſon direct it, we muſt do it; and if we muſt do it, we wil do it: for to ſay I cannot, is childiſh, and I will not, womaniſh. And ſee how extreamely euerie way you endaunger your mind; for to take this womaniſh habite (without you frame your behauiour accordingly) is wholly vaine: your behauiour can neuer come kindly from you, but as the mind is proportioned vnto it. So that you muſt reſolue, if you will play your part to any purpoſe, whatſoeuer peeuiſh imperfections are in that ſex, to ſoften your heart to receiue them, the verie firſt down-ſtep to all wickednes: for doe not deceiue your ſelfe, my deare couſin, there is no man ſodainly either excellently good, or extreamely euill, but growes either as he holds himſelfe vp in vertue, or lets himſelfe ſlide to viciouſnes. And let vs ſee, what power is the author of all theſe troubles; forſooth loue, loue, a paſsion, and the baſeſt & fruitleſſeſt of all paſsions: feare breedeth wit, anger is the cradle of courage; ioy openeth and enableth the heart: ſorrow, as it cloſeth, ſo it draweth it inward to looke to the correcting of it ſelfe; and ſo all of them generally haue power towards ſome good by the direction of Reaſon. But this baſtard Loue (for indeed the name of Loue is moſt vnworthily applied to ſo hatefull a humour) as it is engendred betwixt luſt & idlenes; as the matter it works vpon is nothing but a certaine baſe weakenes, which ſome gentle fooles call a gentle heart; as his adioyned companions be vnquietnes, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, iealouſies, vngrounded rages, cauſleſſe yeeldings: ſo is the higheſt end it aſpires vnto, a little pleaſure with much paine before, and great repentance after. But that end how endleſſe it runs to infinite euills, were fit enough for the matter we ſpeak of, but not for your eares, in whom indeed there is ſo much true diſpoſition to vertue; yet thus much of his worthy effects in your ſelfe is to be ſeene, that (beſides your breaking lawes of hoſpitalitie with *Kalander*, & of friendſhip with me) it vtterly ſubuerts the courſe of nature, in making reaſon giue place to ſenſe, & man to woman. And truely I thinke hereupon it firſt gate the name of Loue: for indeed the true loue hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transforme the very eſſence of the louer into the thing loued; vniting, and as it were incorporating it with a ſecret and inward working. And herein do theſe kind of loues imitate the excellent: for as the loue of heauen makes one heauenly, the loue of vertue, vertuous; ſo doth the loue of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate loue of a woman, doth ſo womanize a man, that (if he yeeld to it) it will not only make him an *Amazon*, but a launder, a diſtaffe, a ſpinner, or whatſoeuer other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weake hands performe. Therefore (to trouble you no longer with my tedious, but louing words) if either you remember what you are, what you haue beene, or what you muſt be: if you conſider what it is that moued you, or by what kinde of creature you are moued, you ſhall finde the cauſe ſo

ſmall,

ſmall, the effect ſo dangerous, your ſelfe ſo vnworthy to run into the one, or to be driuen by the other, that I doubt not, I ſhall quickly haue occaſion rather to praiſe you for hauing conquered it, then to giue you further counſell, how to doe it. But in *Pyrocles* this ſpeech wrought no more, but that hee, who before hee was eſpyed, was afraid; after, being perceiued, was aſhamed, now being hardly rubd vpon, left both feare and ſhame, and was moued to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Muſidorus* ſtriuing with it; hee thus partly to ſatisfie him, but principally to looſe the reines to his owne motions, made him anſwere: Couſin, whatſoeuer good diſpoſition nature hath beſtowed vpon me, or howſoeuer that diſpoſition hath bin by bringing vp confirmed, this I muſt confeſſe, that I am not yet come to that degree of wiſedome, to thinke light of the ſexe, of whom I haue my life, ſince if I be anie thing (which your friendſhip rather finds, then I acknowledge) I was to come to it, borne of a woman, & nurſed of a woman. And certainly (for this point of your ſpeech doth neereſt touch me) it is ſtraunge to ſee the vnmanlike crueltie of mankind, who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to haue brought the others vertuous patience vnder them (like childiſh maiſters) thinke their maiſterhood nothing, without doing iniurie to them, who (if we will argue by reaſon) are framed of nature with the ſame parts of the minde for the exerciſe of vertue, as wee are. And for example, euen this eſtate of *Amazons* (which I now for my greateſt honour do ſeeke to counterfeit) doe well witneſſe, that if generally the ſweeteneſſe of their diſpoſition did not make them ſee the vaineneſſe of theſe things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their faireneſſe take away their force. And truely we men, and praiſers of men, ſhould remember, that if wee haue ſuch excellencies, it is reaſon to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom wee are; ſince a Kyte neuer brought forth a good flying Hawke. But to tell you true, as I thinke it ſuperfluous to vſe anie words of ſuch a ſubiect, who is ſo praiſed in it ſelfe as it needes no praiſes; ſo withall I feare leſt my conceit (not able to reach vnto them) bring forth words, which for their vnworthineſſe may be a diſgrace to them I ſo inwardly honour. Let this ſuffice, that they are capable of vertue, and vertue (you your ſelues ſay) is to be loued, and I too, truly: but this I willingly confeſſe, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, then when I am bound to ſeeke it in an ill-fauoured creature, like a pearle in a dunghill. As for my fault of being an vnciuill gueſt to *Kalander*, if you could feele what an inward gueſt my ſelfe am hoſte vnto, ye would thinke it verie excuſable, in that I rather perform the duties of an hoſt, then the ceremonies of a gueſt. And for my breaking the lawes of friendſhip with you (which I would rather die, then effectually doe,) truely I could finde in my heart to aske you pardon for it, but that your now handling of me giues me reaſon to confirme my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles* ſtaied, as to breathe himſelfe, hauing beene tranſported with a little vehemencie, becauſe it ſeemed him *Muſidorus* had ouer-bitterly glaunced againſt the reputation womankind: but then quieting his countenance (aſwell as out of an vnquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Loue (ſaid he) deere couſin, is little beholding vnto you, ſince you are not contented to ſpoile it of the honour of the higheſt power of the mind, which notable men haue attributed vnto it, but yee deiect it below all other paſsions, in truth ſomewhat ſtrangely; ſince, if loue receiue anie diſgrace, it is by the companie of theſe paſsions you preferre before it. For thoſe kinds of bitter obiections (as, that luſt, idleneſſe, and a weake heart, ſhould be, as it were, the matter and forme of loue) rather touch me, deere *Muſidorus*, then loue: but I am good witneſſe of mine owne imperfections, and therefore will not defend my

ſelfe:

ſelfe: but herein I muſt ſay, you deale contrarie to your ſelfe: for if I be ſo weake, then can you not with reaſon ſtir me vp as ye did, by remembrance of mine owne vertue: or if indeed I be vertuous, then muſt ye confeſſe, that loue hath his working in a vertuous heart; and ſo no doubt hath it, whatſoeuer I be: for, if we loue vertue, in whom ſhall we loue it but in a vertuous creature? without your meaning be, I ſhould loue this word *Vertue*, where I ſee it written in a booke. Thoſe troubleſome effects you ſay it breeds, be not the faults of loue, but of him that loues, as an vnable veſſell to beare ſuch a liquor, like euill eyes, not able to looke on the Sunne; or like a weake braine ſooneſt ouerthrowne with the beſt wine. Euen that heauenly loue you ſpeake of, is accompanied in ſome hearts with hopes, griefes, longings, and diſpaires. And in that heauenly loue, ſince there are two parts, the one the loue it ſelfe, th'other the excellencie of the thing loued; I, not able at the firſt leape to frame both in me, doe now (like a diligent workeman) made readie the chiefe inſtrument, & firſt part of that great worke, which is loue it ſelfe; which when I haue a while practiſed in this ſort, then you ſhall ſee mee turne it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it pleaſe you) thinke of me. Neither doubt yee, becauſe I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more womaniſh, ſince I aſſure you (for all my apparell) there is nothing I deſire more, then fully to proue my ſelfe a man in this enterpriſe. Much might be ſaid in my defence, much more for loue, and moſt of all for that diuine creature, which hath ioyned me and loue together. But theſe diſputations are fitter for quiet ſcholes then my troubled braines, which are bent rather in deedes to performe, then in words to defend the noble deſire that poſſeſſeth me. O Lord (ſaid *Muſidorus*) how ſharpe-witted you are to hurt your ſelfe; No (anſwered he) but it is the hurt you ſpeake of, which makes me ſo ſharp-witted. Euen ſo (ſaid *Muſidorus*) as euerie baſe occupation makes one ſharpe in that practiſe, and fooliſh in all the reſt. Nay rather (anſwered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once well learned ſerues for a meaſure of all other knowledges. And is that become (ſaid *Muſidorus*) a meaſure for other things, which neuer receiued meaſure in it ſelfe? It is counted without meaſure (anſwered *Pyrocles*) becauſe the workings of it are without meaſure, but otherwiſe, in nature it hath meaſure, ſince it hath an end allotted vnto it. The beginning being ſo excellent, I would gladly know the end. Enioying, anſwered *Pyrocles*, with a deep ſigh. O (ſaid *Muſidorus*) now ſet ye forth the baſenes of it, ſince if it end in enioying, it ſhewes all the reſt was nothing. Ye miſtake me (anſwered *Pyrocles*,) I ſpake of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no ſooner then the life. Alas, let your owne braine diſenchant you (ſaid *Muſidorus*.) My heart is too farre poſſeſſed (ſaid *Pyrocles*.) But the head giues you direction: And the heart giues me life, anſwered *Pyrocles*.

But *Muſidorus* was ſo grieued to ſee his welbeloued friend obſtinate (as hee thought) to his owne deſtruction, that it forced him with more then accuſtomed vehemencie to ſpeake theſe words. Well, well (ſaid he) you liſt to abuſe your ſelfe; it was a very white & red vertue, which you could picke out of a painterly gloſe of a viſage. Confeſſe the truth, and ye ſhall finde the vtmoſt was but beautie, a thing, which thogh it be in as great excellency in your ſelfe as may be in any, yet I am ſure you make no further reckning of it, then of an outward fading benefit nature beſtowed vpon you. And yet ſuch is your want of a true grounded vertue, which muſt be like it ſelfe in all points; that what you wiſely account a trifle in your ſelfe, you fondly become a ſlaue vnto in another. For my part I now proteſt, I haue left nothing vnſaid, which my wit could make me know, or my moſt entire friendſhip to you requires of me; I do now beſeech you euen for the loue betwixt vs (if this other loue

haue

haue left anie in you towards me) and for the remembrance of your old carefull father (if you can remember him that forget yourſelfe,) laſtly, for *Pyrocles* owne ſake (who is now vpon the point of falling or riſing) to purge your ſelfe of this vile infection, otherwiſe giue me leaue to leaue off this name of friendſhip, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where vertue is aboliſhed. The length of theſe ſpeeches before had not ſo much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this laſt farewell of him he loued as his own life, did wound his ſoule. For thinking himſelfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceiue vnkindneſſe deepely: inſomuch that ſhaking his head, and deliuering ſome ſhew of teares, he thus vttered his griefes: Alas (ſaid he) Prince *Muſidorus*, how cruelly you deale with me; if you ſeeke the victorie, take it, and if ye liſt the triumph: haue you all the reaſon of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections; yet ſuch as I can no more lay from me, then the Crow can be perſwaded by the Swan to caſt off all his blacke feathers. But truly you deale with me like a Phyſition, that ſeeing his Patient in a peſtilent feuer, ſhould chide him in ſtead of miniſtring helpe, and bid him be ſick no more; or rather like ſuch a friend, that viſiting his friend condemned to perpetuall priſon, and loaden with grieuous fetters, ſhould wil him to ſhake off his fetters, or he would leaue him. I am ſicke, and ſicke to the death; I am priſoner, neither is there anie redreſſe, but by her to whom I am a ſlaue. Now if you liſt, leaue him that loues you in the higheſt degree: But remember euer to carrie this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greateſt extremitie.

And herewith the deepe wound of his loue being rubbed a freſh with this new vnkindneſſe, began as it were to bleed again, in ſuch ſort that he was vnable to beare it anie longer, but guſhing out aboundance of teares, and croſsing his armes ouer his wofull heart, he ſunke downe to the ground: which ſodaine trance went ſo to the heart of *Muſidorus*, that falling downe by him, and kiſsing the weeping eyes of his friend, he beſought him not to make account of his ſpeech, which if it had bin ouer-vehement, yet was it to be borne withall, becauſe it came out of a loue much more vehement, that he had not thought fancie could haue receiued ſo deepe a wound; but now finding in him the force of it, hee would no further contrarie it, but employ all his ſeruice to medicine it, in ſuch ſort as the nature of it required. But euen this kindneſſe made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former vnkindneſſe, which his manlike teares well ſhewed, with a ſilent looke vpon *Muſidorus*, as who ſhould ſay, And is it poſsible that *Muſidorus* ſhould threaten to leaue me? And this ſtrooke *Muſidorus* mind and ſenſes ſo dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to ſay anie thing, they reſted with their eyes placed one vpon another, in ſuch ſort, as might well paint out the true paſsion of vnkindneſſe to be neuer aright, but betwixt them that moſt dearely loue.

And thus remained they a time, till at length *Muſidorus* embracing him, ſaid, And will you thus ſhake off your friend? It is you that ſhake me off (ſaid *Pyrocles*) being for my vnperfectneſſe vnworthie of your friendſhip. But this (ſaid *Muſidorus*) ſhewes you more vnperfect, to be cruell to him, that ſubmits himſelfe vnto you, but ſince you are vnperfect (ſaid he, ſmiling) it is reaſon you be gouerned by vs wiſe and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take vpon mee, with three abſolute commandements: the firſt, that you increaſe not your euill with further griefes: the ſecond, that you loue her with all the powers of your mind: and the laſt commandement ſhall be, you command me to doe what ſeruice I can towards the attaining of your deſires. *Pyrocles* heart was not ſo oppreſſed with the two mightie paſsions of loue and vnkindneſſe, but that it yeelded to ſome mirth at this commandment of

Muſidorus

Muſidorus, that he ſhould loue. ſo that ſomething clearing his face from his former ſhewes of griefe; Well (ſaid he) deere couſin, I ſee by the well chuſing of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince than a Counſellor, and therefore I am reſolued to imploy all my endeuour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements ye command me to lay vpon you, ſhall only be, that you continue to loue me, & looke vpon my imperfections with more affection than iudgement. Loue you (ſaid he,) alas, how can my heart be ſeparated from the true imbracing of it, without it burſt, by being too full of it? But (ſaid he) let vs leaue off theſe flowers of new begun friendſhip; and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumſtance, the ſtorie of your affections, both beginning, and proceeding; aſſuring your ſelfe, that there is nothing ſo great, which I will feare to doe for you, nor nothing ſo ſmall, which I will diſdaine to do for you. Let me therefore receiue a cleere vnderſtanding, which manie times we miſſe, while thoſe things we accout ſmall, as a ſpeech, or a looke, are omitted, like as a whole ſentence may faile of his congruitie by wanting one particle. Therefore betweene friends all muſt be laid open, nothing being ſuperfluous nor tedious. You ſhal be obeied (ſaid *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor no bodie offers to come into but my ſelfe, I vſing it as my melancholie retiring place, and therfore that reſpect is borne vnto it: yet if by chaunce anie ſhould come, ſay that you are a ſeruant ſent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to ſeeke me, and then let me alone for the reſt. So ſate they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus ſaid:

Couſin (ſaid he) then began the fatall ouerthrow of all my libertie, when walking among the pictures in *Kalanders* houſe, you your ſelfe deliuered vnto mee what you had vnderſtood of *Philoclea*, who much reſembling (thogh I muſt ſay) much ſurpaſſing) the Ladie *Zelmane*, whom ſo well I loued: there were mine eies infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poiſon. Yet alas, ſo ſweet was it vnto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more ſtrong with his declaration. Which the more I queſtioned, the more pittie I conceiued of her vnworthie fortune; and when with pittie once my heart was made tender, according to the aptneſſe of the humour, it receiued quickly a cruell impreſsion of that wonderful paſsion, which to be defined is impoſsible, becauſe no words reach to the ſtrange nature of it: they only know it, which inwardly feele it; it is called Loue. yet did I not (poor wretch) at firſt know my diſeaſe, thinking it only ſuch a wonted kind of deſire to ſee rare ſights, and my pittie to be no other, but the fruits of a gentle nature. But euen this arguing with my ſelfe came of further thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreaſed. Deſirous I was to ſee the place where ſhe remained, as though the Architecture of the Lodges would haue beene much for my learning; but more deſirous to ſee her ſelfe, to be iudge, forſooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the firſt did I flatter my ſelfe, as though my wound had beene no deeper: but when within ſhort time I came to the degree of vncertaine wiſhes, and that thoſe wiſhes grew to vnquiet longings, when I could fixe my thoughts vpon nothing, but that within little varying they ſhould end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I ſaw, ſeemed to figure out ſome part of my paſsions; when euen *Parthenia's* faire face became a lecture to me of *Philoclea's* imagined beautie; when I heard no word ſpoken, but that me thought it carried the ſound of *Philoclea's* name; then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my ſelfe priſoner, before I had leiſure to arme my ſelfe: and that I might well, like the Spaniell, gnaw vpon the chaine that ties him; but I ſhould ſooner marre my teeth, then procure libertie: yet I take to witneſſe the eternall ſpring of vertue, that I had neuer read, heard, nor ſeene anie thing; I had neuer

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anie taſt of Philoſophie, nor inward feeling in my ſelfe, which for a while I did not call to my ſuccor. But (alas) what reſiſtance was there, when ere long my verie reaſon was, (you will ſay corrupted) I muſt confeſſe, conquered, and that me thought euen reaſon did aſſure me, that all eies did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour ſuch beautie? Nothing in truth could hold anie plea with it, but the reuerent friendſhip I beare vnto you. For as it went againſt my heart to breake anie way from you, ſo did I feare more then anie aſſault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully reſolute, councell is tedious, but reprehenſion is lothſome: and that there is nothing more terrible to a guiltie heart, then the eie of a reſpected friend. This made me determine with my ſelfe (thinking it a leſſe fault in friendſhip to doe a thing without your knowledge, then againſt your will) to take this ſecret courſe; which conceit was moſt builded vp in me, the laſt day of my parting and ſpeaking with you, when vpon your ſpeech with me, & my but naming loue (when elſe perchance I would haue gone further) I ſaw your voyce and countenance ſo chaunge, as it aſſured me, my reuealing it ſhould but purchaſe your griefe with my cumber, and therefore (deare *Muſidorus*) euen ran away from my well knowne chilling: for hauing written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, & taken my chiefe iewels with me, while you were in the middeſt of your ſport, I got a time (as I thinke) vnmarked by anie, to ſteale away I cared not whither, ſo I might eſcape you, and ſo came I to *Ithonia* in the Prouince of *Meſſenia*, where lying ſecret, I put this in practiſe, which before I had deuiſed. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter & *Kalanders* ſpeech, how obſtinately *Baſilius* was determined not to marie his daughters, and therefore feating leaſt anie publike dealing ſhould rather increaſe her captiuitie, then further my loue; Loue (the refiner of inuention) had put in my head thus to diſguiſe my ſelfe, that vnder that maske I might (if it were poſsible) get acceſſe, & what acceſſe could bring forth, commit to fortune & induſtrie, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the cloſeſt maner I could, naming my ſelfe *Zelmane*, for that deare Ladies ſake, to whoſe memorie I am ſo much bound, I cauſed this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Lodges, which are hard at hand, by night, thus dreſſed my ſelfe, reſting till occaſion might make me to be found by them whom I ſought; which the next morning hapned as well as mine own plot could haue laid it. For after I had run ouer the whole petigree of my thoughts, I gaue my ſelfe to ſing a little, which, as you know, I euer delighted in, ſo now eſpecially, whether it be the nature of this clime to ſtirre vp Poetical fancies, or rather as I thinke, of loue, whoſe ſcope being pleaſure, will not ſo much as vtter his griefes, but in ſome forme of pleaſure.

But I had ſung verie little, when (as I thinke, diſpleaſed with my bad muſicke) comes maiſter *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and ſwearing by the pantable of *Pallace*, and ſuch other oathes as his ruſticall brauerie could imagine; and when he ſaw me, I aſſure you, my beautie was no more beholding to him then my harmonie; for leaning his hands vpon his bill, and his chin vpon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth *Hercules* in a play, but neuer had his fancie in his head, the firſt word he ſpake vnto me, was, Am not I *Dametas*? why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not name himſelf, for *Kalanders* deſcription had ſet ſuch a note vpon him as made him verie notable vnto me, and therefore the height of my thoughts would not deſcend ſo much as to make him anie anſwer, but continued on my inward diſcourſes; which hee (perchance witneſſe of his owne vnworthineſſe, and therefore the apter to thinke himſelfe contemned) tooke in ſo hainous maner, that ſtanding vpon his tiptoes, and ſtaring, as if he would haue had a mote pulled out of his eie,

Why, (ſaid he) thou woman, or boy, or both, whatſoeuer thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the Princes pleaſure, I tell thee it is *Dametas* pleaſure. I could not chuſe but ſmile at him, ſeeing him looke ſo like an Ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my ſelfe with the manner, ſpake theſe words to my ſelfe: O ſpirit (ſaid I) of mine, how canſt thou receiue anie mirth in the midſt of thine agonies? and thou mirth, how dareſt thou enter into a minde ſo growne of late thy profeſſed enemie? Thy ſpirit (ſaid *Dametas*,) doſt thou thinke me a ſpirit? I tell thee I am *Baſilius* officer, & haue charge of him and his daughters. O only pearle (ſaid I ſobbing) that ſo vile an oyſter ſhould keep thee? By the combe-caſe of *Diana* (ſware *Dametas*) this woman is mad: oyſters and pearles? doeſt thou thinke I will buy oyſters? I tell thee once againe get thee packing, and with that lifted vp his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my leſſon; ſo that I forgat all *Zelmanes* ſhip, and drawing out my ſword, the baſeneſſe of the villaine yet made me ſtay my hand, and he (who, as *Kalander* told me, from his child-hood euer feared the blade of a ſword) ran backe, backward (with his hands aboue his head) at leaſt twentie paces, gaping and ſtaring, with the verie grace (I thinke) of the clownes, that by *Latonas* prayers were turned into Frogs. At length ſtaying, finding himſelfe without the compaſſe of blowes, hee fell to a freſh ſcoulding, in ſuch manerly maner, as might well ſhew hee had paſſed through the diſcipline of a Tauerne. But ſeeing mee walke vp and downe, without marking what he ſaid, he went his way (as I perceiued after) to *Baſilius*: for within a while hee came vnto mee, bearing indeed ſhewes in his countenance of an honeſt and well minded Gentleman, and with as much curteſie as *Dametas* with rudeneſſe ſaluting me: Faire Ladie (ſaid hee) it is nothing ſtrange, that ſuch a ſolitarie place as this ſhould receiue ſolitarie perſons; but much doe I maruell, how ſuch a beautie as yours is, ſhould be ſuffered to be thus alone. I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a graue maieſtie vpon him, as if I found in my ſelfe cauſe to be reuerenced. They are neuer alone (ſaid I) that are accompanied with noble thoughts. But thoſe thoughts (replyed *Baſilius*) cannot in this your lonelineſſe neither warrant you from ſuſpition in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your ſelfe: I then ſhewing a miſlike that he preſſed me ſo farre; I ſeek no better warrant, ſaid I, then my owne conſcience, nor no greater pleaſure then mine owne contentation. Yet vertue ſeekes to ſatisfie others, ſaid *Baſilius*. Thoſe that be good, ſaid I, and they will be ſatisfied as long as they ſee no euill: yet will the beſt in this countrie, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſuſpect ſo excellent beautie being ſo weakely guarded. Then are the beſt but ſtarke naught, anſwered I; for open ſuſpecting others, comes of ſecret condemning themſelues: but in my countrie (whoſe maners I am in all places to maintaine and reuerence) the generall goodneſſe (which is nouriſhed in our hearts) makes euerie one thinke the ſtrength of vertue in another, whereof they find the aſſured foundation in themſelues. Excellent Ladie, ſaid he, you praiſe ſo greatly (and yet ſo wiſely) your countrie, that I muſt needs deſire to know what the neſt is, out of which ſuch birds doe flie. You muſt firſt deſerue it, ſaid I, before you may obtaine it. And by what meanes, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſhal I deſerue to know your eſtate? By letting me firſt know yours, anſwered I. To obey you, ſaid he, I will doe it, although it were ſo much more reaſon yours ſhould be knowne firſt, as you do deſerue in all points to be preferd. Know you, faire Ladie, that my name is *Baſilius*, vnworthily Lord of this countrie: the reſt, either fame hath alreadie brought to your eares, or (if it pleaſe you to make this place happie by your preſence) at more leiſure you ſhal vnderſtand of me: I that from the beginning aſſured my ſelfe it was he, but would not

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ſeeme I did ſo, to keepe my grauitie the better, making a peece of reuerence vnto him; Mightie Prince (ſaid I) let my not knowing you ſerue for the excuſe of my boldneſſe, and the little reuerence I doe you, impute it to the maner of my countrie, which is the inuincible land of the *Amazons*: my ſelfe Neece to *Senicia*, Queene thereof, lineally deſcended of the famous *Pentheſilea*, ſlaine by the bloodie hand of *Pyrrhus*: I hauing in this my youth determined to make the world ſee the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in priuate, as in publike vertue, haue paſſed ſome dangerous aduentures in diuerſe countries, till the vnmercifull ſea depriued me of my companie; ſo that ſhipwracke caſting me not farre hence, vncertaine wandring brought me to this place. But *Baſilius* (who now began to taſte of that, which ſince he had ſwallowed vp, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, then anie greedie hoſt would vſe to well paying paſſengers. I thought nothing could ſhoot righter at the marke of my deſires; yet had I learned alreadie ſo much, that it was againſt my womanhood to be forward in my own wiſhes. And therefore he (to proue whether interceſsions in fitter mouthes might better preuaile) commanded *Dametas* to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither, three Ladies, although of diuerſe, yet of excellent beautie.

His wife in graue Matronlike attire, with countenance and geſture ſutable, and of ſuch faireneſſe (being in the ſtrength of her age) as if her daughters had not beene by, might with iuſt price haue purchaſed admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the moſt daintie eye would thinke her a worthie mother of ſuch children. The faire *Pamela*, whoſe noble heart I finde doth greatly diſdaine, that the truſt of her vertue is repoſed in ſuch a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet, to ſhew an obedience, taken on ſhepheardiſh apparell, which was but of ruſſet cloath, cut after their faſhion: with a ſtraight bodie, open breaſted, the neather part full of pleights, with long and wide ſleeues: but beleeue me ſhe did apparell her apparell, & with the precioufneſſe of her bodie made it moſt ſumptuous. Her haire at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the compariſon to ſhew how farre her haire doth excell in colour: betwixt her breaſts (which ſweetly roſe vp like two faire mountainets in the pleaſant vale of *Tempe*) there hung a verie rich Diamond ſet but in a blacke horne: the word I haue ſince read is this, *Yet ſtill my ſelfe*. And thus particularly haue I deſcribed them, becauſe you may know that mine eyes are not ſo partiall, but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the modell of heauen, the triumph of nature, the life of beautie, the Queene of loue, young *Philoclea* appeared in her Nimph-like apparell, ſo neere nakednelle, as one might well diſcerne part of her perfections; and yet ſo apparelled, as did ſhew ſhee kept beſt ſtore of her beautie to her ſelfe: her haire (alas too poore a word, why ſhould I not rather call them her beames) drawne vp into a net, able to haue caught *Iupiter* when he was in the form of an Eagle; her bodie (ô ſweet bodie) couered with a light Taffata garment, ſo cut, as the wrought ſmock came through it in many places, enough to haue made your reſtrained imagination haue thought what was vnder it: with the caſt of her blacke eyes, blacke indeed, whether nature ſo made them, that we might be the more able to behold & beare their wonderfull ſhining, or that ſhe (goddeſſe-like) would worke this miracle with her ſelfe, in giuing blackenes the price aboue all beautie. Then (I ſay) indeed me thought the Lillies grew pale for enuie, the Roſes me thought bluſhed to ſee ſweeter Roſes in her cheeks, & the apples, me thought, fell downe from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breaſt; then the clouds gaue place, that the heauens might more freely ſmile vpon her, at the leaſt the clouds of my thoughts quite vaniſhed; and my ſight (then more cleere and

forcible then euer) was ſo fixed there, that (I imagine) I ſtood like a well wrought Image, with ſome life in ſhew, but none in practiſe. And ſo had I bin like enough to haue ſtayed long time, but that *Gynecia* ſtepping betweene my ſight and the onely *Philoclea*, the chaunge of obiect made me recouer my ſenſes; ſo that I could with reaſonable good maner receiue the ſalutation of her, and of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reuerence then one Princeſſe vſeth to another. But when I came to the neuer-enough praiſed *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kiſsing it (I muſt confeſſe) with more then womanly ardencie, Diuine Lady, ſaid I, let not the world, nor theſe great Princeſſes maruell, to ſee me (contrarie to my maner) doe this ſpeciall honour vnto you, ſince all both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beautie. But ſhe bluſhing (like a faire morning in May) at this my ſingularitie, and cauſing me to riſe, Noble Ladie, ſaid ſhee, it is no maruell to ſee your iudgement much miſtaken in my beautie, ſince you begin with ſo great an errour, as to do more honour vnto me then to them, to whom I my ſelfe owe all ſeruice. Rather (anſwered I with a bowed down countenance) that ſhewes the power of your beautie, which forced me to doe ſuch an errour, if it were an errour. You are ſo well acquainted (ſaid ſhe ſweetly, moſt ſweetly ſmiling) with your owne beautie, that it makes you eaſily fall into the diſcourſe of beautie. Beautie in me? (ſaid I truly ſighing) alas if there be anie, it is in my eies, which your bleſſed preſence hath imparted vnto them.

But then (as I think *Baſilius* willing her ſo to do) Well, ſaid ſhe, I muſt needs confeſſe I haue heard that it is a great happineſſe to be praiſed of them that are moſt praiſe worthie: and well I finde that you are an inuincible *Amazon*, ſince you will ouercome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beautie be anie thing, then let it obtaine thus much of you, that you will remaine ſome while in this companie, to eaſe your owne trauell and our ſolitarineſſe. Firſt let me die (ſaid I) before anie word ſpoken by ſuch a mouth ſhould come in vaine. And thus with ſome other words of entertaining, was my ſtaying concluded, and I ledde among them to the Lodge; truelie a place for pleaſantneſſe, not vnfit to flatter ſolitarineſſe, for it being ſet vpon ſuch an vnſenſible riſing of the ground, as you are come to a prettie height before almoſt you perceiue that you aſcend, it giues the eie Lordſhip ouer a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the countrie, being diuerſified betweene hills and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleere, another more darkeſome, it ſeemes a pleaſant picture of nature, with louely lightſomneſſe and artificiall ſhadowes. The Lodge is of a yellow ſtone, built in the forme of a ſtarre, hauing round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden ridings cut out, each anſwering the angles of the Lodge: at the end of one of them is the other ſmaller Lodge, but of like faſhion, where the gracious *Pamela* liueth; ſo that the Lodge ſeemeth not vnlike a faire Comet, whoſe taile ſtretcheth it ſelfe to a ſtarre of leſſe greatneſſe.

So *Gynecia* her ſelfe bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was inuited and brought downe to ſup with them in the Garden, a place not fairer in naturall ornaments, then artificiall inuentions; where, in a banqueting houſe among certain pleaſant trees, whoſe heads ſeemed curled with the wrappings about of Vine-branches. The table was ſet neere to an excellent water-worke; for by the caſting of the water in moſt cunning maner, it makes (with the ſhining of the Sunne vpon it) a perfect rain-bow, not more pleaſant to the eie then to the mind, ſo ſenſible to ſee the proofe of the heauenly *Iris*. There were birds alſo made ſo finely, that they did not onely deceiue the ſight with their figure, but the hearing with their ſongs, which the waterie

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inſtruments did make their gorge deliuer. The table at which wee ſate was round, which being faſt to the floore whereon wee ſate, and that deuided from the reſt of the buildings, with turning a vice (which *Baſilius* at firſt did, to make me ſport) the table, and we about the table did all turne round, by meanes of water which ran vnder, and carried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleaſure did it to me, to make diuers times the full circle round about, ſince *Philoclea* (being alſo ſet) was carried ſtill in equall diſtance from me, and that onely my eyes did ouertake her? which when the table was ſtayed, and wee began to feede, dranke much more eagerly of her beautie, then my mouth did of anie other liquor. And ſo was my common ſence deceiued, (being chiefly bent to her) that as I dranke the wine, and withall ſtole a looke on her, me ſeemed I taſted her deliciouſneſſe. But alas, the one thirſt was much more inflamed then the other quenched. Sometimes my eies would lay themſelues open to receiue all the darts ſhee did throw, ſometimes cloſe vp with admiration, as if with a contrarie fancie, they wold preſerue the riches of that ſight they had gotten, or caſt my lids as curtaines ouer the image of beautie, her preſence had painted in them. True it is, that my Reaſon (now growne a ſeruant to paſsion) did yet often tell his maiſter, that he ſhould more moderately vſe his delight. But he, that of a rebell was become a Prince, diſdained almoſt to allow him the place of a counſeller: ſo that my ſenſes delights being too ſtrong for anie other reſolution, I did euen looſe the reines vnto them; hoping that (going for a woman) my lookes would paſſe, either vnmarked, or vnſuſpected.

Now thus I had (as me thought) well plaide my firſt act, aſſuring my ſelfe, that vnder that diſguiſement, I ſhould find oportunitie to reueale my ſelfe to the owner of my heart. But who would thinke it poſsible (though I feele it true) that in almoſt eight weekes ſpace I haue liued here (hauing no more companie but her parents; and I being familiar, as being a woman, and watchful, as being a louer) yet could neuer find oportunitie to haue one minutes leaſure of priuate conference: the cauſe whereof is as ſtrange, as the effects are to me miſerable. And (alas) this it is.

At the firſt ſight that *Baſilius* had of me (I think *Cupid* hauing headed his arrows with my misfortune) he was ſtriken (taking me to be ſuch as I profeſſe) with great affection towards me, which ſince is growne to ſuch a doting loue, that till I was faine to get this place (ſometimes to retire vnto freely) I was euen choaked with his tediouſneſſe. You neuer ſaw foureſcore yeares daunce vp and downe more liuely in a young louer; now, as fine in his apparell, as if hee would make me in loue with a cloake, and verſe for verſe with the ſharpeſt-witted Louer in *Arcadia*. Doe you not thinke that this is a ſallet of wormewood, while mine eyes feed vpon the *Ambroſia* of *Philoclea's* beautie. But this is not all; no, this is not the worſt: for he (good man) were eaſie enough to be dealt with. but, as I thinke, Loue & miſchiefe hauing made a wager, which ſhould haue moſt power in me, haue ſet *Gynecia* alſo on ſuch a fire towards me, as will neuer (I feare) be quenched but with my deſtruction. For (ſhe being a woman of excellent wit, and of ſtrong working thoughts) whether ſhe ſuſpected me by my ouer-vehement ſhewes of affection to *Philoclea* (which loue forced me vnwiſely to vtter, while hope of my maske fooliſhly encouraged me) or that ſhe hath taken ſome other marke of me, that I am not a woman; or what diuell it is hath reuealed it vnto her, I know not: but ſo it is, that all her countenances, words, and geſtures, are euen miſerable pottraitures of a deſperate affection. Wherby a man may learne, that theſe auoidings of companie, doe but make the paſsions more violent, when they meet with fit ſubiects. Truly it were a notable dumb ſhew of *Cupids* kingdome, to ſee my eies (languiſhing with ouer-vehement longing) direct them-

ſelues to *Philoclea* and *Baſilius*, as buſie about me as a Bee, and indeed as cumberſom, making ſuch vehement ſuits to me, who neither could if I would, nor would if I could, helpe him. while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, carried with the Beere of violent loue, runnes through vs all. And ſo iealous is ſhe of my loue to her daughter, that I could neuer yet begin to open my mouth to the vneuitable *Philoclea*, but that her vnwiſhed preſence gaue my tale a concluſion, before it had a beginning. And ſurely if I be not deceiued, I ſee ſuch ſhewes of liking, & (if I be acquainted with paſsions) of almoſt a paſsionate liking in the heauenly *Philoclea* towards me, that I may hope her eares would not abhorre my diſcourſe. And for good *Baſilius*, he thought it beſt to haue lodged vs together, but that the eternall hatefulneſſe of my deſtinie made *Gynecia's* iealouſie ſtop that, and all other my bleſsings. Yet muſt I confeſſe, that one way her loue doth me pleaſure; for ſince it was my fooliſh fortune, or vnfortunate folly, to be knowne by her, that keepes her from bewraying me to *Baſilius*. And thus (my *Muſidorus*) you haue my Tragedie plaied vnto you by my ſelfe, which I pray the gods may not indeed proue a Tragedie. And therewith he ended, making a full point of a heartie ſigh.

Muſidorus recommended to his beſt diſcourſe, all which *Pyrocles* had told him. But therin he found ſuch intricateneſſe, that he could ſee no way to lead him out of the maze; yet perceiuing his affectiõ ſo grounded, that ſtriuing againſt it, did rather anger then heale the wound, and rather call his friendſhip in queſtion then giue place to anie friendly counſell. Well (ſaid he) deere couſin, ſince it hath pleaſed the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of loue, yet happie it is, that your loue is imployed vpon ſo rare a woman: for certainly, a noble cauſe doth eaſe much a grieuous caſe. But as it ſtands now, nothing vexeth me, as that I cannot ſee wherein I can be ſeruiceable vnto you. I deſire no greater ſeruice of you (anſwered *Pyrocles*) then that you remaine ſecretly in this countrie, and ſomtimes come to this place, either late in the night or early in the morning, where you ſhall haue my key to enter, becauſe as my fortune either amends or impaires, I may declare it vnto you, and haue your councell & furtherance: and here by I wil of purpoſe leade her, that is the praiſe, and yet the ſtaine of all womankinde, that you may haue ſo good a view, as to allow my iudgement: and as I can get the moſt conuenient time, I will come vnto you; for though by reaſon of yonder wood you cannot ſee the Lodge, it is hard at hand. But now (ſaid ſhe) it is time for me to leaue you, and towards euening wee will walke out of purpoſe hitherward, therefore keepe your ſelfe cloſe in that time. But *Muſidorus* bethinking himſelfe that his horſe might happen to bewray him, thought it beſt to returne for that day to a village not farre off, and diſpatching his horſe in ſome ſort, the next day early to come a foot thither, and ſo to keepe that courſe afterward, which *Pyrocles* verie well liked of. Now farewell deere couſin (ſaid he) from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daiphantus* now, but *Zelmane: Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the only hope of my aduancement. And with that word going out, and ſeeing that the coaſt was cleere, *Zelmane* diſmiſſed *Muſidorus*, who departed as full of care to help his friend, as before he was to diſſwade him.

Zelmane returned to the lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoclea*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Baſilius*) ſhe was like a horſe deſirous to runne, and miſerably ſpurred, but ſo ſhort rained as he cannot ſtirre forward: *Zelmane* ſought occaſion to ſpeake with *Philoclea*, *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*; and *Gynecia* hindred them all. If *Philoclea* happned to ſigh (and ſigh ſhe did often) as if that ſigh were to be waited on, *Zelmane* ſighed alſo, wherto *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* ſoone made vp foure parts of ſorrow. Their affection

affection increaſed their conuerſation; and their conuerſation increaſed their affection. The reſpect borne, bred due ceremonies; but the affection ſhined ſo through them, that the ceremonies ſeemed not ceremonies. *Zelmanes* eyes were (like children before ſweet meat) eager, but fearfull of their ill-pleaſing gouernours. Time, in one inſtant, ſeeming both ſhort and long vnto them: ſhort, in the pleaſingneſſe of ſuch preſence: long, in the ſtay of their deſires.

But *Zelmane* failed not to intice them all many times abroad, becauſe ſhe was deſirous her friend *Muſidorus* (neere whom of purpoſe ſhe led them) might haue full ſight of them. Sometimes angling to a litle riuer neere hand, which for the moiſture it beſtowed vpon rootes of ſome flouriſhing trees, was rewarded with their ſhadow. There would they ſit downe, and pretie wagers be made between *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, which could ſooneſt beguile ſilly fiſhes, while *Zelmane* proteſted that the fit prey for them was hearts of Princes. She alſo had an angle in her hand; but the taker was ſo taken, that ſhe had forgotten taking. *Baſilius* in the meane time would be the Cooke himſelfe of what was ſo caught, and *Gynecia* ſit ſtill, but with no ſtill penſiueneſſe. Now ſhe brought them to ſee a ſeeled Doue, who the blinder ſhe was, the higher ſhee ſtroue. Another time a Kite, which hauing a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and ſo let fly, cauſed all the Kites in that quarter, who (as oftentimes the world is deceiued) thinking her proſperous when indeed ſhee was wounded, made the poore Kite finde, that opinion of riches may well be dangerous.

But theſe recreations were interrupted by a delight of more gallant ſhew; for one euening, as *Baſilius* returned from hauing forced his thoughts to pleaſe themſelues in ſuch ſmal conqueſts, there came a Shepheard, who brought him word, that a Gentleman deſired leaue to doe a meſſage from his Lord vnto him. *Baſilius* graunted, whereupon the Gentleman came; and after the dutifull ceremonies obſerued, in his maiſters name told him, that he was ſent from *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to craue licence, that as he had done in many other Courts, ſo he might in his preſence defie all *Arcadian* Knights in the behalfe of his Miſtris beautie, who would beſides, her ſelfe in perſon bee preſent, to giue euident proofe what his Launce ſhould affirme. The conditions of his challenge were, that the defendant ſhould bring his Miſtriſſe picture, which being ſet by the image of *Arteſia* (ſo was the miſtreſſe of *Philantus* named) who in ſixe courſes ſhould haue better of the other, in the iudgement of *Baſilius*, with him both the honors and the pictures ſhould remaine. *Baſilius* (though he had retired himſelfe into that ſolitarie dwelling, with intention to auoide, rather then to accept anie matters of drawing companie; yet becauſe hee would entertaine *Zelmane*, (that ſhe might not thinke the time ſo gainefull to him, loſſe to her) granted him to pitch his tent for three dayes, not farre from the lodge, and to proclaime his challenge, that what *Arcadian* Knight (for none els but vpon his perrill was licenſed to come) would defend what he honored againſt *Phalantus*, ſhould haue the like freedome of acceſſe and returne.

This obtained and publiſhed, *Zelmane* being deſirous to learne what this *Phalantus* was, hauing neuer knowne him further then by report of his good juſting, in ſo much as he was commonly called, the faire man of armes, *Baſilius*, told her that he had had occaſion by one verie inward with him, to know in part the diſcourſe of his life, which was, that he was baſtard-brother to the faire *Helen* Queen of *Corinth*, and deerely eſteemed of her for his exceeding good parts, being honourably courteous, and wrongleſly valiant, conſiderately pleaſant in conuerſation, and an excellent Courtier without vnfaithfulneſſe; who finding his ſiſters vnperſwadeable melancholy, (through the loue of *Amphialus*) had for a time left her Court, & gone

into

into *Laconia*, where in the warre againſt the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durſt and knew. But as it was rather choiſe then nature, that led him to matters of armes, ſo as ſoone as the ſpur of honour ceaſed, he willingly reſted in peaceable delights, being beloued in all companies for his louely qualities, and (as a man may terme it) winning cheerefulneſſe, whereby to the Prince and Court of *Laconia*, none was more agreeable then *Phalantus*: & he not giuen greatly to ſtruggle with his own diſpoſition, followed the gentle current of it, hauing a fortune ſufficient to content, & he content with a ſufficient fortune. But in that court he ſaw, and was acquainted with this *Arteſia*, whoſe beautie he now defends, became her ſeruant, ſaid himſelfe, and perchance thought himſelfe her louer. But certainely, ſaid *Baſilius*, manie times it falls out, that theſe yong companions make themſelues beleeue they loue at the firſt liking of a likely beautie; louing, becauſe they will loue for want of other buſineſſe, not becauſe they feele indeed that diuine power, which makes the heart find a reaſon in paſsion, and ſo (God knowes) as inconſtantly leaue vpon the next chaunce that beautie caſts before them. So therefore taking loue vpon him like a faſhion, he courted this Ladie *Arteſia*, who was as fit to pay him in his owne monie as might be: for ſhee thinketh ſhee did wrong to her beautie if ſhee were not proud of it, called her diſdaine of him chaſtitie, and placed her honour in little ſetting by his honouring her; determining neuer to marrie, but him, whom ſhe thought worthie of her: and that was one, in whom all worthineſſes were harboured. And to this conceipt not only nature had bent her, but the bringing vp ſhee receiued at my ſiſter in law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her; who hauing in her widowhood taken this yong *Arteſia* into her charge, becauſe her father had beene a deare friend of her dead husbands, had taught her to thinke that there is no wiſedome but in including both heauen and earth in ones ſelfe, and that loue, curteſie, gratefulneſſe, friendſhip, and all other vertues are rather to be taken on, then taken in ones ſelfe. And ſo good a diſciple ſhe found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, ſhe was content (if ſo her ſonne could haue liked of it) to haue wiſhed her in marriage to my Nephew *Amphialus*. But I thinke that deſire hath loſt ſome of his heat, ſince ſhe hath knowne, that ſuch a Queene as *Helen* is, doth offer ſo great a price as a kingdome, to buy his fauour; for if I be not deceiued in my good ſiſter *Cecropia*, ſhe thinkes no face ſo beautifull, as that which lookes vnder a Crowne. But *Arteſia* indeed liked wel of my Nephew *Amphialus*: for I can neuer deeme that loue, which in haughtie hearts proceeds of a deſire onely to pleaſe, and as it were, peacock themſelues; but yet ſhe hath ſhewed vehemencie of deſire that way, I think, becauſe all her deſires be vehement, inſomuch that ſhe hath both placed her onely brother (a fine youth called *Iſmenus*) to be his ſquire, and her ſelfe is content to wait vpon my ſiſter, till ſhe may ſee the vttermoſt what ſhe may worke in *Amphialus*; who being of a melancholy (though I muſt ſay truely courteous and noble) minde, ſeemes to loue nothing leſſe then Loue: and of late hauing through ſome aduenture, or inward miſcontentment, withdrawne himſelfe from anie bodies knowledge, where he is; *Arteſia* the eaſier condiſcended to goe to the Court of *Laconia*, whither ſhe was ſent for by the kings wife, to whom ſhe is ſomewhat allied.

And there, after the war of the *Helots*, this Knight *Phalantus* (at leaſt for tongue-delight) made himſelfe her ſeruant, and ſhe ſo little caring, as not to ſhew miſlike thereof, was content onely to be noted to haue a notable ſeruant. For truely one in my Court neerely acquainted with him, within theſe few dayes made mee a pleaſant deſcription of their loue, while he with cheerefull lookes would ſpeake ſorrowfull words, vſing the phraſe of his affection in ſo high a ſtile, that *Mercury* would not

haue

haue wooed *Venus* with more magnificent Eloquence: but els neither in behauiour, nor action, accuſing in himſelfe anie great trouble in minde, whether he ſped or no. And ſhee on the other ſide, well finding how little it was, and not caring for more, yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a fooliſh wittineſſe, to ſpeake more then one thinkes.

For ſhe made earneſt benefite of his ieſt, forcing him in reſpect of his profeſsion, to do her ſuch ſeruices, as were both cumberſome and coſtly vnto him, while he ſtill thought he went beyond her, becauſe his heart did not commit the idolatrie. So that laſtly, ſhe (I thinke) hauing in mind to make the fame of her beautie an oratour for her to *Amphialus*, (perſwading her ſelfe perhaps, that it might fall out in him as it doth in ſome that haue delightfull meare before them, and haue no ſtomack to it, before other folks praiſe it) ſhe tooke the aduantage one day vpon *Phalantus* vnconſcionable praiſing of her, & certaine caſt-away vowes, how much he would doe for her ſake, to arreſt his word aſſoon as it was out of his mouth, & by the vertue thereof to charge him to goe with her through all the courts of *Greece*, & with the chalenge now made to giue her beautie the principalitie ouer all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, & ſaw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he was (as hee confeſt to him that told me the tale) not for doubt hee had of himſelfe, (for indeed he had little cauſe, being accounted, with his Launce eſpecially, whereupon the challenge is to be tried) as perfect as anie that *Greece* knoweth; but becauſe he feared to offend his ſiſter *Helen*. and withall (as he ſaid) he could not ſo much beleeue his loue, but that he muſt thinke in his heart (whatſoeuer his mouth affirmed) that both ſhe, my daughters, & the faire *Parthenia* (wife to a moſt noble Gentleman my wiues neere kinſman) might far better put in their claime for that prerogatiue. But his promiſe had bound him prentiſe, and therefore it was now better with willingneſſe to purchaſe thankes, then with a diſcontented doing to haue the paine, and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather then loue, did leade him. And now hath he alreadie paſſed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos*, & *Corinth*: & (as manie times it happens) that a good pleader makes a bad cauſe to preuaile, ſo hath his Launce brought captiues to the triumph of *Arteſia's* beautie, ſuch, as though *Arteſia* be among the faireſt, yet in that companie were to haue the preheminence: for in thoſe courts many Knights (that had bin in other farre countries) defended ſuch as they had ſeene, and liked in their trauell: but their defence had been ſuch, as they had forfeited the pictures of their Ladies, to giue a forced falſe teſtimonie to *Arteſia's* excellencie. And now laſtly is he come hither where he hath leaue to trie his fortune. But I aſſure you, if I thought it not in due and true conſideration an iniurious ſeruice and churliſh curteſie, to put the danger of ſo noble a title in the deciding of ſuch a dangerleſſe combat, I would make yong maiſter *Phalantus* know, that your eies can ſharpen a blunt Launce, & that age, which my gray haires (onely gotten by the louing care of others) make ſeeme more then it is, hath not diminiſhed in me the power to protect an vndeniable veritie: with that he buſtled vp himſelfe, as though his heart would faine haue walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward ſmiling gaue him outward thankes, deſiring him to reſerue his force for worthier cauſes. So paſsing their time according to their wont, they waited for the comming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning hauing alreadie cauſed his tents to be pitched, neere to a faire tree hard by the Lodge, had vpon the tree made a ſhield to be hanged vp, which the defendant ſhould ſtrike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impreſſa* in the ſhield, was a heauen full of ſtarres, with a ſpeech, ſignifying, that it was *the beautie which gaue it the praiſe.*

Him-

Himſelfe came in next after a triumphant Chariot, made of Carnation veluet, enriched with purple and pearle, wherein *Arteſia* ſate, drawne by foure winged horſes with artificiall flaming mouthes, and fierie wings, as if ſhe had newly borowed them of *Phœbus*. Before her matched, two after two, certaine footmen pleaſantly attired, who betweene them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had loſt the prize in the race of beautie, and at euerie pace they ſtayed, turning the pictures to each ſide, ſo leiſurely, that with perfect iudgment they might be diſcerned. The firſt that came in (following the order of the time wherein they had been woone) was the picture of *Andromana*, Queene of *Iberia*, whom a *Laconian* Knight hauing ſometime (and with ſpeciall fauour) ſerued, (though ſome yeares ſince returned home) with more gratefulneſſe then good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeed ſhe was not comparable to *Arteſia*; not becauſe ſhe was a good deale elder (for time had not yet beeneable to impouerish her ſtore thereof) but an exceeding red haire with ſmall eyes, did (like ill companions) diſgrace the other aſſembly of moſt commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfeit of the Princeſſe of *Elis*, a Ladie that taught the beholders no other point of beautie, but this, That as liking is not alwaies the child of beautie, ſo whatſoeuer liketh is beautifull; for in that viſage there was neither maieſtie, grace, fauour, nor faireneſſe, yet ſhe wanted not a ſeruant that would haue made her fairer then the faire *Arteſia*. But he wrote her praiſes with his helmet in the duſt, and left her picture to be as a true witneſſe of his ouerthrow, as his running was of her beautie.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia*, great Q. of *Armenia*, a Ladie vpon whom nature beſtowed, and well placed her moſt delightfull colours; and withall, had proportioned her without anie fault, quickly to be diſcouered by the ſenſes, yet altogether ſeemed not to make vp that harmonie, that *Cupid* delights in, the reaſon wherof might ſeeme a manniſh countenance, which ouerthrew that louely ſweetneſſe, the nobleſt power of womankind, farre fitter to preuaile by parley then by battell.

Of a farre contrarie conſideration was the repreſentation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* Queene of *Licia*, who though of ſo browne a haire, as no man ſhould haue iniured it to haue called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheekes the white did ſo much ouercome the redde (though what was, was verie pure) that it came neare to paleneſſe, and that her face was a thought longer then the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow: yet loue plaid his part ſo well in euerie part, that it cought hold of the iudgement, before it could iudge, making it firſt loue, & after acknowledge it faire; for there was a certaine delicacie, which in yeelding conquered, and with a pitifull looke made one find cauſe to craue helpe himſelfe.

After her came two Ladies, of noble, but not of royall birth: the former was named *Baccha*, who though verie faire, & of a fatneſſe rather to allure, then to miſlike, yet her breaſts ouer-familiarly laid open, with a made countenãce about her mouth, betweene ſimpring and ſmiling, her head bowed ſomewhat downe, ſeemed to languiſh with ouer-much idleneſſe, and with an inuiting looke caſt vpward, diſſwaded with too much perſwading, while hope might ſeeme to ouer-run deſire.

The other (whoſe name was written *Leucippe*) was of a fine daintineſſe of beautie, her face carrying in it a ſober ſimplicitie, like one that could do much good, & meant no hurt, her eyes hauing in them ſuch a cheerefulneſſe, as nature ſeemed to ſmile in them, though her mouth and cheekes obeyed to that pretie demureneſſe, which the more one markt, the more one would iudge the poore ſoule apt to beleeue, & therefore the more pittie to deceiue her.

Next

Next came the Queene of *Laconia*, one that ſeemed borne in the confines of beauties kingdome: for all her lineaments were neither perfect poſſeſsioners thereof, nor abſolute ſtrangers thereto: but ſhe was a Queene, and therefore beautifull.

But ſhe that followed, conquered indeed with being conquered, and might well haue made all the beholders wait vpon her triumph, while her ſelfe were led captiue. It was the excellently faire Queene *Helen*, whoſe Iacinth haire curled by nature, but intercurled by art (like a fine brooke through golden ſands) had a rope of faire pearle, which now hiding now hidden by the haire, did as it were play at faſt and looſe each with other, mutually giuing & receiuing richneſſe. In her face ſo much beautie and fauour expreſſed, as if *Helen* had not been knowne, ſome would rather haue iudged it the Painters exerciſe, to ſhew what he could doe, then the counterfeiting of anie liuing pattern. for no fault the moſt fault-finding wit could haue found, if it were not, that to the reſt of the bodie the face was ſomewhat too little: but that little was ſuch a ſparke of beautie, as was able to enflame a world of loue; for euery thing was full of a choiſe fineneſſe, that if it wanted anie thing in maieſtie, it ſupplied it with increaſe in pleaſure, and if at the firſt it ſtrake not admiration, it rauiſhed with delight. And no indifferent ſoule there was, which if it could reſiſt from ſubiecting it ſelfe to make it his princeſſe, that would not long to haue ſuch a play fellow. As for her attire, it was coſtly and curious, though the looke (fixt with more ſadneſſe then it ſeemed nature had beſtowed to anie that knew her fortune) bewrayed, that as ſhe vſed thoſe ornaments, not for her ſelfe, but to preuaile with another, ſo ſhe feared that al would not ſerue. Of a far differing (though eſteemed equall) beautie, was the faire *Parthenia*, who next waited on *Arteſia's* triumph, though farre better ſhe might haue ſit in the throne. For in her euerie thing was goodly, & ſtately; yet ſo, that it might ſeeme that great-mindednes was but the auncient-bearer to the humblenes. For her great gray eye, which might ſeeme full of her owne beautie: a large, and exceedingly faire forehead, with all the reſt of her face & bodie, caſt in the mould of Nobleneſſe, was yet ſo attired, as might ſhew, the miſtres thought it either not to deſerue, or not to need anie exquiſite decking, hauing no adorning but cleanlineſſe; and ſo farre from all art, that it was full of careleſneſſe; vnleſſe that careleſneſs it ſelfe (in ſpight of it ſelfe) grew artificiall. But *Baſilius* could not abſtaine from praiſing *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly vertue, and wiuely faithfulneſſe: telling withall *Zelmane*, how he had vnderſtood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture (maintained by a certaine *Sycionian* Knight) was loſt through want rather of valour, then iuſtice: her husband (the famous *Argalus*) would in a chafe haue gone & redeemed it with a new triall. But ſhe (more ſporting then ſorowing for her vndeſerued champion) tolde her husband, ſhe deſired to be beautifull in no bodies eye but his: and that ſhe would rather marre her face as euill as euer it was, then that it ſhould be a cauſe to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Baſilius* haue told *Zelmane* that which he alreadie knew, of the rare triall of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouthes giue place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which ſate pulling out a thorne out of a Lambes foote, with her looke ſo attentiue vpon it, as if that little foote could haue beene the circle of her thoughts; her apparell ſo poore, as it had nothing but the inſide to adorne it; a ſheephooke lying by her, with a bottle vpon it. But with all that pouertie, beautie plaid the prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greateſt Queene there did. Her beautie and her eſtate made her quickly to be knowne to be the faire ſhepheardeſſe *Vrania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, farre in loue with her, had vnluckily defended.

The

The laſt of all in place, becauſe laſt in the time of her being captiue, was *Zelmane*, daughter to the King *Plexirtus*: who at the firſt ſight ſeemed to haue ſome reſembling of *Philoclea*, but with more marking (comparing it to the preſent *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her ſiſter (they might ſee, it was but ſuch a likenes as an vnperfect glaſſe doth giue; anſwerable enough in ſome features and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* ſighing, turning to *Baſilius*, Alas ſir, ſaid ſhee, here be ſome pictures which might better become the tombes of their Miſtreſſes, then the triumph of *Arteſia*. It is true ſweeteſt Ladie (ſaid *Baſilius*) ſome of them be dead, and ſome other captiue; but that hath hapned ſo late, as it may be the Knights that defended their beautie, knew not ſo much: without we will ſay (as in ſome other harts I know it would fall out) that death it ſelfe could not blot out the image which loue hath engrauen in them. But diuers beſides theſe (ſaid *Baſilius*) hath *Phalantus* won, but he leaues the reſt, carrying onely ſuch, who either for greatneſſe of eſtate, or of beautie, may iuſtly glorifie the glorie of *Arteſias* triumph.

Thus talked *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*, glad to make anie matter ſubiect to ſpeake of with his miſtres, while *Phalantus* in this pompous maner, brought *Arteſia* with her gentlewomen into one Tent, by which he had another: where they both waited who would firſt ſtrike vpon the ſhield, while *Baſilius* the Iudge appointed ſticklers and trumpets, to whom the other ſhould obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, till alreadie it had conſumed halfe his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, proteſting himſelfe as contrarie to him in minde, as he was in apparell. For *Phalantus* was all in white, hauing in his baſes, and capariſon imbroidered a wauing water: at each ſide whereof he had nettings caſt ouer, in which were diuerſe fiſhes naturally made, and ſo prettily, that as the horſe ſtirred, the fiſhes ſeemed to ſtriue, and leape in the net.

But the other Knight by name *Neſtor*, by birth an *Arcadian* & in affection vowed to the faire Shepherdeſſe, was all in blacke, with fire burning both vpon his armour and horſe. His *impreſa* in his ſhield, was a fire made of Iuniper, with this word, *More eaſie, and more ſweet*. But this hote Knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third courſe he receiued of *Phalantus*, leauing his picture to keepe companie with the other of the ſame ſtampe; he going away remedileſſy chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polycetes*, greatly eſteemed in *Arcadia*, for deedes he had done in armes: & much ſpoken of for the honourable loue he had long borne to *Gynecia*, which *Baſilius* himſelfe was content, not onely to ſuffer, but to be delighted with, he carried it in ſo honourable and open plaineneſſe, ſetting to his loue no other marke, then to doe her faithfull ſeruice. But neither her faire picture, nor his faire running, could warrant him from ouerthrow, and her from becomming as then the laſt of *Arteſia's* victories: a thing *Gynecia's* vertues would little haue recked at another time, nor then, if *Zelmane* had not ſeene it. But her champion went away as much diſcomforted, as diſcomfited. Then *Telamon* for *Polexena*, and *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*, all braue Knights, all faire Ladies, with their going downe, lifted vp the ballance of his praiſe for actiuitie, and hers for faireneſſe.

Vpon whoſe loſſe as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ranne, a ſhepheard ſtripling (for his height made him more then a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) browne of complexion (whether by nature or by the Sunnes familiaritie) but verie louely withall; for the reſt ſo perfectly proportioned, that Nature ſhewed, ſhe doth not like men, who ſlubber vp matters of meane account. And well might his proportion be iudged, for he had nothing vpon him but a paire of ſloppes, and vpon his bodie a Goate-skinne, which hee caſt ouer his

his ſhoulder, doing all things with ſo prettie a grace, that it ſeemed ignorance could not make him do amiſſe, becauſe he had a heart to do well, holding in his right hand a long ſtaffe, and ſo comming with a looke full of amiable fierceneſſe, as in whom choller could not take away the ſweetneſſe; hee came towards the King, and making a reuerence (which in him was comely becauſe it was kindly.) My liege Lord (ſaid hee) I pray you heare a few words; for my heart will breake if I ſay not my minde to you: I ſee heere the picture of *Vrania*, which I cannot tell how, nor why theſe men when they fall downe, they ſay, is not ſo faire as yonder gay woman. But pray God, I may neuer ſee my old mother aliue, if I thinke ſhee be anie more match to *Vrania*, then a Goat is to a fine Lambe; or then the Dogge that keepes our flocke at home, is like your white Greyhound, that pulled downe the Stagge laſt daie.

And therefore I pray you let me be dreſt as they be, and my heart giues me, I ſhall tumble him on the earth: for in deede he might aſwell ſay, that a Couſlip is as white as a Lillie: or elſe I care not, let him come with his great ſtaffe, and I with this in my hand, and you ſhall ſee what I can doe to him. *Baſilius* ſaw it was the fine ſhepheard *Lalus*, whom once hee had afore him in Paſtorall ſportes, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of prettie ſimplicitie, and therefore laughing at his earneſtneſſe, he bad him bee content, ſince hee ſaw the pictures of ſo great Queenes, were faine to follow their champions fortune. But *Lalus* (euen weeping ripe) went among the reſt, longing to ſee ſome bodie that would reuenge *Vranias* wrong; and praying hartily for euerie bodie that ran againſt *Phalantus*, then beginning to feele pouertie, that hee could not ſet himſelfe to that triall. But by and by, euen when the Sunne (like a noble heart) began to ſhew his greateſt countenance in his loweſt eſtate, there came in a Knight, called *Phebilus*, a Gentleman of that countrie, for whom hatefull fortune had borrowed the dart of loue, to make him miſerable by the ſight of *Philoclea*. For he had euen from her infancie loued her, & was ſtriken by her before ſhe was able to know what quiuer of arrowes her eies carried; but he loued & diſpaired, and the more he diſpaired, the more hee loued. He ſaw his owne worthineſſe, & thereby made her excellencie haue more terrible aſpect vpon him: hee was ſo ſecret therein, as not daring to bee open, that to no creature hee euer ſpake of it, but his heart made ſuch ſilent complaints within it ſelfe, that while all his ſenſes were attentiue thereto, cunning iudges might perceiue his minde: ſo that he was known to loue though he denied, or rather was the better known, becauſe he denied it. His armour & his attire was for a Sea colour, his *Impreſa*, the fiſh called *Sepia*, which being in the net, caſtes a blacke inke about it ſelfe, that in the darkeneſſe thereof it may ſcape: his word was, *Not ſo*. *Philocleas* picture with almoſt an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But ſtraight iealouſie was a harbinger for diſdaine in *Zelmanes* heart, when ſhe ſaw any (but her ſelfe) ſhould be auowed a champion for *Philoclea*: in ſomuch that ſhe wiſht his ſhame, till ſhe ſaw him ſhamed. For at the ſecond courſe he was ſtriken quite from out of the ſaddle, ſo full of griefe & rage withall, that he would faine with the ſword haue reuenged it, but that being contrarie to the order ſet downe, *Baſilius* would not ſuffer: ſo that wiſhing himſelfe in the bottome of the earth, hee went his way, leauing *Zelmane* no leſſe angry with his loſſe, then ſhe would haue bin with his victorie. For if ſhe thought before a riuals praiſe would haue angred her, her Ladies diſgrace did make her much more forget what ſhe then thought, while that paſſion raigned ſo much the more, as ſhe ſaw a prettie bluſh in *Philocleas* cheekes bewray a modeſt diſcontentment. But the night commanded truce for thoſe ſports, & *Phalantus* (though intreated) would not leaue *Arteſia*, who in no caſe would come into the houſe, hauing (as it were) ſuckt of *Cecropias* breath a mortall miſlike againe *Baſilius*.

But the night meaſured by the ſhort ell of ſleepe, was ſoone paſt ouer, and the next morning had giuen the watchfull ſtarres leaue to take their reſt, when a trumpet ſummoned *Baſilius* to play his Iudges part: which hee did, taking his wife and daughthers with him; *Zelmane* hauing lockt her dore, ſo as they would not trouble her for that time: for alreadie there was a Knight in the field, readie to proue *Helen* of *Corinth* had receiued great iniurie, both by the erring iudgement of the chalenger, and the vnluckie weakeneſſe of her former defender. The new Knight was quickly knowne to be *Clitophon* (*Kalanders* ſonne of *Baſilius* his ſiſter) by his armour, which all guilt, was ſo well handled, that it ſhewed like a glittering ſand and grauell, enterlaced with ſiluer riuers: his deuiſe hee had put in the picture of *Helen* which hee defended; it was the *Ermion* with a ſpeech that ſignified, *Rather dead then ſpotted.* But in that armour ſince hee had parted from *Helen* (who would no longer his companie, finding him to enter into tearmes of affection) hee had performed ſo honourable actions (ſtill ſeeking for his two friends by the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*) that though his face were couered, his being was diſcouered, which yet *Baſilius* (which had brought him vp in his Court) would not ſeeme to doe; but glad to ſee the triall of him, of whom he had heard verie well, hee commaunded the trumpets to ſound; to which the two braue Knights obeying, they performed their courſes, breaking their ſixe ſtaues, with ſo good, both skill in the hitting, and grace in the manner, that it bred ſome difficultie in the iudgement. But *Baſilius* in the end gaue ſentence againſt *Clitophon*, becauſe *Phalantus* had broken more ſtaues vpon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had receiued ſuch a blow, that he had loſt the reines of his horſe, with his head well nie touching the croper of the horſe. But *Clitophon* was ſo angrie with the iudgement (wherein he thought he had receiued wrong) that he omitted his dutie to his Prince, and vncle; and ſodainly went his way ſtill in the queſt of them, whom as then he had left by ſeeking and ſo yeelded the field to the next commer.

Who comming in about two houres after, was no leſſe marked then all the reſt before, becauſe hee had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor deuice, his armour of as old a faſhion (beſides the ruſtie pooreneſſe,) that it might better ſeeme a monument of his grandfathers courage: about his middle hee had in ſteede of baſes, a long cloake of ſilke, which as vnhandſomely, as it needes muſt, became the wearer: ſo that all that lookt on, meaſured his length on the earth alreadie, ſince he had to meete one who had beene victorious of ſo many gallants. But he went on towards the ſhield, and with a ſober grace ſtrake it; but as hee let his ſword fall vpon it, another Knight, all in blacke came ruſtling in, who ſtrake the ſhield almoſt as ſoone as hee, and ſo ſtrongly, that he brake the ſhield in two: the ill appointed Knight (for ſo the beholders called him) angrie with that, (as hee accounted) inſolent iniurie to himſelfe, hit him ſuch a ſound blow, that they that looked on ſaid, it well became a rude arme. The other anſwered him againe in the ſame caſe, ſo that Launces were put to ſilence, the ſwords were ſo buſie.

But *Phalātus* angry of this defacing ſhield, came vpon the black knight, & with the pommell of his ſword ſet fire to his eyes, which preſently was reuenged, not only by by the Blacke but the ill apparelled knight, who diſdained another ſhould enter into his quarrell, ſo as, who euer ſaw a matachin dance to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imiate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, euery one had two aduerſaries, ſtriking him, who ſtrook the third, & reuenging perhaps that of him which he had receiued of the other. But *Baſilius* riſing himſelf came to part them, the ſtickler authority ſcarcely able to perſwade cholericke hearers; & part them hee did.

But

But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foote, who complained to *Baſilius*, demaunding iuſtice on the blacke Knight, for hauing by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little forme he ware in a Tablet, and couered with ſilke had faſtened it to his Helmet, purpoſing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with *Arteſias* length, not doubting but euen in that little quantitie, the excellencie of that would ſhine thorow the weakeneſſe of the other; as the ſmalleſt ſtarre doth thorow the whole Element of fire. And by the way he had met with this blacke Knight, who had (as he ſaid) robbed him of it. The iniurie ſeemed grieuous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found, that the halting Knight meeting the other, asking the cauſe of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamelas* diuine beautie againſt *Arteſias*, with a prowd iollitie commanded him to leaue that quarrell onely for him, who was onely worthie to enter into it. But the black Knight obeying no ſuch commandements, they fell to ſuch a bickering, that he gat a halting, and loſt his picture. This vnderſtood by *Baſilius*, he told him he was now fitter to looke to his owne bodie, then anothers picture, and ſo (vncomforted therein) he ſent him away to learne of *Æſculapius*, that he was not fit for *Venus*. But then the queſtion ariſing, who ſhould be the former againſt *Phalantus*, of the blacke, or the ill apparelled Knight (who now had gotten the reputation of ſome ſturdie lout, he had ſo well defended himſelfe;) of the one ſide, was alleaged the hauing a picture, which the other wanted: of the other ſide, the firſt ſtriking the ſhield; but the concluſion was, that the ill apparelled Knight ſhould haue the precedence, if he deliuered the figure of his miſtreſſe to *Phalantus*; who asking him for it, Certainly (ſaid he) her liueliest picture (if you could ſee it) is in my heart, and the beſt compariſon I could make of her, is of the Sunne and of all the other heauenly beauties. But becauſe perhaps all eyes cannot taſte the diuinitie of her beautie, & would rather be dazeled, then taught by the light, if it be not clowded by ſome meaner thing; know yee then, that I defend that ſame Ladie, whoſe image *Phebilus* ſo feebly loſt yeſternight, & in ſtead of another (if you ouercome me) you ſhall haue me your ſlaue to carrie that image in your miſtreſſe triumph. *Phalantus* eaſily agreed to the bargaine, which readily he made his owne.

But when it came to the triall, the ill apparelled Knight chooſing out the greateſt ſtaues in all the ſtore, at the firſt courſe gaue his head ſuch a remembrance, that he loſt almoſt his remembrance, he himſelfe receiuing the incounter of *Phalantus* without anie extraordinarie motion: and at the ſecond gaue him ſuch a counterbuffe, that becauſe *Phalantus* was ſo perfit a horſeman, as not to be driuen from the ſaddle, the ſaddle with broken girthes was driuen from the horſe; *Phalantus* remayning angrie and amazed, becauſe now being come almoſt to the laſt of his promiſed enterpriſe, that diſgrace befell him, which he had neuer before knowne.

But the victorie being by the Iudges giuen, and the Trumpets witneſſed to the ill apparelled Knight; *Phalantus* diſgrace was ingrieued in lieu of comfort of *Arteſia*, who telling him ſhe neuer lookt for other, bad him ſeeke ſome other miſtreſſe. He excuſing himſelfe, and turning ouer the fault to fortune, Then let that be your ill fortune too (ſaid ſhe) that you haue loſt me.

Nay truely Madam (ſaid *Phalantus*) it ſhall not be ſo: for I thinke the loſſe of ſuch a Miſtreſſe will proue a great gaine, and ſo concluded; to the ſport of *Baſilius*, to ſee yong folks loue, that came in maskt with ſo great pomp, go out with ſo litle conſtancie. But *Phalantus* firſt profeſsing great ſeruice to *Baſilius* for his courteous intermitting his ſolitarie courſe for his ſake, would yet conduct *Arteſia* to the Caſtle of *Cecropia*, whither ſhe deſired to goe: vowing in himſelfe, that neither heart, nor

mouth-loue, ſhould euer anie more intangle him. and with that reſolution he left the companie. Whence all being diſmiſſed (among whom the black Knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him from winning the honor, as he knew he ſhould haue done to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill apparelled Knight (who was onely deſired to ſtay, becauſe *Baſilius* meant to ſhew him to *Zelmane*) puld off his Helmet, & then was knowne himſelfe to be *Zelmane*: who that morning (as ſhe told) while the others were buſie, had ſtolne out to the Princes Stable, which was a mile off from the Lodge, had gotten a horſe (they knowing it was *Baſilius* pleaſure ſhe ſhould be obeyed) & borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come vpon the ſpur to redeeme *Philocleas* picture, which ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not beare, (being one of that little wilderneſſe-companie) ſhould be in captiuitie, if the cunning ſhe had learned in her countrie of the noble *Amazons*, could withſtand it; and vnder that pretext faine ſhe would haue giuen a ſecret paſport to her affection. But this act painted at one inſtant redneſſe in *Philocleas* face, & paleneſſe in *Gynecias*, but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no ſpeeches but of commendations: all theſe few (beſides loue) thinking they honoured themſelues, in honouring ſo accompliſhed a perſon as *Zelmane*: whom daily they ſought with ſome or other ſports to delight; for which purpoſe *Baſilius* had in a houſe not far off, ſeruants, who though they came not vncalled, yet at call were readie.

And ſo manie dayes were ſpent, & manie wayes vſed, while *Zelmane* was like one that ſtood in a tree waiting a good occaſion to ſhoot, & *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the deareſt deere from her. But the day being come, on which according to an appointed courſe, the ſhepheards were to aſſemble, and make their paſtorall ſports afore *Baſilius*. *Zelmane* (fearing leſt manie eyes, and comming diuers wayes, might hap to ſpie *Muſidorus*) went out to warne him thereof.

But before ſhe could come to the Arbour, ſhe ſaw walking from her-ward, a man in ſhepheardiſh apparell, who being in the ſight of the Lodge, it might ſeeme he was allowed there. A long cloke he had on, but that caſt vnder his right arme, wherein he held a ſheephooke, ſo finely wrought, that it gaue a brauerie to pouertie; and his rayments, though they were meane, yet receiued they handſomneſſe by the grace of the wearer; though he himſelfe went but a kind of languiſhing pace, with his eyes ſometimes caſt vp to heauen, as though his fancies ſtraue to mount higher; ſometimes throwne downe to the ground, as if the earth could not beare the burthen of his ſorrows; at length, with a lamentable tune, he ſung theſe few verſes.

Come ſhepheards weedes, become your maiſters minde:
Yeeld outward ſhew, what inward change he tryes:
Nor be abaſht, ſince ſuch a gueſt you finde,
Whoſe ſtrongeſt hope in your weake comfort lyes.

Come ſhepheards weeds, attend my wofull cryes:
Diſuſe your ſelues from ſweet Menalcas *voyce:*
For other be thoſe tunes which ſorrow tyes,
From thoſe cleere notes which freely may reioyce.
Then powre out plaint, and in one word ſay this:
Helpleſſe his plaint, who ſpoiles himſelfe of bliſſe.

And hauing ended, he ſtrake himſelfe on the breaſt, ſaying, O miſerable wretch, whither doe thy deſtinies guide thee? The voyce made *Zelmane* haſten her pace to ouertake

ouertake him; which hauing done, she plainly perceiued that it was her deare friend *Musidorus*, whereat marualling not a little, shee demaunded of him, whether the Goddesse of those woods had such a power to transforme euerie bodie, or whether, as in all enterprises else he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas (said *Musidorus*) what shall I say, who am loth to say, & yet faine would haue said? I finde indeed, that all is but lip-wisedome, which wants experience. I now (woe is me) do trie what loue can do. O *Zelmane*, who will resist it, must either haue no wit, or put out his eies: can anie man resist his creation? certainly by loue we are made, and to loue we are made. Beasts onely cannot discerne beautie, and let them be in the roll of Beasts that do not honor it. The perfect friendship *Zelmane* bare him, and the great pitie she (by good triall) had of such cases, could not keepe her from smiling at him, remembring how vehemently he had cried out against the folly of louers. And therefore a little to punish him, Why how now deare cousin (said she) you that were last day so high in the pulpet against louers, are you now become so meane an auditor? Remember that loue is a passion, & that a worthy mans reason must euer haue the masterhood. I recant, I recant (cryed *Musidorus*) & withall falling downe prostrate, O thou celestiall, or infernall spirit of Loue, or what other heauenly or hellish title thou list to haue (for effects of both I find in my selfe) haue compassion of me, & let thy glorie be as great in pardoning them that be submitted to thee, as in conquering those that were rebellious. No, no, said *Zelmane*, I see you well enough; you make but an enterlude of my mishaps, & do but counterfeit thus, to make me see the deformitie of my passions: but take heed, that this iest doe not one day turne to earnest. Now I beseech thee (said *Musidorus*, taking her fast by the hand) euen for the truth of our friendship, of which (if I be not altogether an vnhappie man) thou hast some remembrance, & by those secret flames which (I know) haue likewise neerely touched thee, make no iest of that, which hath so earnestly pierced me thorow, nor let that be light to thee, which is to me so burdenous, that I am not able to beare it. *Musidorus* both in words and behauiour, did so liuely deliuer out his inward griefe, that *Zelmane* found indeed, he was throughly wounded: but there rose a new iealousie in her mind, lest it might be with *Philoclea*, by whom, as *Zelmane* thought, in right all hearts and eyes should be inherited. And therefore desirous to be cleered of that doubt, *Musidorus* shortly (as in hast and full of passionate perplexednesse) thus recounted his case vnto her.

The day (said he) I parted from you, I being in mind to returne to a towne, from whence I came hither, my horse being before tired, would scarce beare me a mile hence: where being benighted, the sight of a candle (I saw a good way off) guided me to a young shepheards house, by name *Menalcas*, who seeing me to be a straying stranger, with the right honest hospitalitie which seemes to be harboured in the *Arcadian* breasts, and though not with curious costlinesse, yet with cleanly sufficiencie, entertayned me: and hauing by talke with him, found the maner of the countrie, something more in particular, then I had by *Kalanders* report, I agreed to soiourne with him in secret, which he faithfully promised to obserue. And so hitherto your arbour diuerse times repaired, and here by your meanes had the sight (O that it had neuer beene so, nay, O that it might euer be so) of the goddesse, who in a definite compasse can set forth infinite beautie. All this while *Zelmane* was racked with iealousie. But he went on, for (said he) I lying close, and in truth thinking of you, and saying thus to my selfe, O sweet *Pyrocles*, how art thou bewitched? where is thy vertue? where is the vse of thy reason? how much am I inferior to thee in the state of minde? And yet know I, that all the heauens cannot bring me such a thraldome.

Scarcely, thinke I, had I spoken this word, when the Ladies came forth; at which sight, I thinke the verie words returned backe againe to strike my soule; at least, an vnmeasurable sting I felt in my selfe, that I had spoken such words. At which sight? (said *Zelmane*) not able to beare him anie longer. O (said *Musidorus*) I know your suspition; No, no, banish all such feare, it was, it is, and must be *Pamela*. Then all is safe (said *Zelmane*,) proceed deere *Musidorus*. I will not, said he, impute it to my late solitarie life (which yet is prone to affections,) nor to the much thinking of you (though that calld the consideration of loue into my mind, which before I euer neglected) nor to the exaltation of *Venus*, nor reuenge of *Cupid*, but euen to her, who is the Planet, slay, the Goddesse, against which, the onely shield must be my Sepulcher. When I first saw her, I was presently striken and I (like a foolish child, that when anie thing hits him, will strike himselfe vpon it) would needs looke againe, as though I would perswade mine eies, that they were deceiued. But alas, well haue I found, that Loue to a yeelding heart is a King: but to a resisting, is a tyrant. The more with arguments I shaked the stake, which he had planted in the ground of my heart, the deeper still it sanke into it. But what meane I to speake of the causes of my loue, which is as impossible to describe, as to measure the backside of heauen? Let this word suffice, I loue.

And that you may know I doe so, it was I that came in blacke armour to defend her picture, where I was both preuented, and beaten by you. And so, I that waited here to doe you seruice, haue now my selfe most need of succour. But whereupon got you your selfe this apparel, said *Zelmane*? I had forgotten to tell you, said *Musidorus*, though that were one principall matter of my speech; so much am I now maister of my owne mind. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalcas* house, full of tormenting desire, after a while fainting vnder the weight, my courage stird vp my wit to seeke for some reliefe, before I yeelded to perish. At last this came into my head, that euerie euening, that I had to no purpose last vsed my horse and armour, I told *Menalcas*, that I was a *Thessalian* Gentleman, who by mischaunce hauing killed a great fauorite of the Prince of that countrey, was pursued so cruelly, that in no place, but either by fauour, or corruption, they would obtaine my destruction; & that therefore I was determined (till the furie of my persecutors might be asswaged) to disguise my selfe among the shepheards of *Arcadia*, and (if it were possible) to be one of them that were allowed the Princes presence; because if the woorst should fall, that I were discouered: yet hauing gotten the acquaintance of the Prince, it might happen to moue his heart to protect me. *Menalcas* (being of an honest disposition) pitied my case, which my face through my inward torment made credible; and so (I giuing him largely for it) let mee haue this raiment, instructing me in all the particularities, touching himselfe, or my selfe, which I desired to know: yet not trusting so much to his constancie, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life, vpon it, I hired him to goe into *Thessalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliuer him a letter from me; coniuring him to bring me as speedie an answere as he could, because it imported me greatly to know, whether certaine of my friends did yet possesse anie fauour, whose intercessions I might vse for my restitution. He willingly tooke my letter, which being well sealed, indeede contained other matter. For I wrote to my trustie seruant *Calodoulus* (whom you know) that assoone as he had deliuered the letter, he should keepe him prisoner in his house, not suffering him to haue conference with anie bodie, till he knew my further pleasure: in all other respects that he should vse him as my brother. And is *Menalcas* gone, and I here a poore shepheard? more proud of this estate then of anie kingdome, so manifest

manifeſt it is, that the higheſt point outward things can bring one vnto, is the contentment of the mind: with which, no eſtate; without which, all eſtates bee miſerable. Now haue I choſen this day, becauſe (as *Menalcas* tolde me) the other ſhepheards are called to make their ſports, and hope that you will with your credite, find meanes to get me allowed among them. You need not doubt (anſwered *Zelmane*) but that I will be your good miſtreſſe: marrie the beſt way of dealing muſt be by *Dametas*, who ſince his blunt braine hath perceiued ſome fauour the Prince doth beare vnto me (as without doubt the moſt ſeruile flatterie is lodged moſt eaſily in the groſſeſt capacitie, for their ordinarie conceipt draweth a yeelding to their greater, and then haue they not wit to diſcerne the right degrees of duetie) is much more ſeruiceable vnto mee, then I can finde anie cauſe to wiſh him. And therefore diſpaire not to winne him: for euerie preſent occaſion will catch his ſenſes, and his ſenſes are maiſters of his ſilly minde; onely reuerence him, and reward him, and with that bridle and ſaddle you ſhall well ride him. O heauen and earth (ſaid *Muſidorus*) to what a paſſe are our mindes brought, that from the right line of vertue, are wryed to theſe crooked ſhifts? But O Loue, it is thou that doeſt it: thou chaungeſt name vpon name; thou diſguiſeſt our bodies, and diſfigureſt our minds. But indeed thou haſt reaſon; for though the waies be foule, the iournies end is moſt faire and honourable.

No more ſweet *Muſidorus* (ſaid *Zelmane*) of theſe philoſophies; for here comes the verie perſon of *Dametas*. And ſo he did indeed, with a ſword by his ſide, a forreſt bill on his necke, and a chopping-knife vnder his girdle: in which well prouided ſort he had euer gone ſince the feare *Zelmane* had put him in. But he no ſooner ſaw her, but with head and armes he laid his reuerence afore her, enough to haue made anie man forſweare all curteſie. And then in *Baſilius* name he did inuite her to walke downe to the place, where that day they were to haue the paſtorals.

But when he ſpied *Muſidorus* to be none of the ſhepheards allowed in that place, he would faine haue perſwaded himſelfe to vtter ſome anger, but that he durſt not; yet muttering & champing, as though his cud troubled him, he gaue occaſion to *Muſidorus* to come neere him, & feine his tale of his owne life: that he was a younger brother of the ſhepheard *Menalcas*, by name *Dorus*, ſent by his father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learne ſome cunning more then ordinarie, that he might be the better liked of the Prince: and that after his fathers death, his brother *Menalcas* (lately gone thither to fetch him home) was alſo deceaſed, where (vpon his death) he had charged him to ſeeke the ſeruice of *Dametas*, and to be wholly & euer guided by him, as one in whoſe iudgement & integritie the Prince had ſingular confidence. For token whereof, he gaue to *Dametas* a good ſumme of gold in ready coine: which *Menalcas* had bequeathed vnto him, vpon condition he ſhould receiue this poore *Dorus* into his ſeruice, that his mind and maners might grow the better by his daily example. *Dametas*, that of all maners of ſtile could beſt conceiue of golden eloquence, being withall tickled by *Muſidorus* praiſes, had his braine ſo turned, that he became ſlaue to that, which he that ſued to be his ſeruant offered to giue him; yet for countenance ſake, he ſeemed verie ſqueamiſh, in reſpect of the charge he had of the Princeſſe *Pamela*. But ſuch was the ſecret operation of the gold, helped with the perſwaſion of the Amazon *Zelmane* (who ſaid it was pittie ſo handſome a yong man ſhould be anie where elſe then with ſo good a maiſter) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behaued himſelfe ſo to the liking of *Baſilius*, as he might be contented) that then he would receiue him into his ſeruice.

And thus went they to the Lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters readie

readie to goe to the field, to delight themſelues there a while, vntill the ſhepheards comming: whither alſo taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and deſired hee might bee accepted there that daie in ſtead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Baſilius*, he ſtayed behind, to bring the ſhepheards, with whom hee meant to conferre, to breed the better *Zelmanes* liking (which hee onely regarded) while the other beautifull band came to the faire field appointed for the ſhephearddiſh paſtimes. It was indeede a place of delight; for through the middeſt of it there ran a ſweet brooke, which did both hold the eie open with her azure ſtreames, & yet ſeeke to cloſe the eie with the purling noiſe it made vpon the pibble ſtones it ranne ouer: the field it ſelfe being ſet in ſome places with roſes, & in all the reſt conſtantly preſeruing a flouriſhing greene: the roſes added ſuch a ruddie ſhew vnto it, as though the field were baſhfull at his owne beautie: about it (as if it had beene to incloſe a Theatre) grew ſuch ſort of trees, as either excellencie of fruit, ſtatelineſſe of growth, continuall greeneneſſe, or poeticall fancies, haue made at anie time famous. In moſt part of which there had beene framed by art ſuch pleaſant arbors, that (one anſwering another) they became a gallerie aloft from tree to tree almoſt round about, which below gaue a perfect ſhadow, a pleaſant refuge then from the cholericke looke of *Phœbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carrying manie vnquiet contentions about her, the Ladies ſate them downe, inquiring diuerſe queſtions of the ſhepheard *Dorus*; who (keeping his eie ſtill vpon *Pamela*,) anſwered with ſuch a trembling voice, and abaſhed countenance, and oftentimes ſo farre from the matter, that it was ſome ſport to the young Ladies, thinking it want of education, which made him ſo diſcountenanced with vnwonted preſence. But *Zelmane* that ſaw in him the glaſſe of her owne miſerie, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kiſſes ſetting it cloſe to her lips (as if it ſhould ſtand there like a hand in the margine of a booke, to note ſome ſaying worthy to be marked) began to ſpeake theſe words: O Loue, ſince thou art ſo changeable in mens eſtates, how art thou ſo conſtant in their torments? when ſodenly there came out of a wood a monſtrous Lyon, with a ſhee Beare not farre from him, of little leſſe fierceneſſe, which (as they gheſt) hauing beene hunted in forreſts farre off, were by chaunce come thither, where before ſuch beaſts had neuer beene ſeene. Then care, not feare, or feare, not for themſelues, altered ſomething the countenances of the two Louers, but ſo, as any man might perceiue, was rather an aſſembling of powers, then diſmaydneſſe of courage. *Philoclea* no ſooner eſpied the Lion, but that obeying the commaundement of feare, ſhe leapt vp, and ranne to the Lodge-ward, as faſt as her delicate legges could carrie her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where ſhee ſtood quaking like the Patridge, on which the Hawke is euen ready to ſeaze. But the Lion (ſeeing *Philoclea* run away) bent his race to her-ward, and was readie to ſeaze himſelfe on the praie, when *Zelmane* (to whom daunger then was a cauſe of dreadleſneſſe, all the compoſition of her elements being nothing but fierie) with ſwiftneſſe of deſire croſt him, and with force of affection ſtrake him ſuch a blow vpon his chine, that ſhee opened all his bodie: wherewith the valiant beaſt turning her with open iawes, ſhee gaue him ſuch a thruſt through his breaſt, that all the Lion could doe, was with his paw to teare off the mantle & ſleeue of *Zelmane*, with a little ſcratch, rather then a wounds his death blow hauing taken away the effect of his force: but there withall hee fell downe, and gaue *Zelmane* leaſure to take off his head, to carrie it for a preſent to her Ladie *Philoclea*: who all this while (not knowing what was done behind her) kept on her courſe, like *Arethuſa* when ſhe ran from *Alpheus*; her light apparell being carried

vp

vp with the wind, that much of thoſe beauties, ſhe would at another time haue willingly hidden, was preſented to the ſight of the twiſe wounded *Zelmane*. Which made *Zelmane* not follow her ouer-haſtily, leſt ſhe ſhould too ſoone depriue her ſelf of that pleaſure: but carrying the Lions head in her hand, did not fully ouertake her, till they came to the preſence of *Baſilius*. Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither alſo; who had beene in ſuch a traunce of muſing, that *Zelmane* was fighting with the Lyon, before ſhe knew of anie Lyons comming: but then affection reſiſting, and the ſoone ending of the fight preuenting all extremitie of feare, ſhe marked *Zelmanes* fighting: and when the Lions head was off, as *Zelmane* ranne after *Philoclea*, ſo ſhe could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane*: ſo that it was a new ſight, Fortune had prepared to thoſe woods, to ſee theſe great perſonages thus run one after the other, each carried forward with an inward violence; *Philoclea* with ſuch feare, that ſhe thought ſhe was ſtill in the Lions mouth; *Zelmane* with an eager and impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of loue, flying ſhe neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now, being all come before *Baſilius*, amazed with this ſight, & feare hauing ſuch poſſeſsion in the faire *Philoclea*, that her bloud durſt not yet come to her face, to take away the name of paleneſſe from her moſt pure whiteneſſe, *Zelmane* kneeled downe, and preſented the Lions head vnto her: Only Ladie (ſaid ſhe) here ſee you the puniſhment of that vnnatural beaſt, which contrary to his own kind, would haue wronged Princes bloud, guided with ſuch traiterous eyes, as durſt rebell againſt your beautie. Happie am I, and my beautie both (anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea* then bluſhing, for Feare had bequeathed his roome to his kinſman Baſhfulneſſe) that you excellent *Amazon*, were there to teach him good maners. And euen thanks to that beautie (anſwered *Zelmane*) which can giue an edge to the bluntеſt ſwords. There *Philoclea* told her father how it had happened: but as ſhe had turned her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, ſhe perceiued ſome bloud vpon *Zelmanes* ſhoulder, ſo that ſtarting with the louely grace & pittie, ſhe ſhewed it to her father and mother; who, as the nurſe ſometimes with ouer-much kiſsing may forget to giue the babe ſucke, ſo had they with too much delighting, in beholding & prayſing *Zelmane*, left off to marke whether ſhe needed ſuccour. But then they ran both vnto her, like a father and mother to an onely child, and (though *Zelmane* aſſured them it was nothing) would needs ſee it, *Gynecia* hauing skil in Chirurgerie, an art in thoſe daies much eſteemed, becauſe it ſerued to vertuous courage. which euen Ladies would (euer with the contempt of cowards) ſeeme to cheriſh. But looking vpon it (which gaue more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for ſhe might ſometimes feele *Philocleas* touch, whiles ſhe helped her mother) ſhe found it was indeed of no importance; yet applied ſhe a precious baulme vnto it, of power to heale a greater griefe.

But euen then, and not before, they remembred *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane* (thinking of her friend *Dorus*) was running backe to be ſatisfied, when they might all ſee *Pamela* comming betweene *Dorus* and *Dametas*, hauing in her hand the paw of a Beare, which the ſhepheard *Dorus* had newly preſented vnto her, deſiring her to accept it, as of ſuch a beaſt, which though ſhe deſerued death for her preſumption, yet was her wit to be eſteemed, ſince ſhe could make ſo ſweet a choiſe. *Dametas* for his part came piping and dauncing, the merrieſt man in a pariſh: but when he came ſo neere as he might be heard of *Baſilius*, he would needs breake through his eares with this ioyfull ſong of their good ſucceſſe:

NOw thanked be the great god Pan,
Which thus preſerues my loued life:

Thanked

Thanked be I that keepe a man,
who ended hath this bloudie ſtrife:
For if my man muſt praiſes haue,
what then muſt I that keepe the knaue?

For as the Moone the eye doth pleaſe,
with gentle beames not hurting ſight:
Yet hath ſir Sunne the greateſt praiſe,
becauſe from him doth come her light:
So if my man muſt praiſes haue,
what then muſt I that keepe the knaue?

Being all now come together, and all deſirous to know each others aduentures, *Pamelas* noble heart would needs gratefully make known the valiant meane of her ſafetie, which (directing her ſpeech to her mother) ſhe did in this maner: Aſſoone, ſaid ſhe, as ye were all run away, & that I hoped to be in ſafetie, there came out of the ſame woods a horrible foule Beare, which (fearing belike to deale, while the Liō was preſent, as ſoone as he was gone) came furiouſly towards the place where I was, and this yong ſhepheard left alone by me; I truly (not guiltie of anie wiſdom, which ſince they lay to my charge, becauſe they ſay, it is the beſt refuge againſt that beaſt, but euen pure feare bringing forth that effect of wiſdome) fell down flat on my face, needing not counterfeit being dead, for indeed I was little better. But this young ſhepheard with a wonderfull courage, hauing no other weapon but that knife you ſee, ſtanding before the place where I lay, ſo behaued himſelfe, that the firſt ſight I had (when I thought my ſelfe alreadie neere *Charons* ferrie) was the ſhepheard ſhewing me his bloudy knife in token of victorie. I pray you (ſaid *Zelmane*, ſpeaking to *Dorus*, whoſe valor ſhe was carefull to haue manifeſted) in what ſort, ſo ill weaponed, could you atchieue this enterpriſe? Noble Lady, ſaid *Dorus*, the maner of theſe beaſts fighting with any man, is to ſtand vp vpon their hinder feet, & ſo this did, & being ready to giue me a ſhrewd embracement, I thinke the god *Pan* (euer carefull of the chiefe bleſsings of *Arcadia*) guided my hand ſo iuſt to the heart of the beaſt, that neither ſhe could once touch me, nor (which is the only matter in this worthy remembrance) breed any danger to the Princeſſe. For my part, I am rather (with all ſubiected humbleneſſe) to thanke her excellencies, ſince the dutie thereunto gaue me heart to ſaue my ſelfe, then to receiue thankes for a deed, which was her only inſpiring. And this *Dorus* ſpake, keeping affection as much as he could backe from comming into his eyes and geſtures. But *Zelmane* (that had the ſame character in her heart) could eaſily decipher it, and therefore to keepe him the longer in ſpeech, deſired to vnderſtand the concluſion of the matter, and how the honeſt *Dametas* was eſcaped. Nay, ſaid *Pamela*, none ſhall take that office from my ſelfe, being ſo much bound to him as I am, for my education. And with that word, ſcorne borowing the countenance of mirth, ſomewhat ſhe ſmiled, and thus ſpake on: When (ſaid ſhe) *Dorus* made me aſſuredly perceiue, that all cauſe of feare was paſſed (the truth is) I was aſhamed to find my ſelfe alone with this ſhepheard; and therefore looking about me, if I could ſee anie bodie; at length we both perceiued the gentle *Dametas*, lying with his head and breaſt as far as he could thruſt himſelfe into a buſh, drawing vp his legs as cloſe vnto him as he could: for, like a man of a verie kind nature, ſoone to take pittie of himſelfe, he was full reſolued not to ſee his owne death. And when this ſhepheard puſhed him, bidding him to be of good cheere; it was a great while ere wee could perſwade

perſwade him, that *Dorus* was not the beare: ſo that he was faine to pull him out by the heeles, and ſhew him the beaſt, as dead as hee could wiſh it: which you may beleeue me, was a verie ioyfull ſight vnto him. But then he forgate all curteſie, for hee fell vpon the beaſt, giuing it many a manfull wound: ſwearing by much, it was not well ſuch beaſts ſhould be ſuffered in a common-wealth. And then my Gouernour as full of ioy, as before of feare, came dauncing and ſingingbefore, as euen now you ſaw him. Well well (ſaid *Baſilius*) I haue not choſen *Dametas* for his fighting, nor for his diſcourſing, but for his plaineſſe & honeſty; & therin I know he will not deceiue me. But then he told *Pamela*, (not ſo much becauſe ſhee ſhould know it; as becauſe he would tell it) the wonderfull act *Zelmane* had performed, which *Gynecia* likewiſe ſpake of, both in ſuch extremity of praiſing, as was eaſie to be ſeene, the conſtruction of their ſpeech might beſt be made by the Grammer rules of affection. *Baſilius* told with what a gallant grace ſhe ranne with the Lyons head in her hand, like another *Pallas* with the ſpoiles of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* [illegible] ſhee ſaw the verie face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean* Lion; [illegible]h a gratefull aſſent confirmed the ſame praiſes: onely poore *Dorus* (though of equall deſert, yet not proceeding of equall eſtate) ſhould haue beene left forgotten, had not *Zelmane* againe with great admiration begun to ſpeake of him; asking, whether it were the faſhion or no, in *Arcadia*, that ſhepheards ſhould performe ſuch valorous enterpriſes.

This *Baſilius* (hauing the quicke ſence of a louer) tooke, as though his Miſtreſſe had giuen him a ſecret reprehenſion, that hee had not ſhewed more gratefulneſſe to *Dorus*; and therefore (as nimbly as hee could) enquired of his eſtate, adding promiſe of great rewards: among the reſt, offering to him, if he would exerciſe his courage in ſouldierie, hee would commit ſome charge vnto him vnder his Lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus* (whoſe ambition climed by another ſtaire) hauing firſt anſwered touching his eſtate, that he was brother to the ſhepheard *Menalcas*; who among other, was wont to reſort to the Princes preſence, and excuſed his going to ſouldiery, by the vnaptneſſe he found in himſelfe that way, he told *Baſilius*, that his brother in his laſt teſtament had willed him to ſerue *Dametas*, and therefore (for due obedience thereunto) he would thinke his ſeruice greatly rewarded, if he might obtain by that meane to liue in the ſight of his Prince, and yet practiſe his owne choſen vocation. *Baſilius* (liking well his goodly ſhape and handſome maner) charged *Dametas* to receiue him like a ſonne into his houſe; ſaying, that his valour, and *Dametas* trueth would be good Bulwarkes againſt ſuch miſchiefes, as (he ſticked not to ſay) were threatned to his daughter *Pamela*.

Dametas, no whit out of countenance with all that had beene ſaid (becauſe he had no worſe to fall into then his owne) accepted *Dorus*; and withall telling *Baſilius*, that ſome of the ſhepheards were come, demaunded in what place hee would ſee their ſports: who firſt, curious to know whether it were not more requiſite for *Zelmanes* hurt to reſt, then ſit vp at thoſe paſtimes; and ſhee (that felt no wound but one) earneſtly deſired to haue the paſtorals. *Baſilius* commaunded it ſhould be at the gate of the Lodge, where the throne of the Prince being, (according to the ancient maner) he made *Zelmane* ſit betweene him and his wife therein, who thought her ſelfe betweene drowning and burning; and the two young Ladies of either ſide the throne, and ſo prepared their eyes and eares to be delighted by the ſhepheards.

But before all of them were aſſembled to begin their ſports, there came a fellow who being out of breath (or ſeeming ſo to be for haſte) with humble haſtineſſe told *Baſilius*, that his Miſtreſſe, the Ladie *Cecropia*, had ſent him to excuſe the miſchance of her beaſts ranging in that dangerous ſort, being happened by the folly of the Keeper;

Keeper; who thinking himſelfe able to rule them, had carried them abroad, & ſo was deceiued: whom yet (if *Baſilius* would puniſh for it) ſhe was readie to deliuer. *Baſilius* made no other anſwer, but that his miſtreſſe if ſhe had anie more ſuch beaſts, ſhould cauſe them to be killed: & then he told his wife & *Zelmane* of it, becauſe they ſhould not feare thoſe words, as though they harboured ſuch beaſts, where the like had neuer beene ſeene. But *Gynecia* tooke a further conceit of it, miſtruſting greatly *Cecropia*, becauſe ſhe had heard much of the diuelliſh wickedneſſe of her heart, and that particularly ſhe did her beſt to bring vp her ſonne *Amphialus* (being brothers ſon to *Baſilius*) to aſpire to the Crowne, as next heire male after *Baſilius*, & therfore ſaw no reaſon, but that ſhe might coniecture, it proceeded rather of ſome miſchieuous practiſe, then of misfortune. Yet did ſhe only vtter her doubt to her daughters, thinking, ſince the worſt was paſt, ſhe would attend a further occaſion, leaſt ouermuch haſt might ſeeme to proceede of the ordinarie miſlike betweene ſiſters in law, only they maruelled that *Baſilius* looked no further into it, who (good man) thought ſo much of his lare conceiued common wealth, that all other matters were but digreſſions vnto him. But the ſhepheards were readie, and with well handling themſelues, called their ſenſes to attend their paſtimes.

THE FIRST ECLOGVES.

Baſilius, becauſe *Zelmane* ſo would haue it, vſed the artificiall day of Torches, to lighten the ſports their inuentions could miniſter: and becauſe manie of the ſhepheards were but newly come, hee did in a gentle maner chaſtiſe their negligence, with making them (for that night) the Torch-bearers; and the others, he willed with all freedome of ſpeech and behauiour to keepe their accuſtomed method: which while they prepared to doe, *Dametas*, who much diſdained (ſince his late authoritie) all his old companions, brought his ſeruant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himſelfe ſtood like a directer ouer them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or ſtamping, ſhewing how hee did like or miſlike thoſe things hee did not vnderſtand. The firſt ſports the ſhepheards ſhewed, were full of ſuch leaps and gambols, as being accorded to the pipe (which they bare in their mouthes, euen as they daunced) made a right picture of their chiefe god *Pan*, and his companions the *Satyres*. Then would they caſt away their pipes, & holding hand in hand daunce as if were in a braule, by the onely cadence of their voyces, which they would vſe in ſinging ſome ſhort coplets, whereto the one halfe beginning, the other halfe ſhould anſwer as the one halfe, ſaying:

We loue, and haue our loues rewarded.
The others would anſwer,
We loue, and are no whit regarded.
The firſt againe,
We find moſt ſweet affections ſnare,
With like tune it ſhould be as in a Quire ſent back againe,
That ſweet, but ſowre deſpairefull care.
A third time likewiſe thus:
Who can deſpaire, whom hope doth beare?
The anſwer,
And who can hope that feeles deſpaire?

Then

Then ioyning all their voyces, and dauncing a faster measure, they would conclude with some such words:

As without breath no pipe doth moue,
No musicke kindly without loue.

Hauing thus varied both their song and daunces into diuers sorts of inuentions; their last sport was, one of them to prouoke another to a more large expressing of his passions: which *Thyrsis* (accounted one of the best singers amongst them) hauing marked in *Dorus* dauncing, no lesse good grace and handsome behauiour, then extreame tokens of a troubled mind; began first with his pipe, and then with his voice, thus to challenge *Dorus*, and was by him answered in the vnderwritten sort.

THYRSIS and *DORVS.*

Thyrsis. *Come* Dorus, *come, let songs thy sorrowes signifie,*
And if for want of vse thy mind ashamed is,
That verie shame with loues high title dignifie.
No stile is held for base where loue well named is:
Each eare sucks vp the words a true-loue scattereth,
And plaine speech oft, than quaint phrase better framed is.

Dorus. *Nightingales seldome sing, the Pie still chattereth,*
The wood cryes most, before it throughly kindled be,
Deadly wounds inward bleed, each sleight sore mattereth.
Hardly they heard, which by good hunters singled be:
Shallow brookes murmur most, deep silent slide away,
Nor true-loue, his loues with others mingled be.

Thyrsis. *If thou wilt not be seene, thy face goe hide away,*
Be none of vs, or else maintaine our fashion:
Who frownes at others feasts, doth better bide away.
But if thou hast a loue, in that loues passion.
I challenge thee by shew of her perfection,
Which of vs two deserueth most compassion.

Dorus. *Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:*
Sing then, and see (for now thou hast inflamed me)
Thy health too meane a match for my infection.
No though the heau'ns for high attempts haue blamed me,
Yet high is my attempt. O Muse *historifie*
Her praise, whose praise to learne your skill hath framed me.

Thyrsis. Muse *hold your peace: but thou my god* Pan *glorifie*
My Kalas *gifts, who with all good gifts filled is.*
Thy pipe, O Pan, *shall helpe, though I sing sorily.*
A heape of sweets she is, where nothing spilled is;
Who though she be no Bee, yet full of honey is:
A Lilly field, with plough of Rose which tilled is:
Milde as a Lambe, more daintie then a Conie is:

Her eyes my eye-ſight is, her conuerſation
More glad to me, then to a miſer money is.
What coy account ſhe makes of eſtimation?
How nice to touch? how all her ſpeeches peiſed be?
A Nymph thus turn'd, but mended in tranſlation.

Dorus. *Such* Kala *is: but ah my fancies raiſed be*
In one, whoſe name to name were high preſumption,
Since vertues all, to make her tittle, pleaſed be
O happie Gods, which by inward aſſumption
Enioy her ſoule, in bodies faire poſſeſsion,
And keepe it ioynd, fearing your ſeats conſumption.
How oft with raine of teares skies make confeſsion,
Their dwellers rapt with ſight of her perfection,
From heau'nly throne to her heau'n vſe digreſsion?
Of beſt things then what world ſhall yeeld confection
To liken her? decke your with your compariſon:
She is her ſelfe of beſt things the collection.

Thyrſis. *How oft my dolefull Sire cride to me, tarie ſonne,*
When firſt he ſpied my loue? how oft he ſaid to me,
Thou art no ſouldier fit for Cupids *garriſon?*
My ſonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath layd to me:
Loue well thine owne. me thinkes wools whitneſſe paſſeth all:
I neuer found long loue ſuch wealth hath payd to me.
This wind he ſpent: but when my Kala *glaſſeth all*
My ſight in her faire limmes, I then aſſure my ſelfe,
Not rotten ſheepe, but high crownes ſhe ſurpaſſeth all.
Can I be poore, that her gold haire procure my ſelfe?
Want I white wooll, whoſe eyes her white skin garniſhed?
Till I get her, ſhall I to keepe inure my ſelfe?

Dorus. *How oft, when Reaſon ſaw, Loue of her harniſed*
With armour of my heart he cryed, ô vanitie
To ſet a pearle in ſteele ſo meanely varniſhed?
Looke to thy ſelfe, reach not beyond humanitie.
Her minde, beames, ſtate, farre from the weake wings baniſhed:
And loue which louer hurts is inhumanitie:
Thus Reaſon ſaid: but ſhe came, Reaſon vaniſhed;
Her eyes ſo maiſtering me, that ſuch obiection
Seemd but to ſpoile the foode of thoughts long famiſhed,
Her peereleſſe height my minde to high erection
Drawes vp; and if hope fayling end lifes pleaſure,
Of fairer death how can I make election?

Thyrſis. *Once my well waiting eyes eſpied my treaſure,*
With ſleeues turn'd vp, looſe haire, and breaſt enlarged,
Her fathers corne (mouing her faire limmes) meaſure.

• cryed

O cryed I, of ſo meane worke be diſcharged:
Meaſure my caſe how by thy beauties filling
With ſeed of woes my heart brim full is charged.
Thy father bids thee ſaue, and chids for ſpilling;
Saue then my ſoule, ſpill not my thoughts well heaped,
No louely praiſe was euer got by killing:
Theſe bold words ſhe did beare, this fruit I reaped,
That ſhe whoſe looke alone might make me bleſſed,
Did ſmile on me, and then away ſhe leaped.

Dorus. *Once, O ſweet once, I ſaw with dread oppreſſed*
Her whom I dread; ſo that with proſtrate lying
Her length the earth in Loues chiefe clothing dreſſed.
I ſaw that riches fall, and fell a crying;
Let not dead earth enioy ſo deare a couer,
But decke therewith my ſoule for your ſake dying:
Lay all your feare vpon your fearfull Louer:
Shine eyes on me that both our liues be guarded;
So I your ſight, you ſhall your ſelues recouer.
I cryed, and was with open rayes rewarded:
But ſtraight they fled, ſummond by cruell honour,
Honour, the cauſe deſert is not regarded.

Thyrſis. *This Maide, thus made for ioyes, ô* Pan *bemone her,*
That without loue ſhe ſpends her yeares of loue:
So faire a field would well become an owner.
And if enchantment can a hard heart moue,
Teach me what circle may acquaint her ſprite,
Affections charmes in my behalfe to proue.
The circle is my (round about her) ſight,
The power I will inuoke dwels in her eyes:
My charme ſhould be, ſhe haunt me day and night.

Dorus. *Farre other caſe, ô Muſe, my ſorrow tries,*
Bent to ſuch one in whom my ſelfe muſt ſay,
Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.
What circle then in ſo rare force beares ſway?
Whoſe ſprite all ſprites can foile, raiſe, damne or ſaue:
No charme holds her, but well poſſeſſe ſhe may,
Poſſeſſe ſhe doth, and makes my ſoule her ſlaue,
My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatall knot.
No thrall like them that inward bondage haue.

Thyrſis. Kala *at length conclude my lingring lot:*
Diſdaine me not, although I be not faire.
Who is an heire of manie hundreth ſheepe,
Doth beauties keepe which neuer ſunne can burne,
Nor ſtormes doe turne: faireneſſe ſerues oft to wealth.
Yet all my health I place in your good will:
Which if you will (ô doe) beſtow on me,

Such as you ſee, ſuch ſtill you ſhall me finde,
Conſtant and kind, my ſheepe your food ſhall breed,
Their wooll your weed, I will you muſicke yeeld
In flowrie field; and as the day begins
With twentie ginnes we will the ſmall birds take,
And paſtimes make, as nature things hath made.
But when in ſhade we meet of Mirtle bowes,
Then loue allowes our pleaſures to enrich,
The thought of which doth paſſe all worldly pelfe.

Dorus. *Ladie your ſelfe whom neither name I dare,*
And titles are but ſpots to ſuch a worth,
Here plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.
The nobleſt kind reiects not others woes.
I haue no ſhewes of wealth: my wealth is you,
My beauties hue your beames, my health your deeds;
My mind for weeds your vertues liuerie weares.
My food is teares, my tunes waymenting yeeld:
Diſpaire my field; the flowers ſpirits warres:
My day new cares; my ginnes my daily ſight,
In which doe light ſmall birds of thoughts orethrowne:
My paſtimes none: time paſſeth on my fall.
Nature made all, but me of dolours made:
I finde no ſhade, but where my ſunne doth burne:
No place to turne; without, within it fries:
Nor helpe by life or death, who liuing dies.

Thyrſis. *But if my* Kala *thus my ſute denies,*
Which ſo much reaſon beares:
Let Crowes picke out mine eyes, which too much ſaw.
If ſhe ſtill hate loues law,
My earthly mould doth melt in watrie teares.

Dorus. *My earthly mould doth melt in watrie teares,*
And they againe reſolue
To aire of ſighes, ſighes to the hearts fire turne,
Which doth to aſhes burne.
Thus doth my life within it ſelfe diſſolue.

Thyrſis. *Thus doth my life within it ſelfe diſſolue,*
That I grow like the beaſt,
Which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,
Yet patient muſt abide.
Such weight it hath, which once is full poſſeſt.

Dorus. *Such weight it hath which once is full poſſeſt,*
That I become a viſion,
Which hath in others head his onely being,
And liues in fancie ſeeing.
O wretched ſtate of man in ſelfe diuiſion!

Thyrſis.

Thyrſis. *O wretched ſtate of man in ſelfe diuiſion!*
O well thou ſayeſt! a feeling declaration
Thy tongue hath made, of Cupids *deepe inciſion.*
But now hoarſe voice, doth faile this occupation,
And others long to tell their loues condition:
Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation.

Dorus. *Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation,*
Good Thyrſis *mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie;*
My heart doth ſeeke another eſtimation.
But ah my Muſe, I would thou hadſt facilitie
To worke my goddeſſe ſo by thy inuention,
On me to caſt thoſe eyes where ſhine Nobilitie:
Seene and vnknowne; heard, but without attention.

Dorus did ſo well in anſwering *Thyrſis*, that euerie one deſired to heare him ſing ſomething alone. Seeing therfore a Lute lying vnder the Princeſſe *Pamelas* feet, glad to haue ſuch an errand to approach her, he came, but came with a diſmayed grace, all his bloud ſtirred betwixt feare and deſire: and playing vpon it with ſuch ſweetneſſe, as euerie bodie wondred to ſee ſuch skill in a ſhepheard, he ſang vnto it with a ſorowing voice theſe Elegiake verſes:

Dorus. *--Fortune, Nature, Loue, long haue contended about me,*
Which ſhould moſt miſeries caſt on a worme that I am.
--Fortune thus gan ſay: miſerie and misfortune is all one,
And of misfortune, fortune hath onely the gift.
--With ſtrong foes on land, on ſea with contrarie tempeſts,
Still doe I croſſe this wretch, what ſo he taketh in hand.
--Tuſh, tuſh, ſaid Nature, this is all but a trifle, a mans ſelfe
Giues haps or miſhaps, eu'n as he ordreth his heart.
--But ſo his humour I frame, in a mould of choller aduſted,
That the delights of life ſhall be to him dolorous.
--Loue ſmiled, and thus ſaid; Want ioyn'd to deſire is vnhappie:
But if he nought doe deſire, what can Heraclitus *aile?*
--None but I worke by deſire: by deſire haue I kindled in his ſoule
Infernall agonies into a beautie diuine:
--Where thou poore Nature left'ſt all thy due glorie, to Fortune
Her vertue is ſoueraigne, Fortune a vaſſall of hers.
--Nature abaſht went backe: Fortune bluſht: yet ſhe replide thus:
And eu'n in that loue ſhall I reſerue him a ſpite.
--Thus, thus, alas! wofull by Nature, vnhappie by Fortune,
But moſt wretched I am, now Loue awakes my deſire.

Dorus when he had ſung this, hauing had all the while a free beholding of the faire *Pamela* (who could wel haue ſpared ſuch honor, & defended the aſſault he gaue vnto her face with bringing a faire ſtaine of ſhamefaſtnes vnto it) let fall his armes, & remained ſo faſtned in his thoughts, as if *Pamela* had graffed him there to grow in continuall imagination. But *Zelmane* eſpying it, & fearing he ſhould too much forget himſelf, ſhe came to him, & took out of his hand the lute, & laying faſt hold of *Philocleas* face with her eies, ſhe ſung theſe Saphiks, ſpeaking as it were to her own hope

If mine eyes can ſpeake to doe heartie errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe doe hap to iudge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her receiued,
Hope we doe liue yet.
But if eyes faile then, when I moſt doe need them,
Or if eyes language be not vnto her knowne,
So that eyes meſſage doe returne reiected,
Hope we do both die.
Yet dying, and dead, doe we ſing her honour;
So become our tombes monuments of her praiſe;
So becomes our loſſe the triumph of her gaine;
Hers be the glorie.
If the ſpheares ſenſeleſſe doe yet hold a muſique,
If the Swannes ſweet voice be not heard, but as death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life loſt,
Yeldeth a Lutes tune:
Are then humane mindes priuiledg'd ſo meanly,
As that hateſull death can abridge them of powre
With the vowe of truth to record to all worlds
That we be her ſpoiles?
Thus not ending, ends the due praiſe of her praiſe:
Fleſhly vaile conſumes; but a ſoule hath his life,
Which is held in loue; loue it is, that hath ioynd
Life to this our ſoule.
But if eyes can ſpeake to do heartie errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe doth hap to iudge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her receiued,
Hope we doe liue yet.

Great was the pleaſure of *Baſilius*, and greater would haue beene *Gynacia's*, but that ſhee found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philoclea* ſhe was ſweetly rauiſhed withall. When *Dorus* deſiring in a ſecret maner to ſpeake of their caſes, as perchance the parties intended might take ſome light of it, making low reuerence to *Zelmane*, began this prouoking ſong in hexamiter verſe vnto her. Whereunto ſhee ſoone finding whither his words were directed (in like tune and verſe) anſwered as followeth:

DORVS. *ZELMANE.*

Dorus. *Lady reſerued by the heau'ns to doe paſtors companie honor,*
Ioyning your ſweet voice to the rurall muſe of a deſerte,
Here you fully doe finde this ſtrange operation of loue,
How to the woods loue runnes as well as rydes to the Pallace,
Neither he beares reuerence to a Prince nor pittie to begger,
But (like a point in midſt of a circle) is ſtill of a neereneſſe,
All to a leſſon he draw's, neither hills nor caues can auoide him.

Zelmane. *Worthy ſhepheard by my ſong to my ſelfe all fauor is hapned,*
That to the ſacred Muſe my annoyes ſomewhat be reuealed,

Sacred

Sacred Muſe, who in one containes what nine doe in all them.
But O happie be you, which ſafe from firie reflection
Of Phœbus *violence in ſhade of ſweet* Cypariſſus,
Or pleaſant myrtell, may teach th' vnfortunate Eccho
In theſe woods to reſound the renowned name of a goddeſſe.
Happie be you' that may to the ſaint, your onely Idea,
(Although ſimply attyrde) your manly affection vtter.
Happie be thoſe miſhaps which iuſtly proportion holding,
Giue right ſound to the eares, and enter aright to the iudgement;
But wretched be the ſoules, which vaild in a contrarie ſubiect:
How much more we doe loue, ſo the leſſe our loues be beleened.
What skill ſaluteth a ſore of a wrong infirmitie iudged?
What can iuſtice auaile, to a man that tells not his owne caſe?
You though feares do abaſh, in you ſtill poſsible hopes be:
Nature againſt we doe ſeeme to rebell, ſeeme fooles in a vaine ſute.
But ſo vnheard, condemn'd, kept thence we doe ſeeke to abide in,
Selfe-loſt in wandring, baniſhed that place we doe come from,
What meane is there alas, we can hope our loſſe to recouer?
What place is there left, we may hope our woes to recomfort?
Vnto the heau'ns? our wings be too ſhort: earth thinkes vs a burden,
Aire we doe ſtill with ſighes encreaſe: to the fire? we doe want none.
And yet his outward heat our teares would quench, but an inward
Fire no liquor can coole: Neptunes *realme would not auaile vs.*
Happie ſhepheard, with thankes to the gods, ſhill thinke to be thankfull,
That to thy aduancement their wiſedomes haue thee abaſed.

Dorus. *Vnto the gods with a thankfull heart all thankes I doe render,*
That to my aduancement their wiſedomes haue me abaſed.
But yet, alas! O but yet alas! our haps be but hard haps,
Which muſt frame contempt to the fitteſt purchaſe of honor.
Well may a Paſtor plaine, but alas his plaints be not eſteem'de:
Silly ſhepheards poore pipe, when his harſh ſound teſtifies anguiſh,
Into the faire looker on, paſtime, not paſsion, enters.
And to the woods or brookes, who doe make ſuch dreery recitall?
What be the panges they beare, and whence thoſe pangs be deriued,
Pleaſd to receiue that name by rebounding anſwer of Eccho,
May hope thereby to eaſe their inward horrible anguiſh,
When trees dance to the pype, and ſwift ſtreames ſtay by the muſicke,
Or when an Eccho *begins vnmou'd to ſing them a loue ſong;*
Say then, what vantage doe we get by the trade of a Paſtor?
(Since no eſtates be ſo baſe, but loue vouchſafeth his arrow,
Since no refuge doth ſerue from wounds we doe carrie about vs,
Since outward pleaſures be but halting helps to decayed ſoules)
Saue that daily we may diſcerne what fire we doe burne in.
Farre more happie be you, whoſe greatneſſe gets a free acceſſe;
Whoſe faire bodily gifts are fram'd moſt louely to each eye.
Vertue you haue, of vertue you haue left proofe to the whole world.
And vertue is gratefull, with beautie and richneſſe adorned:
Neyther doubt you a whit, time will your paſsion vtter.

Hardly

Hardly remaines fire hid where skill is bent to the hiding,
But in a mind that would his flames should not be represſed,
Nature worketh enough with a ſmall helpe for the reuealing:
Giue therefore to the Muſe great praiſe, in whoſe verie likeneſſe
You doe approch to the fruit your onely deſires be to gather.

Zelmane. *Firſt ſhall fertill grounds not yeld increaſe of a good ſeed:*
Firſt the riuers ſhall ceaſe to repay their flouds to the Ocean:
Firſt may a truſtie Greyhound transforme himſelfe to a Tygre:
Firſt ſhall vertue be vice, and beautie be counted a blemiſh,
Ere that I leaue with ſong of praiſe her praiſe to ſolemnize,
Her praiſe, whence to the world all praiſe hath his onely beginning:
But yet well I do finde each man moſt wiſe in his owne caſe..
None can ſpeake of a wound with skill, if he haue not a wound felt.
Great to thee my ſtate ſeemes, thy ſtate is bleſt by my iudgement:
And yet neither of vs great or bleſt deemeth his owne ſelfe.
For yet (weigh this alas!) great is not great to the greater.
What iudge you doth a hillocke ſhew, by the loftie Olympus?
Such my minute greatnes, doth ſee me compar'd to the greateſt.
When Cedars to the ground fall downe by the weight of an emmot,
Or when a rich rubies iuſt price be the worth of a Walnut,
Or to the Sunne *for wonders ſeeme ſmall ſparkes of a candle:*
Then by my high Cedar, rich Rubie, *and onely ſhining* Sunne,
Vertue, riches, beauties of mine ſhall great be reputed.
Oh no, no, worthie ſhepheard, worth can neuer enter a title,
Where prooſes iuſtly do teach, thus matcht, ſuch worth to be nought worth,
Let not a puppet abuſe thy ſprite, Kings Crownes doe not helpe them
From the cruell head-ach, nor ſhooes of gold doe the gowt heale:
And precious couches full oft are ſhak't with a feauer.
If then a bodily euill in a bodily gloze be not hidden,
Shall ſuch morning deawes be an eaſe to the heat of a loues fire?

Dorus. *O glittring miſeries of man, if this be the fortune*
Of thoſe fortune lulls? ſo ſmall reſt reſts in a kingdome?
What maruaile tho a Prince transforme himſelfe to a Paſtor?
Come from marble bowres manie times the gay harbor of anguiſh,
Vnto a ſilly caban, though weake, yet ſtronger againſt woes.
Now by thy words I begin, moſt famous Ladie to gather
Comfort into my ſoule I doe find, I doe find what a bleſſing
Is chanced to my life, that from ſuch muddie abundance
Of carking agonies (to ſtates which ſtill be adherent)
Deſtinie keepes me aloofe, for if all this ſtate to thy vertue
Ioyn'd by thy beautie adorn'd be no meanes theſe griefes to aboliſh:
If neither by that help, thou canſt clime vp to thy fancie,
Nor yet fancie ſo dreſt doe receiue more plauſible hearing:
Then doe I thinke indeed, that better it is to be priuate
In ſorrows torments, then, tyed to the pompes of a pallace,
Nurſe inward maladies, which haue not ſcope to be breath'd out:
But perforce digeſt all bitter ioyes of horror

In ſilence, from a mans owne ſelfe with companie robbed.
Better yet doe I liue, that though by my thoughts I be plunged
Into my liues bondage, yet may I diſburden a paſsion
(Oppreſt with ruinous conceits) by the helpe of an outcry:
Not limited to a whiſpering note, the Lament of a Courtier.
But ſometimes to the woods, ſometimes to the heau'n do decyphire
With bold clamor vnheard, vnmarkt, what I ſeeke, what I ſuffer:
And when I meete theſe trees, in the earths faire liuerie clothed,
Eaſe I doe feele (ſuch eaſe as falls to one wholly diſeaſed)
For that I finde in them part of my ſtate repreſented.
Lawrell *ſhew's what I ſeeke, by the Myrre is ſhow'd how I ſeeke it,*
Oliue paints me the peace that I muſt aſpire to by the conqueſt:
Mirtel *makes my requeſt, my requeſt is crown'd with a willow?*
Cyprus *promiſeth helpe, but a helpe where comes no recomfort:*
Sweet Iuniper, ſaith this, though I burne, yet I burne in a ſweet fire.
Ewe *doth make me thinke what kinde of bow the boy holdeth*
Which ſhootes ſtrongly without anie noiſe, and deadly without ſmart.
Firre trees great and greene, fixt on a hie hill but a barrein,
Like to my noble thoughts, ſtill new, well plac'd, to me fruitleſſe.
Figge that yeelds moſt pleaſant fruite, his ſhadow is hurtfull:
Thus be her gifts moſt ſweet, thus more danger to be neere her,
Now in a palme when I marke, how he doth riſe vnder a burden,
And may I not (ſay they) get vp though griefe be ſo weightie?
Pine is a maſt to a ſhippe, to my ſhip ſhall hope for a maſt ſerue.
Pine is hye, hope is as hye, ſharpe leau'd, ſharpe yet be my hopes buddes.
Elme embrac't by a vine, embracing fancie reuiueth:
Popler changeth his hue from a riſing ſunne to a ſetting:
Thus to my ſunne doe I yeeld, ſuch lookes her beames do afford me
Olde aged oke cut downe, of new worke ſerues to the building:
So my deſires by my feare cut downe, be the frames of her honor.
As he makes ſpeares with ſhields doe reſiſt, her force no repulſe takes.
Palmes doe reioyce to be ioynd by the mateh of a male to a female,
And ſhall ſenſiue things be ſo ſenſeleſſe as to reſiſt ſenſe?
Thus be my thoughts diſperſt, thus thinking nurſeth a thinking,
Thus both trees and each thing elſe, be the bookes of a fancie.
But to the Cedar Queene of woods, when I lift my beteard eyes,
Then doe I ſhape to my ſelfe that forme which raign's ſo within me,
And thinke there ſhe doth dwell and heare what plaints I doe vtter:
When that noble top doth nod, I beleeue ſhe ſalutes me;
When by the winde it maketh a noiſe, I doe thinke ſhe doth anſwer.
Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus doe I ſpeake to that Image:
Onely Iewell, O only Iewell, which onely deſerueſt,
That mens hearts be thy ſeate, and endleſſe fame be thy ſeruant,
O deſcend for a while, from this great height to behold me.
But nought elſe doe behold (elſe is nought worth the beholding)
Saue what a worke by thy ſelfe is wrought: and ſince I am altred
Thus by thy worke, diſdaine not that which is by thy ſelfe done.
In meane caues oft treaſure abides, to an hoſtrie a King comes.
And ſo behind fowle clowds full oft faire ſtarres doe lie hidden.

Hardly

Zelmane. *Hardie Shepheard, ſuch as thy merits, ſuch may be her inſight*
Iuſtly to graunt thee reward, ſuch enuie I beare to thy fortune.
But to my ſelfe what wiſh can I make for a ſalue to my ſorrowes,
Whom both nature ſeemes to debarre from meanes to be helped,
And if a meane were found, fortune th' whole courſe of it thunders:
This plagu'd how can I frame to my ſore anie hope of amendment?
Whence may I ſhew to my minde anie light of poſſible eſcape?
Bound and bound by ſo noble bands, as loth to be vnbound,
Iaylor I am to my ſelfe, priſon and priſoner to mine owne ſelfe.
Yet be my hopes thus plac't, here fixt liues all my comfort,
That that deare Diamond, *where wiſedome holdeth a ſure ſeate,*
Whoſe force had ſuch force ſo to transforme, nay to reforme me,
Will at length perceiue theſe flames by her beames to be kindled,
And will pittie the wound feſtred ſo ſtrangely within me.
O be it ſo, graunt ſuch an euent, ô gods, that euent giue.
And for a ſure ſacrifice I doe daily oblation offer
Of mine owne heart, where thoughts be the temple, ſight is an aultar.
But ceaſe worthie Shepheard, now ceaſe we to wearie the hearers
With moneſull melodies, for enough our griefes be reuealed,
If the parties meant our meanings rightly be marked,
And ſorrows doe require ſome reſpit vnto the ſenſes.

What exclaiming praiſes *Baſilius* gaue to this Eclogue anie man may gheſſe, that knowes loue is better then a paire of ſpectacles to make euerie thing ſeeme greater which is ſeene through it: and then is neuer tongue tyed where fit commendation (whereof womankind is ſo likerous) is offered vnto it. But before anie other came in to ſupply the place, *Zelmane* hauing heard ſome of the ſhepheards by chaunce name *Strephon* and *Claius*, ſuppoſing thereby they had beene preſent, was deſirous both to heare them for the fame of their friendly loue, and to know them, for their kindneſſe towards her beſt loued friend. Much grieued was *Baſilius*, that anie deſire of his miſtreſſe ſhould be vnſatisfied, and therefore to repreſent them vnto her (as well as in their abſence it might be) he commaunded one *Lamon*, who had at large ſet down their countrie paſtimes & firſt loue to *Urania*, to ſing the whole diſcourſe, which he did in this manner.

A Shepheard tale no height of ſtile deſires,
To raiſe in words what in effect is low:
A plaining ſong plaine-ſinging voice requires,
For warbling notes from chearing flow.
I then, whoſe burd'ned breaſt but thus aſpires
Of Shepheards two the ſeely cauſe to ſhow,
Need not the ſtately Muſes helpe inuoke,
For creeping rimes, which often ſighings choke.
But you, O you, that thinke not teares too deare,
To ſpend for harmes, although they touch you not:
And deigne to deeme your neigbors miſchiefe neare,
Although they be of meaner parents got:
You I inuite with eaſie eares to heare
The poore-clad truth of loues wrong-ordred lot.

Who may be glad, be glad you be not ſuch:
Who ſhare in woe, weigh others haue as much.
There was (ô ſeldome bleſſed word of was!)
A paire of friends, or rather one cald two,
Train'd in the life which no ſhort-bitten graſſe
In ſhine or ſtorme muſt ſet the clowted ſhoe:
He, that the other in ſome yeares did paſſe,
And in thoſe gifts that yeares diſtribute doe,
Was Klaius cald, (ah Klaius, wofull wight!)
The later borne, yet too ſoone Strephon hight.
Epeirus high, was honeſt Klaius neſt,
To Strephon Æoles land firſt breathing lent:
But Eaſt and Weſt were ioyn'd by friendſhips heſt.
As Strephons eare and heart to Klaius bent,
So Klaius ſoule did in his Strephon reſt.
Still both their flocks flocking together went,
As if they would of owners humour be,
As eke their pipes did well, as frends agree:
Klaius for skill of hearbs and ſhepheards art,
Among the wiſeſt was accounted wiſe;
Yet not ſo wiſe, as of vnſtained hart:
Strephon was yong, yet markt with humble eyes
How elder rul'd their flockes and cur'd their ſmart,
So that the graue did not his words deſpiſe.
Both free of mind, both did cleare-dealing loue,
And both had skill in verſe their voice to moue.
Their chearfull minds, till pois'ned was their cheare,
The honeſt ſports of earthly lodging proue;
Now for a clod-like Hare in forme they peere,
Now bolt and cudgell Squirrels leape doe moue.
Now the ambitious Larke with mirror cleare
They catch, while he (foole!) to himſelfe makes loue:
And now at keels they try a harmeleſſe chaunce,
And now their curre they teach to fetch and daunce.
When merrie May firſt early calls the morne,
With merrie maids a Maying they doe goe:
Then doe they pull from ſharp and niggard throne
The plentious ſweets (can ſweets ſo ſharply grow?)
Then ſome greene gownes are by the laſſes worne
In chaſteſt playes, till home they walke arowe,
While daunce about the May-pole is begun,
When, if need were, they could at quintain run:
While thus they ran a low, but leaueld race,
While thus they liu'd (this was indeede a life)
With nature pleas'd, content with preſent caſe,
Free of proud feares, braue begg'ry, ſmiling ſtrife,
Of clime-fall Court, the enuy-hatching place:
While thoſe reſtleſſe deſires in great men riſe

To

To viſite ſo low of folkes did much diſdaine,
This while, though poore, they in themſelues did raigne.
One day (ô day, that ſhin'd to make them darke!)
While they did ward ſunne-beames with ſhadie bay,
And Claius taking for his yongling carke.
(Leſt greedie eyes to them might challenge lay)
Buſie with oker did their ſhoulders marke,
(His marke a Piller was deuoid of ſtay,
As bragging that free of all paſsions mone,
Well might he others beare, but leane to none.)
Strephon with leauy twigs of Laurell tree,
A garland made on temples for to weare,
For he then choſen was the dignitie
Of village Lord that Whitſontide to beare:
And full, poore foole, of boyiſh brauerie,
With triumphs ſhewes would ſhew he nought did feare.
But fore-accounting oft makes builders miſſe,
They found, they felt, they had no leaſe of bliſſe.
For ere that either had his purpoſe done,
Behold (beholding well it doth deſerue)
They ſaw a maid who thitherward did runne,
To catch her ſparrow which from her did ſwerue,
As ſhe a black-ſilke capon him begunne
To ſett for foile of his milke-white to ſerue.
Shee chirping ran, he peeping flew away,
Till hard by them both he and ſhe did ſtay.
Well for to ſee they kept themſelues vnſeene,
And ſaw this faireſt maid of fairer minde:
By fortune meane, in Nature borne a Queene,
How well apaid ſhe was her bird to finde:
How tenderly her tender hands betweene
In yuorie cage ſhe did the micher binde:
How Roſie moiſt'ned lips about his beake
Mouing, ſhe ſeem'd at once to kiſſe, and ſpeake.
Chaſtned but thus, and thus his leſſon tought,
The happie wretch ſhe put into her breſt,
Which to their eyes the bowels of Venus brought,
For they ſeem'd made euen of skie mettall beſt,
And that the byas of her bloud was wrought.
Betwixt them two the peeper tooke his neſt,
Where ſnuging well he well appear'd content,
So to haue done amiſſe, ſo to be ſhent.
This done, but done with captiue-killing grace,
Each motion ſeeming ſhot from beauties bow,
With length laid downe ſhe deckt the louely place.
Proud grew the graſſe that vnder her did growe,
The trees ſpread out their armes to ſhade her face,
But ſhe on elbow lean'd, with ſighs did ſhow

No graſſe, no trees, nor yet her ſparrow might
To long perplexed mind breed long delight.
She troubled was (alas that it mought be!)
With tedious brawlings of her parents deare,
Who would haue her in will and word agree
Towed Antaxius their neighbour neare.
A heardman rich of much account was he,
In whom no euill did raigne, nor good appeare.
In ſome ſuch one ſhe lik'd not his deſire,
Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents ire.
Kindly, ſweet ſoule, ſhe did vnkindneſſe take
That bagged baggage of a miſers mudd,
Should price of her, as in a market, make.
But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood,
To yeeld ſhe found her noble heart did ake:
To ſtriue ſhe fear'd how it with vertue ſtood.
Thus doubting clouds ore-caſting heau'nly braine,
At length in rowes of Kiſſe-cheeks teares they raine.
Cupid the wagg, that lately conquer'd had
Wiſe Counſellours, ſtout Captaines, puiſſant Kings,
And ti'd them faſt to lead his triumph bad,
Glutted with them now playes with meaneſt things.
So oft in feaſts with coſtly changes clad
To crammed mawes a ſprat new ſtomacke brings.
So Lords with ſport of Stagg and Hearon full
Sometimes we ſee ſmall birds from neſts do pull.
So now for pray theſe Shepheards two he tooke,
Whoſe metall ſtiffe he knew he could not bend
With hear-ſay pictures, or a window looke;
With one good dance, or letter finely pend,
That were in court a well proportion'd hooke,
Where piercing witts doe quickly apprehend,
Their ſences rude plaine obiects only moue,
And ſo muſt ſee great cauſe before they loue.
Therefore Loue arm'd in her now takes the field,
Making her beames his brauerie and might:
Her hands which pierc'd the ſoules ſean'n-double ſhield,
Were now his darts leauing his wonted fight.
Braue creſt to him her ſcorne-gold haire did yeeld,
His compleat harneis was her pureſt white.
But fearing leſt all white might ſeeme too good,
In cheekes and lipps the Tyrant threatens bloud.
Beſides this force, within her eyes he kept
A fire, to burne the priſoners he gaines,
Whoſe boiling heart encreaſed as ſhe wept:
For eu'n in forge cold water fire maintaines.
Thus proud and fierce vnto the hearts he ſtept
Of them poore ſoules: and cutting Reaſons paines,

Made them his owne before they had it wiſt.
But if they had, could ſheephookes this reſiſt?
Klaius ſtraight felt, and groned at the blowe,
And call'd, now wounded, purpoſe to his aide:
Strephon fond boy, delighted did not knowe,
That it was Loue that ſhin'd in ſhining maid:
But lickrous, Poiſon'd, faine to her would goe,
If him new-learned manners had not ſtai'd.
For then Vrania homeward did ariſe,
Leauing in paine their well fed hungry eyes.
She went, they ſtaid; or rightly for to ſay,
She ſtaid in them, they went in thought with her:
Klaius indeed would faine haue puld away
This mote from out his eye, this inward burre,
And now, proud Rebell gan for to gainſay
The leſſon which but late he learn'd too furre:
Meaning with abſence to refreſh the thought
To which her preſence ſuch a feauer brought.
Strephon did leape with ioy and iollitie,
Thinking it iuſt more therein to delight,
Then in good Dog, faire field, or ſhading tree.
So haue I ſeene trim bookes in Veluet dight
With golden leaues, and painted baberie
Of ſeely boyes pleaſe vnacquainted ſight:
But when the rod began to play his part,
Faine would, but could not flie from golden ſmart.
He quickly learn'd Vrania was her name,
And ſtraight for failing, grau'd it in his heart:
He knew her haunt, and haunted in the ſame,
And taught his ſheepe her ſheepe in food to thwart,
Which ſoone as it did bate full queſtion frame,
He might on knees confeſſe his faultie part,
And yeeld himſelfe vnto her puniſhment,
While nought but game, the ſelfe-hurt wanton ment.
Nay euen vnto her home he oft would go,
Where bold and hurtleſſe many play he tries,
Her parents liking well it ſhould be ſo,
For ſimple goodneſſe ſhined in his eyes.
There did he make her laugh in ſpite of woe,
So as good thoughts of him in all ariſe,
While into none doubt of his loue did ſinke,
For not himſelfe to be in loue did thinke.
But glad Deſire, his late emboſom'd gueſt,
Yet but a babe, with milke of Sight he nurſt:
Deſire the more he ſuckt, more ſought the breſt,
Like dropſie folke ſtill drinke to be a thirſt.
Till one faire eau'n an houre ere Sunne did reſt,
Who then in Lyons caue did enter firſt,

By neighbours prai'd ſhe went abroad thereby,
At Barley-brake her ſweet ſwift foot to try.
Neuer the earth on his round ſhoulders bare
A maid train'd vp from high or low degree,
That in her doings better could compare
Mirth with reſpect, few words with curteſie,
A careleſſe comlineſſe with comely care.
Selfe-gard with mildneſſe, Sport with Maieſtie:
Which made her yeeld to deck this ſhepheards band,
And ſtill, beleeue me, Strephon *was at hand.*
A field they goe, where manie lookers be,
And thou ſeek-ſorow Klaius *them among:*
Indeed thou ſaid'ſt it was thy friend to ſee
Strephon, *whoſe abſence ſe em'd vnto thee long,*
While moſt with her he leſſe did keepe with thee.
No, no, it was in ſpite of wiſedomes ſong
Which abſence wiſht: loue plai'd a victors part:
The heau'n-loue load-ſtone drew thy yron hart.
Then couples three be ſtreight allotted there,
They of both ends the middle two doe flie,
The two that in mid place, Hell called were,
Muſt ſtriue with waiting foot, and watching eye
To catch of them, and them to hell to beare,
That they, aſwell as they, Hell may ſupplye:
Like ſome which ſeeke to ſalue their blotted name
With others blot, till all doe taſte of ſhame.
There may you ſee, ſoone as the middle two
Doe coupled towards either couple make,
They falſe and fearfull doe their hands vndoe,
Brother his brother, friend doth friend forſake,
Heeding himſelfe, cares not how fellow doe,
But of a ſtranger mutuall helpe doth take:
As periur'd cowards in aduerſitie
With ſight of feare from friends to fremb'd doe flie.
Theſe ſports ſhepheards deuizd ſuch faults to ſhow.
Geron, *though old yet gameſome, kept one end*
With Coſma, *for whoſe loue* Pas *paſt in woe.*
Faire Nous *with* Pas *the lot to hell did ſend:*
Pas *thought it hell, while he was* Coſma *fro.*
At other end Vran *did* Strephon *lend*
Her happie-making hand, of whom one looke
From Nous *and* Coſma *all their beautie tooke.*
The play began: Pas *durſt not* Coſma *chace,*
But did intend next bout with her to meete,
So he with Nous *to* Geron *turn'd their race,*
With whom to ioyne faſt ran Vrania *ſweet:*
But light-legg'd Pas *had got the middle ſpace.*
Geron *ſtraue hard, but aged were his feet,*

And therefore finding force now faint to be,
He thought gray haires affoorded subtiltie.
And so when Pas hand reached him to take,
The Fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;
Pas could not stay, but ouer him did rake,
And crown'd the earth with his first touching crowne:
His heeles grow'n proud did seeme at heau'n to shake,
But Nous that slipt from Pas, did catch the clowne.
So laughing all, yet Pas to ease some dell
Geron with Vran were condemn'd to hell.
Cosma this while to Strephon safely came,
And all to second barley-breake are bent:
The two in hell did toward Cosma frame,
Who should to Pas, but they would her preuent.
Pas mad with fall, and madder with the shame,
Most mad with beames which he thought Cosma sent,
With such mad hast he did to Cosma goe,
That to her breast he gaue a noysome blow.
She quick, and proud, and who did Pas despise,
Vp with her fist, and tooke him on the face,
Another time, quoth she, become more wise.
Thus Pas did kisse her hand with little grace,
And each way luckles se, yet in humble guise
Did hold her fast for feare of more disgrace,
While Strephon might with prettie Nous haue met,
But all this while another course he set.
For as Vrania after Cosma ran.
He rauished with sight how gracefully
She mou'd her lims, and drew the aged man,
Lest Nous to coast the loued beautie nie:
Nous cri'd, and chaf'd, but he no other can.
Till Vran seeing Pas to Cosma flye,
And Strephon single, turned after him.
Strephon so chas'd did seeme in milke to swimme.
He ran, but ran with eye ore shoulder cast,
More marking her, then how himselfe did goe,
Like Numid Lyons by the hunters chas'd,
Though they doe flie, yet backwardly doe glowe
With proud aspect, disdaining greater hast.
What rage in them, that loue in him did show.
But God giues them instinct the man so shun,
And he by law of Barly-brake must run.
But as his heat with running did augment,
Much more his sight encreast his hote desire:
So is in her the best of nature spent,
The aire her sweet race mou'd doth blow the fire.
Her feet be Purseuants from Cupid sent,
With whose fine steps all loues and ioyes conspire.

The

The hidden beauties seem'd in waist to lye,
To drowne proud hearts that would not willing die.
Thus, fast he fled from her he follow'd sore,
Still shunning Nous to lengthen pleasing race,
Till that he spied old Geron could no more,
Then did he slacke his loue-enstructed pace.
So that Vran, whose arme old Geron bore,
Laid hold on him with most lay-holding grace.
So caught, him seem'd he caught of ioyes the bell,
And thought it heau'n so to be drawne to hell.
To hell he goes, and Nous with him must dwell.
Nous sware it was no right; for his default
Who would be caught, that she should goe to hell:
But so she must. And now the third assault
Of Barley-brake among the sixe befell,
Pas Cosma matcht, yet angry with his fault,
The other end Geron with Vran gard.
I thinke you thinke Strephon bent thitherward.
Nous counseld Strephon Geron to pursue,
For he was old, and easie would be cought:
But he drew her as loue his fancie drew,
And so to take the gemme Vrania sought.
While Geron old came safe to Cosma true,
Though him to meet at all she sturred nought.
For Pas, whether it were for feare or loue,
Mou'd not himselfe, nor suffered her to moue.
So they three did together idly stay,
While deare Vran, whose course was Pas to meet,
(He staying thus) was faine abroad to stray
With larger round, to shun the following feet.
Strephon, whose eyes on her back-parts did play,
With loue drawne on, so fast with pace vnmeet
Drew daintie Nous, that she not able so
To runne, brake from his hands, and let him goe.
He single thus, hop'd soone with her to be,
Who nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,
Though with soft legges, did runne as fast as he.
He thrice reacht, thrice deceiu'd, when her to beare
He hopes, with daintie turnes she doth him flee.
Soon the Down's we see, neere Wilton faire,
A hast'ned Hare fram greedie Greyhound goe,
And past all hope his chaps to frustrate so.
But this strange race more strange conceits did yeeld;
Who victor seem'd, was to his ruine brought:
Who seem'd orethrowne was mistresse of the field:
She fled, and tooke; he followed, and was cought.
So haue I heard to pierce pursuing shield,
By parents train'd the Tartars wilde are tought,

With shafts shot out from their back-turned bow.
But ah! her darts did farre more deeply goe.
As Venus *bird the white, swift, louely Doue,*
(O happie Doues that are compar'd to her!)
Doth on her wings her vtmost swiftnesse proue,
Finding the gripe of Falcon fierce not furre:
So did Vran*: the narre, the swifter moue,*
(Yet beautie still as fast as she did sturre)
Till with long race deare she was breathlesse brought,
And then the Phœnix *feared to be cought.*
Among the rest that there did take delight
To see the sports of double-shining day,
And did the tribute of their wondring sight
To Natures heire, the faire Vrania *pay,*
I told you Klaius *was the hapless wight,*
Who earnest found what they accounted play.
He did not there doe homage of his eyes,
But on his eyes his heart did sacrifice.
With gazing lookes, short sighes, vnsetled feet
He stood, but turn'd, as Girosol, *to Sunne:*
His fancies still did her in halfe way meet,
His soule did flie as she was seene to runne.
In summe, proud Boreas *neuer ruled Fleet*
(Who Neptunes *web on daungers distaffe spunne)*
With greater power, then she did make them wend
Each way, as she that ages praise, did bend.
Till spying well she welnigh wearie was,
And surely taught by his loue-open eye,
His eye, that euen did marke her troden grasse,
That she would faine the catch of Strephon *flie,*
Giuing his reason pasport for to passe
Whither it would, so it would let him die,
He that before shund her, to shun such harmes,
Now runnes, and takes her in his clipping armes.
For with pretence from Strephon *her to guard,*
He met her full, but full of warefulnesse,
With inbow'd bosome well for her prepar'd,
When Strephon *cursing his owne backwardnesse,*
Came to her backe, and so with double ward
Imprison her, who both them did possesse
As heart-bound slaues: and happie then embrace
Vertues proofe, fortunes victor, beauties place.
Her race did not her beauties beames augment,
For they were euer in the best degree,
But yet a setting forth it some way lent,
As Rubies lustre when they rubbed be.
The daintie deaw on face and bodie went

As

As on ſweet flowers, when mornings drops we ſee.
Her breath then ſhort, ſeem'd loth from home to paſſe,
Which more it mou'd, the more it ſweeter was.
Happy, ô happy! if they ſo might bide,
To ſee their eyes, with how true humbleneſſe,
They looked downe to triumph ouer pride:
With how ſweet ſawes ſhe blam'd their ſawcineſſe,
To feele the panting heart, which through her ſide,
Did beat their hands, which durſt ſo neere to preſſe,
To ſee, to feele, to heare, to taſte, to know
More then, beſides her, all the earth could ſhow.
But neuer did Medeas golden weed
On Creons child his poyſon ſooner throw,
Then thoſe delights through all their ſinewes breed,
A creeping ſerpent-like of mortall woe.
Till ſhe brake from their armes (although indeed
Going from them, from them ſhe could not goe).
And fare-welling the flocke, did homeward wend,
And ſo that euen the barley-brake did end.
It ended, but the other woe began,
Began at leaſt to be conceiu'd as woe.
For then wiſe Klaius found no abſence can
Helpe him, who can no more her ſight foregoe.
He found mans vertue is but part of man,
And part muſt follow where whole man doth goe.
He found that Reaſons ſelfe now reaſons found
To faſten knots, which fancie firſt had bound.
So doth he yeeld, ſo takes he on his yoke,
Not knowing who did draw with him therein;
Strephon, poore youth, becauſe he ſaw no ſmoke,
Did not conceiue what fire he had within:
But after this to greater rage it broke,
Till of his life it did full conqueſt win,
Firſt killing mirth, then baniſhing all reſt,
Filling his eyes with teares, with ſighes his breaſt.
Then ſports grew paines, all talking tedious:
On thoughts he feeds, his lookes their figure chaunge,
The day ſeemes long, but night is odious,
No ſleeps, but dreames, no dreames, but viſions ſtraunge,
Till finding ſtill his euill encreaſing thus,
One day he with his flocke abroad did raunge:
And comming where he hop'd to be alone,
Thus on a hillocke ſet, he made his mone.
Alas! what weights are theſe that load my heart!
I am as dull as Winter-ſterued ſheep,
Tyr'd as a iade in ouerloden cart,
Yet thoughts doe flie, though I can ſcarcely creepe.

All

All viſions ſeeme, at euerie buſh I ſtart:
Drowſie am I, and yet can rarely ſleepe.
Sure I bewitched am, it is euen that,
Late neare a croſſe I met an vgly Cat.
For, but by charmes, how fall theſe things on me,
That from thoſe eyes where heau'nly apples bene,
Thoſe eyes, which nothing like themſelues can ſee,
Of faire Vrania, fairer then a greene,
Proudly bedect in Aprils liuery,
A ſhot vnheard gaue me a wound vnſeene?
He was inuiſible that hurt me ſo,
And none inuiſible, but ſpirits, can goe.
When I ſee her, my ſinewes ſhake for feare,
And yet, deare ſoule, I know ſhe hurteth none:
Amid my flocke with woe my voice I teare,
And, but bewitch'd, who to his flocke would mone?
Her cherrie lips, milke hands, and golden haire
I ſtill doe ſee, though I be ſtill alone.
Now make me thinke that there is not a fiend,
Who hid in Angels ſhape my life would end.
The ſports wherein I wonted to doe well,
Come ſhe, and ſweet the ayre with open breaſt,
Then ſo I faile, when moſt I would doe well,
That at me ſo amaz'd my fellowes ieſt:
Sometimes to her newes of my ſelfe to tell
I goe about, but then is all my beſt
Wry words, and ſtam'ring, or elſe doltiſh dombe,
Say then, can this but of enchantment come?
Nay each thing is bewitcht to know my caſe:
The Nightingales for woe their ſongs refraine:
In riuer as I look'd, my pining face,
As pin'd a face as mine I ſaw againe.
The curteous mountaines grieu'd at my diſgrace
Their ſnowie haire teare off in melting paine.
And now the dropping trees doe weepe for me,
And now faire euenings bluſh my ſhame to ſee.
But you my pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,
Till ſtraunge delight, delight to nothing ware,
And you my flocke, care of my carefull ſight,
While I was I, and ſo had cauſe to care:
And thou my dogge, whoſe truth and valiant might
Made wolues (not inward wolues) my Ewes to ſpare:
Goe you not from your maiſter in his woe,
Let it ſuffice that he himſelfe forgoe.
For though like waxe this magicke makes me waſte,
Or like a Lambe, whoſe damme away is fet,
(Stolne from her young by theeues vnchooſing-haſte)

He

He treble beas for helpe, but none can get:
Though thus, and worſe, though now I am at laſt,
Of all the games that here ere now I met,
Doe you remember ſtill you once were mine,
Till mine eyes had their curſe from bleſſed eyne.
Be you with me while I vnheard doe crie,
While I doe ſcore my loſſes on the wind,
While I in heart my will write ere I die.
In which by will, my will and wits I bind,
Still to be hers, about her aye to flie.
As this ſame ſprite about my fancies blind
Doth daily haunt; but ſo, that mine become
As much more louing, as leſſe cumberſome.
Alas! a cloud hath ouercaſt mine eyes:
And yet I ſee her ſhine amid the cloud.
Alas! of ghoſts I heare the ghaſtly cries:
Yet there, me ſeemes, I heare her ſinging loud.
This ſong ſhe ſings in moſt commanding wiſe:
Come ſhipheards boy, let now thy heart be bow'd,
To make it ſelfe to my leaſt looke a ſlaue:
Leaue ſleepe, leaue all, I will no piecing haue.
I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:
Wilt thou haue more? more haue, if more I be.
Away ragg'd rammes, care I what murraine kill?
Out ſhreaking Pipe, made of ſome witched tree:
Goe bawling curre, thy hungrie maw goe fill
On you foule flocke belonging not to mee.
With that his dog he henc'd, his flocke he curſt,
With that (yet kiſſed firſt) his pipe he burſt.
This ſaid, this done, he roſe, euen tyr'd with reſt,
With heart as carefull, as with careleſſe grace,
With ſhrinking legges, but with a ſwelling breaſt,
With eyes which threatned they would drowne his face.
Fearing the worſt, not knowing what were beſt,
And giuing to his ſight a wandring race,
He ſaw behind a buſh where Klaius ſate:
His well knowne friend, but yet his vnknowne mate,
Klaius the wretch, who lately yeelden was
To beare the bonds which time nor wit could breake,
(With bluſhing ſoule at ſight of iudgements glaſſe,
While guiltie thoughts accus'd his reaſon weake)
This morne alone to lonely Walke did paſſe,
Within himſelfe of her deare ſelfe to ſpeake,
Till Strephons plaining voice him nearer drew,
Where by his words his ſelfe-like caſe he knew.
For fearing him ſo oft with words of woe
Vrania name, vvhoſe force he knew ſo vvell,
He quickly knew vvhat Witchcraft gaue the blow,

Which

Which made his Strephon *thinke himſelfe in hell.*
Which when he did in perfect image ſhow
To his owne wit, thought vpon thought did ſwell,
Breeding huge ſtormes within his inward part,
Which thus breath'd out with earthquake of his heart.

As *Lamon* would haue proceeded, *Baſilius* knowing, by the waſting of the torches, that the night alſo was farre waſted, and withall remembring *Zelmanes* hurt, asked her, whether ſhe thought it not better to reſerue the complaint of *Klaius* till another day. Which ſhe, perceiuing the ſong had alreadie worne out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being euen now ſtepping ouer to a new matter, though much delighted with what was ſpoken, willingly agreed vnto. And ſo of all ſides they went to recommend themſelues to the elder brother of death.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

IN theſe paſtorall times a great number of dayes were ſent to follow their flying predeceſſors, while the cup of poyſon (which was deepely taſted of the noble companie) had left no ſinew of theirs without mortally ſearching into it; yet neuer manifeſting his venemous worke, till once, that the night (parting away angrie, that ſhee could diſtill no more ſleepe into the eyes of Louers) had no ſooner giuen place to the breaking out of the morning light, & the Sunne beſtowed his beames vpon the toppes of the mountaines, but that the wofull *Gynecia* (to whom reſt was no eaſe) had left her loathed lodging, and gotten her ſelfe into the ſolitarie places thoſe deſerts were full of, going vp & down with ſuch vnquiet motions, as a grieued and hopeleſſe mind is wont to bring forth. There appeared vnto the eies of her iudgement, the euils ſhe was like to run into, with vgly infamie waiting vpon them: ſhee felt the terrors of her owne conſcience: ſhee was guiltie of a long exerciſed vertue, which made this vice the fuller of deformitie. The vttermoſt of the good ſhe could aſpire vnto, was a mortall wound to her vexed ſpirits: and laſtly, no ſmall part of her euils was, that ſhe was wiſe to ſee her euils. Inſomuch, that hauing a great while throwne her countenance ghaſtly about her (as if ſhe had called all the powers of the world to be witneſſe of her wretched eſtate) at length caſting vp her waterie eyes to heauen; O Sunne (ſaid ſhe) whoſe vnſpotted light directs the ſteps of mortall mankinde, art thou not aſhamed to impart the cleareneſſe of thy preſence to ſuch a duſt-creeping worme as I am? O you heauens (which continually keepe the courſe allotted vnto you) can none of your influences preuaile ſo much vpon the miſerable *Gynecia*, as to make her preſerue a courſe ſo long imbraced by her? ô deſerts, deſerts, how fit a gueſt am I for you, ſince my heart can people you with wild rauenous beaſts, which in you are wanting? ô Vertue, where doeſt thou hide thy ſelfe? What hideous thing is this which doth eclipſe thee? Or is it true that thou wert neuer but a vaine name, and no eſſentiall thing, which haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſeruant, when ſhe had moſt neede of thy louely preſence? ô imperfect proportion of reaſon, which can too much foreſee, and too little preuent? Alas, alas (ſaid ſhe) if there were but one hope for all my paines, or but one excuſe for all my faultineſſe. But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all ſuccour, and my euill deſeruing doth exceed my euill fortune. For nothing elſe did my husband take this ſtrange reſolution to liue ſo ſolitarily: for nothing elſe haue the windes deliuered this ſtraunge gueſt to my countrey: for nothing elſe haue the deſtinies

reſerued

reſerued my life to this time, but that onely I (moſt wretched I) ſhould become a plague to my ſelfe, and a ſhame to womankind. Yet if my deſire (how vniuſt ſoeuer it be) might take effect, though a thouſand deaths followed it, and euerie death were followed with a thouſand ſhames, yet ſhould not my ſepulchre receiue mee without ſome contentment. But alas, though ſure I am, that *Zelmane* is ſuch as can anſwer my loue; yet as ſure I am, that this diſguiſing muſt needs come for ſome foretaken conceit: and then, wretched *Gynecia*, where canſt thou find anie ſmall ground plot for hope to dwel vpon? No, no, it is *Philoclea* his hart is ſet vpon, it is my daughter I haue borne to ſupplant me: but if it be ſo, the life I haue giuen thee (vngratefull *Philoclea*) I will ſooner with theſe hands bereaue thee of, then my birth ſhall glorie ſhe hath bereaued me of my deſires: in ſhame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of ſhame.

Hauing ſpoken thus, ſhe began to make a piteous warre with her faire haire; when ſhe might heare (not farre from her) an extreamely dolefull voice, but ſo ſuppreſſed with a kind of whiſpring note, that ſhe could not conceiue the words diſtinctly. But (as a lamentable tune is the ſweeteſt muſicke to a wofull mind) ſhe drew thither neare-away, in hope to finde ſome companion of her miſerie) and as ſhee paced on, ſhe was ſtopped with a number of trees, ſo thickly placed together, that ſhee was afraid ſhe ſhould (with ruſhing through) ſtoppe the ſpeech of the lamentable partie, which ſhe was ſo deſirous to vnderſtand: and therefore ſetting her downe as ſoftly as ſhe could (for ſhe was now in diſtance to heare) ſhe might firſt perceiue a Lute excellently well plaid vpon, and then the ſame dolefull voice accompanying it with theſe verſes:

IN vaine, mine eyes, you labour to amend
With flowing teares your fault of haſtie ſight:
Since to my heart her ſhape you did ſo ſend,
That her I ſee, though you did loſe your light.

In vaine, my heart, now you with ſight are burn'd,
With ſighes you ſeeke to coole your hot deſire:
Since ſighes (into mine inward furnace turn'd.)
For bellowes ſerue to kindle more the fire.

Reaſon, in vaine (now you haue loſt my heart)
My head you ſeeke, as to your ſtrongeſt fort:
Since there mine eyes haue plaid ſo falſe a part,
That to your ſtrength your foes haue ſure reſort.
Then ſince in vaine I find were all my ſtrife,
To this ſtraunge death I vainly yeeld my life.

The ending of the ſong ſerued but for a beginning of new plaints, as if the mind (oppreſſed with too heauie a burthen of cares) was faine to diſcharge it ſelfe of all ſides, and as it were, paint out the hideouſneſſe of the paine in all ſorts of colours. For the woful perſon (as if the Lute had euil ioyned with the voice) threw it to the ground with ſuch like words, Alas, poore Lute, how much art thou deceiued to thinke that in my miſeries thou couldſt eaſe my woes, as in my careleſſe times thou was wont to pleaſe my fancies? The time is changed, my Lute, the time is changed; and no more did my ioyfull mind then receiue euerie thing to a ioyfull conſideration, then my carefull mind now makes each thing taſte like the bitter iuice of care. The euill is inward,

ward, my Lute, the euill is inward; which all thou doeſt, doth ſerue but to make me thinke more freely of. And alas, what is then thy harmonie, but the ſweet meats of ſorow? the diſcord of my thoughts, my Lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy ſtrings, therefore be not aſhamed to leaue thy maſter, ſince he is not afraid to forſake himſelfe.

And thus much ſpoke (in ſtead of a concluſion) was cloſed vp with ſo heartie a groning, that *Gynecia* could not refraine to ſhew her ſelfe, thinking ſuch griefs could ſerue fitly for nothing but her owne fortune. But as ſhe came into the little Arbor of this ſorowfull muſick, her eyes met with the eies of *Zelmane*, which was the partie that thus had endited her ſelfe of miſerie: ſo that either of them remained confuſed with a ſudden aſtoniſhment. *Zelmane* fearing leſt ſhe had heard ſome part of thoſe complaints, which ſhe had riſen vp that morning early of purpoſe, to breath out in ſecret to her ſelfe. But *Gynecia* a great while ſtood ſtil, with a kind of dull amaſement, looked ſtedfaſtly vpon her: at length returning to ſome vſe of her ſelfe, ſhe began to aske *Zelmane*, what cauſe carried her ſo early abroad? But as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmane* had opened ſome great floud-gate of ſorrow (whereof her heart could not abide the violent iſſue) ſhe ſanke to the ground, with her hands ouer her face, crying vehemently, *Zelmane* help me, ô *Zelmane* haue pittie on me. *Zelmane* ran to her, maruelling what ſudden ſicknes had thus poſſeſſed her: & beginning to aske her the cauſe of her paine, & offering her ſeruice to be imployed by her. *Gynecia* opening her eies wildly vpon her, pricked with the flames of loue, & the torments of her own conſcience; O *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou offer me phyſick, which art my only poiſon? or wilt thou doe me ſeruice, which haſt already brought me into eternall ſlauerie? *Zelmane* then knowing wel at what marke ſhe ſhot, yet loth to enter into it; Moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) you were beſt retire your ſelfe into your lodging, that you the better may paſſe this ſudden fit. Retire my ſelfe? (ſaid *Gynecia*) If I had retired my ſelfe into my ſelfe, when thou to me (vnfortunate gueſt) cameſt to draw me from my ſelfe, bleſſed had I bin, and no need had I had of this councell. But now alas, I am forced to flie to thee for ſuccour, whom I accuſe of all my hurt, and make thee iudge of my cauſe, who art the only author of my miſchiefe. *Zelmane* the more aſtoniſhed the more ſhe vnderſtood her; Madam (ſaid ſhe) whereof do you accuſe me, that I will not cleare my ſelfe? Or wherein may I ſteed you, that you may not command me? Alas, anſwered *Gynecia*, what ſhall I ſay more? Take pittie of me, O *Zelmane*, but not as *Zelmane*, and diſguiſe not with me in words, as I know thou doeſt in apparell. *Zelmane* was much troubled with that word, finding her ſelfe brought to this ſtraight. But as ſhe was thinking what to anſwer her, they might ſee old *Baſilius* paſſe hard by them, without euer ſeeing them; complaining likewiſe of loue verie freſhly, and ending his complaint with this ſong, Loue hauing renewed both his inuention and voice:

Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire,
O heauenly ſoule, in humane ſhape containd:
Old wood inflam'd, doth yeeld the braueſt fire,
When yonger doth in ſmoke his vertue ſpend.

Ne let white haires, which on my face doe grow,
Seeme to your eyes of a diſgracefull hue:
Since whiteneſſe doth preſent the ſweeteſt ſhow,
Which makes all eyes doe homage vnto you.

Old age is wiſe, and full of conſtant truth;
Old age well ſtayed, from ranging humour liues;
Old age hath knowne what euer was in youth:
Old age orecome, the greater honour giues.
And to old age ſince you your ſelfe aſpire,
Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire.

Which being done, he looked verie curiouſly vpon himſelfe, ſometimes fetching a little skip, as if he had ſaid his ſtrength had not yet forſaken him: But *Zelmane* hauing in this time gotten ſome leiſure to thinke for an anſwer, looking vpon *Gynecia*, as if ſhe thought ſhe did her ſome wrong: Madam (ſaid ſhe) I am not acquainted with thoſe words of diſguiſing, neither is it the profeſſion of an *Amazon*, neither are you a partie with whom it is to be vſed: if my ſeruice may pleaſe you, imploy it, ſo long as you doe me no wrong in miſiudging of me. Alas *Zelmane* (ſaid *Gynecia*) I perceiue you know full little how piercing the eyes are of a true louer: there is no one beame of thoſe thoughts you haue planted in me, but is able to deſcerne a greater cloud then you doe goe in. Seeke not to conceale your ſelfe further from me, nor force not the paſſion of loue into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the King turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceiued his wife and miſtreſſe together, ſo that framing the moſt lonely countenance he could, he came ſtraight way towards them; and at the firſt word (thanking his wife for hauing entertained *Zelmane*) deſired her ſhe would now returne into the Lodge, becauſe he had certaine matters of eſtate to impart to the Lady *Zelmane*. The Queene (being nothing troubled with iealouſie in that point) obeyed the kings commandement; full of raging agonies, and determinatly bent, that as ſhe would ſeeke all louing meanes to winne *Zelmane*, ſo ſhe would ſtirre vp terrible tragedies, rather then faile of her intent. And ſo went ſhe from them to the Lodge-ward, with ſuch a battell in her thoughts, and ſo deadly an ouerthrow giuen to her beſt reſolutions, that euen her bodie (where the field was fought) was oppreſſed withall: making a languiſhing ſickneſſe wait vpon the triumph of paſſion; which the more it preuailed in her, the more it made her iealouſie watchfull, both ouer her daughter, and *Zelmane*, hauing euer one of them entruſted to her owne eyes.

But as ſoone as *Baſilius* was rid of his wiues preſence, falling downe on his knees, O Ladie (ſaid he) which haſt onely had the power to ſtirre vp againſt thoſe flames which had ſo long laine dead in me; ſee in me the power of your beauty, which can make old age come to aske counſell of youth; and a Prince vnconquered to become a ſlaue to a ſtranger: and when you ſee that power of yours, loue that at leaſt in me, ſince it is yours, although of me you ſee nothing to be loued. Worthie Prince (anſwered *Zelmane*, taking him vp from his kneeling) both your maner, and your ſpeech are ſo ſtraunge vnto me, as I know not how to anſwer it better then with ſilence. If ſilence pleaſe you (ſaid the king) it ſhall neuer diſpleaſe me, ſince my heart is wholly pledged to obey you: otherwiſe, if you would vouchſafe mine eares ſuch happineſſe as to heare you, they ſhall conuey your words to ſuch a mind, which is with the humbleſt degree of reuerence to receiue them. I diſdaine not to ſpeake to you (mightie Prince ſaid *Zelmane*) but I diſdaine to ſpeake to anie matter which may bring my honour into queſtion: and therewith, with a braue counterfeited ſcorne ſhe departed from the king; leauing him not ſo ſorie for his ſhort anſwer, as proud in himſelfe that he had broken the matter. And thus did the king (feeding his mind with thoſe thoughts) paſſe great time in writing verſes, and making more of himſelfe,

ſelfe, then he was wont to doe, that with a little helpe hee would haue growne into a prettie kinde of dotage.

But *Zelmane* being rid of this louing,but little loued companie, Alas (ſaid ſhe) poore *Pyrocles*, was there euer one, but I, that had receiued wrong, and could blame no bodie? that hauing more then I deſire, am ſtill in want of that I would? Truly loue, I muſt needes ſay thus much on thy behalfe; thou haſt imployed my loue there, where all loue is deſerued; and for recompence haſt ſent mee more loue then euer I deſired. But what wilt thou doe *Pyrocles?* which way canſt thou finde to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? To her whom I would be knowne to, I liue in darkneſſe: and to her am reuealed, from whom I would bee moſt ſecret. What ſhift ſhall I finde againſt the diligent loue of *Baſilius?* what ſhield againſt the violent paſſions of *Gynecia?* And if that bee done, yet how am I the neerer to quench the fire that conſumes mee? Well, well, ſweete *Philoclea*, my whole confidence muſt bee builded in thy diuine ſpirit, which cannot bee ignorant of the cruell wound I haue receiued by you.

But as ſicke-folkes when they are alone, thinke companie would relieue them, and yet hauing companie doe find it noiſome, changing willingly outward obiects, when indeed the euill is inward: ſo poore *Zelmane* was no more wearie of *Baſilius*, then ſhe was of her ſelfe, when *Baſilius* was gone: and euer the more, the more ſhe turned her eyes to become her owne iudges. Tired wherewith, ſhee longed to meete her friend *Dorus*; that vpon the ſhoulders of friendſhip, ſhee might lay the burthen of ſorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge, where among certaine Beeches ſhee found *Dorus*, apparelled in flannen, with a Goats-skin caſt vpon him and a garland of Laurell mixt with Cypres-leaues on his head, waiting on his maiſter *Dametas*, who at that time was teaching him how with his ſheephooke to catch a wanton Lambe, and how with the ſame to caſt a little clod at any one that ſtrayed out of companie. And while *Dorus* was practiſing, one might ſee *Dametas* holding his hand vnder his girdle behind him, nodding from the waſte vpwards, and ſwearing hee neuer knew man goe more aukewardly to worke: and that they might talke of booke-learning what they would, but for his part, hee neuer ſaw more vnfeatie fellowes then great clearkes were.

But *Zelmanes* comming ſaued *Dorus* from further chiding. And ſo ſhee beginning to ſpeake with him of the number of his maiſters ſheepe, and which prouince of *Arcadia* bare the fineſt wooll, drew him on to follow her in ſuch countrie diſcourſes, till (being out of *Dametas* hearing) with ſuch vehemencie of paſſion, as though her heart would clime into her mouth, to take her tongues office, ſhe declared vnto him, vpon what briers the roſes of her affections grew: how time ſtill ſeemed to forget her, beſtowing no one houre of comfort vpon her; ſhee remaining ſtill in one plight of ill fortune, ſauing ſo much worſe, as continuance of euill doth in it ſelfe increaſe euill. Alas my *Dorus* (ſaid ſhe) thou ſeeſt how long & languiſhingly the weeks are paſt ouer ſince our laſt talking. And yet I am the ſame, miſerable I, that I was only ſtronger in longing, & weaker in hoping. Then fell ſhe to ſo pitifull a declaration of the inſupportableneſſe of her deſires, that *Dorus* eares (not able to ſhew what wounds that diſcourſe gaue vnto them) procured his eyes with teares to giue teſtimony how much they ſuffered for her ſuffering: till paſſion (a moſt cumberſome gueſt to it ſelfe) made *Zelmane* (the ſooner to ſhake it off) earneſtly intreat *Dorus* that he alſo (with like freedom of diſcourſe) would beſtow a Mappe of his little world vpon her, that ſhee might ſee, whether it were troubled with ſuch vnhabitable climes of cold diſpaires, and hot rages as hers was. And ſo walking vnder a few palme trees,

(which being louing in her owne nature, ſeemed to giue their ſhadow the willinglier, becauſe they held diſcourſe of loue.) *Dorus* thus entred to the deſcription of his fortune. Alas, ſaid hee, deare couſin, that it hath pleaſed the high powers to throwe vs to ſuch an eſtate, as the onely entercourſe of our true friendſhip, muſt bee a bartring of miſeries: for my part, I muſt confeſſe indeede, that from a huge darkneſſe of ſorrowes, I am crept (I cannot ſay to a lightſomneſſe, but) to a certaine dawning, or rather peeping out of ſome poſſibilitie of comfort: but woe is me, ſo farre from the marke of my deſires, that I rather think it ſuch a light, as comes through a ſmall hole to a dungion, that the miſerable caitife may the better remember the light, of which hee is depriued; or like a ſcholler, who is only come to that degree of knowledge to find himſelfe vtterly ignorant: but thus ſtands it with me. After that by your meanes I was exalted to ſerue in yonder bleſſed lodge, for a while I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreſhing; that (becauſe of the ſeruice I had done in killing of the Beare) it pleaſed the Princeſſe (in whom indeed ſtatelineſſe ſhines through curteſie) to let fall ſome gracious looke vpon me: ſometimes to ſee my exerciſes, ſometimes to heare my ſongs. For my part, my heart would not ſuffer me to omit any occaſion, whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela*, ſee how much extraordinarie deuotion I bare to her ſeruice: and withall ſtraue to appeare more worthie in her ſight, that ſmall deſert ioyned to ſo great affection, might preuaile ſomething in the wiſeſt Ladie. But too well (alas) I found that a ſhepheards ſeruice was but conſidered of, as from a ſhepheard, and the acceptation limited to no further proportion, then of a good ſeruant. And when my countenance had once giuen notice that there lay affection vnder it, I ſaw ſtraight, Maieſtie (ſitting in the throne of beautie) draw forth ſuch a ſword of iuſt diſdaine, that I remained as a man thunder-ſtriken, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Now to make my eſtate knowne, ſeemed againe impoſſible, by reaſon of the ſuſpitiouſneſſe of *Dametas*, *Miſo*, & my young miſtreſſe *Mopſa*: for *Dametas* (according to the conſtitution of a dull head) thinkes no better way to ſhew himſelfe wiſe, then by ſuſpecting euerie thing in his way: which ſuſpition *Miſo* (for the hoggiſh ſhrewdneſſe of her braine) and *Mopſa* (for a verie vnlikely enuie ſhe hath ſtumbled vpon againſt the Princeſſes vnſpeakeable beautie) were verie glad to execute: ſo that I (finding my ſeruice by this meanes lightly regarded, my affection deſpiſed, and my ſelfe vnknowne) remained no fuller of deſire, then voyd of counſell how to come to my deſire which (alas) if theſe trees could ſpeake, they might well witneſſe: for, many times haue I ſtoode heere, bewailing my ſelfe vnto them: many times haue I, leaning to yonder Palme, admired the bleſſedneſſe of it, that it could beare loue without ſence of paine: many times, when my Maiſters cattell came hither to chew their cud in this freſh place, I might ſee the young Bull teſtifie his loue: but how? with proud lookes and ioyfulneſſe. O wretched mankinde (ſaid I then to my ſelfe) in whom wit (which ſhould bee the gouernour of his welfare) becomes the traytor to his bleſſedneſſe: theſe beaſtes like children to nature, inherit her bleſſings quietly, wee like baſtards are laid abroad euen as foundlings to be trained vp by griefe and ſorrow. Their mindes grudge not at their bodies comfort, nor their ſences are letted from enioying their obiectes: wee haue the impediments of honour, and the torments of conſcience. Truely in ſuch cogitations haue I ſometimes ſo long ſtoode, that mee thought my feete began to grow into the ground, with ſuch a darkneſſe and heauineſſe of minde, that I might eaſily haue beene perſwaded to haue reſigned ouer my verie eſſence. But loue (which one time layeth burthens, another time giueth wings) when I was at the loweſt of my downward thoughts, pulled vp my heart to remember, that nothing is atchieued

before

before it be throughly attempted, and that lying ſtill, doth neuer goe forward; and that therefore it was time, now or neuer, to ſharpen my inuention, to pierce through the hardneſſe of this enterpriſe; neuer ceaſing to aſſemble all my conceits, one after another, how to manifeſt both my mind & eſtate, till at laſt I lighted & reſolued on this way, which yet perchance you will thinke was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extreameſt loue towards *Mopſa* that might be; & as for the loue, ſo liuely it was indeed within me, (although to another ſubiect) that little I needed to counterfeit anie notable demonſtrations of it; and ſo making a contrarietie the place of my memorie, in her fouleneſſe I beheld *Pamelas* faireneſſe, ſtill looking on *Mopſa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I ſaw my Sun ſhine in a pudled water: I cried out of nothing but *Mopſa*; to *Mopſa* my attendance was directed; to *Mopſa* the beſt fruits I could gather were brought; to *Mopſa* it ſeemed ſtill that mine eye conueyed my tongue: ſo that *Mopſa* was my ſaying; *Mopſa* was my ſinging; *Mopſa* (that is only ſutable in laying a foule complexion vpon a filthy fauour, ſetting forth both in ſluttiſhneſſe) ſhe was the load-ſtarre of my life; ſhe the bleſsing of mine eyes; ſhe the ouerthrow of my deſires, and yet the recompence of my ouerthrow; ſhee the ſweetneſſe of my heart, euen ſweetning the death, which her ſweetneſſe drew vpon me. In ſumme, whatſoeuer I thought of *Pamela*, that I ſaid of *Mopſa*; whereby as I gate my Maſters good will, who before ſpited me, fearing leſt I ſhould win the Princeſſe fauour from him, ſo did the ſame make the Princeſſe the better content to allow me her preſence: whether indeed it were that a certaine ſparke of noble indignation did riſe in her, not to ſuffer ſuch a baggage not to winne away anie thing of hers, how meanely ſoeuer ſhe reputed of it, or rather (as I thinke) my words being ſo paſsionate, & ſhooting ſo quite contrarie from the marks of *Mopſa's* worthineſſe, ſhee perceiued well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being ſo masked, ſhe was contented as a ſport of wit to attend them: whereupon one day determining to find ſome meanes to tell (as of a third perſon) the tale of mine owne loue and eſtate, finding *Mopſa* (like a Cuckoe by a Nightingale) alone with *Pamela*, I came in vnto them, and with a face (I am ſure) full of clowdie fancies, tooke a Harpe and ſung this ſong:

SInce ſo mine eyes are ſubiect to your ſight,
That in your ſight they fixed haue my braine:
Since ſo my heart is filled with that light,
That only light doth all my life maintaine.

Since in ſweet you all goods ſo richly raigne,
That vvhere you are no vviſhed good can vvant:
Since ſo your liuing image liues in me,
That in my ſelfe your ſelfe true loue doth plant:
How can you him vnworthie then decree,
In whoſe chiefe part your worthes implanted be?

The ſong being ended, which I had often broken off in the middeſt with grieuous ſighes, which ouertooke euerie verſe I ſang, I let fall my Harpe from me; and caſting mine eye ſometime vpon *Mopſa*, but ſetling my ſight principally vpon *Pamela*; And is it the only fortune moſt beautifull *Mopſa* (ſaid I) of wretched *Dorus* that fortune muſt be the meaſure of his mind? Am I onely he, that becauſe I am in miſerie, more miſerie muſt be laid vpon mee? muſt that which ſhould be cauſe of

compaſsion, become an argument of crueltie againſt me? Alas excellent *Mopſa*, conſider that a vertuous Prince requires the life of his meaneſt ſubiect, and the heauenly Sunne diſdaines not to giue light to the ſmalleſt worme. O *Mopſa*, *Mopſa*, if my hart could be as manifeſt to you, as it is vncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts ſhould well counteruaile the lowneſſe of my qualitie. Who hath not heard of the greatneſſe of your eſtate; who ſeeth not, that your eſtate is much excelled with that ſweet vniting of all beauties, which remaineth and dwelleth with you; who knowes not, that all theſe are but ornaments of that diuine ſparke within you, which being deſcended from heauen, could not elſe-where picke out ſo ſweet a manſion? But if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all theſe excellencies together, it is a kind mercifulneſſe to ſuch a one, as is in his ſoule deuoted to thoſe perfections. *Mopſa* (who alreadie had had a certaine ſmackring towards me) ſtood all this while with her hand ſometimes before her face, but moſt commonly with a certaine ſpeciall grace of her owne, wagging her lips, and grinning in ſtead of ſmiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waſte, and thruſting out her chinne, In faith you ieſt with me; you are a merrie man indeed. But the euer pleaſing *Pamela* (that well found the Comedie would be marred, if ſhe did not helpe *Mopſa* to her part) was content to vrge a little further of me. Maſter *Dorus* (ſaid the faire *Pamela*) me thinkes you blame your fortune verie wrongfully, ſince the fault is not in Fortune, but in you, that cannot frame your ſelfe to your fortune: and as wrongfully doe require *Mopſa* to ſo great a diſparagement as to her fathers ſeruant, ſince ſhe is not worthie to be loued, that hath not ſome feeling of her owne worthineſſe. I ſtaide a good while after her words, in hope ſhee would haue continued her ſpeech (ſo great a delight I receiued in hearing her,) but ſeeing her ſay no further (with a quaking all ouer my bodie) I thus anſwered her: Ladie, moſt worthie of all dutie, how falls it out that you in whom all vertues ſhines, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaid againſt vertue; eſpecially, ſince before your eies, you haue a pittifull ſpectacle of her wickedneſſe, a forlorne creature, which muſt remaine not ſuch as I am, but ſuch as ſhe makes me, ſince ſhee muſt be the ballance of worthineſſe or diſparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man (euen at his death) haue leaue to ſpeake, let my mortall wound purchaſe thus much conſideration; ſince the perfections are ſuch in the partie I loue, as the feeling of them cannot come into anie vnnoble heart, ſhall that heart, which doth not only feele them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, ſhall that heart, I ſay, lifted vp to ſuch a height, be counted baſe? O let not an excellent ſpirit doe it ſelfe ſuch wrong, as to thinke, where it is placed, imbraced, and loued, there can be anie vnworthineſſe, ſince the weakeſt miſt is not eaſilier driuen away by the Sunne, then that is chaſed away with ſo high thoughts. I will not denie (anſwered the gracious *Pamela*) but that the loue you beare to *Mopſa*, hath brought you to the conſideration of her vertues, and that conſideration may haue made you the more vertuous, and ſo the more worthie: But euen that then (you muſt confeſſe) you haue receiued of her, and ſo are rather gratefully to thanke her, then to preſſe anie further, till you bring ſomething of your owne, whereby to claime it. And truly *Dorus*, I muſt in *Mopſa's* behalfe ſay thus much to you, that if her beauties haue ſo ouertaken you, it becomes a true Loue to haue your heart more ſet vpon her good then your owne, and to beare a tenderer reſpect to her honour, then your ſatisfaction. Now by my hallidame, Madam (ſaid *Mopſa*, throwing a great number of ſheepes eyes vpon me) you haue euen touched mine owne mind to the quicke, forſooth. I finding that the pollicie that I had vſed, had at leaſt wiſe produced thus much happineſſe vnto me, as

that

that I might euen in my Ladies preſence, diſcouer the ſore which had deepely feſtered within me, and that ſhe could better conceiue my reaſons applied to *Mopſa*, then ſhe would haue vouchſafed them, whilſt her ſelfe was a partie, thought good to purſue on my good beginning, vſing this fit occaſion of *Pamela's* wit, and *Mopſa's* ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eie, looking vpon *Pamela*, as if I had rather beene condemned by her mouth, then higly exalted by the other, turning my ſelfe to *Mopſa*, but keeping mine eye where it was: Faire *Mopſa* (ſaid I) well doe I find by the wiſe knitting together of your anſwer, that anie diſputation I can vſe is as much too weake, as I vnworthie. I find my loue ſhall be proued no loue, without I leaue to loue, being too vnfit a veſſell in whom ſo high thoughts ſhould be engraued. Yet ſince the loue I beare you, hath ſo ioined it ſelfe to the beſt part of my life, as the one can not depart, but that the other will follow, before I ſeeke to obey you in making my laſt paſſage, let me know which is my vnworthineſſe, either of minde, eſtate, or both? *Mopſa* was about to ſay, in neither; for her heart I think tumbled with ouermuch kindneſſe, when *Pamela* with a more fauourable countenance then before (finding how apt I was to fall into deſpaire) told me, I might therin haue anſwered my ſelfe: for beſides that it was graunted me, that the inward feeling of *Mopſa's* perfections had greatly beautified my mind, there was none could denie, but that my mind and bodie deſerued great allowance. But *Doru* (ſaid ſhe) you muſt be ſo farre maiſter of your loue, as to conſider, that ſince the iudgement of the world ſtands vpon matter of fortune, and that the ſexe of womankinde of all other is moſt bound to haue regardfull eye to mens iudgements, it is not for vs to play the Philoſophers, in ſeeking out your hidden vertues ſince that, which in a wiſe Prince would be counted wiſedome, in vs will bee taken for a light grounded affection: ſo is not one thing, one, done by diuers perſons. There is no man in a burning feuer feeles ſo great contentment in could water greedily receiued (which as ſoone as the drinke ceaſeth, the rage reneweth) as poore I found my ſoule refreſhed with her ſweetely pronounced words; and newly and more violently againe enflamed, aſſoone as ſhee had incloſed vp her delightfull ſpeech, with no leſſe well graced ſilence. But remembring in my ſelfe, that aſwell the Souldier dieth which ſtandeth ſtill, as hee that giues the braueſt onſet: and ſeeing that to the making vp of my fortune, there wanted nothing ſo much as the making knowne of mine eſtate, with a face well witneſſing how deepely my ſoule was poſſeſſed, and with the moſt ſubmiſſiue behauiour that a thralled heart could expreſſe, euen as my words had beene too thick for my mouth, at length ſpake to this purpoſe: Alas, moſt worthy Princeſſe (ſaid I) and doe not then your owne ſweete words ſufficiently teſtifie, that there was neuer man could haue a iuſter action againſt filthie fortune, then I, ſince all other things being graunted me, her blindneſſe is my onely let? O heauenly God, I would either ſhe had ſuch eyes as were able to diſcerne my deſerts, or were blind not to ſee the daily cauſe of my misfortune. But yet (ſaid I) moſt honourable Ladie, if my miſerable ſpeeches haue not alreadie doted you, and that the verie preſence of ſuch a wretch become not hatefull in your eyes: let me reply thus much further againſt my mortall ſentence, by telling you a ſtorie, which happened in this ſame countrie long ſince (for woes make the ſhorteſt time ſeeme long) whereby you ſhall ſee that my eſtate is not ſo contemptible, but that a Prince hath beene content to take the like vpon him, and by that only hath aſpired to enioy a mightie Princeſſe. *Pamela* graciouſly hearkened, and I told my tale in this ſort.

In the countrie of *Theſſalia*, (alas, why name I that accurſed countrie, which brings forth nothing but matters for tragedies? but name it I muſt) in *Theſſalia* (I ſay) there

was

was (well may I ſay, there was) a Prince (no, no Prince, whom bondage wholly poſſeſſed, but yet accounted a Prince, and) named *Muſidorus*. O *Maſidorus*, *Muſidorus*, but to what ſerue exclamations, where there are no eares to receiue the ſound? This *Muſidorus* being yet in the tendreſt age, his worthie father payed to nature (with a violent death) her laſt duties, leauing his childe to the faith of his friends, and the proofe of time: death gaue him not ſuch panges as the foreſightfull care he had of his ſilly ſucceſſour. And yet if in his foreſight he could haue ſeene ſo much, happie was that good Prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his ſonnes miſeries, which his knowledge could neither haue preuented nor releeued. The young *Muſidorus* (being thus, as for the firſt pledge of the deſtenies good will, depriued of his principall ſtay) was yet for ſome yeares after (as if the ſtarres would breath themſelues for a greater miſchiefe) lulled vp in as much good luck, as the heedfull loue of his dolefull mother, and the floriſhing eſtate of his countrie could breed vnto him.

But when the time now came, that miſerie ſeemed to bee ripe for him, becauſe hee had age to know miſerie, I thinke there was a conſpiracie in all heauenly and earthly things, to frame fit occaſions to leade him vnto it. His people (to whom all forreine matters in foretime were odious) began to wiſh in their beloued Prince, experience by trauaile: his deare mother whoſe eyes were held open (onely with the ioy of looking vpon him) did now diſpence with the comfott of her widdowhead life, deſiring the ſame her ſubiects did, for the encreaſe of her ſonnes worthineſſe.

And hereto did *Muſidorus* owne vertue (ſee how vertue can bee a miniſter to miſchiefe) ſufficiently prouoke him: for indeede thus much muſt I ſay for him, although the likeneſſe of our miſhaps makes mee preſume to patterne my ſelfe vnto him, that well-doing was at that time his ſcope, from which no faint pleaſure could with-hold him. But the preſent occaſion which did knit all this together, was his vncle the King of *Macedon*; who hauing lately before gotten ſuch victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time ſend both for the Prince his ſonne (brought vp together to auoid the warres, with *Muſidorus*) and for *Muſidorus* himſelfe, that his ioy might be the more full, hauing ſuch partakers of it. But alas, to what a Sea of miſeries my plaintfull tongue doth lead me? and thus out of breath, rather with that I thought, then that I ſaid, I ſtayed my ſpeech, till *Pamela* ſhewing by countenance that ſuch was her pleaſure, I thus continued it: Theſe two young Princes to ſatisfie the King, tooke their way by Sea, towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs goe with a Nauie to ſuccour him: hee being at that time before *Bizantium* with a mightie Army beſieging it; where at that time his court was; But when the conſpired heauens had gotten this Subiect of their wrath vpon ſo fit a place, as the Sea was, they ſtraight began to breath out in boyſtrous winds ſome part of their malice againſt him; ſo that with the loſſe of all his Nauie, he onely with the Prince his couſin, were caſt a land, farre off from the place whither their deſires would haue guided them. O cruell winds in your vnconſiderate rages, why either began you this furie, or why did yon not end it in his end? But your crueltie was ſuch, as you would ſpare his life for manie deathfull torments. To tell you what pitifull miſhaps fell to the young Prince of *Macedon* his couſin, I ſhould too much fill your eares with ſtraunge horrors; neither will I ſtay vpon thoſe laborſome aduentures, nor lothſome miſaduentures, to which, and through which his fortune and courage conducted him; My ſpeech haſtneth it ſelfe to come to the full point of *Muſidorus* infortunes. For as wee finde the moſt peſtilent diſeaſes doe gather into themſelues all the infirmities with which the bodie before was annoyed; ſo did his laſt

miſerie

miſerie embrace in extremitie of it ſelfe all his former miſchiefes. *Arcadia*, *Arcadia* was the place prepared to be the ſtage of his endleſſe ouerthrow, *Arcadia* was, (alas well might I ſay it is) the charmed circle, were all his ſpirits for euer ſhould be enchanted. For heere (and no where elſe) did his infected eyes make his minde know, what power heauenly beautie had to throw it downe to helliſh agonies. Heere, heere did hee ſee the *Arcadian* Kings eldeſt daughter, in whom he forthwith placed ſo all his hopes of ioy, and ioyfull parts of his heart, that hee left in himſelfe nothing but a maze of longing, and a dungeon of ſorrow. But alas, what can ſaying make them beleeue, whom ſeeing cannot perſwade? Thoſe paines muſt bee felt before they can be vnderſtood; no outward vtterance can commaund a conceipt. Such was as then the ſtate of the King, as it was no time by direct meanes to ſeeke her. And ſuch was the ſtate of his captiued will, as hee could delay no time of ſeeking her.

In this intangled cauſe, hee clothed himſelfe in a ſhepheards weede, that vnder the baſeneſſe of that forme, hee might at laſt haue free acceſſe to feed his eyes with that which ſhould at length eate vp his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt hee hath manifeſted, that this eſtate is not alwayes to bee reiected, ſince vnder that vaile there may bee hidden things to bee eſteemed. And if he might with taking on a ſhepheards looke caſt vp his eyes to the faireſt Princeſſe Nature in that time created; the like, nay the ſame deſire of mine needs no more to be diſdained, or held for diſgracefull. But now alas mine eyes waxe dimme, my tongue begins to falter, and my heart to want force to helpe, either with the feeling remembrance I haue, in what heape of miſeries the caitiſe Prince lay at this time buried. Pardon therefore moſt excellent Princeſſe, if I cut off the courſe of my dolorous tale, ſince if I be vnderſtood, I haue ſaid enough for the defence of my baſeneſſe, & for that which after might befall to that patterne of ill fortune (the matters are too monſtrous for my capacitie) his hatefull deſtinies muſt beſt declare their owne workmanſhip.

Thus hauing deliuered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the Princeſſe might iudge that hee meant himſelfe, who ſpake ſo feelingly; her anſwere was both ſtrange, and in ſome reſpect comfortable. For would you thinke it? ſhee hath heard heretofore of vs both, by meanes of the valiant Prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our caſting away, which ſhee (following mine owne ſtile) thus delicately brought forth: You haue told (ſaid ſhe) *Dorus*, a prettie tale; but you are much deceiued in the latter end of it. For the Prince *Muſidorus* with his couſin *Pyrocles* did both periſh vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus* (who was well acquainted with the Hiſtorie) did aſſure my Father. O how that ſpeech of hers did powre ioyes in my heart! O bleſſed name (thought I) of mine, ſince thou haſt beene in that tongue, and paſſed through thoſe lips, though I can neuer hope to approach them. As for *Pyrocles* (ſaid I) I will not denie it, but that hee is periſhed: (which I ſaid, leaſt ſooner ſuſpition might ariſe of your being here, then your ſelfe would haue it) & yet affirmed no lye vnto her, ſince I onely ſaid, I would not denie it. But for *Muſidorus* (ſaid I) I perceiue indeede you haue either heard or reade the ſtorie of that vnhappie Prince; for this was the verie obiection, which that peerleſſe Princeſſe did make vnto him, when he ſought to appeare ſuch as hee was before her wiſdome: and thus as I haue read it faire written in the certaintie of my knowledge he might anſwere her, that indeede the ſhip wherein he came, by a treaſon was periſhed, and therefore that *Plangus* might eaſily bee deceiued: but that he himſelfe was caſt vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*, where hee was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, who liued in thoſe dayes famous; for that both louing one faire maide, they yet remained

mained conſtant friends: one of whoſe ſongs not long ſince was ſong before you by the ſhepheard *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noble-mans houſe, neere *Mantinea*, whoſe ſonne had a little before his marriage, beene taken priſoner, and by the helpe of this Prince, *Muſidorus* (though naming himſelfe by another name) was deliuered. Now theſe circumlocutions I did vſe, becauſe of the one ſide I knew the Princeſſe would know well the parties I meant; and of the other, if I ſhould haue named *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander* and *Clitophon*, perhaps it would haue rubd ſome coniecture into the heauie head of Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*.

And therefore (ſaid I) moſt diuine Ladie, he iuſtly was thus to argue againſt ſuch ſuſpitions, that the Prince might eaſily by thoſe parties bee ſatisfied, that vpon that wrack ſuch a one was taken vp, & therefore that *Plangus* might well erre, who knew not of anies taking vp: againe that hee that was ſo preſerued brought good tokens to bee one of the two, chiefe of that wracked companie: which two ſince *Plangus* knew to be *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, hee muſt needes be one of them, although (as I ſaid) vpon a foretaken vow, hee was otherwiſe at that time called. Beſides, the Princeſſe muſt needes iudge, that no leſſe then a Prince durſt vndertake ſuch an enterpriſe, which (though he might get the fauour of the Princeſſe) hee could neuer defend with leſſe then a Princes power, againſt the force of *Arcadia*. Laſtly, (ſaid he) for a certaine demonſtration, hee preſumed to ſhew vnto the Princeſſe a marke he had on his face, as I might (ſaid I) ſhew this of my neck to the rare *Mopſa*: and withall, ſhewed my necke to them both, where (as you know) there is a redde ſpot bearing figure (as they tell me) of a Lyons pawe, that ſhee may aſcertaine her ſelfe, that I am *Menalcas* brother. And ſo did hee, beſeeching her to ſend ſome one ſhee might truſt into *Theſſalia*, ſecretly to be aduertiſed, whether the age, the complexion, and particularly that notable ſigne, did not fully agree with their Prince *Muſidorus*. Doe you not know further (ſaid ſhee, with a ſetled countenance, not accuſing any kinde of inward motion) of that ſtorie? Alas no, (ſaid I) for euen heere the Hiſtoriographer ſtopped, ſaying, The reſt belonged to Aſtrologie. And therewith, thinking her ſilent imaginations began to worke vpon ſomewhat to mollifie them (as the nature of Muſicke is to doe) and withall, to ſhew what kinde of ſhepheard I was, I tooke vp my Harpe, and ſang theſe few verſes:

My ſheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and ſerue:
Their paſture is faire hilles of fruitleſſe loue:
On barren ſweetes they feed, and feeding ſterue:
I waile their lott, but will not other proue.
My ſheephooke is wanne hope, which all vpholdes:
My weedes, Deſire, cut out in endleſſe folds.
What wooll my ſheepe ſhall beare, whiles thus they liue,
In you it is, you muſt the iudgement giue.

And then, partly to bring *Mopſa* againe to the matter (leſt ſhe ſhould too much take heede to our diſcourſes) but principally, if it were poſſible, to gather ſome comfort out of her anſwers, I kneeled downe to the Princeſſe, and humbly beſought her to moue *Mopſa* in my behalfe, that ſhee would vnarme her noble heart of that ſteely reſiſtance againſt the ſweete blowes of Loue: that ſince all her parts were decked with ſome particular ornament; her face with beautie, her head with wiſedome, her eyes with maieſtie, her countenance with gracefulneſſe, her lips with louelineſſe, her tongue with victorie; that ſhee would make her heart

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the throne of pittie, being the moſt excellent rayment of the moſt excellent part. *Pamela* without ſhew either of fauour or diſdaine, either of heeding or neglecting what I had ſaid, turned her ſpeech to *Mopſa*, and with ſuch a voice and action, as might ſhew ſhee ſpake of a matter which little did concerne her, Take heede to your ſelfe (ſaid ſhee) *Mopſa*, for your ſhepheard can ſpeake well: but truely, if he doe fully proue himſelfe ſuch as he ſaith, I meane, the honeſt ſhepheard *Menalcas* his brother and heire, I know no reaſon why you ſhould thinke ſcorne of him. *Mopſa* though (in my conſcience) ſhee were euen then farre ſpent towards mee, yet ſhee anſwered her, that for all my quaint ſpeeches, ſhee would keepe her honeſtie cloſe enough: And that as for the way of matrimonie, ſhee would ſteppe neuer a foote further, till my Maſter her Father had ſpoken the whole word himſelfe, no ſhee would not. But euer and anon turning her muzzell towards mee, ſhee threw ſuch a proſpect vpon me, as might well haue giuen a ſurfet to any weake louers ſtomacke. But Lord what a foole am I, to mingle that driuels ſpeeches among my noble thoughts? but becauſe ſhe was an Actor in this Tragedie, to giue you a full knowledge, and to leaue nothing (that I can remember) vnrepeated.

Now the Princeſſe being about to withdraw her ſelfe from vs, I tooke a Iewell made in the figure of a Crab-fiſh, which, becauſe it lookes one way and goes another, I thought it did fitly paterne out my looking to *Mopſa*, but bending to *Pamela*: The word about it was, *By force, not choiſe*; and ſtill kneeling, beſought the Princeſſe that ſhee would vouchſafe to giue it *Mopſa*, and with the bleſſedneſſe of her hand to make acceptable vnto her that toye which I had found, following of late an acquaintance of mine at the plow. For (ſaid I) as the earth was turned vp, the plow-ſhare lighted vpon a great ſtone: wee puld that vp, and ſo found both that and ſome other prettie things, which wee had deuided betwixt vs

Mopſa was benummed with ioy when the Princeſſe gaue it her: but in the Princeſſe I could finde no apprehenſion of what I either ſaid or did, but with a calme careleſneſſe letting each thing ſlide, iuſtly as we doe by their ſpeeches (who neither in matter nor perſon doe any way belong vnto vs) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall maieſtie, is of all others moſt terrible vnto mee: for yet if I found ſhee contemned mee, I would deſparatly labour both in fortune and vertue to ouercome it; if ſhe only miſdoubted me, I were in heauen; for quickly I would bring ſufficient aſſurance: laſtly, if ſhee hated mee, yet I ſhould know what paſſion to deale with; aud either with infiniteneſſe of deſert I would take away the fewell from that fire; or if nothing would ſerue, then I would giue her my heart bloud to quench it. But this cruell quietneſſe, neither retiring to miſlike nor proceeding to fauour; gracious, but gratious ſtill after one maner; all her curteſies hauing this engrauen in them, that what is done, is for vertues ſake, not for the parties (euer keeping her courſe like the Sun, who neither for our praiſes, nor curſes, will ſpur or ſtop his horſes.) This (I ſay) heauenlineſſe of hers (for howſoeuer my miſerie is I cannot but ſo entitle it) is ſo impoſſible to reach vnto, that I almoſt begin to ſubmit my ſelfe to the tyrannie of deſpaire, not knowing anie way of perſwaſion, where wiſedome ſeemes to be vnſenſible. I haue appeared to her eyes like my ſelfe, by a deuice I vſed with my Maſter, perſwading him that we two might put on certaine rich apparell I had prouided, and ſo practiſe ſomething on horſebacke before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparell I had gotten for playing well the part of a king in a Tragedie at *Athens*: my horſe indeed was it I had left at *Menalcas* houſe, and *Dametas* got one by friendſhip out of the Princes ſtable. But howſoeuer I ſhew, I am no baſe bodie, all I doe is but to beate a rocke and get ſome.

But

But as *Dorus* was about to tell further, *Dametas* (who came whiſtling, and counting vpon his fingers, how many loade of hay his ſeuenteene fat oxen eate vp in a yeare) deſired *Zelmane* from the King that ſhee would come into the lodge, where they ſtayed for her. Alas (ſaid *Dorus*, taking his leaue) the ſumme is this, that you may well finde you haue beaten your ſorrow againſt ſuch a wall, which with the force of rebound may well make your ſorrow ſtronger. But *Zelmane* turning her ſpeech to *Dametas*, I ſhall grow (ſaid ſhe) skilfull in countrie matters, if I haue often conference with your ſeruant. In ſooth (anſwered *Dametas* with a graceleſſe ſcorne) the Lad may proue well enough, if he ouerſoone thinke not too well of himſelfe, & will beare away that he heareth of his elders. And therewith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmane* finde ſhe might haue ſpent her time better with him, he began with a wilde Methode to runne ouer all the art of husbandrie: eſpecially imploying his tongue about well dunging of a field: while poore *Zelmane* yeelded her eares to thoſe tedious ſtrokes, not warding them ſo much as with any one anſwere, till they came to *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to carrie her abroad to ſee ſome ſportes prepared for her. *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia* ſitting in the one end, placed her at the other, with her left ſide to *Philoclea*. *Zelmane* was moued in her minde, to haue kiſſed their feete for the fauour of ſo bleſſed a ſeate: for the narrowneſſe of the coach made them ioyne from the foote to the ſhoulders verie cloſe together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their enuious apparell, yet as a perfect Magnes, though but in an iuorie boxe, will through the boxe ſend forth his imbracing vertue to a beloued needle; ſo this imparadiſed neighbourhoode made *Zelmanes* ſoule cleaue vnto her, both thorow the iuory caſe of her body, and the apparell which did ouer-cloude it. All the bloud of *Zelmanes* bodie ſtirring in her, as wine will doe when ſugger is haſtily put into it, ſeeking to ſuck the ſweetneſſe of the beloued gueſt: her heart, like a Lion new impriſoned, ſeeing him that reſtraines his libertie, before the grate; not painting, but ſtriuing violently (if it had beene poſſible) to haue leapt into the lappe of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, euen then proceeding from being maiſter of a Carte, to bee doctor of a Coach, not a little proude in himſelfe, that his whippe at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, draue the coach (the couer whereof was made with ſuch ioynts, that as they might) to auoid the weather (pull it vp cloſe when they liſted, ſo when they would they might put each end downe, and remaine as diſcouered and open ſighted as on horſebacke) till vpon the ſide of the forreſt they had both Greyhounds, Spaniels, and Hounds: whereof the firſt might ſeeme the Lords, the ſecond the Gentlemen, and the laſt the yeomen of dogges; a caſt of Merlins there was beſides, which flying of a gallant height ouer certaine buſhes, would beate the birds (that roſe) downe vnto the buſhes, as Falcons will doe wild-foule ouer a riuer. But the ſport which for that day *Baſilius* would principally ſhew to *Zelmane*, was the mountie at a Hearne, which getting vp on his wagling wings with paine, till hee was come to ſome height (as though the ayre next to the earth were not fit for his great bodie to flie through) was now growne to diminiſh the ſight of himſelfe, and to giue example to great perſons, that the higher they be, the leſſe they ſhould ſhew: when a Ierſaulcon was caſt off after her, who ſtreight ſpying where the pray was, fixing her eye with deſire, and guiding her wing by her eye, vſed no more ſtrength then induſtrie. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his ſtayre vpright, but winding almoſt the full compaſſe about, that the ſteepeneſſe bee the more vnſenſible: ſo ſhee, ſeeing the towring of her purſued chaſe, went circkling, and compaſſing about, riſing ſo with the leſſe ſence of riſing; and yet finding that way ſcantly ſerue the greedineſſe

of

of her haſt, as an ambitious bodie will goe farre out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which he deſires; ſo would ſhee (as it were) turne taile to the Heron, and flie out quite another way, but all was to returne in a higher pitch; which once gotten, ſhee would either beate with cruell aſſaults the Heron, who now was driuen to the beſt defence of force, ſince flight would not ſerue; or elſe claſping with him, come downe together, to be parted by the ouer-partiall beholders.

Diuers of which flights *Baſilius* ſhewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the richeſſe of the time ſpent, and the day deceaſed before it was thought of, till night like a degenerating ſucceſſour made his departure the better remembred. And therefore (ſo conſtrained) they willed *Dametas* to driue homeward, who (halfe ſleeping, halfe muſing about the mending of a wine-preſſe) guided the horſes ſo ill, that the wheele comming ouer a great ſtub of a tree, it ouerturned the coach. Which though it fell violently vpon the ſide where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* ſate, yet for *Zelmanes* part, ſhee would haue beene glad of the fall, which made her beare the ſweete burthen of *Philoclea*, but that ſhe feared ſhe might receiue ſome hurt. But indeede neither ſhee did, nor any of the reſt, by reaſon they kept their armes and legs within the coach, ſauing *Gynecia*, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her ſhoulder put out of ioynct; which though, by one of the Faulkeners cunning, it was ſet well againe, yet with much paine was ſhee brought to the lodge; and paine (fetching his ordinary companion, a feuer with him) draue her to entertaine them both in her bed.

But neither was the feuer of ſuch impatient heate, as the inward plague-ſore of her affection, nor the paine halfe ſo noyſome, as the iealouſie ſhee conceiued of her daughter *Philoclea*, leaſt this time of her ſickneſſe might giue apt occaſion to *Zelmane*, whom ſhee miſdoubted. Therefore ſhee called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commaunded her in her care to goe to the other lodge, & ſend *Miſo* to her, with whom ſhe would ſpeake, and ſhe to lie with her ſiſter *Pamela*. The meane while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, becauſe ſhee would bee ſure, ſhee ſhould be out of the lodge, before ſhe licenced *Zelmane*. *Philoclea* not skild in any thing better then obedience, went quietly downe; and the Moone then full (not thinking ſcorne to be a torch-bearer to ſuch beautie) guided her ſteppes, whoſe motions beare a minde which bare in it ſelfe farre more ſtirring motions. And alas (ſweete *Philoclea*) how hath my penne till now forgot thy paſſions, ſince to thy memory principally all this long matter is intended? pardon the ſlackneſſe to come to thoſe woes, which hauing cauſed in others, thou didſt feele in thy ſelfe.

The ſweete minded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well doing, to whom the not-knowing of euill ſerueth for a ground of vertue, and hold their inward powers in better forme with an vnſpotted ſimplicitie, then many, who rather cunningly ſeeke to know what goodneſſe is, then willingly take into themſelues the following of it. But as that ſweete and ſimple breath of heauenly goodneſſe, is the eaſier to bee altered, becauſe it hath not paſſed through the worldly wickednеſſe, nor feelingly found the euill, that euill carries with it; ſo now the Lady *Philoclea* (whoſe eyes and ſenſes had receiued nothing, but according as the naturall courſe of each thing required; whoſe tender youth had obediently, liued vnder her parents beheſts, without framing out of her owne will the fore-choſing of any thing) when now ſhee came to a point, wherein her iudgement was to bee practiſed, in knowing faultineſſe by his firſt tokens, ſhe was like a yong Faune, who comming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it bee a thing or no to bee eſchewed; whereof at this time ſhee began to get a coſtly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while liued in the lodge with her, and that her onely being a noble ſtraunger had bred a kinde of

heedfull attention; her comming to that lonely place (where ſhee had no body but her parents) a willingneſſe of conuerſation; her wit & behauiour a liking & ſilent admiration; at length the excellencie of her naturall gifts, ioyned with the extreame ſhewes ſhe made of moſt deuout honouring *Philoclea* (carying thus in one perſon, the onely two bands of good will, louelineſſe and louingneſſe) brought forth in her heart a yeelding to a moſt friendly affection; which when it had gotten ſo full poſſeſſion of the keyes of her minde, that it would receiue no meſſage from her ſenſes, without that affection were the interpreter; then ſtreight grew an exceeding delight ſtill to be with her, with an vnmeſurable liking of all that *Zelmane* did: matters being ſo turned in her, that where at firſt liking her manners did breede good-will, now good will became the chiefe cauſe of liking her manners: ſo that within a while *Zelmane* was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized becauſe it was *Zelmanes*. Then followed that moſt naturall effect of conforming her ſelfe to that, which ſhee did like, and not onely wiſhing to bee her ſelfe ſuch another in all things, but to ground an imitation vpon ſo much an eſteemed authoritie: ſo that the next degree was to marke all *Zelmanes* doings, ſpeeches, and faſhions, and to take them into her ſelfe, as a patterne of worthie proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not onely by the cominaltie of Paſſions, but agreed vnto by her moſt noble Thoughts, and that Reaſon it ſelfe (not yet experienced in the iſſues of ſuch matters) had granted his royall aſſent; then Friendſhip (a diligent officer) tooke care to ſee the ſtatute throughly obſerued. Then grew on that not onely ſhee did imitate the ſoberneſſe of her countenance, the gracefulneſſe of her ſpeech, but euen their particular geſtures: ſo that as *Zelmane* did often eye her, ſhe would often eye *Zelmane*, and as *Zelmanes* eyes would deliuer a ſubmiſſiue, but vehement deſire in their looke, ſhee, though as yet ſhee had not the deſire in her, yet ſhould her eyes anſwere in like piercing kindeneſſe of a looke. *Zelmane* as much as *Gynecias* iealouſie would ſuffer, deſired to bee neere *Philoclea*; *Philoclea*, as much as *Gynecias* iealouſie would ſuffer, deſired to bee neere *Zelmane*. If *Zelmane* tooke her hand, and ſoftly ſtrained it, ſhee alſo (thinking the knots of friendſhip ought to bee mutuall) would (with a ſweete faſtneſſe) ſhew ſhee was loth to part from it. And if *Zelmane* ſighed, ſhe would ſigh alſo; when *Zelmane* was ſad, ſhe deemed it wiſedome, and therefore ſhee would bee ſad too. *Zelmanes* languiſhing countenance with croſt armes, and ſometimes caſt-vp eyes, ſhee thought to haue an excellent grace: and therefore ſhee alſo willingly put on the ſame countenance: till at the laſt (poore ſoule, ere ſhee were aware) ſhee accepted not onely the badge, but the ſeruice; not onely the ſigne, but the paſſion ſignified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did finde, that *Zelmanes* friendſhip was full of impatient deſire, hauing more then ordinarie limits, & therefore ſhe was content to ſecond *Zelmane*, though her ſelfe knew not the limits; or that in trueth, true loue (well conſidered) hath an infectiue power; at laſt ſhee fell in acquaintance with loues harbinger, wiſhing: Firſt ſhee would wiſh, that they two might liue all their liues together, like two of *Dianas* Nymphes. But that wiſh, ſhee thought not ſufficient, becauſe ſhe knew, there would be more Nymphes beſides them, who alſo would haue their part in *Zelmane*. Then would ſhe wiſh, that ſhee were her ſiſter, that ſuch a naturall band might make her more ſpeciall to her. But againſt that, ſhee conſidered, that, though being her ſiſter, if ſhee happened to be married, ſhee ſhould be robbed of her. Then growne bolder, ſhee would wiſh either her ſelfe, or *Zelmane* a man, that there might ſucceede a bleſſed mariage betweene them. But when that wiſh had once diſplayed his enſigne in her minde, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be, with a

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maine battell of mislikings, and repinings against their creation, that so it was not. Then dreames by night began to bring more vnto her, then shee durst with by day, where out waking did make her know her selfe the better by the image of those fancies. But as some diseases when they are easie to bee cured, they are hard to be knowne, but when they grow easie to be knowne, they are almost impossible to bee cured: so the sweete *Philoclea*, while shee might preuent it, shee did not feele it, now shee felt it, when it was past preuenting; like a riuer, no rampiers being built against it, till alreadie it haue ouerflowed. For now indeede loue pulld off his maske, and shewed his face vnto her, and told her plainely, that shee was his prisoner. Then needed shee no more paint her face with passions, for passions shone thorough her face; then her rosie colour was often encreased with extraordinarie blushing, and so another time, perfect whitenesse descended to a degree of palenesse: now hot, then colde, desiring shee knew not what, nor how, if shee knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the smart was brought to thinke of the disease, and her owne proofe taught her to know her mothers minde; which (as no error giues so strong assault, as that which comes armed in the authoritie of a parent) so greatly fortified her desires, to see, that her mother had the like desires. And the more iealous her mother was, the more shee thought the Iewell precious, which was with so many lockes guarded. But that preuailing so farre, as to keepe the two louers from priuate conference, then began shee to feele the sweetnesse of a louers solitarinesse, when freely with wordes and gestures, as if *Zelmane* were present, shee might giue passage to her thoughts: and so as it were, vtter out some smoke of those flames, wherewith else shee was not onely burned but smothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other by her mothers commaundement, with dolefull gestures and vncertaine paces, shee did willingly accept the times offer, to bee a while alone: so that going a little aside into the wood, where many times before she had delighted to walke, her eyes were saluted with a tuft of trees, so close set together, as with the shade the Moone gaue through it, it might breede a fearefull kinde of deuotion to looke vpon it. But true thoughts of loue banished all vaine fancie of superstition. Full well shee did both remember and like the place; for there had shee often with their shade beguiled *Phœbus* of looking vpon her: There had shee enioyed her selfe often, while shee was mistresse of her selfe, and had no other thoughts, but such as might arise out of quiet senses.

But the principall cause that inuited her remembrance, was a goodly white marble stone, that should seeme had beene dedicated in auncient time to the *Siluan* gods: which shee finding there a few dayes before *Zelmanes* comming, had written these wordes vpon it, as a testimonie of her minde, against the suspition her captiuitie made her thinke shee liued in. The writting was this.

YOu liuing powers enclosd in stately shrine
Of growing trees: you rurall Gods that wield
Your sceptors here, if to your eares diuine
A voice may come, which troubled soule doth yeeld;
This vow receaue, this vow'd Gods maintaine;
My virgin life no spotted thought shall staine.

Thou purest stone; whose purenesse doth present
My purest minde, whose temper hard doth show
My tempred heart, by thee my promise sent

Vnto my selfe let after-liuers know.
No fancie mine, nor others wrong suspect
Make me, ô vertuous shame, thy lawes neglect.

O Chastitie, the chiefe of heauenly lights,
Which makst vs most immortall shape to weare,
Hold thou my hart, establish thou my sprights:
To onely thee my constant course I beare;
Till spotlesse soule vnto thy bosome flie.
Such life to leade, such death I vowe to die.

But now that her memory serued as an accuser of her change, and that her owne hand-writing was there, to beare testimonie against her fall; shee went in among those few trees, so closed in the tops together, as they might seeme a little chappell: and there might shee by the helpe of the Moone-light perceiue the goodly stone, which serued as an altar in that woodie deuotion. But neither the light was enough to reade the words, and the inke was alreadie foreworne, and in many places blotted: which as shee perceiued, Alas (said shee) faire marble, which neuer receiuedst spot but by my writing: well doe these blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not dissemble then, although shee haue changed since. Enioy, enioy the glorie of thy nature, which can so constantly beare the markes of my inconstancie. And heerewith hiding her eyes with her soft hand, there came into her head certaine verses, which if shee had had present commoditie, shee would haue adioyned as a retraction to the other. They were to this effect.

MY words, in hope to blaze a stedfast minde,
This marble chose, as of like temper knowne:
But loe, my wordes defasse my fancies blinde,
Blots to the stone, shames to my selfe I finde:
And witnesse am, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand with constant marble stone.

My words full weake, the marble full of might;
My words in store, the marble all alone;
My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white;
My words vnseene, the marble still in sight,
May witnesse beare, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand, with constant marble stone.

But seeing shee could not see meanes to ioyne as then this recantation to the former vowe (laying all her faire length vnder one of the trees) for a while shee did nothing but turne vp and downe, as if she had hoped to turne away the fancie that maistred her, and hid her face, as if shee could haue hidden her selfe from her owne fancies. At length with a whispring note to her selfe, O me vnfortunate wretch (said shee) what poysonous heates bee these, which thus torment mee? How hath the sight of this strange gueste inuaded my soule? Alas, what entrance found this desire, or what strength had it thus to conquer me? Then a cloud passing betweene her sight and the Moone, O *Diana* (said shee) I would either the cloud that now hides the light of my vertue, would as easily passe away, as you will quickely ouercome this

this let; or elſe that you were for euer thus darkened to ſerue for an excuſe of my outragious folly. Then looking to the ſtarres, which had perfectly as then beautified the cleere skie: My parents (ſaid ſhe) haue told me, that in theſe faire heauenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which haue their working in the ebbing and flowing of our eſtates. If it be ſo; then (O you ſtarres) iudge rightly of me; and if I haue with wicked intent made my ſelfe a pray to fancie, or if by anie idle luſts I framed my heart fit for ſuch an impreſsion, then let this plague daily encreaſe in mee, till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreame and vnreſiſtable violence haue oppreſſed me, who will euer do any of you ſacrifice (O you ſtarres) if you doe not ſuccour me? No, no, you will not helpe me. No, no, you cannot helpe me: Sinne muſt be the mother, and ſhame the daughter of my affection. And yet are theſe but childiſh obiections (ſimple *Philoclea*,) it is the impoſsibilitie that doth torment mee: for, vnlawfull deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enioying; but vnpoſſible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelfe. O then, O tenne times vnhappie that I am, ſince where in all other hope kindleth loue, in me deſpaire ſhould be the bellowes of my affection: and of all deſpaires the moſt miſerable, which is drawne from impoſsibilitie. The moſt couetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which neuer can beare anie thing, Why? becauſe it is impoſsible. The moſt ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to clime into heauen, Why? becauſe it is impoſsible. Alas then, O Loue, why doeſt thou in thy beautifull ſampler ſet ſuch a worke for my deſire to take out, which is as much impoſsible? And yet alas, why do I thus condemne my fortune, before I heare what ſhe can ſay for her ſelfe? What doe I, ſilly wench, know what Loue hath prepared for me? Doe I not ſee my mother, as well, at leaſt as furiouſly as my ſelfe, loue *Zelmane*? and ſhould I be wiſer then my mother? Either ſhe ſees a poſsibilitie in that which I thinke impoſsible; or elſe impoſsible loues needs not misbecome me. And doe I not ſee *Zelmane* (who doth not thinke a thought which is not firſt wayed by wiſedome and vertue) doth not ſhe vouchſafe to loue me with like ardour? I ſee it, her eyes depoſe it to be true; What then? and if ſhe can loue poore me; ſhall I thinke ſcorne to loue ſuch a woman as *Zelmane*? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou loueſt me, moſt excellent *Zelmane*, and I loue thee: and with that, embracing the very ground whereon ſhe lay, ſhe ſaid to her ſelfe (for euen to her ſelfe ſhe was aſhamed to ſpeake it out in words) O my *Zelmane*, gouerne and direct me: for I am wholly giuen ouer vnto thee.

In this depth of muzes, and diuers ſorts of diſcourſes, would ſhee rauingly haue remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miſo* (who were round about to ſeeke her, vnderſtanding ſhe was to come to their Lodge that night) came hard by her; *Dametas* ſaying, that he would not deale in other bodies matters; but for his part, hee did not like, that maids ſhould once ſtirre out of their fathers houſes, but if it were to milke a cow, or ſaue a chicken from a kites foot, or ſome ſuch other matter of importance. And *Miſo* ſwearing that if it were her daughter *Moſſa*, ſhe would giue her a leſſon for walking ſo late, that ſhould make her keepe within dores for one fortnight. But their iangling made *Philoclea* riſe, and pretending as though ſhe had done it but to ſport with them, went with thē (after ſhe had willed *Miſo* to wait vpon her mother) to the Lodge; where (being now accuſtomed by her parents diſcipline, as well as her ſiſter, to ſerue her ſelfe) ſhe went alone vp to *Pamelas* chamber, where meaning to delight her eyes, and ioy her thoughts with the ſweet conuerſation of her beloued ſiſter, ſhe found her (though it were in the time that the wings of night doth blow ſleepe moſt willingly into mortall creatures) ſitting in a chaire, lying backe-

ward, with her head almoſt ouer the backe of it, and looking vpon a waxe-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her hand-kerchiefe, which had lately drunke vp the teares of her eyes, leauing in ſtead of them, crimſon circles, like redde flakes in the element, when the weather is hotteſt. which *Philoclea* finding (for her eyes had learned to know the badges of ſorrow) ſhee earneſtly intreated to know the cauſe thereof, that either ſhee might comfort, or accompanie her dolefull humour. But *Pamela*, rather ſeeming ſorie that ſhe had perceiued ſo much, then willing to open anie further; O my *Pamela* (ſaid *Philoclea*) who are to me a ſiſter in nature, a mother in councell, a Princeſſe by the law of our countrie, and which name (mee thinkes of all other) is the deareſt, a friend by my choiſe and your fauour, what meanes this baniſhing mee from your counſels? Doe you loue your ſorrow ſo well as to grudge mee part of it? Or doe you thinke I ſhall not loue a ſad *Pamela*, ſo well as a ioyfull? or be my eares vnworthie, or my tongue ſuſpected? What is it (my ſiſter) that you ſhould conceale from your ſiſter, yea and ſeruant *Philoclea*? Theſe words wanne no further of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talke better as they lay together; they impoueriſhed their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well ſcorne the ſhrine of *Venus*: and there cheriſhing one another with deare, though chaſte embracements; with ſweete, though cold kiſſes; it might ſeeme that loue was come to play him there without dart; or that wearie of his owne fires, he was there to refreſh himſelfe betweene their ſweete-breathing lippes. But *Philoclea* earneſtly againe intreated *Pamela* to open her griefe; who (drawing the curtaine, that the candle might not complaine of her bluſhing) was readie to ſpeake: but the breath almoſt formed into words, was againe ſtopt by her, and turned into ſighes. But at laſt, I pray you (ſaid ſhee) ſweete *Philoclea*, let vs talke of ſome other thing: and tell mee whether you did euer ſee anie thing ſo amended as our Paſtorall ſports bee, ſince that *Dorus* came hither? O loue, how farre thou ſeeſt with blinde eyes? *Philoclea* had ſtraight found her, and therefore to draw out more, Indeede (ſaid ſhee) I haue often woundred to my ſelfe how ſuch excellencies could be in ſo meane a perſon; but belike fortune was afraid to lay her treaſures, where they ſhould be ſtained with ſo manie perfections: onely I maruaile how he can frame himſelfe to hide ſo rare gifts vnder ſuch a blocke as *Dametas*. Ah (ſaid *Pamela*) if you knew the cauſe: but no more doe I neither; and to ſay the truth: but Lord, how are wee faine to talke of this fellow? and yet indeede if you were ſometimes with mee to marke him, while *Dametas* reades his ruſticke lecture vnto him (how to feede his beaſts before noone, where to ſhade them in the extreame heat, how to make the manger handſome for his Oxen, when to vſe the goad, and when the voyce; giuing him rules of a heardman, though hee pretend to make him a ſhepheard) to ſee all the while with what a grace (which ſeemes to ſet a crowne vpon his baſe eſtate) he can deſcend to thoſe poore matters, certainly you would: but to what ſerues this? no doubt we were better ſleepe then talke of theſe idle matters. Ah my *Pamela* (ſaid *Philoclea*) I haue caught you; the conſtancie of your wit was not wont to bring forth ſuch diſioynted ſpeeches: you loue, diſſemble no further. It is true (ſaid *Pamela*) now you haue it; and with leſſe adoe ſhould, if my heart could haue thought thoſe words ſutable for my mouth. But indeed (my *Philoclea*) take heed: for I thinke vertue it ſelfe is no armour of proofe againſt affection. Therefore learne by my example. Alas thought *Philoclea* to her ſelfe, your ſheares come too late to clip the birds wings that alreadie is flowne away. But then *Pamela* being once ſet in the ſtreame of her loue, went away amain, withall, telling her how his noble qualities had drawne her liking towards him;

but

but yet euer waying his meanneſſe,and ſo held continually in due limits; till ſeeking many meanes to ſpeake with her, and euer kept from it (as well becauſe ſhee ſhund it,ſeeing and diſdaining his minde,as becauſe of her iealous iaylors) he had at length vſed the fineſt pollicie that might bee in counterfaiting loue to *Mopſa*,and ſaying to *Mopſa* whatſoeuer hee would haue her know: and in how paſſionate manner he had told his owne tale in a third perſon, making poore *Mopſa* beleeue, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end,becauſe you ſhall know my teares come not, neither of repentance nor miſerie, who thinke you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to bee? euen the Prince *Muſidorus*,famous ouer all *Aſia*,for his heroicall enterpriſes,of whom you remember how much good the ſtraunger *Plangus* told my father; he not being drowned(as *Plangus* thought) though his couſin *Pyrocles* indeede periſhed. Ah my ſiſter, if you had heard his words,or ſeene his geſtures,when hee made me know what,and to whom his loue was,you would haue matched in your ſelfe (thoſe two rarely matched together) pittie and delight. Tell me deare ſiſter (for the Gods are my witneſſes I deſire to doe vertuouſly)can I without the deteſtable ſtaine of vngratefulneſſe abſtaine from louing him,who(farre exceeding the beautifulneſſe of his ſhape with the beautifulneſſe of his minde, and the greatneſſe of his eſtate with the greatneſſe of his actes) is content ſo to abaſe himſelfe,as to become *Dametas* ſeruant for my ſake? you will ſay,but how know I him to be *Muſidorus*,ſince the hand-maide of wiſedome is ſlow of beliefe? That conſideration did not want in mee: for the nature of deſire it ſelfe is no eaſier to receiue beliefe, then it is hard to ground beliefe. For as deſire is glad to embrace the firſt ſhew of comfort, ſo is deſire,deſirous of perfect aſſurance: and that haue I had of him, not onely by neceſſarie arguments to any of common ſenſe, but by ſufficient demonſtrations. Laſtly he would haue me ſend to *Theſſalia*: but truely I am not as now in minde to doe my honourable loue ſo much wrong, as ſo farre to ſuſpect him: yet poore ſoule knowes hee no other, but that I doe both ſuſpect,neglect,yea and deteſt him. For euerie day hee finds one way or other to ſet forth himſelfe vnto me,but all are rewarded with like coldneſſe of acceptation.

A few dayes ſince,hee and *Dametas* had furniſhed themſelues verie richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a ſight it was to ſee *Dametas*,like rich Tiſſew furd with Lambe-skins? But ô how well it did with *Dorus*,to ſee with what a grace he preſented himſelfe before mee on horſebacke, making maieſtie wait vpon humbleneſſe? how at the firſt,ſtanding ſtill with his eyes bent vpon me,as though his motions were chained to my looke,he ſo ſtaid till I cauſed *Mopſa* bid him do ſomething vpon his horſe: which no ſooner ſaid, but (with a kinde rather of quicke geſture, then ſhew of violence) you might ſee him come towards mee,beating the ground in ſo due time,as no dancer can obſerue better meaſure. If you remember the ſhip we ſaw once,when the ſea went high vpon the coaſt of *Argos*;ſo went the beaſt. But he (as if Centaur-like he had beene one peece with the horſe) was no more mooued then one with the going of his owne leggs: and in effect ſo did he commaund him, as his owne limmes: for though he had both ſpurres and wand,they ſeemed rather markes of ſoueraignetie,then inſtruments of puniſhment,his hand and legge(with moſt pleaſing grace)commaunding without threatning,& rather remembring then chaſtiſing,at leaſt if ſometimes he did,it was ſo ſtolne,as neither our eyes could diſcerne it, nor the horſe with any change did complaine of it: hee euer going ſo iuſt with the horſe, either foorth right, or turning, that it ſeemed as hee borrowed the horſes bodie,ſo he lent the horſe his minde: in the turning one might perceiue the bridle-hand ſomething gently ſtirre, but indeede ſo gently, as it did rather diſtill

vertue,

vertue,then vſe violence. Himſelfe (which mee thinkes is ſtraunge) ſhewing at one inſtant both ſteadineſſe and nimbleneſſe; ſometimes making him turne cloſe to the ground,like a cat,when ſcratchingly ſhe wheeles about after a mouſe: ſometimes with a little more riſing before,now like a Rauen leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of *Dametas* kiddes bound ouer the hillokes:and all ſo done,as neither the luſty kinde ſhewed any roughneſſe, nor the eaſier any idleneſſe: but ſtill like a well obeyed maiſter,whoſe becke is enough for a diſcipline, euer concluding each thing hee did with his face to me-wards,as if thence came not onely the beginning, but ending of his motions.The ſport was to ſee *Dametas*, how hee was toſt from the ſaddle to the mane of the horſe, and thence to the ground, giuing his gay apparell almoſt as foule an outſide,as it had an inſide. But as before hee had euer ſaid, he wanted but horſe and apparell to bee as braue a courtier as the beſt, ſo now bruſed with proofe, hee proclaimed it a folly for a man of wiſedome to put himſelfe vnder the tuition of a beaſt; ſo as *Dorus* was faine alone to take the Ring. Wherein truely at leaſt my womaniſh eyes could not diſcerne, but that taking his ſtaffe from his thigh, the deſcending it a little downe, the getting of it vp into the reſt, the letting of the point fall, and taking the Ring, was but all one motion, at leaſt (if they were diuerſe motions) they did ſo ſtealingly ſlippe one into another, as the latter part was euer in hand, before the eye could diſcerne the former was ended. Indeede *Dametas* found fault that hee ſhewed no more ſtrength in ſhaking of his ſtaffe: but to my conceite the fine cleaneneſſe of bearing it was exceeding delightfull.

But how delightfull ſoeuer it was, my delight might well bee in my ſoule, but it neuer went to looke out of the winddow to doe him any comfort. But how much more I found reaſon to like him, the more I ſet all the ſtrength of mind to ſuppreſſe it,or at leaſt to conceale it. Indeede I muſt confeſſe, that as ſome Phyſitions haue told me,that when one is cold outwarldly,he is not inwardly,ſo truely the cold aſhes layd vpon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breaſt ſwollen with keeping my ſighes impriſoned; full often haue the teares I draue backe from mine eyes,turned back to drowne my heart.But alas what did that helpe poore *Dorus?* whoſe eyes(being his diligent intelligencers)could carrie vnto him no other newes,but diſcõfortable. I thinke no day paſt,but by ſome one inuention he would appeare vnto me to teſtifie his loue. One time he daunced the Matachine daunce in armour (O with what a gracefull dexteritie!) I thinke to make mee ſee,that he had beene brought vp in ſuch exerciſes: another time he perſwaded his maſter(to make my time ſeeme ſhorter)in maner of a Dialogue,to play *Priamus* while he playd *Paris*. Thinke(ſweete *Philoclea*)what a *Priamus* we had:but truly,my *Paris* was a *Paris*,and more then a *Paris*: who while in a ſauage apparell,with naked necke,armes,& legs, hee made loue to *Oenone*, you might well ſee by his caunged countenance,and true teares,that hee felt the part hee playd. Tell mee (ſweete *Philoclea*) did you euer ſee ſuch a ſhepheard? tell mee,did you euer heare of ſuch a Prince? And then tell me, if a ſmall or vnworthie aſſault haue conquered mee. Truely I would hate my life, if I thought vanitie led mee. But ſince my parents deale ſo cruelly with mee,it is time for mee to truſt ſomething to my owne iudgement. Yet hitherto haue my lookes beene as I told you,which continuing after many of theſe his fruitleſſe trials, haue wrought ſuch change in him,as I tell you true (with that word ſhee layd her hand vpon her quaking ſide) I doe not a little feare him.See what a letter this is(then drew ſhe the curtaine,and tooke the letter from vnder the pillow)which to day(with an afflicted humbleneſſe) hee deliuered mee,pretending before *Mopſa*, that I ſhould

reade

reade it vnto her, to mollifie (forsooth) her iron stomacke; with that shee reade the letter contayning thus much.

MOst blessed paper, which shalt kisse that hand, where to all blessednesse is in nature a seruant, doe not yet disdaine to carrie with thee the wofull words of a miser now despairing: neither bee afraide to appeare before her, bearing the base title of the sender. For no sooner shall that diuine hand touch thee, but that thy baseneſse shall bee turned to most high preferment. Therefore mourne boldly my inke; for while shee lookes vpon you, your blackeneſse will shine: cry out boldly my lamentation; for while shee reades you, your cries will be musicke. Say then (O happy messenger of a most vnhappy message) that the too soone borne, and too late dying creature, which dares not speake, no not looke, no not scarcely thinke (as from his miserable selfe, vnto her heauenly highnesse) onely presumes to desire thee (in the time that her eyes and voyce doe exalt thee) to say, and in this manner to say, not from him, O no, that were not fitte, but of him, thus much vnto her sacred iudgement. O you, the onely honour to women, to men the onely admiration, you that being armed by loue, defie him that armed you, in this high estate wherin you haue placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing mee to your presence; and let mee remember him, who (since he is yours, how meane soeuer hee bee) it is reason you haue an account of him. The wretch (yet your wretch) though with languishing steppes runnes fast to his graue; and will you suffer a temple (how poorely built soeuer, but yet a temple of your deitie) to bee rased? But hee dieth: it is most true, hee dieth; and hee in whom you liue, to obey you, dieth. Whereof though he plaine, he doth not complaine: for it is a harme, but no wrong, which hee hath receiued. Hee dies, because in wofull language all his senses tell him, that such is your pleasure: for since you will not that hee liue, alas, alas, what followeth, what followeth of the most ruined *Dorus*, but his end? End then, euill destinied *Dorus*, end; and end thou wofull letter, end; for it sufficeth her wisedome to know, that her heauenly will shall bee accomplished.

O my *Philoclea*, is he a person to write these words? and are these words lightly to be regarded? But if you had seene, when with trembling hand he had deliuered it, how he went away, as if he had beene but the coffin that carried himselfe to his sepulcher. Two times (I must confesse) I was about to take curtesie into mine eyes; but both times the former resolution stopt the entrie of it: so that hee departed without obtayning any further kindeneſse. But he was no sooner out of the dore, but that I looked to the dore kindly; and truely the feare of him euer since hath put mee into such perplexitie, as now you found mee. Ah my *Pamela* (said *Philoclea*) leaue sorrow. The riuer of your teares will soone loose his fountaine; it is in your hand as well to stitch vp his life againe, as it was before to rent it. And so (though with selfe-grieued minde) shee comforted her sister, till sleepe came to bath himselfe in *Pamelas* faire weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me (said shee) indeede the onely subiect of the destinies displeasure, whose greatest fortunateneſse is more vnfortunate, then my sisters greatest vnfortunateneſse. Alas shee weepes because shee would be no sooner happy; I weepe, because I can neuer bee happy; her teares flow from pitty, mine from being too farre lower then the reach of pittie. Yet doe I not enuie thee, deare *Pamela*, I doe not enuy thee, onely I could wish that being thy sister in nature, I were not so farre off a kin in fortune.

But

But the darkenesse of sorrow ouer-shadowing her minde, as the night did her eies, they were both content to hide themselues vnder the winges of sleepe, till the next morning had almost lost his name, before the two sweete sleeping sisters awaked from dreames, which flattered them with more comfort, then their waking could, or would consent vnto. For then they were called vp by *Mise*, who hauing bin with *Gynecia*, had receiued commaundement to bee continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmane*, and *Philoclea* haue any priuate conference, but that shee should bee present to heare what passed. *Mise* hauing now her authority increased, but came with skowling eyes to deliuer a flattering good morrow to the two Ladies, telling them, it was a shame for them to marre their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed: and that, when she was of their age, she rowed, shee would haue made a hand-kerchiefe by that time a day. The two sweete Princes with a smiling silence answered her entertainement, and obeying her direction, couered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But as soone as *Pamela* was readie (and sooner she was then her sister) of the agonie of *Dorus* giuing a fit to her selfe, which the words of his letter (liuely imprinted in her minde) still remembred her of, shee called to *Mopsa*, and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to speake with her; because (shee said) shee would take further iudgement of him, before shee would moue *Basilius* to graunt her in mariage vnto him: *Mopsa* (as glad as of sweet-meat to goe of such an arrant) quickely returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who entended both by speaking with him to giue some comfort to his passionate heart, and withall to heare some part of his life past; which although fame had alreadie deliuered vnto her, yet shee desired in more particular certainties to haue it from so beloued an historian. Yet the sweetnesse of vertues disposition, iealous, euen ouer it selfe, suffered her not to enter abruptly into questions of *Musidorus* (whom shee was halfe ashamed shee did loue so well, and more then halfe sorie shee could loue no better) but thought best first to make her talke arise of *Pyrocles*, and his vertuous father: which thus shee did.

Dorus (said shee) you told me the last day, that *Plangus* was deceiued in that hee affirmed the Prince *Musidorus* was drowned: but withall, you confessed his cosin *Pyrocles* perished, of whom certainely in that age there was a great losse, since (as I haue heard) he was a young Prince, of whom all men expected as much, as mans power could bring forth, and yet vertue promised for him, their expectation should not be deceiued. Most excellent Ladie (said *Dorus*) no expectation in others, nor hope in himselfe could aspire to a higher marke, then to be thought worthy to be praised by your iudgement, and made worthy to be praised by your mouth. But most sure it is that as his fame could by no meanes get so sweet & noble an aire to fly in, as in your breath, so could not you (leauing your selfe aside) finde in the world a fitter subiect of commendation; as noble, as a long succession of royall ancestors, famous, and famous for victories, could make him: of shape most louely, and yet of minde more louely, valiant, courteous, wise, what should I say more? sweet *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*, what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I wold to God in some small measure thou hadst bequeathed to him that euer must haue thy vertues in admiration, that masked at least in them, I might haue found some more gracious acceptation? with that hee imprisoned his looke for a while vpon *Mopsa*, who thereupon fell into a verie wide smiling. Truely (said *Pamela*) *Dorus* I like well your minde, that can raise it selfe out of so base a fortune, as yours is, to thinke of the imitating so excellent a Prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who shootes at the midday Sunne, though he be sure he shall neuer hit the marke, yet as sure hee is, hee shall shoote higher, then

who

who aymes but at a bush. But I pray you *Dorus* (said she) tell me (since I perceiue you are well acquainted with that story) what Prince was that *Euarchus* father to *Pyrocles* of whom so much fame goes, for his rightly royall vertues, or by what wayes he got that opinion. And then so descend to the causes of his sending first away from him, and then to him for that excellent sonne of his, with the discourse of his life and losse: and therein you may (if you list) say something of that same *Musidorus* his cosin, because, they going together, the story of *Pyrocles* (which I onely desire) may bee the better vnderstood.

Incomparable Lady (said he) your commaundement doth not only giue me the will, but the power to obey you; such influence hath your excellencie. And first, for that famous king *Euarchus*, hee was (at this time you speake of) king of *Macedon*, a kingdome, which in elder time had such a soueraignetie ouer all the Prouinces of *Greece*, that euen the particular kings therein did acknowledge (with more or lesse degrees of homage) some kind of fealty thereunto: as among the rest, euen this now most noble (& by you ennobled) kingdome of *Arcadia*. But he, when he came to his crowne, finding by his latter ancestors either negligence, or misfortune, that in some ages many of those dueties had beene intermitted, would neuer stirre vp old titles (how apparant soeuer) whereby the publike peace (with the losse of many not guiltie soules) should be broken; but contenting himselfe to guide that shippe, wherein the heauens had placed him, shewed no lesse magnanimitie in daungerlesse despising, then others in daungerous affecting the multiplying of kingdomes: for the earth hath since borne enow bleeding witnesses, that it was no want of true courage. Who as hee was most wise to see what was best, and most iust in the performing what he saw, & temperate in abstaining from any thing any way contrary: so thinke I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to see and contemne daunger, where danger would offer to make any wrongfull threatning vpon him. A Prince, that indeed especially measured his greatnesse by his goodnesse: & if for any thing hee loued greatnesse, it was, because therein hee might exercise his goodnesse. A Prince of a goodly aspect, and the more goodly by a graue maiestie, wherewith his minde did decke his outward graces; strong of body, and so much the stronger, as hee by a well disciplined exercise taught it both to doe and suffer. Of age so as he was aboue fiftie yeares when his Nephew *Musidorus* tooke on such sheepheardish apparell for the loue of the worlds paragon, as I now weare.

This king left Orphan both of father & mother, (whose father and grandfather likewise had died young) hee found his estate, when hee came to the age (which allowed his authoritie) so disioynted euen in the noblest & strongest lims of gouernment, that the name of a king was growen euen odious to the people; his authoritie hauing bin abused by those great Lords, and little kings: who in those betweene times of raigning (by vniust fauouring those that were partially theirs, and oppressing them that would defend their libertie against them) had brought in (by a more felt then seene manner of proceeding) the worst kinde of *Oligarchie*; that is, when men are gouerned in deede by a few, and yet are not taught to know what those few bee, to whom they should obey.

For they hauing the power of kings, but not the nature of kings vsed the authoritie as men doe their farmes, of which they see within a yeare they shall go out: making the kings sword strike whom they hated, the kings purse reward whom they loued: and (which is worst of all) making the Royall countenance serue to vndermine the royall soueraignetie. For the subiects could taste no sweeter fruites of hauing a king, then greiuous taxation to serue vaine purposes; lawes made rather to finde

finde faultes, then to preuent faultes: the Court of a Prince rather deemed as a priuiledged place of vnbridled licentiousnesse, then as the abiding of him, who as a father should giue a fatherly example vnto his people. Hence grew a verie dissolution of all estates, while the great men (by the nature of ambition neuer satisfied) grew factious among themselues: and the vnderlings, glad in deede to bee vnderlings to them they hated least, to preserue them from such they hated most. Men of vertue suppressed, least they shining should discouer the others filthinesse; and at length vertue it selfe almost forgotten, when it had no hopefull end whereunto to be directed; old men long nusled in corruption, scorning them that would seeke reformation; yong men very fault-finding, but verie faulty: & so giuen to new fanglenes both of manners, apparell, and each thing else, by the custome of selfe-guiltie euill, glad to change, though oft for worse; marchandise abused, and so Townes decayed for want of iust and naturall libertie; offices, euen of iudging soules, solde; publike defences neglected; and in summe, (least too long I trouble you) all awrie, & (which wried it to the most wrie course of all) witte abused, rather to faine reason why it should bee amisse, then how it should bee amended.

In this, & a much worse plight then it is fit to trouble your excellent eares withall, did the king *Euarchus* finde his estate, when hee tooke vpon him the regiment: which by reason of the long streame of abuse, hee was forced to stablish by some euen extreame severitie, not so much for the verie faultes themselues, (which he rather sought to preuent then to punish) as for the faultie ones, who strong, euen in their faultes, scorned his youth, and could not learne to digest, that the man which they so long had vsed to maske their owne appetites, should now bee the reducer of them into order. But so soone as some few (but indeede notable) examples had thundered a dutie into the subiects hearts, hee soone shewed, no baseneese of suspition, nor the baest baseneese of enuy, could any whit rule such a Ruler. But then shined forth in deede all loue among them, when an awefull feare ingendred by iustice, did make that loue most louely: his first and principall care being to appeare vnto his people, such as he would haue them be, and to be such as hee appeared; making his life the example of his lawes, and his lawes as it were, his axiomes arising out of his deedes. So that within small time, he wanne a singular loue in his people, and engraffed singular confidence. For how could they choose but loue him, whom they found so truely to loue them? He euen in reason disdaining, that they that haue charge of beasts, should loue their charge, and care for them; and that hee that was to gouerne the most excellent creature, should not loue so noble a charge. And therefore, where most Princes (seduced by flatterie to build vpon false grounds of gouernement) make themselues (as it were) another thing from the people; and so count it gaine what they get from them: and (as it were two counter-ballances, that their estate goes higheest when the people goes loweest) by a fallacie of argument thinking themselues most kings, when the subiect is most basely subiected: He contrariwise, vertuously and wisely acknowledging, that hee with his people made all but one politike body, whereof himselfe was the head; euen so cared for them, as he would for his owne limmes: neuer restraining their libertie, without it streeched to licentiousnesse, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not imployed to the purchase of a greater good: but in all his actions shewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to passe, that while by force he tooke nothing, by their loue he had all. In summe (peereelesse Princesse) I might as easily set downe the whole Arte of gouernement, as to lay before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in such sort hee flourished in the sweete comfort of doing much good,

when

when by an occasion of leaving his country, he was forced to bring foorth his vertue of magnanimitie, as before he had done of iustice.

He had onely one sister, a Lady (least I should too easily fall to partiall prayses of her) of whom it may be iustly said, that shee was no vnfit branch to the noble stocke whereof she was come. Her he had giuen in mariage to *Dorilaus* Prince of *Thessalia*, not so much to make a friendship, as to confirme the friendship betweene their posteritie, which betweene them, by the likenesse of vertue, had beene long before made: for certainly, *Dorilaus*, could need no amplifiers mouth for the highest point of prayse. Who hath not heard (said *Pamela*) of the valiant, wise, and iust *Dorilaus*, whose vnripe death doth yet (so many yeares since) draw teares from vertuous eies? And indeed, my father is wont to speake of nothing with greater admiration, then of the notable friendship (a rare thing in Princes, more rare betweene Princes) that so holily was obserued to the last of those two excellent men. But (said she) go on I pray you. *Dorilaus* (said he) hauing maried his sister, had his mariage in short time blest (for so are folke wont to say, how vnhappie soeuer the children after grow) with a sonne, whom they named *Musidorus*: of whom I must needes first speake before I come to *Pyrocles*; because as he was borne first, so vpon his occasion grew (as I may say accidentally) the others birth. For scarcely was *Musidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of Southsayers, who affirmed strange & incredible things should be performed by that child; whether the heauens at that time listed to play with ignorant mankind, or that flatterie be so presumptuous, as euen at times to borrow the face of Diuinitie. But certainly, so did the boldnesse of their affirmation accompany the greatnesse of what they did affirme (euen descending to particularities, what kingdomes he should ouercome) that the king of *Phrygia* (who ouer-superstitiously thought himselfe touched in the matter) sought by force to destroy the infant, to preuent his after-expectations: because a skilfull man (hauing compared his natiuitie with the child) so tolde him. Foolish man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not considering that if it were a worke of the superior powers, the heauens at length are neuer children. But so he did, & by the aid of the kings of *Lydia* and *Crete* (ioyning together their armies) inuaded *Thessalia*, and brought *Dorilaus* to some behinde-hand of fortune; when his faithfull friend & brother *Euarchus* came so mightily to his succour, that with some interchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a iust warr, the best childe, peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a crosse mariage also with *Dorilaus* his sister, and shortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrocles*, driuen to returne to the defence of his owne countrie, which in his absence (helped with some of the ill contented nobilitie) the mightie king of *Thrace*, & his brother, king of *Pannonia*, had inuaded. The successe of those warres was too notable to be vnknowen to your eares, to which it seemes all worthy fame hath glorie to come vnto. But there was *Dorilaus* (valiantly requiring his friendes helpe) in a great battaile deprriued of life, his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his partakers, then the bloud of his enemies; with so piercing a sorrow to the constant heart of *Euarchus*, that the newes of his sonnes birth could lighten his countenance, with no shew of comfort, although all the comfort that might be in a child, truth it selfe in him forthwith deliuered. For what fortune onely Southsayers foretold of *Musidorus*, that all men might see prognosticated in *Pyrocles*, both Heauens & Earth giuing tokens of the comming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfection in a man, as at that time all folks skilfull therein did acknowledge: onely Ioue was threatned, & promised to him, and so

to his couſin, as both the tempeſt and hauen of their beſt yeares. But as death may haue preuented *Pyrocles*, ſo vnworthineſſe muſt be the death of *Muſidorus*.

But the mother of *Pyrocles* (ſhortly after her childe-birth) dying, was cauſe that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his onely ſonne to his ſiſter; doing it the rather becauſe the warre continued in cruell heate, betwixt him and thoſe ill neighbours of his. In which meane time thoſe young Princes (the onely comforters of that vertuous widow) grew on ſo, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardeſt conceits: *Muſidorus* (perchaunce becauſe among his ſubiects) exceedingly beloued: and by the good order of *Euarchus* (well performed by his ſiſter) they were ſo brought vp, that all the ſparkes of vertue, which nature had kindled in them, were ſo blowne to giue forth their vttermoſt heat, that iuſtly it may be affirmed, they enflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almoſt before they could perfectly ſpeake, they began to receiue conceits not vnworthy of the beſt ſpeakers: excellent deuiſes being vſed, to make euen their ſports profitable; images of battailes, and fortifications being then deliuered to their memorie, which after, their ſtronger iudgements might diſpence, the delight of tales being conuerted to the knowledge of all the ſtories of worthy Princes, both to moue them to do nobly, and teach them how to do nobly; the beautie of vertue ſtill being ſet before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care, then Grammaticall rules, their bodies exerciſed in all abilities, both of doing and ſuffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with daungers, and in ſumme, all bent to the making vp of princely minds: no ſeruile feare vſed towards them, nor any other violent reſtraint, but ſtill as to Princes: ſo that a habite of commanding was naturalized in them, and therfore the farther from Tyranny: Nature hauing done ſo much for them in nothing, as that it made them Lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which nothing I ſo much delight to recount, as the memorable friendſhip that grew betwixt the two Princes, ſuch as made them more like then the likeneſſe of all other vertues, and made them more neere one to the other, then the neerenes of their bloud could aſpire vnto; which I thinke grew the faſter, and the faſter was tyed betweene them, by reaſon that *Muſidorus* being elder by three or foure yeares, it was neither ſo great a difference in age as did take away the delight in ſocietie, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occaſion of childiſh contentions; till they had both paſt ouer the humour of ſuch contentions. For *Pyrocles* bare reuerence full of loue to *Muſidorus*, and *Muſidorus* had a delight full of loue in *Pyrocles*. *Muſidorus*, what hee had learned eyther for bodie or minde, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was ſo glad to learne of none, as of *Muſidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to ſixteene yeares of age, he ſeemed ſo to ouerrunne his age in growth, ſtrength, and all things following it, that not *Muſidorus*, no nor any man liuing (I think) could performe any action, either on horſe, or foot, more ſtrongly, or deliuer that ſtrength more nimbly, or become the deliuerie more gracefully, or imploy all more vertuouſly. Which may well ſeeme wonderfull: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderfull ſubiect.

At which time, vnderſtanding that the King *Euarchus*, after ſo manie yeares warre, and the conqueſt of all *Pannonia*, and almoſt *Thrace*, had now brought the concluſion of all to the ſiege of *Bizantium* (to the raiſing of which ſiege great forces were made) they would needes fall to the practiſe of thoſe vertues, which they before learned. And therefore the mother of *Muſidorus* nobly yeelding ouer her owne affects to her childrens good (for a mother ſhee was in effect to them both) the rather that they might helpe her beloued brother, they brake off all delayes; which

Muſidorus

Muſidorus for his part thought already had deuoured too much of his good time, but that he had once graunted a boone (before hee knew what it was) to his deere friend *Pyrocles*; that he would neuer ſeeke the aduentures of armes, vntill he might goe with him: which hauing faſt bound his heart (a true ſlaue to faith) he had bid a tedious delay of following his owne humour for his friends ſake, till now being both ſent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able euery way to goe thorow with that kinde of life, he was as deſirous for his ſake, as for his owne, to enter into it. So therefore preparing a nauie, that they might goe like themſelues, and not only bring the comfort of their preſence, but of their power, to their deere parent *Euarchus*, they recommended themſelues to the Sea, leauing the ſhoare of *Theſſalia* full of teares and vowes; and were receiued thereon with ſo ſmooth and ſmiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falſely to fawne on Princes. The winde was like a ſeruant, waiting behinde them ſo iuſt, that they might fill the ſayles as they liſted; and the beſt ſaylers ſhewing themſelues leſſe couetous of his liberalitie, ſo tempered it, that they all kept together like a beautifull flocke, which ſo well could obey their maiſters pipe: without ſometimes, to delight the Princes eyes, ſome two or three of them would ſtriue, who could (either by the cunning of well ſpending the winds breath, or by the aduantageous building of their mouing houſes) leaue their fellowes behinde them in the honour of ſpeede: while the two Princes had leaſure to ſee the practiſe of that, which before they had learned by bookes: to conſider the arte of catching the winde priſoner, to no other end, but to runne away with it; to ſee how beautie, and vſe can ſo well agree together, that of all the trinkets, wherwith they are attired, there is not one but ſerues to ſome neceſſarie purpoſe. And (O Lord) to ſee the admirable power and noble effects of Loue, whereby the ſeeming inſenſible Loadſtone, with a ſecret beautie (holding the ſpirit of iron in it) can draw that hard-hearted thing vnto it, and (like a vertuous miſtreſſe) not onely make it bow it ſelfe, but with it make it aſpire to ſo high a Loue, as of the heauenly Poles; and thereby to bring forth the nobleſt deedes, that the children of the Earth can boaſt of. And ſo the Princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, ſeeing wherein the Sea-diſcipline differed from Land-ſeruice, they had for a day and almoſt a whole night, as pleaſing entertainement, as the falſeſt heart could giue to him he meanes worſt to.

But by that the next morning began a little to make a gilden ſhew of a good meaning, there aroſe euen with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which ſhortly (like inke powred into water) had blacked ouer all the face of heauen; preparing (as it were) a mournefull ſtage for a Tragedie to be played on. For forthwith the windes began to ſpeake lowder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themſelues fitteſt inſtruments of commandement; and blowing whole ſtormes of haile and raine vpon them, they were ſooner in daunger, then they could almoſt bethinke themſelues of change. For then the trayterous Sea began to ſwell in pride againſt the afflicted Nauie, vnder which (while the heauen fauoured them) it had layne ſo calmely, making mountaines of it ſelfe, ouer which the toſſed and tottring ſhip ſhould clime, to be ſtreight carried downe againe to a pit of helliſh darkneſſe; with ſuch cruell blowes againſt the ſides of the ſhip (that, which way ſoeuer it went, was ſtill in his malice) that there was left neither power to ſtay, nor way to eſcape. And ſhortly had it ſo diſſeuered the louing companie, which the day before had tarried together, that moſt of them neuer met againe, but were ſwallowed vp in his neuer-ſatisfied mouth. Some indeede (as ſince was knowne) after long wandring returned into *Theſſalia*; other recouered *Bizantium*, and ſerued *Euarchus* in his

warre. But in the ſhip wherein the Princes were (now left as much alone as proud Lords be when fortune failes them) though they imployed all induſtrie to ſaue themſelues, yet what they did, was rather for duetie to nature, then hope to eſcape. So ougly a darkenes (as if it would preuent the nights comming) vſurped the dayes right: which accompanied ſometimes with thunders, alwayes with horrible noiſes of the chafing windes) made the maſters and pilots ſo aſtoniſhed, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could ſcarcely (when they directed) heare their owne whiſtle. For the ſea ſtraue with the windes which ſhould be lowder, and the ſhrouds of the ſhip with a ghaſtfull noiſe to them that were in it, witneſſed, that their ruine was the wager of the others contention, and the heauen roaring out thunders the more amazed them, as hauing thoſe powers for enemies. Certainly there is no daunger carries with it more horror, then that which growes in thoſe floting kingdomes. For that dwelling place is vnnaturall to mankinde, and then the terriblenesſe of the continuall motion, the deſolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the eare hauing ougly images euer before it, dooth ſtill vexe the minde, euen when it is beſt armed againſt it. But thus the day paſt (if that might be called day) while the cunningeſt mariners were ſo conquered by the ſtorme, as they thought it beſt with ſtriken ſayles to yeeld to be gouerned by it: the valianteſt feeling inward diſmayednes, and yet the fearfulleſt aſhamed fully to ſhew it, ſeeing that the Princes (who were to part from the greateſt fortunes) did in their countenances accuſe no point of feare, but encouraging them to doe what might be done (putting their hands to euery moſt painefull office) taught them at one inſtant to promiſe themſelues the beſt, and yet to deſpiſe the worſt. But ſo were they carried by the tyrannie of the winde, and the treaſon of the Sea, all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it ſhewed it ſelfe towards them: till the next morning (knowne to be a morning better by the houre-glaſſe, then by the day cleerenesſe) hauing run fortune ſo blindly, as it ſelfe euer was painted, leſt the concluſion ſhould not anſwer to the reſt of the play, they were driuen vpon a rocke: which hidden with thoſe outrageous waues, did, as it were, cloſely diſſemble his cruell minde, till with an vnbeleeued violence (but to them that haue tried it) the ſhip ran vpon it; and ſeeming willinger to periſh then to haue her courſe ſtayed, redoubled her blowes, till ſhe had broken her ſelfe in pieces; and as it were tearing out her owne bowels to feed the ſeas greedineſſe, left nothing within it, but deſpaire of ſafetie, and expectation of a lothſome end. There was to be ſeene the diuerſe maner of mindes in diſtreſſe: ſome ſate vpon the top of the poupe weeping and wayling, till the Sea ſwallowed them; ſome one more able to abide death, then feare of death, cut his owne throat to preuent drowning; ſome prayed, and there wanted not of them which curſed, as if the heauens could not be more angry then they were. But a monſtrous cry begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare a minde that had not preuented it with the power of reaſon.

But the Princes vſing the paſsions of fearing euill, and deſiring to eſcape, onely to ſerue the rule of vertue, not to abandon ones ſelfe, lept to a rib of the ſhip, which broken from his fellowes, floted with more likelyhood to doe ſeruice, then any other limme of that ruinous bodie; vpon which there had gotten alreadie two brethren, well knowne ſeruants of theirs; and ſtraight they foure were carried out of ſight, in that huge riſing of the Sea, from the reſt of the ſhip. But the peece they were on ſinking by little and little vnder them, not able to ſupport the weight of ſo manie, the brethren (the elder whereof was *Leucippus*, the younger *Nelſus*) ſhewed themſelues right faithfull and gratefull ſeruants vnto them; gratefull (I ſay)

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for this cause: Those two gentlemen had beene taken prisoners in the great warre the king of *Phrygia* made vpon *Thessalia*, in the time of *Musidorus* his infancie; and hauing beene sold into another countrie (though peace fell after betweene these Realmes) could not be deliuered, because of their valour knowne, but for a farre greater summe, then either all their friends were able, or the Dowager willing to make, in respect of the great expences her selfe and people had beene put to in those warres; and so had they remained in prison about thirteene yeares, when the two young Princes (hearing speeches of their good deserts) found meanes both by selling all the Iewels they had of great price, and by giuing vnder their hands great estates when they should come to be Kings (which promises their vertue promised for them should be kept) to get so much treasure as redeemed them from captiuitie. This remembred, and kindly remembred by these two brothers, perchance helped by a naturall duetie to their Princes bloud, they willingly left holde of the boord, committing themselues to the Seas rage, and euen when they meant to die, themselues praying for the Princes liues. It is true, that neither the paine nor daunger, so moued the Princes hearts as the tenderneſse of that louing part, farre from glory, hauing so few lookers on; farre from hope of reward, since themselues were sure to perish.

But now of all the royall Nauie they lately had, they had left but one little peece of one ship, whereon they kept themselues, in all trueth hauing interchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counselling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worse. But so fell it out, that as they were caried by the tyde (which there, seconded by the storme, ran exceeding swiftly) *Musidorus* seeing (as he thought) *Pyrocles* not well vpon the boord, as he would with his right hand haue helped him on better, he had no sooner vnfastened his holde, but that a waue forcibly spoiled his weaker hand of hold, & so for a time parted those friends, each crying to the other; but the noise of the sea drowned their farewell. But *Pyrocles* (then careleſse of death, if it had come by any meanes, but his owne) was shortly brought out of the Seas furie to the Lands comfort, when (in my conscience I know) that comfort was but bitter vnto him: and bitter indeed it fell out euen in it selfe to be vnto him.

For being cast on land much bruised and beaten both with the seas hard farewell, and the shores rude welcome; and euen almost deadly tyred with the length of his vncomfortable labour, as he was walking vp to discouer some bodie, to whom hee might go for relieſe, there came straight running vnto him certaine, who (as it was after knowne) by appointment watched (with many others) in diuerse places along the coast: who laid hands on him, and without either queſtioning with him, or shewing will to heare him, (like men fearefull to appeare curious) or which was worst, hauing no regard to the hard plight he was in (being so wet and weake) they caried him some miles thence, to a house of a principall officer of that countrey. Who with no more ciuilitie (though with much more buſineſse then those vnderfellowes had shewed) began in captious manner to put interrogatories vnto him. To which (he vnused to such intertainement) did shortly and plainely answere, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no sooner knowne, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for mischiefe, not from mischiefe) he was sent to the kings Court, which as then was not aboue a daies iourney off, with letters from that officer, contayning his owne seruiceable diligence in discouering so great a personage, adding withall more then was true of his coniectures, because hee would endeare his owne seruice.

This countrie whereon hee fell was *Phrygia*, and it was to the king thereof to whom he was ſent, a Prince of a melancholy conſtitution both of body and minde; wickedly ſad, euer muſing of horrible matters, ſuſpecting, or rather condemning all men of euill, becauſe his minde had no eye to eſpie goodneſſe: and therefore accuſing *Sycophants* of all men did beſt ſorte to his nature; but therefore not ſeeming *Sycophants*, becauſe of no euill they ſaid, they could bring any new or doubtfull thing vnto him, but ſuch as already hee had beene apt to determine; ſo as they came but as proofes of his wiſedome: fearefull and neuer ſecure, while the feare he had figured in his minde had any poſſibilitie of euent. A tode-like retirednesſe, and cloſeneſſe of minde; nature teaching the odiouſneſſe of poyſon, and the daunger of odiouſneſſe. Yet while youth laſted in him, the exerciſes of that age, and his humour (not yet fully diſcouered) made him ſomething the more frequentable, and leſſe daungerous. But after that yeares began to come on with ſome, though more ſeldome, ſhewes of a bloudy nature, and that the prophecie of *Muſidorus* deſtinie came to his eares (deliuered vnto him, and receiued of him with the hardeſt interpretation, as though his ſubiects did delight in the hearing thereof) Then gaue he himſelfe indeede to the full current of his diſpoſition, eſpecially after the warre of *Theſſalia*, wherein (though in trueth wrongly) hee demed, his vnſucceſſe proceeded of their vnwillingneſſe to haue him proſper: and then thinking himſelfe contemned (knowing no countermine againſt contempt, but terrour) began to let nothing paſſe which might beare the colour of a fault, without ſharp puniſhment: and when hee wanted faults, excellencie grew a fault; and it was ſufficient to make one guiltie, that he had power to bee guiltie. And as there is no humour, to which impudent pouertie cannot make it ſelfe ſeruiceable: ſo were there enow of thoſe of deſperate ambition, who would build their houſes vpon others ruines, which after ſhould fall by like practiſes. So as a ſeruitude came mainely vpon that poore people, whoſe deedes were not onely puniſhed, but wordes corrected, and euen thoughts by ſome meane or other puld out of them: while ſuſpicion bred the minde of cruelties, and the effects of crueltie ſtirred a new cauſe of ſuſpicion. And in this plight (full of watchfull fearefulneſſe) did the ſtorme deliuer ſweete *Pyrocles* to the ſtormie minde of that Tyrant, all men that did ſuch wrong to ſo rare a ſtranger (whoſe countenance deſerued both pitie and admiration) condemning themſelues as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their faces.

But when this bloudy king knew what he was, & in what order he and his coſin *Muſidorus* (ſo much of him feared) were come out of *Theſſalia*, aſſuredly thinking (becauſe euer thinking the worſt) that thoſe forces were prouided againſt him; glad of the periſhing (as he thought) of *Muſidorus*, determined in publike ſort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For hauing quite loſt the way of nobleneſſe, he ſtraue to clime to the height of terribleneſſe; and thinking to make all men adread, to make ſuch one an enemie, who would not ſpare, nor feare to kill ſo great a Prince; and laſtly hauing nothing in him why to make him his friend, hee thought hee would take him away from being his enemie. The day was appointed, and all things prepared, for that cruell blow, in ſo ſolemne an order, as if they would ſet forth tyrannie in moſt gorgeous decking. The Princely youth, of inuincible valour, yet ſo vniuſtly ſubiected to ſuch outragious wrong, carying himſelfe in all his demeanour ſo conſtantly abiding extremitie, that one might ſee it was the cutting away of the greateſt hope of the world, and deſtroying vertue in his ſweeteſt growth.

But ſo it fell out, that his death was preuented by a rare example of friendſhip in *Muſidorus*; who being almoſt drowned, had beene taken vp by a fiſherman belonging

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ing to the kingdome of *Bithinia*; & being there, and vnderſtanding the full diſcourſe (as Fame was very prodigall of ſo notable an accident) in what caſe *Pyrocles* was; learning withall, that his hate was farre more to him then to *Pyrocles*, hee found meanes to acquaint himſelfe with a Noble man of that Countrie, to whom largely diſcouering what he was, he found him a moſt fit inſtrument to effectuate his deſire. For this Noble man had beene one, who in many warres had ſerued *Euarchus*, and had beene ſo minde-ſtriken by the beautie of vertue in that noble king, that (though not borne his ſubiect) hee euer profeſt himſelfe his ſeruant. His deſire therefore to him was, to keepe *Muſidorus* in a ſtrong Caſtle of his, and then to make the king of *Phrygia* vnderſtand that if hee would deliuer *Pyrocles*, *Muſidorus* would willingly put himſelfe into his hands; knowing well, that how thirſtie ſoeuer hee was of *Pyrocles* bloud hee would rather drinke that of *Muſidorus*.

The Noble man was lothe to preſerue one by the loſſe of another: but time vrging reſolution; the importunitie of *Muſidorus* (who ſhewed a minde not to ouerliue *Pyrocles*) with the affection he bare to *Euarchus*, ſo preuailed, that he caried this ſtrange offer of *Muſidorus*, which by the Tyrant was greedily accepted.

And ſo vpon ſecuritie of both ſides, they were enterchanged. Where I may not omit the worke of friendſhip in *Pyrocles*, who both in ſpeech and countenance to *Muſidorus*, well ſhewed, that he thought himſelfe iniured, & not relieued by him: aſking him, what hee had euer ſeene in him, why hee could not beare the extreamities of mortall accidents as well as any man? and why he ſhould enuy him the glorie of ſuffering death for his friends cauſe, and (as it were) rob him of his owne poſſeſſion? But in this notable contention (where the conqueſt muſt be the conquerers deſtruction, and ſafety the puniſhment of the conquerour) *Muſidorus* preuailed: becauſe he was a more welcome pray to the vniuſt king; and as cheerefully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly fromward his death, hee was deliuered to the king, who could not bee enough ſure of him; without hee fed his owne eyes vpon one, whom hee had begun to feare, aſſoone as the other began to bee.

Yet becauſe hee would in one act, both make oſtentation of his owne felicitie (into whoſe hands his moſt feared enemie was fallen) and withall cut off ſuch hopes from his ſuſpected ſubiects (when they ſhould know certainely hee was dead) with much more skilfull crueltie, and horrible ſolemnitie hee cauſed each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyrannie. And ſo the day being come, hee was led forth by many armed men (who often had beene the fortifiers of wickednesse) to the place of execution: where comming with a minde comforted in that he had done ſuch ſeruice to *Pyrocles*, this ſtrange encounter he had.

The excelling *Pyrocles* was no ſooner deliuered by the kings ſeruants to a place of libertie, then hee bent his wit and courage (and what would not they bring to paſſe?) how either to deliuer *Muſidorus*, or to periſh with him. And (finding hee could get in that countrie no forces ſufficient by force to reſcue him) to bring himſelfe to die with him, (little hoping of better euent) hee put himſelfe in poore rayment, and by the helpe of ſome few crownes he tooke of that noble-man (who full of ſorrow, though not knowing the ſecret of his intent, ſuffered him to goe in ſuch order from him) he (euen he, borne to the greateſt expectation, and of the greateſt bloud that any Prince might be) ſubmitted himſelfe to bee ſeruant to the executioner that ſhould put to death *Muſidorus*: a farre notabler proofe of his friendſhip, conſidering the height of his minde, then any death could be. That bad officer not ſuſpecting him, being arrayed fit for ſuch an eſtate, and hauing his beautie hidden by many foule ſpots hee artificially put vpon his face, gaue him leaue not onely to

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weare a sword himselfe, but to beare his sword prepared for the iustified murther. And so *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Musidorus* was vpon the scaffold (separated somewhat from the rest, as allowed to say something) hee stept vnto him, and putting the sword into his hand not bound (a point of ciuilitie the officers vsed towardes him, because they doubted no such enterprise) *Musidorus*, said hee, die nobly. In trueth, neuer man betweene ioy before knowledge what to be glad of, and feare after considering his case, had such a confusion of thoughts, as I had, when I saw *Pyrocles*, so neare mee. But with that *Dorus* blushed, and *Pamela* smiled: and *Dorus* the more blushed at her smiling, and shee the more smiled at his blushing: because hee had (with the remembrance of that plight he was in) forgotten in speaking of himselfe to vse the third person. But *Musidorus* turned againe her thoughts from his cheekes to his tongue in this sorte: But, said hee, when they were with swordes in handes, not turning backes one to the other (for there they knew was no place of defence) but making it a preseruation in not hoping to bee preserued, and now acknowledging themselues subiect to death, meaning onely to doe honour to their Princely birth, they flew amongst them all (for all were enemies) and had quickely either with flight or death, left none vpon the scaffold to annoy them. Wherein *Pyrocles* (the excellent *Pyrocles*) did such wonders beyond beleefe, as was able to leade *Musidorus* to courage, though he had beene borne a coward. But indeed iust rage and desperate vertue did such effects, that the popular sorte of the beholders began to bee almost superstitiously amazed, as at effects beyond mortall power. But the king with angry threatnings from out a window (where hee was not ashamed the world should behold him a beholder) commaunded his guard and the rest of his souldiers to hasten their death. But many of them lost their bodies to loose their soules, when the Princes grew almost so wearie, as they were readie to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were still fighting with weake armes and strong hearts, it happened, that one of the souldiers (commanded to goe vp after his fellowes against the Princes), hauing receiued a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went backe with as much diligence, as he came vp with modestie: which another of his fellowes seeing, to picke a thanke of the king, strake him vpon the face, reuiling him, that so accompanied, he would run away from so few. But he (as many times it fals out) onely valiant, when he was agrie, in reuenge thrust him through: which with his death was straight reuenged by a brother of his: and that againe requited by a fellow of the others. There began to bee a great tumult amongst the souldiers; which seene, and not vnderstood by the people (vsed to feares, but not vsed to bee bold in them) some began to crie treason; and that voice straight multiplying it selfe, the king (ô the cowardise of a guiltie conscience) before any man set vpon him fled away. Wherewith a bruit (either by art of some well meaning men, or by some chaunce as such things often fall out by) ran from one to the other, that the king was slaine; wherewith certaine young men of the braueſt mindes, cried with a loud voice, Libertie; and encouraging the other Citizens to follow them, set vpon the guard and souldiers, as chiefe instruments of tyranny: and quickely ayded by the Princes they had left none of them aliue, nor any other in the City, who they thought had in any sorte set his hand to the worke of their seruitude, and (God knowes) by the blindnesse of rage, killing many guiltlesse persons, either for affinitie to the tyrant, or enmitie to the tyrant-killers. But some of the wiser (seeing that a popular licence is indeede the many-headed tyrannie) preuailed with the rest to make *Musidorus* their chiefe: choosing one of them (because Princes) to defend them, & him because elder

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and moſt hated of the Tyrant, and by him to bee ruled: whom forthwith they lifted vp, Fortune (I thinke) ſmiling at her worke therein, that a ſcaffold of execution ſhould grow a ſcaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came newes of more certaine trueth, that the king was not dead, but fled to a ſtrong caſtle of his, neare hand, where hee was gathering forces in all ſpeed poſſible to ſuppreſſe this mutinie. But now they had runne themſelues too farre out of breath, to goe backe againe the ſame career; and too well they knew the ſharpeneſſe of his memorie to forget ſuch an iniurie; therefore learning vertue of neceſſitie, they continued reſolute to obey *Muſidorus*. Who ſeeing what forces were in the Citie, with them iſſued againſt the tyrant, while they were in this heate; before practiſes might be vſed to diſſeuer them: and with them met the king, who likewiſe hoping little to preuaile by time, knowing and finding his peoples hate, met him with little delay in the field: where himſelfe was ſlaine by *Muſidorus*, after he had ſeene his onely ſonne (a Prince of great courage and beautie, but foſtered vp in bloud by his naughtie father) ſlaine by the hand of *Pyrocles*. This victorie obtained with great, and truely not vndeſerued honour to the two Princes, the whole eſtates of the countrie with one conſent, gaue the Crowne and all other marks of ſoueraignetie to *Muſidorus*; deſiring nothing more then to liue vnder ſuch a gouernement as they promiſed themſelues of him.

But he thinking it a greater greatneſſe to giue a kingdome, then get a kingdome, vnderſtanding that there was left of the bloud royall, & next to the ſucceſſion, an aged Gentleman of approued goodneſſe (who had gotten nothing by his coſins power but danger from him, & odiouſneſſe for him) hauing paſt his time in modeſt ſecrecy, & as much from intermedling in matters of gouernment, as the greatneſſe of his bloud would ſuffer him, did (after hauing receiued the full power to his owne hands) reſigne all to the Nobleman, but with ſuch conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might aſſure the people (with as much aſſurance as worldly matters beare) that not onely that Gouernour, of whom indeed they looked for all good, but the nature of the gouernement, ſhould be no way apt to decline to tyranny.

This doing ſet forth no leſſe his magnificence, then the other act did his magnanimitie; ſo that greatly praiſed of all, & iuſtly beloued of the new king, who in all both words & behauiour proteſted himſelfe their Tenant, & Liegeman, they were drawne thence to reuenge thoſe two ſeruants of theirs, of whoſe memorable faith, I told you (moſt excellent Princeſſe) in willingly giuing themſelues to be drowned for their ſakes; but drowned indeede they were not, but gate with painefull ſwimming vpon a rocke: from whence (after being come as neere famiſhing, as before drowning) the weather breaking vp, they were brought to the maine land of *Bithinia*; the ſame countrie vpon which *Muſidorus* alſo was fallen, but not in ſo luckie a place.

For they were brought to the King of that countrey, a Tyrant alſo, not through ſuſpicion, greedineſſe, or reuengefulneſſe, as he of *Phrygia*, but (as I may terme it) of a wanton cruelty: inconſtant in his choiſe of friends, or rather neuer hauing a friend but a play fellow; of whom when he was weary, he could not otherwiſe rid himſelfe then by killing them, giuing ſometimes prodigally, not becauſe hee loued them to whom hee gaue, but becauſe hee luſted to giue: puniſhing, not ſo much for hate or anger, as becauſe he felt not the ſmart of puniſhment: delighted to bee flattered, at firſt for thoſe vertues which were not in him, at length making his vices vertues worthy the flattering: with like iudgement glorying, when he had happened to doe a thing well, as when he had performed ſome notable miſchiefe.

Hee chaunced at that time (for indeede long time none laſted with him) to haue

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next in vſe about him, a man of the moſt enuious diſpoſition, that (I thinke) euer infected the ayre with his breath; whoſe eyes could not looke right vpon any happie man, nor eares beare the burthen of any bodies prayſe: contrarie to the natures of all other plagues, plagued with others well being; making happineſſe the ground of his vnhappineſſe, & good newes the argument of his ſorrow: in ſum, a man whoſe fauour no man could witne, but by being miſerable. And ſo, becauſe theſe two faithfull ſeruants of theirs came in miſerable ſort to that Court, he was apt enough at firſt to fauour them; and the king vnderſtanding of their aduenture, (wherein they had ſhewed ſo conſtant a faith vnto their Lordes) ſodainely falles to take a pride in making much of them, extolling them with infinite prayſes, and prayſing himſelfe in his heart, in that he prayſed them. And by and by were they made great Courtiers, and in the way of minions, when aduauncement (the moſt mortall offence to enuie) ſtirred vp their former friend, to ouerthrow his own worke in them; taking occaſion vpon the knowledge (newly come to the Court) of the late death of the king of Phrygia deſtroyed by their two Lordes, who hauing beene a neare kinſman to this Prince of *Pontus*, by this enuious Counſellour, partly with ſuſpicion of practiſe, partly with glory of (in part) reuenging his couſins death, the king was ſodainely turned (and euery turne with him was a downe-fall) to locke them vp in priſon, as ſeruants to his enemies, whom before hee had neuer knowne, nor (till that time one of his owne ſubiects had intertained and dealt for them) did euer take heed of. But now earneſt in euerie preſent humor, and making himſelfe braue in his liking, hee was content to giue them iuſt cauſe of offence, when they had power to make iuſt reuenge. Yet did the Princes ſend vnto him before they entred into warre, deſiring their ſeruants libertie. But hee ſwelling in their humbleneſſe, (like a bubble blowne vp with a ſmall breath, broken with a great) forgetting, or neuer knowing humanitie, cauſed their heads to bee ſtriken off, by the aduice of his enuious Counſellour (who now hated them ſo much the more as he forſawe their happineſſe in hauing ſuch, and ſo fortunate maiſters) and ſent them with vnroyall reproches to *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done traiterouſly, and not heroically in killing his tyrannicall couſin.

But that iniurie went beyond all degree of reconcilement; ſo that they making forces in *Phrygia* (a kingdome wholly at their commaundement, by the loue of the people, and gratefulneſſe of the king) they entred his countrie; and wholly conquering it (with ſuch deedes as at leaſt Fame ſaid were excellent) tooke the king; and by *Muſidorus* commandement (*Pyrocles* heart more enclining to pitie) hee was ſlaine vpon the tombe of their two true ſeruants; which they cauſed to bee made for them with royall expences, and notable workemanſhip to preſerue their dead liues. For his wicked ſeruant, hee ſhould haue felt the like, or worſe, but that his heart brake euen to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carkaſſes. There might *Pyrocles* quietly haue enioyed that Crowne, by all the deſire of that people, moſt of whom had reuolted vnto him: but hee finding a ſiſter of the late kings (a faire & well eſteemed Lady) looking for nothing more, then to bee oppreſſed with her brothers ruines, gaue her in mariage to the Nobleman his fathers olde friend; and endowed them with the Crowne of that kingdome. And not content with thoſe publike actions, of princely, and (as it were) gouerning vertue, they did (in that kingdome and ſome other neere about) diuerſe actes of particular trialls, more famous, becauſe more perilous. For in that time thoſe regions were full both of cruell monſters, and monſtrous men: all which in ſhort time by priuate combats they deliuered the countries of.

Among

Among the reſt, two brothers of huge both greatneſſe and force, therefore commonly called Giants, who kept themſelues in a caſtle ſeated vpon the top of a rocke impregnable, becauſe there was no comming vnto it but by one narrow path, where one mans force was able to keepe downe an armie. Theſe brothers had a while ſerued the king of *Pontus*, & in all his affaires (eſpecially of warre, whereunto they were onely apt) they had ſhewed, as vnconquered courage, ſo a rude faithfulneſſe: being men indeede by nature apter to the faults of rage, then of deceit; not greatly ambitious, more then to bee well and vprightly dealt with; rather impatient of iniurie, then delighted with more then ordinarie curteſies; and in iniuries more ſenſible of ſmart or loſſe, then of reproach or diſgrace. Theſe men being of this nature (and certainely iewels to a wiſe man, conſidering what indeed wonders they were able to performe) yet were diſcarded by that worthy Prince, after many notable deſerts, as not worthy the holding. Which was the more euident to them; becauſe it ſodainely fell from an exceſſe of fauour, which (many examples hauing taught them) neuer ſtopt his race till it came to an headlong ouerthowe: they full of rage, retired themſelues vnto this caſtle: where thinking nothing luſter then reuenge, nor more noble then the effects of anger, that (according to the nature) full of inward brauerie and fiercenеſſe, ſcarcely in the glaſſe of reaſon, thinking it ſelfe faire but when it is terrible, they immediately gaue themſelues to make all the countrie about them (ſubiect to that king) to ſmart for their Lords folly: not caring how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it teſtified their ſpight, which they deſired to manifeſt. And with vſe of euill, growing more and more euill, they tooke delight in ſlaughter, and pleaſed themſelues in making others wrack the effect of their power: ſo that where in the time that they obeyed a maiſter, their anger was a ſeruiceable power of the minde to doe publique good; ſo now vnbridled, and blinde iudge of it ſelfe, it made wickedneſſe violent, and prayſed it ſelfe in excellencie of miſchiefe; almoſt to the ruine of the countrie, not greatly regarded by their careleſſe and loueleſſe king. Till now theſe Princes finding them ſo fleſhed in cruelty, as not to be reclaimed, ſecretly vndertooke the matter alone: for accompanied they would not haue ſuffered them to haue mounted; and ſo thoſe great fellowes ſcornefully receiuing them, as fooliſh birds fallen into their net, it pleaſed the eternall iuſtice to make them ſuffer death by their hands: and ſo they were manifoldly acknowledged the ſauers of that countrey.

It were the part of a very idle Orator to ſet forth the numbers of well deuiſed honours done vnto them: but as high honour is not only gotten & borne by paine and danger, but muſt be nurſt by the like, or elſe vaniſheth as ſoone as it appeares to the world: ſo the naturall hunger thereof (which was in *Pyrocles*) ſuffered him not to account a reſting ſeat of that, which either riſeth or falleth, but ſtill to make one occaſion beget another; whereby his doings might ſend his prayſe to others mouthes to rebound againe true contentment to his ſpirit. And therefore hauing well eſtabliſhed thoſe kingdomes vnder good Gouernours, & rid them by their valure of ſuch Giants and monſters, as before time armies were not able to ſubdue, they determined in vnknowne order to ſee more of the world, and to imploy thoſe gifts eſteemed rare in them, to the good of mankinde; and therefore would themſelues (vnderſtanding that the king *Euarchus* was paſſed all the cumber of his warres) goe priuately to ſeeke exerciſes of their vertue, thinking it not ſo worthy to be brought to heroicall effects by fortune, or neceſſity, (like *Vlyſſes* and *Aeneas*) as by ones owne choice and working. And ſo went they away from verie vnwilling people to leaue them,

them, making time haſt it ſelfe to be a circumſtance of their honour, and one place witneſſe to another of the truth of their doings. For ſcarcely were they out of the confines of *Pontus*, but that as they rid alone armed, (for alone they went, one ſeruing the other) they met an aduenture, which though not ſo notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthy to be remembred for the vnuſed examples therein, as well of true naturall goodneſſe, as of wretched vngratefulneſſe.

It was in the kingdome of *Galatia*, the ſeaſon being (as in the depth of Winter) very cold, and as then ſodainely growne to ſo extreame and foule a ſtorme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fouler child: ſo that the Princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to ſeeke ſome ſhrouding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts fury. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence thereof was paſſed, they heard the ſpeech of a couple, who not perceiuing them, being hid within that rude canapie, held a ſtrange and pitifull diſputation, which made them ſtop out, yet in ſuch ſort as they might ſee vnſeene. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, ſcarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arrayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all theſe miſeries, in both there ſeemed to appeare a kinde of noblenеſſe, not ſutable to that affliction. But the firſt words they heard, were theſe of the olde man. Well *Leonatus* (ſaid he) ſince I cannot perſwade thee to leade me to that which ſhould end my griefe, and my trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me. Feare not, my miſerie cannot bee greater then it is, and nothing doth becomme mee but miſeries: feare not the danger of my blinde ſteps, I cannot fall worſe then I am: and do not I pray thee, doe not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednеſſe: but flie, flie from this region onely worthy of mee. Deare father (anſwered hee) doe not take away from me the onely remnant of my happineſſe: while I haue power to doe you ſeruice, I am not wholly miſerable. Ah my ſonne (ſaid hee, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtraue to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe vpbraid my wickedneſſe? Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe (well ſhewing they had not beene borne to the fortune they were in) moued the Princes to goe out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (anſwered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kinde of pitifulneſſe) I ſee well you are ſtrangers, that know not our miſerie, ſo well heere knowne, that no man dare know, but that wee muſt bee miſerable. Indeede our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needefull vnto vs as pitie, yet nothing is more dangerous vnto vs, then to make our ſelues ſo knowne as may finde pitie: but your preſence promiſeth that crueltie ſhall not ouer-runne hate: and if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſunke below the degree of feare.

This olde man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulneſſe of a ſonne of his, depriued not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were euer able to ſpoile him) but of his ſight, the riches which Nature graunts to the pooreſt creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath beene driuen to ſuch griefe, as euen now hee would haue had mee to haue led him to the top of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would haue made mee, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble Gentlemen, ſaid he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what duriſull affection is ingraffed in a ſonnes heart, let mee intreat you to conuey this afflicted Prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecuritie: amongſt your worthy acts it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a king

of

of such might and fame, and so vniustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieued.

But before they could make him answere, his father beganne to speake. Ah my sonne, said hee, how euill an historian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the discourse? my wickednesse, my wickednesse: and if thou doest it to spare my eares (the onely sense now left me proper for knowledge) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake mee: and I take witnesse of that Sunne which you see (with that he cast vp his blinde eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my selfe in worse case then I doe wish my selfe, which is as euill as may be, if I speake vntruely, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore knowe you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoeuer my son (ô God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But besides those truths, this also is true, that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this sonne (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enioyed the expectations in the world of him, till hee was growne to iustifie their expectations (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones-selfe after me) I was carried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I bee bound to beleeue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to doe my best to destroy this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vndeseruing destruction. What wayes shee vsed to bring mee to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in any liuing person could he harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delights me but mine owne; and me thinkes, the accusing his traps might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainly I lothe to doe. But the conclusion is, that I gaue order to some seruants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those theeues (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorely: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier in a country here by: but as he was readie to be greatly aduanced for some noble peeces of seruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my selfe so to bee gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance distributed to his fauorites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laid vpon me) threw mee out of my Sea, & put out my eyes; and then (proude in his tyranny) let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing mee; but rather delighting to make me feele my miserie; miserie indeede, if euer there were any; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltinesse. And as hee came to the crowne by so vniust meanes, as vniustly he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in *Cittadels*, the neastes of tyrannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his owne countreymen, that no man durst shew himselfe a wel-willer of mine: to say the truth (I think) few of them being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and fooliish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard:) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnstaine duety left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarcely with giuing mee almes at their doores; which yet was the onely sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shew so much charitie, as to lend mee a hand to

guide my darke steps: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, worthie of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable wrongs, not reckoning daunger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hither to doe this kinde office you see him perfome towards mee, to my vnspeakeable griefe; not onely because his kindenesse is a glasse euen to my blind eyes of my naughtinesse, but that aboue all griefes, it grieues mee hee should desparately aduenture the losse of his well-deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carrie mudde in a Chest of Chrystal: for well I know, he that now raigneth, how much soeuer (and with good reason) hee despiseth mee, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title (ennobled by courage & goodnesse) may one day shake the seate of a neuer secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to lead me to the top of this rocke, indeed I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But hee finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto mee. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true story, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pitie in sauing any, then in ending mee, both because therein my agonie shall end, and so you shall preserue this excellent young man, who else wilfully followes his owne ruine.

The matter in it selfe lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old Prince (which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pitie, since his face could not put off the markes thereof) greatly moued the two Princes to compassion, which could not stay in such hearts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thither with fortie horse, onely of purpose to murder his brother, of whose comming hee had soone aduertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credit in such a matter, but his owne, and therefore came himselfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) gard but of two men, commaunded some of his followers to set their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young Prince (though not otherwise armed but with a sword) how falsely soeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray himselfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assayled him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickely become parties (so iust a defence deseruing as much as old friendship) and so did behaue them among that companie (more iniurious then valiant) that many of them lost their liues for their wicked master.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at last preuailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not come vnlooked for to their succour. Who (hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon some great danger, presently to follow those two Princes, whom hee most dearely loued) was come in all haste, following as well as hee could their tracke with a hundred horses in that country, which hee thought (considering who then raigned) a fit place enough to make the stage of any Tragedie.

But then the match had beene so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worse gotten honour should haue tumbled together to destruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with fortie or fiftie in their suite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that countrie, brought vp

from

from their infancie with *Plexirtus*, men of such prowesse, as not to knowe feare in themselues, and yet to teach it in others that should deale with them: for they had often made their liues triumph ouer most terrible dangers; neuer dismayed, and euer fortunate, and truely no more setled in valure, then disposed to goodnesse and iustice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendship a childe, & not the father of vertue. But bringing vp (rather then choice) hauing first knit their mindes vnto him (indeede craftie enough, either to hide his faultes, or neuer to shew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the course, rather to satisfie him, then all the world; and rather to bee good friendes, then good men: so as though they did not like the euill he did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not counsellours of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this sodaine going out with so small a company, in a country ful of euill-wishing minds toward him (though they knew not the cause) followed him; till they found him in such case, as they were to venture their liues, or else he to lose his: which they did with such force of minde and body, that truely I may iustly say, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them so well repeat their hardest lesson in the feates of armes. And briefly so they did, that if they ouercame not; yet were they not ouercome, but carried away that vngratefull master of theirs to a place of securitie, howsoeuer the Princes laboured to the contrarie. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the constancie of the Princes so to leaue it; but in all hast making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrigia*, they had in few dayes left him but onely that one strong place where he was. For feare hauing beene the only knot that had fastned his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birds, whose cage had beene broken.

In which season the blind king (hauing in the chiefe Citie of his Realme set the crowne vpon his sonne *Leonatus* head) with many teares (both of ioy & sorrow) setting forth to the whole people, his owne fault and his sonnes vertue, after he had kist him, and forc'd his sonne to accept honour of him (as of his new-become subiect) euen in a moment died, as it should seeme, his heart broken with vnkindnesse and affliction, stretched so farre beyond his limits with this accesse of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe safe his vitall spirits. But the new king (hauing no lesse louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue) pursued on the siege of his vnnaturall brother, asmuch for the reuenge of his father, as the establishing of his owne quiet. In which siege truely I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, then whom the Princes neuer found in all their trauell, two of greater abilitie to performe, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenesse to creepe, where by pride hee could not march. For certainely so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him to all turningnesse of sleights, that though no man had lesse goodnesse in his soule then hee, no man could better finde the places whence argumentes might grow of goodnesse to another; though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tell better how to stirre pitie; no man more impudent to denie, where proofes were not manifest; no man more readie to confesse with a repenting maner of aggrauating his owne euill, where deniall would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a passport for one (that pretended how would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to speake with the king his brother, hee himselfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in braue defence)

with a rope about his necke, bare footed, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where what submission hee vsed, how cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultinesse the lesse, how artificially hee could set out the torments of his owne conscience, with the burdensome cumber hee had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to liue, hee begg'd life in the refusing it, I am not cunning enough to bee able to expresse: but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with no other eye, then as the murderer of his father, and anger alreadie began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pitie, but pardon, and if not an excuse of the fault past, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines (chiefe ministers of his wickednesse, now betrayed by the author thereof,) were deliuered to many cruell sorts of death, hee so handling it, that it rather seemed, he had more come into the defence of an vnremediable mischiefe alreadie committed, then that they had done it at first by his consent.

In such sort the Princes left these reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behauiour carrying him in farre lower degree of seruice, then the euer-noble nature of *Leonatus* would suffer him) & taking likewise their leaues of their good friend the king of *Pontus* (who returned to enioy their benefite, both of his wife and kingdome) they priuately went thence, hauing onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needes accompanie them through diuerse places; they foure doing actes more daungerous, though lesse famous, because they were but priuate chiualries: still hearing of the faire & vertuous Queene *Erona* of Lycia, besieged by the puissant king of Armenia, they bent themselues to her succour, both because the weaker (and weaker as being a Lady) and partly because they heard the king of Armenia had in his company three of the most famous men liuing, for matters of armes, that were knowne to bee in the world. Whereof one was the Prince *Plangus* (whose name was sweetened by your breath, peereles Lady, when the last day it pleased you to mention him vnto me:) the other two were two great Princes (though holding of him) *Barzanes* and *Euardus*, men of Giant-like both hugenesse and force: in which two especially, the trust the king had of victorie was reposed. And of them, those brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor* (sufficient iudges in warrelike matters) spake so high commendations, that the two Princes had euen a youthfull longing to haue some triall of their vertue. And therefore assoone as they were entred into Lycia, they ioyned themselues with them that faithfully serued the poore Queene, at that time besieged: and ere long animated in such sort their almost ouerthrowne hearts, that they went by force to relieue the Towne, though they were depriued of a great part of their strength by the parting of the two brothers, who were sent for in all haste to returne to their old friend and maister *Plexirtus*: who (willingly hood winking themselues from seeing his faultes, and binding themselues to beleeue what he said) often abused the vertue of courage to defend his foule vice of iniustice. But now they were sent for, to aduaunce a conquest hee was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* pursued the deliuery of the Queene *Erona*.

I haue heard, said *Pamela*, that part of the story of *Plangus*, when he passed through this countrie: therefore you may (if you list) passe ouer that warre of *Erona*: quarrell, least if you speake too much of warre matters, you should wake *Mopsa*, which might happely breede a great broile. He looked, & saw that *Mopsa* indeed fast swallowing of sleepe with open mouth, making such a noyse withall, as no bodie could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to vse that occasion I kneeled downe, & with humble-heartednes & hartie earnestnesse (printed in my gra-

ces, Alas, said I, diuine Lady, who haue wrought such miracles in mee, as to make a Prince (none of the baseſt) to think all principalities baſe, in reſpect of the sheephook, which may hold him vp in your ſight; vouchsafe now at laſt to heare in direct words my humble ſute, while this dragon ſleepes, that keepes the golden fruite. If in my deſire I wiſh, or in my hopes aſpire, or in my imagination faine to my ſelfe any thing which may bee the leaſt ſpot to that heauenly vertue, which ſhines in all your doings; I pray the eternall powers, that the wordes I ſpeake may bee deadly poyſons, while they are in my mouth, & that all my hopes, all my deſires, all my imaginations may onely worke their own confuſion. But if loue, loue of you, loue of your vertues, ſeeke onely that fauour of you, which becommeth that gratefulneſſe, which cannot misbecome your excellencie, ô doe not: Hee would haue ſaid further, but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopſa*, ſhee ſuddainly ſtart vp, ſtaggering, and rubbing her eyes, ranne firſt out of the doore, and then backe to them, before ſhe knew how ſhe went out, or why ſhee came in againe: till at length, being fully come to her little ſelfe, ſhee asked *Pamela*, why ſhee had called her. For nothing, ſaid *Pamela*, but that yee might heare ſome tales of your ſeruantes telling: and therfore now, ſaid ſhee *Dorus*, goe on.

But as I (who found no ſo good ſacrifice, as obedience) was returning to the ſtory of my ſelfe, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miſo*; ſo as for that time they were faine to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela* (delighted euen to preſerue in her memorie, the wordes of ſo well a beloued ſpeaker) repeated the whole ſubſtance to her ſiſter, till their ſober dinner being come and gone, to recreat themſelues ſomething, (euen tyred with the noyſomneſſe of *Miſos* conuerſation) they determined to goe (while the heate of the day laſted) to bathe themſelues (ſuch being the manner of the *Arcadian* Nymphes often to doe) in the riuer of *Ladon*, and take with them a Lute, meaning to delight them vnder ſome ſhadow. But they could not ſtirre, but that *Miſo* with her daughter *Mopſa* was after them: & as it lay in their way to paſſe by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window eſpied them, and ſo ſtale downe after them: which ſhee might the better doe, becauſe that *Gynecia* was ſicke; and *Baſilius* (that day being his birth-day) according to his manner, was buſie about his deuotions; and therefore ſhee went after, hoping to finde ſome time to ſpeake with *Philoclea*: but not a word could ſhee beginne, but that *Miſo* would bee one of the audience: ſo that ſhee was driuen to recommend thinking, ſpeaking, and all, to her eyes, who diligently performed her truſt, till they came to the riuers ſide, which of all the riuers of *Greece* had the price for excellent pureneſſe and ſweeteneſſe, in ſo much as the verie bathing in it, was accounted exceeding healthfull. It ranne vpon ſo fine and delicate a ground, as one could not eaſily iudge, whether the Riuer did more waſh the grauell, or the grauell did puttifie the Riuer; the Riuer not running forth right, but almoſt continually winding, as if the lower ſtreames would returne to their ſpring, or that the Riuer had a delight to play with it ſelfe. The bankes of either ſide ſeeming armes of the louing earth, that faine would embrace it; and the Riuer a wanton Nymph which ſtill would ſlip from it: either ſide of the banke being fringed with moſt beautifull trees, which reſiſted the Sunnes darts from ouer-much piercing the naturall coldneſſe of the Riuer. There was the

But amongſt the reſt a goodly *Cypres*, who bowing her faire head ouer the water, it ſeemed ſhe looked into it, & dreſſed her green locks by that running riuer. There the Princeſſes determining to bathe themſelues, though it was ſo priuiledged a place, vpon paine of death, as no body durſt preſume to come thither; yet for the more ſuertie, they looked round about, and could ſee nothing but a water ſpaniell, who came downe the Riuer ſhew-

ing that he hunted for a ducke, & with a snuffling grace, disdaining that his smelling force could not as well preuaile thorow the water, as thorow the ayre, and therefore wayting with his eye, to see whether he could espie the duckes getting vp againe: but then a little below them failing of his purpose, hee got out of the riuer, and shaking off the water (as great men doe their friendes) now hee had no further cause to vse it, inweeded himselfe so, as the Ladies lost the further marking his sportfulnesse: and inuiting *Zelmane* also to wash her selfe with them, and shee excusing her selfe with hauing taken a late cold, they began by peece-meale to take away the eclypsing of their apparell.

Zelmane would haue put to her helping hand, but she was taken with such a quiuering, that shee thought it more wisedome to leane her selfe to a tree, and looke on, while *Miso* and *Mopsa* (like a couple of foreswat melters) were getting the pure siluer of their bodies out of the vre of their garments. But as the rayments went off to receiue kisses of the ground, *Zelmane* enuied the happinesse of all, but of the smocke was euen iealous: and when that was taken away too, and that *Philoclea* remained (for her *Zelmane* onely marked) like a *Diamond* taken from out the rocke, or rather like the Sunne getting from vnder a cloud, and shewing his naked beames to the full view, then was the beautie too much for a patient sight, the delight too strong for a staied conceit: so that *Zelmane* could not choose but runne, to touch, embrace and kisse her; But conscience made her come to her selfe, and leaue *Philoclea*, who blushing, and withall smiling, making shamefastnesse pleasant, & pleasure shamefast, tenderly moued her feete, vnwonted to feele the naked ground, till the touch of the cold water made a prettie kinde of shrugging come ouer her bodie, like the twinkling of the fairest among the fixed starres. But the riuer it selfe gaue way vnto her, so that shee was streight breast high; which was the deepest that there-about shee could bee: and when cold *Ladon* had once fully imbraced them, himselfe was no more so cold to those Ladies, but as if his cold complexion had beene heated with loue, so seem'd hee to play about euery part hee could touch.

Ah sweete, now sweetest *Ladon* (said *Zelmane*) why dost thou not stay thy course to haue more full taste of thy happines? But the reason is manifest, the vpper streames make such hast to haue their part of imbracing, that the neather (though lothly) must needs giue place vnto them. O happy *Ladon*, within whom she is, vpon whom her beautie fals, through whom her eye piercеth. O happy *Ladon*, which art now an vnperfect mirror of all perfection, canst thou euer forget the blessednesse of this impression? if thou do, then let thy bed be turned from fine grauell, to weeds and mud; if thou do, let some vniust niggards make weres to spoile thy beautie; if thou doe, let some greater riuer fall into thee, to take away the name of *Ladon*. Oh *Ladon*, happie *Ladon*, rather slide then run by her, least thou shouldest make her legs slip from her; & then, O happy *Ladon*, who would then call thee, but the most curssed *Ladon*? But as the Ladies playd then in the water, sometimes striking it with their hands, the water (making lines in his face) seemed to smile at such beating, and with twentie bubbles not to bee content to haue the picture of their face in large vpon him, but he would in each of those bubbles set forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmane*, whose sight was gaine-said by nothing but the transparent vaile of *Ladon* (like a chamber where a great fire is kept, though the fire bee at one stay, yet with the continuance continually hath his heate encreased) had the coales of her affection so kindled with wonder, and blowne with delight, that now all her partes grudged, that her eyes should doe more homage, then they, to the Princesse of them. In so much that taking vp the Lute, her wit began to bee with a diuine furie inspired,

inspired; her voice would in so beloued an occasion second her wit, her hands accorded the Lutes musicke to the voice; her panting heart daunced to the musicke; while I thinke her feete did beate the time, while her bodie was the roome where it should bee celebrated; her soule the Queene which should be delighted. And so together went the vtterance and the inuention, that one might iudge, it was *Philocleas* beautie which did speedily write it in her eyes, or the fauce thereof, which did word by word endite it in her minde, whereto shee (but as an organ) did onely lend vtterance. The song was to this purpose.

VVHat tongue can her perfection tell,
In whose each part all pens may dwell?
Her haire fine threeds of finest gold
In curled knots mans thought to hold:
But that her fore-head sayes in mee
A whiter beautie you may see;
Whiter in deede; more white then snow,
Which on cold winters face doth grow:
That doth present those euen lines,
Whose equall line their angles bownes:
Like to the Moone when after change
Her horned head abroad doth raunge:
And arches be to heauenly lids,
Whose winke each bold attempt forbids.
For the blacke starres those sphæres containe,
The matchlesse paire, euen praise doth staine. but staied when it praised D.
No lampe whose light by Art is got,
No Sunne which shines, and setteth not,
Can liken them without all peere,
Saue one as much as other cleere: (but ouer the other ye Drum)
Which onely thus vnhappy bee,
Because themselues they cannot see.
Her cheekes with kindly claret spred,
Aurora-*like new out of bed;*
Or like the fresh Queene apples side,
Blushing at sight of Phœbus *pride.*
Her nose, her chinne pure ivory weares:
No purer then the prettie eares.
So that therein appeares some blood,
Like wine and milke that mingled stood.
In whose Incirclets if ye gaze,
Your eyes may tread a Louers maze.
But with such turnes the voice to stray,
No talke vntaught can finde the way.
The tippe no iewell needes to weare:
The tippe is iewell of the eare.
But who those ruddie lips can misse,
Which blessed still themselues doe kisse?
Rubies, Cherries, and Roses new,
In worth, in taste, in perfect hew: of D.

Whiles

Which neuer part, but that they ſhone
Of precious pearle the double rowe,
The ſecond ſweetely-fenced ward,
Her heauenly-dewed tongue to guard,
Whence neuer word in vaine did flow.
Faire vnder theſe doth ſtately grow,
The handle of this precious worke,
The necke, in which ſtrange graces lurke.
Such be I thinke the ſumptuous towers
Which skill doth make in Princes bowers.
So good a ſay inuites the eye,
A little downeward to eſpie,
The liuely cluſters of her breſts,
Of Venus *babe the wanton neſts:*
Like pomels round of Marble cleere:
Where azurde veines well mixt appeere,
With deareſt tops of porphyrie.
Betwixt theſe two a way doth lie,
A way more worthie beauties fame,
Then that which beares the Milkie *name.*
This leades into the ioyous field:
Which onely ſtill doth Lillies yeeld:
But Lillies ſuch whoſe natiue ſmell
The Indians odours doth excell.
Waſte it is call'd, for it doth waſte
Mens liues, vntill it be imbraſte.
There may one ſee, and yet not ſee
Her ribbes in white all armed bee.
More white then Neptunes *fomie face,*
When ſtruggling rockes he would imbrace.
In thoſe delights the wandring thought
Might of each ſide aſtray be brought,
But that her nauel doth vnite,
In curious circle, buſie ſight;
A daintie ſeale of virgin-waxe,
Where nothing but impreſſion lackes.
Her bellie their glad ſight doth fill,
Iuſtly intitled Cupids *hill.*
A hill moſt fitte for ſuch a maſter,
A ſpotleſſe mine of Alablaſter.
Like Alablaſter faire and ſleeke,
But ſoft and ſupple ſatten like.
In that ſweete ſeate the boy doth ſport:
Loath, I muſt leaue his chiefe reſort.
For ſuch a vſe the world hath gotten,
The beſt things ſtill muſt be forgotten.
Yet neuer ſhall my ſong omitte
Her thighes, for Ouids *ſong more fitte;*
Which flanked with two ſugred flankes,

Lift vp her ſtately ſwelling bankes;
That Albion *cliues in whiteneſſe paſſe:*
With hanches ſmooth as looking-glaſſe.
But bow all knees, now of her knees
My tongue doth tell what fancie ſees.
The knots of ioy, the gemmes of loue,
Whoſe motion makes all graces moue.
Whoſe bought incau'd doth yeeld ſuch ſight,
Like cunning Painter ſhadowing white.
The gartring place with child-like ſigne,
Shewes eaſie print in metall fine.
But then againe the fleſh doth riſe
In her braue calues, like cryſtall skies.
Whoſe Atlas *is a ſmalleſt ſmall,*
More white then whiteſt bone of all.
Thereout ſteales out that round cleane foote
This noble Cedars precious roote:
In ſhew and ſent pale violets,
Whoſe ſtep on earth all beautie ſets.
But backe vnto her backe, my Muſe,
Where Ledas *ſwanne his feathers mewes,*
Along whoſe ridge ſuch bones are met,
Like comfits round in marchpane ſet.
Her ſhoulders be like two white Doues,
Pearching within ſquare royall rooues,
Which loaded are with ſiluer skinne,
Paſſing the hate-ſpot Ermelin:
And thence thoſe armes derined are;
The Phœnix *wings are not ſo rare*
For faultleſſe length, and ſtainleſſe hue,
Ah woe is me, my woes renue,
Now courſe doth leade me to her hand,
Of my firſt loue the fatall band.
Where whiteneſſe doth for euer ſit:
Nature her ſelfe enameld it.
For there with ſtrange compact doth lie
Warme, now, moiſt pearle, ſoft iuorie.
There fall thoſe Saphir-coloured brookes,
Which conduit like with curious crookes,
Sweete Hands make in that ſweete land.
As for the fingers of the hand,
The blaudy ſhafts of Cupids *warre,*
With amatiſts they headed are.
Thus hath each part his beauties part:
But how the Graces doe impart
To all her limmes, a ſpeciall grace,
Becomming euery time and place,
Which doth euen beautie beautifie,
And moſt bewitch the wretched eye.

How

How all this is but a faire Inne
Of fairer gueſts, which dwell therein.
Of whoſe high prayſe, and prayſefull bliſſe,
Goodneſſe the penne, heauen paper is,
The inke immortall fame doth lende,
As I began, ſo muſt I end.
No tongue can her perfections tell,
In whoſe each part all tongues may dwell.

But as *Zelmane* was comming to the latter end of her ſong, ſhee might ſee the ſame water-ſpaniell which before had hunted, come & ſeiſe away one of *Philocleas* gloues; whoſe fine proportion, ſhewed well what a daintie gueſt was wont there to bee lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmane*, to ſee that the dog was there with delighted, and ſo let him goe a little way withall, who quickely carried it out of ſight among certaine trees and buſhes, which were very cloſe together. But by and by hee came againe, and amongſt the rayments (*Miſo* and *Mopſa* being preparing ſheetes againſt their comming out) the dog lighted vpon a little booke of foure or fiue leaues of paper, and was bearing that away to. But then *Zelmane* (not knowing what importance it might bee of) ran after the dog, who going ſtreight to thoſe buſhes, ſhee might ſee the dog deliuer it to a Gentleman who ſecretly lay there. But ſhee haſtily comming in, the Gentleman roſe vp, & with a curteous (though ſad) countenance preſented himſelfe vnto her. *Zelmanes* eyes ſtreight willed her minde to marke him: for ſhe thought, in her ſelfe ſhee had neuer ſeene a man of a more goodly preſence, in whom ſtrong making tooke not away delicacie, nor beautie fiercenesſe: being indeede ſuch a right manlike man, as Nature often erring, yet ſhewes ſhee would faine make. But when ſhee had a while (nor without admiration) viewed him, ſhe deſired him to deliuer backe the gloue and paper, becauſe they were the Lady *Philocleas*; telling him withall, that ſhe would not willingly let them know of his cloſe lying in that prohibited place, while they were bathing themſelues; becauſe ſhee knewe they would bee mortally offended withall. Faire Ladie, anſwered hee, the worſt of the complaint is alreadie paſſed, ſince I feele of my fault in my ſelfe the puniſhment. But for theſe things I aſſure you, it was my dogs wanton boldnes, not my preſumption. With that he gaue her backe the paper. But for the gloue, ſaid he, ſince it is my Ladie *Philocleas*, giue mee leaue to keepe it, ſith my heart cannot perſwade it ſelfe to part from it. And I pray you tell the Ladie (Ladie indeede of all my deſires) that owes it, that I will dire& my life to honour this gloue with ſeruing her. O villaine (cried out *Zelmane*, madded with finding an vnlooked for Riuall, and that he would make her a meſſenger) diſpatch, ſaid ſhee, and deliuer it, or by the life of her that owes it, I will make thy ſoule (though too baſe a price) pay for it. And with that drew out her ſword, which (*Amazon*-like) ſhe euer ware about her. The Gentleman retired himſelfe into an open place from among the buſhes, and then drawing out his too, hee offred to deliuer it vnto her, ſaying withall, God forbid I ſhould vſe my ſword againſt you, ſith (if I bee not deceiued) you are the ſame famous *Amazon*, that both defended my Ladies iuſt title of beautie againſt the valiant *Phalantus*, and ſaued her life in killing the Lion: therefore I am rather to kiſſe your hands, with acknowledging my ſelfe bound to obey you. But this curteſie was worſe then a baſtonado to *Zelmane*: ſo that againe with ragefull eyes ſhee bad him defend himſelfe, for no leſſe then his life ſhould anſwere it. A hard caſe (ſaid hee) to teach my ſword that leſſon, which hath euer vſed to turne it ſelfe to a ſhield in a Ladies preſence. But *Zelmane* harkening

harkening to no more wordes, began with such wittie furie to pursue him with blowes and thrustes, that Nature and Vertue commaunded the Gentleman to looke to his safetie. Yet still courtesie, that seemed incorporate in his heart, would not bee perswaded by daunger to offer any offence, but onely to stand vpon the best defensiue guard he could; sometimes going backe, being content in that respect to take on the figure of cowardise; sometime with strong and well-met wardes, sometimes cunning avoydings of his body; & sometimes faining some blowes, which himselfe puld backe before they needed to bee withstood. And so with play did hee a good while fight against the fight of *Zelmane*, who (more spited with that curtesie, that one that did nothing should bee able to resist her) burned away with choler any motions, which might grow out of her owne sweete disposition, determining to kill him if he fought no better; and so redoubling her blowes, draue the stranger to no other shift then to ward, and goe backe; at that time seeming the image of innocencie against violence. But at length he found, that both in publike & priuate respects, who stands only vpon defence, stands vpon no defence: for *Zelmane* seeming to strike at his head, and he going to ward it, withall stept backe as he was accustomed: she stopt her blow in the ayre, and sodainly turning the point, ran full at his breast; so as hee was driuen with the pommel of his sword (hauing no other weapon of defence) to beate it downe: but the thrust was so strong, that hee could not so wholy beate it away, but that it met with his thigh, thorow which it ran. But *Zelmane* retiring her sword, and seeing his bloud, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquered pittie; and hartily sorie, and euen ashamed with her selfe shee was, considering how little hee had done, who well shee found could haue done more. In so much that shee said, truely I am sorry for your hurt, but your selfe gaue the cause, both in refusing to deliuer the gloue, and yet not fighting as I know you could haue done. But (said shee) becawse I perceiue you disdaine to fight with a woman, it may bee before a yeare come about, you shall meete with a neere kinsman of mine, *Pyrocles* Prince of Macedon, and I giue you my worde, hee for mee shall maintaine this quarell against you. I would (answered *Amphialus*) I had many more such hurts to meete and know that worthy Prince, whose vertue I loue and admire, though my good destinie hath not beene to see his person.

But as they were so speaking, the yong Ladies came, to whom *Mopsa* (curious in any thing, but her owne good behauiour) hauing followed and seene *Zelmane* fighting, had cried, what shee had seene, while they were drying themselues, and the water (with some drops) seemed to weepe, that it should part from such bodies. But they carefull of *Zelmane* (assuring themselues that any *Arcadian* would beare reuerence to them) *Pamela* with a noble minde, and *Philoclea* with a louing (hastily hiding the beauties, whereof Nature was proude, and they ashamed) they made quicke worke to come to saue *Zelmane*. But alreadie they found them in talke, and *Zelmane* carefull of his wound. But when they saw him, they knew it was their cosin germaine, the famous *Amphialus*; whom yet with a sweete-graced bitternesse they blamed for breaking their fathers commaundement, especially while themselues were in such sort retired. But hee craued pardon, protesting vnto them that hee had onely beene to seeke solitarie places, by an extreame melancholy that had a good while possest him, and guided to that place by his spaniell, where while the dog hunted in the riuer, hee had withdrawne himselfe to pacifie with sleepe his ouerwatched eyes: till a dreame waked him, and made him see that whereof hee had dreamed, and withall not obscurely signified, that hee felt the smart of his owne doings. But *Philoclea* (that was euen iealous of her selfe for *Zelmane*) would needes haue her gloue,

gloue, and not without ſo mightie a lowre as that face could yeelde. As for *Zelmane* when ſhee knew it was *Amphialus*, Lord *Amphialus* (ſaid ſhee) I haue long deſired to know you heretofore I muſt confeſſe with more good will, but ſtill with honouring your vertue, though I loue not your perſon: and at this time I pray you let vs take care of your wound, vpon condition you ſhall hereafter promiſe, that a more knightly combat ſhalbe performed betweene vs. *Amphialus* anſwered in honorable ſort, but with ſuch excuſing himſelfe, that more and more accuſed his loue to *Philoclea*, and prouoked more hate in *Zelmane*. But *Mopſa* had alreadie called certaine ſheepheards not farre off (who knew & well obſerued their limits) to come & helpe to carrie away *Amphialus*, whoſe wound ſuffered him not without danger to ſtraine it: and ſo hee leauing himſelfe with them, departed from them, faſter bleeding in his heart, then at his wound: which bound vp by the ſheetes, wherewith *Philoclea* had beene wrapped, made him thanke the wound, and bleſſe the ſword for that fauour.

Hee being gone, the Ladies (with merry anger talking, in what naked ſimplicitiy their coſin had ſeene them) returned to the lodge-ward: yet thinking it too earely (as long as they had any day) to breake off ſo pleaſing a companie, with going to performe a cumberſome obedience, *Zelmane* inuited them to the little arbour, onely reſerued for her, which they willingly did: and there ſitting, *Pamela* hauing a while made the Lute in his language ſhew how glad it was to bee touched by her fingers, *Zelmane* deliuered vp the paper, which *Amphialus* had at firſt yeelded vnto her: and ſeeing written vpon the backeſide of it, the complaint of *Plangus*, remembring what *Dorus* had told her, and deſiring to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her eſtate, ſhe tooke occaſion in preſenting of it, to aske whether it were any ſecret, or no. No truely (anſwered *Philoclea*) it is but euen an exerciſe of my fathers writing, vpon this occaſion: He was one day (ſomewhile before your comming hither) walking abroad, hauing vs two with him, almoſt a mile hence; and croſſing a high-way, which comes from the Citie of *Magalopolis*, he ſaw this Gentleman, whoſe name is there written, one of the propteſt and beſt-graced men that euer I ſawe, being of middle age and of a meane ſtature. Hee lay as then vnder a Tree, while his ſeruantes were getting freſh poſt-horſes for him. It might ſeeme he was tyred with the extreme trauaile he had taken, and yet not ſo tyred, that hee forced to take any reſt; ſo haſty hee was vpon his iourney: and withall ſo ſorrowfull, that the very face thereof was painted in his face; which with pitifull motions, euen groanes, teares and paſſionate talking to himſelfe, moued my Father to fall in talke with him: who at firſt not knowing him, anſwered him in ſuch a diſperate phraſe of griefe, that my Father afterward took a delight to ſet it downe in ſuch forme as you ſee: which if you read, what you doubt of, my ſiſter and I are able to declare vnto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaues, and reade it being written Dialogue-wiſe in this manner.

Plangus. Baſilius.

Plangus. *Alas how this pilgrimage doth laſt?*
What greater ills haue now the heauens in ſtore,
To couple comming harmes with ſorrowes paſt?
Long ſince my voice is hoarce, and throate is ſore,
With cries to skies, and curſes to the ground,
But more I plaine, I feele my woes the wore.
Ah where was firſt that cruell cunning found,
To frame of Earth a veſſell of the minde,
Where it ſhould be to ſelfe-deſtruction bound?

What

What needed so high spirites such mansions blinde?
Or wrapt in flesh what doe they heere obtaine,
But glorious name of wretched humaine-kinde?
Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne;
Turnd from themselues, infected with their cage,
Where death is feard, and life is held with paine.
Like players plaist to fill a filthy stage,
Where change of thoughts one foole to other shewes,
And all but iests, saue onely sorrowes rage,
The child feeles that; the man that feeling knowes,
Which cries first borne, the presage of his life,
Where wit but serues, to haue true taste of woes.
A Shop of shame, a Booke where blots be rife,
This bodie is: this bodie so compos'd,
As in it selfe to nourish mere all strife,
So diuers be the Elements dispos'd
In this weake worke, that it can neuer bee
Made vniforme to any state repos'd.
Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see
(Euen like a toppe which nought but whipping moues)
This man, this talking beast, this walking tree,
Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement proues:
For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,
Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.

Basilius. *How long wilt thou with mournefull musicke staine*
The cheerefull notes these pleasant places yeeld,
Where all good haps a perfect state maintaine?

Plangus *Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build*
Their hopes on haps, and doe not make despaire
For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.
Shall I that saw Eronaes *shining haire*
Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow
With losse of purest blood themselues to teare?
Shall I that saw those brests, where beauties flow,
Swelling with sighes, made pale with mindes disease,
And saw those eyes (those Sunnes) such showers to show,
Shall I, whose eares her mournefull words did seaze,
Her words in syrup laid of sweetest breath,
Relent those thoughts which then did so displease?
No, no: Despaire my daily lesson saith,
And saith, although I seeke my life to flie,
Plangus *must liue to see* Bromes *death,*
Plangus *must liue some helpe for her to trie*
(Though in dispaire) for loue so forceth me
Plangus *doth liue, and shall* Erona *die?*
Erona *die? O heauen (if heauen there be)*
Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?

Serue all thy ſtarrie eyes this ſhame to ſee?
Let dolts in haſte ſome altars faire erect
To thoſe high powers, which idly ſit aboue,
And vertue doe in greateſt need neglect.

Baſilius. O man, take heed, how thou the Gods doe moue
To cauſe full wrath, which thou canſt not reſiſt.
Blaſphemous words the ſpeaker vaine doe proue.
Alas while we are wrapt in foggie miſt
Of our ſelfe-loue (ſo paſſions doe deceaue)
We thinke they hurt, when moſt they doe aſſiſt.
To harme vs wormes ſhould that high Iuſtice leaue
His nature? nay, himſelfe? for ſo it is.
What glory from our loſſe can he receaue?
But ſtill our dazeled eyes their way doe miſſe,
While that we doe at his ſweete ſcourge repine,
The kindly way to beate vs on to bliſſe.
If ſhe muſt die, then hath ſhe paſt the line
Of loathſome dayes, whoſe loſſe how canſt thou mone,
Thot doſt ſo well their miſeries define?
But ſuch we are with inward tempeſt blowne
Of windes quite contrarie in waues of will:
We mone that loſt, which had we did bemone.

Plangus And ſhall ſhe die? ſhall cruell fire ſpill
Thoſe beames that ſet ſo many hearts on fire?
Hath ſhe not force euen death with loue to kill?
Nay euen cold death enflam'd with hot deſire
Her to enioy where ioy it ſelfe is thrall,
Will ſpoyle the earth of his moſt rich attire.
Thus Death becomes a riuall to vs all,
And hopes with foule embracements her to get,
In whoſe decay Vertues faire ſhrine muſt fall.
O Vertue weake, ſhall death his triumph ſet
Vpon thy ſpoyles, which neuer ſhould lye waſte?
Let Death firſt die; be thou his worthy let.
By what eclipſe ſhall that Sunne be defaſte?
What mine hath erſt throwne downe ſo faire a tower?
What ſacriledge hath ſuch a ſaint diſgra'ſt?
The world the garden is, ſhe is the flower
That ſweetenes all the place; ſhe is the gueſt
Of rareſt price, both heauen and earth her bower.
And ſhall (o me) all this in aſhes reſt?
Alas, if you a Phœnix new will haue
Burnt by the Sunne, ſhe firſt muſt build her neſt.
But well you know, the gentle Sunne would ſaue
Such beames ſo like his owne, which might haue might
In him the thoughts of Phaetons dawne to graue.
Therefore, alas, you vſe vile Vulcans ſpight,

Which

Which nothing spares, to melt that virgin-waxe,
Which while it is, it is all Asias *light.*
O Mars, *for what doth serue thy armed axe?*
To let that wit-old beast consume in flames
Thy Venus *childe, whose beautie* Venus *lacks?*
O Venus *(if her prayse no enuy frames.*
In thy high minde) get her thy husbands grace.
Sweete speaking oft a curriſh heart reclaimes.
O eyes of mine, where once she saw her face,
Her face which was more liuely in my heart;
O braine, where thought of her hath onely place;
O hand, which toucht her hand when we did part;
O lips, that kist that hand with my teares sprent;
O tongue, then dumbe, not daring tell my smart;
O soule whose loue in her is onely spent,
What ere you see, thinke, touch, kisse, speake, or loue,
Let all for her, and vnto her be bent.

Basilius. *Thy wailing words doe much my spirits moue,*
They vttered are in such a feeling fashion,
That sorrowes worke against my will I proue.
Me-thinkes I am partaker of thy passion,
And in thy case doe glasse mine owne debilitie:
Selfe-guiltie folke most prone to feele compassion.
Yet reason saith, Reason should haue abilitie
To hold these worldly things in such proportion,
As let them come or goe with euen facilitie.
But our desires tyrannicall extortion
Doth force vs there to set our chiefe delightfulnesse,
Where but a baiting place is all our portion.
But still, although we faile of perfect rightfulnes,
Seeke we to tame these childish superfluities:
Let vs not winke though voide of purest sightfulnes.
For what can breede more peuish incongruities,
Then man to yeeld to female lamentations?
Let vs some Grammar learne of more congruities.

Plangus *If through mine eares pierce any consolation,*
By wise discourse, sweete tunes, or Poets fiction;
If ought I cease these hideous exclamations,
While that my soule, she, she liues in affliction;
Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,
To wretched me, the last worst malediction.
Can I, that knew her sacred parts, restrained be
From any ioy? know fortunes vile displacing her,
In morall rules let raging woes contained be?
Can I forget, when they in prison placing her,
With swelling heart in spite and due disdainefulnesse
She lay for dead, till I helpt with vnlacing her?

Can I forget from how much mourning painfulnesse
With Diamond in window-glasse she graved,
Erona *dye, and end this ougly painfulnesse?*
Can I forget in how strange phrase she craued
That quickely they would her burne, drowne, or smother,
As if by death she onely might be saued?
Then let me eke forget one hand from other:
Let me forget that Plangus *I am called:*
Let me forget I am sonne to my mother:
But if my memory must thus be thralled
To that strange stroke which conquer'd all my sences,
Can thoughts still thinking, so rest vnappalled?

Basilius. *Who still doth seeke against himselfe offences,*
What pardon can auaile? or who imployes him
To hurt himselfe, what shields can be defences?
Woe to poore man: each outward thing annoyes him
In diuers kinds; yet as he were not filled,
He heapes in outward griefe, that most destroyes him.
Thus is our thought with paine for thistles tilled:
Thus be our noblest parts dryed vp with sorrow:
Thus is our minde with too much minding spilled.
One day layes vp stuffe of griefe for the morrow:
And whose good haps doe leaue him vnprouided,
Condoling cause of friendship he will borrow,
Betwixt the good and shade of good deuided,
We pittie deeme that which but weakenes is:
So are we from our high creation slided.
But Plangus *lest I may your sickenesse misse,*
Or rubbing, hurt the sore, I here doe end.
The asse did hurt when he did thinke to kisse.

When *Zelmane* hade reade it ouer, maruelling verie much of the speech of *Eronas* death, and therefore desirous to know further of it, but more desirous to heare *Philoclea* speake, Most excellent Ladie (said shee) one may bee little the wiser for reading this Dialogue, since it neither sets foorth what this *Plangus* is, nor what *Erona* is, nor what the cause should bee which threatens her with death, and him with sorrow: therefore I would humbly craue to vnderstand the particular discourse thereof: because (I must confesse) something in my trauail I haue heard of this strange matter, which I would bee glad to find by so sweete an authoritie confirmed. The truth is (answered *Philoclea*) that after hee knew my father to bee Prince of this countrey, while hee hoped to preuaile something with him in a great request he made vnto him, hee was content to open fully the estate both of himselfe, and of that Ladie; which with my sisters helpe (said shee) who remembers it better then I, I will declare vnto you: and first of *Erona* (being the chiefe subiect of this discourse) this storie (with more teares and exclamations then I list to spend about it) he recounted.

Of late there raigned a king in *Lydia*, who had for the blessing of his mariage, this onely daughter of his, *Erona*; a Princesse worthy for her beautie, as much prayse,

as beautie may be praise-worthy. This Princesse *Erona*, being nineteene yeres of age, seeing the country of *Lydia* so much deuoted to *Cupid*, as that in euery place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored (either moued thereunto by the esteeming that could bee no Godhead, which could breede wickednesse, or the shamefast consideration of such nakednesse) procured so much of her father, as vtterlie to pull downe, and deface all those statures and pictures. Which how terribly hee punished (for to that the *Lydians* impute it) quickly after appeared.

For she had not liued a yeare longer, when she was stricken with most obstinate loue, to a young man but of meane parentage, in her fathers court, named *Antiphilus*: so meane, as that he was but the sonne of her Nurse, & by that meanes (without other desert) became knowen of her. Now so euill could shee conceale her fire, and so wilfully persеuered she in it, that her father offering her the mariage of the great *Tiridates* king of Armenia (who desired her more then the ioyes of heauen) she for *Antiphilus* sake refused it. Many wayes her father sought to withdraw her from it; sometimes perswasions, sometimes threatnings; once hiding *Antiphilus*, and giuing her to vnderstand that he was fled the countrie: lastly making a solemne execution to be done of another, vnder the name of *Antiphilus*, whom hee kept in prison. But neither she liked perswasions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for absence: and when she thought him dead, shee sought all meanes (as well by poyson as knife) to send her soule, at least, to be married in the eternall Church with him. This so brake the tender fathers heart, that (leauing things as he found them) he shortly after died. Then forthwith *Erona* (being seized of the crowne, and arming her will with authoritie) sought to aduance her affection to the holy title of Matrimonie.

But before shee could accomplish all the solemnities, shee was ouertaken with a warre the king *Tiridates* made vpon her, only for her person; towards whom (for her ruine) Loue had kindled his cruell heart, indeed cruell & tyrannous: for being farre too strong in the field) hee spared no man, woman, and child, but (as though there could be found no foile to set forth the extremitie of his loue, but extremitie of hatred) wrote, as it were, the sonets of his Loue in the bloud, and tuned them in the cries of her subiects; although his faire sister *Artaxia* (who would accompany him in the armie) sought all meanes to appease his furie: till lastly, he besieged *Erona* in her best citie, vowing to win her, or lose his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a wofull consent, or a ruinous deniall, when there came thither (following the course which Vertue & Fortune led them) two excellent yong Princes, *Pyrocles* & *Musidorus*, the one Prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Thessalia*: two Princes, as *Plangus* said (and he witnessed his saying with sighes and teares) the most accomplished both in bodie & minde, that the Sunne euer look'd vpon. While *Philoclea* spake those words, ô sweete words (thought *Zelmane* to her selfe) which are not onely a praise to me, but a prayse to praise it selfe, which out of that mouth issueth.

These two Princes (said *Philoclea*) aswell to helpe the weaker (especially being a Lady) as to saue a Greek people from being ruined by such, whom we call & count barbarous, gathering together such of the honestest Lycians, as would venture their liues to succour their Princesse: giuing order by a secret message, they sent into the Citie, that they should issue with all force at an appointed time; they set vpon *Tiridates* campe with so well guided a fiercenesse, that being of both sides assaulted, hee was like to be ouerthrowne: but that this *Plangus* (being generall of *Tiridates* horsmen) especially ayded by the two mightie men *Euardes* and *Barzanes*, rescued the footemen, euen almost defeated: but yet could not barre the Princes (with their succours both of men and victuall) to enter the Citie.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the war long, (which length ſeemed to him worſe then a languiſhing conſumption) he made a challenge of three Princes in his retinue, againſt thoſe two Princes and *Antiphilus*: and that thereupon the quarrell ſhould bee decided, with compact, that neither ſide ſhould helpe his fellow: but of whoſe ſide the more ouercame, with him the victorie ſhould remaine. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* choſe rather to bide the brunt of warre, then venture him, yet) could not for ſhame refuſe the offer, eſpecially ſince the two ſtrangers that had no intereſt in it, did willingly accept it: beſides that, he ſaw it like enough, that the people (wearie of the miſeries of war) would rather giue him vp, if they ſaw him ſhrink, then for his ſake venture their ruine: conſidering that the challengers were of farre greater worthineſſe then himſelfe. So it was agreed vpon; and againſt *Pyrocles* was *Euardes* king of Bithinia; *Barzanes* of Hircania againſt *Muſidorus*, two men, that thought the world ſcarce able to reſiſt them: and againſt *Antiphilus* he placed this ſame *Plangus*, being his owne couſin germane, and ſonne to the king of *Iberia*. Now ſo it fell out, that *Muſidorus* ſlew *Barzanes*, & *Pyrocles Euardes*; which victory thoſe Princes eſteemed aboue all that euer they had: but of the other ſide *Plangus* tooke *Antiphilus* priſoner: vnder which colour (as if the matter had beene equall, though indeede it was not, the greater part being ouercome of his ſide) *Tiridates* continued his warre: and to bring *Erona* to a compelled yeelding, ſent her word that he would the third morrow after, before the walles of the towne ſtrike off *Antiphilus* head without his ſuite in that ſpace were graunted; adding withall (becauſe hee had heard of her deſperate affection) that if in the meane time ſhee did her ſelfe any hurt, what tortures could be deuiſed ſhould be laid vpon *Antiphilus*.

Then lo if *Cupid* be a God, or that the tyrannie of our owne thoughts ſeeme as a God vnto vs: but whatſoeuer it was, then it did ſet forth the miſerableneſſe of his effectes: ſhe being drawne to two contraries by one cauſe (for the loue of him commaunded her to yeelde to no other: the loue of him commaunded her to preſerue his life: which knot might well bee cut, but vntied it could not be. So that loue in her paſſions (like a right make-bate) whiſpered to both ſides arguments of quarrell. What, ſaid he (of the one ſide) doeſt thou loue *Antiphilus*, ô *Erona?* and ſhall *Tiridates* enioy thy bodie? With what eyes wilt thou looke vpon *Antiphilus*, when hee ſhall know that another poſſeſſeth thee? But if thou wilt doe it, canſt thou doe it? canſt thou force thy heart? Thinke with thy ſelfe, if this man haue thee, thou ſhalt neuer haue more part of *Antiphilus* then if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection ſhall be ſtill gnawing, and the remorſe ſtill preſent. Death perhaps will coole the rage of thy affection: where thus, thou ſhalt euer loue, and euer lacke. Thinke this beſide, if thou mary *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is ſo excellent a man, that long he cannot be from being in ſome high place maried; canſt thou ſuffer that too? If another kill him, he doth him the wrong: if thou abuſe thy bodie, thou doeſt him the wrong His death is a worke of nature, & either now, or at another time he ſhall die. But it ſhalbe thy worke, thy ſhamefull worke, which is in thy power to ſhun, to make him liue to ſee thy faith falſified, and his bed defiled. But when loue had well kindled that partie of her thoughts, then went he to the other ſide. What (ſaid hee) O *Erona*, & is thy Loue of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou doſt now make it a queſtion, whether hee ſhall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much loue, will ſee his head off. Marke well the reaſons of the other ſide, & thou ſhalt ſee, it is but loue of thy ſelfe which ſo diſputeth. Thou canſt not abide *Tiridates*: this is but loue of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt be aſhamed to looke vpon him afterwards; this is but feare of ſhame, and loue of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt want him as much then; this is

but

but loue of thy ſelfe: he ſhalbe married; if he be well, why ſhould that grieue thee, but for loue of thy ſelfe? No, no, pronounce theſe words if thou canſt, let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each ſide ſtood before her vnderſtanding; one time ſhee thought ſhee ſaw *Antiphilus* dying: another time ſhee thought *Antiphilus* ſaw her by *Tiridates* enioyed: twentie times calling for a ſeruant to carry meſſage of yeelding, but before hee came the minde was altred. She bluſht when ſhe conſidered the effect of granting; ſhee was pale, when ſhee remembred the fruites of denying. For weeping, ſighing, wringing her handes, and tearing her haire, were indifferent of both ſides. Eaſily ſhee would haue agreed to haue broken all diſputations with her owne death, but that the feare of *Antiphilus*, further torments ſtaied her. At lenght euen the euening before the day appointed of his death the determination of yeelding preuailed, eſpecially, growing vpon a meſſage of *Antiphilus*; who with all the coniuring tearmes he could deuiſe, beſought her to ſaue his life, vpon any conditions. But ſhee had no ſooner ſent her meſſenger to *Tiridates*, but her minde changed, and ſhee went to the two young Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, and falling downe at their feete, deſired them to trie ſome way for her deliuerance, ſhewing her ſelfe reſolued, not to ouer-liue *Antiphilus*, nor yet to yeelde to *Tiridates*.

They that knew not what ſhee had done in priuate, prepared that night accordingly: and as ſometimes it fals out, that what is inconſtancie, ſeemes cunning; ſo did this change indeede ſtand in as good ſteed as a witty diſſimulation. For it made the king as reckleſſe, as them diligent: ſo that in the dead time of the night, the Princes iſſued out of the towne; with whom ſhee would needes goe, either to die her ſelfe, or reſcue *Antiphilus*, hauing no armour, or weapon, but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what deuiſe (though *Plangus* at large deſcribed it) the concluſion was, the wonderfull valour of the two Princes ſo preuailed, that *Antiphilus* was ſuccoured, and the king ſlaine. *Plangus* was then the chiefe man left in the campe; & therefore ſeeing no other remedie, conueyed in ſafetie into her countrie *Artaxia*, now Queene of *Armenia*; who with true lamentations, made knowen to the world, that her new greatneſſe did no way comfort her in reſpect of her brothers loſſe, whō ſhe ſtudied by all meanes poſſible to reuenge vpon euery one of the occaſioners, hauing (as ſhe thought) ouerthrowne her brother by a moſt abhominable treaſon. In ſomuch, that being at home ſhee proclaymed great rewardes to any priuate man, and her ſelfe in marriage to any Prince, that would deſtroy *Pyrocles* & *Muſidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and (though againſt the conſent of all her nobilitie) married to *Erona*; in which caſe the two Greeke Princes (being called away by another aduenture) left them.

But now mee thinkes as I haue reade ſome Poets, who when they intend to tell ſome horrible matter, they bid men ſhun the hearing of it; ſo if I doe not deſire you to ſtop your eares from me, yet may I well deſire a breathing time, before I am to tel the execrable treaſon of *Antiphilus*, that brought her to this miſerie; and withall wiſh you all, that from all mankind indeed you ſtop your eares. O moſt happy were wee, if wee did ſet our loues one vpon another. (And as ſhee ſpake that word, her cheekes in red letters writ more then her tongue did ſpeake.) And therefore ſince I haue named *Plangus*, I pray you ſiſter (ſaid ſhee) helpe me with the reſt, for I haue held the ſtage long enough; and if it pleaſe you to make his fortune knowen, as I haue done *Eronas*, I will after take heart againe to goe on with his falſhood; and ſo betweene vs both, my Lady *Zelmane* ſhall vnderſtand both the cauſe and parties of this lamentation. Nay, I beſhrow me then (ſaid *Miſo*) I will none of that, I promiſe you, as long as I haue the gouernment, I will firſt haue my tayle, & then my Lady

Pamela,

Pamela, my Lady *Zelmane*, & my daughter *Mopſa* (for *Mopſa* was then returned from *Amphialus*) may draw cuts, and the ſhorteſt cut ſpeake firſt. For I tell you, and this may be ſuffered, when you are maried, you will haue firſt and laſt word of your husbands. The Ladies laughed to ſee with what an eager earneſtnes ſhe looked, hauing threatning not onely in her ferret eyes; but while ſhee ſpake, her noſe ſeeming to threaten her chin, and her ſhaking lims one to threaten another. But there was no remedie, they muſt obey, and *Miſo* (ſitting on the ground with her knees vp, and her hands vpon her knees) tuning her voice with many a quauering cough, thus diſcourſed vnto them. I tell you true (ſaid ſhe) whatſoeuer you think of me, you will one day be as I am; & I ſimple though I ſit here, thought once my penny as good ſiluer, as ſome of you doe: & if my father had not plaid the haſty foole (it is no lie I tel you) I might haue had another-gaines husband then *Dametas*. But let that paſſe, God amend him: & yet I ſpeake it not without good cauſe. You are full in your tittle tatlings of *Cupid*: here is *Cupid*, and there is *Cupid*. I will tell you now what a good olde woman told me, what an olde wiſe man told her, what a great learned Clearke told him, and gaue it him in writing; and here I haue it in my prayer booke. I pray you (ſaid *Philoclea*) let vs ſee it & read it. No haſt but good (ſaid *Miſo*) you ſhal firſt know how I came by it. I was a young girle of ſeuen & twentie yeare old, and I could not goe through the ſtreete of our village, but I might heare the yong men talke: O the pretie little eies of *Miſo*: ô the fine thin lips of *Miſo*: ô the goodly fat hands of *Miſo*: beſides, how well a certaine wrying I had of my necke became me. Then the one would winke with one eye, and the other caſt dayſies at mee: I muſt confeſſe ſeeing ſo many amourous, it made me ſet vp my peacockes tayle with the higheſt. Which when this good old woman perceiued (ô the good wold woman, wel may the bones reſt of the good wold woman) ſhe cald mee to her into her houſe. I remember full well it ſtood in the lane as you goe to the Barbers ſhop; all the town knew her, there was a great loſſe of her: ſhee called me to her, and taking firſt a ſop of wine to comfort her heart (it was of the ſame wine that comes out of *Candia*, which wee pay ſo deare for now a dayes, and in that good world was very good cheape) ſhe cald mee to her; Minion ſaid ſhe (indeed I was a prety one in thoſe daies, though I ſay it) I ſee a number of lads that loue you: Well (ſaid ſhee) I ſay no more; doe you know what Loue is; With that ſhee brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foule fiend I trow: for he had a paire of hornes like a Bull, his feete clouen, as many eyes vpon his bodie, as my gray mare hath dappels, and for all the world ſo placed. This monſter ſate like a hangman vpon a paire of gallows; in his right hand, he was painted holding a crown of laurel, in his left hand a purſe of money, & out of his mouth hung a lace of two faire pictures, of a man and a woman, & ſuch a countenance he ſhewed, as if he would perſwade folkes by thoſe allurementes to come thither & be hanged. I, like a tender hearted wench ſkriked out for feare of the diuell: Well (ſaid ſhe) this ſame is euen loue: therefore doe what thou liſt with all thoſe fellowes one after another; & it recks not much what they doe to thee, ſo it be in ſecret; but vpon my charge, neuer loue none of them. Why mother (ſaid I) could ſuch a thing come from the belly of the faire *Venus*? for a few daies before, our Prieſt (betweene him & me had told mee the whole ſtory of *Venus*. Tuſh (ſaid ſhee) they are all deceiued: & therewith gaue me this booke, which ſhe ſaid, a great maker of ballads had giuen to an olde painter, who for a little pleaſure, had beſtowed both booke and picture of her. Reade there (ſaid ſhe) & thou ſhalt ſee that his mother was a cow, and the falſe *Argus* his father. And ſo ſhee gaue me this booke, and there now you may reade it. With that the remembrance of the good old woman, made her make ſuch a face

to

to weepe, as if it were not sorrow, it was the carkasse of sorrow that appeared there. But while her teares came out, like raine falling vpon durtie furrowes, the latter end of her prayer booke was reade among these Ladies, which contayned this.

POore Painters oft with sillie Poets ioyne,
To fill the world with strange but vaine conceits:
One brings the stuffe, the other stamps the coine,
Which breeds nought else but glosses of deceits.
Thus Painters Cupid *paint, thus Poets doe*
A naked God, blind, young with arrowes two.
Is he a God, that euer flies the light?
Or naked he, disguis'd in all vntruth?
If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?
How is he young, that tam'd old Phœbus *youth?*
But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?
Some hurt, accuse a third with horny head.
No, nothing so; an old false knaue he is,
By Argus *got on* Io, *then a Cow:*
What time for her Iuno *her* Ioue *did misse*
And charge of her to Argus *did allow.*
Mercurie kill'd his false sire for this act,
His damme a beast was pardon'd beastly fact.
With fathers death, and mothers guiltie shame,
With Ioues *disdaine as such a riuals seed:*
The wretch compeld, a runegate became,
And learn'd what ill a miser state doth breed:
To lie, to steale, to prie, and to accuse,
Naught in himselfe each other to abuse.
Yet beares he still his parents stately giftes,
A horned head, clouen feete and thousand eyes,
Some gazing still, some winking wilie shiftes,
With long large eares, where neuer rumour dies.
His horned head doth seeme the heauen to spight,
His clouen foote doth neuer tread aright.
Thus halfe a man, with man he daily haunts,
Cloth'd in the shape which soonest may deceiue:
Thus halfe a beast, each beastly vice he plants.
In those weake hearts that his aduice receiue,
He proules each place in new colours deckt,
Sucking ones ill, another to infect.
To narrow breasts he comes all wrapt in gaine:
To swelling hearts he shines in honours fire:
To open eyes all beauties he doth raine,
Creeping to each with flattering of desire.
But for that Loue is worst which rules the eyes,
Thereon his name, there his chiefe triumph lyes.
Millions of yeres this old driuell Cupid *liues,*
While still more wretch, more wicked he doth proue:
Till now at length that Ioue *him office giues,*

(At Iunos suite, who much did Argus loue)
In this our world a hang-man for to be
Of all those fooles, that will haue all they see.

The Ladies made sport at the description and storie of *Cupid*. But *Zelmane* could scarce suffer those blasphemies (as she tooke them) to be reade, but humbly besought *Pamela* she would performe her sisters request of the other part of the storie. Noble Lady (answered she, beautifying her face with a sweet smiling, and the sweetnesse of her smiling with the beauty of her face) since I am borne a Princes daughter, let me not giue example of disobedience. My gouernesse will haue vs draw cuts, and therefore I pray you let vs doe so: and so perhaps it will light vpon you to entertaine this company with some storie of your owne; and it is reason our eares should be willinger to heare, as your tongue is abler to deliuer. I will thinke (answered *Zelmane*) excellent Princesse, my tongue of some value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to fauour me. But *Pamela* pleasantly persisting to haue Fortune their iudge, they set hands, & *Mopsa* (though at the first for squeamishnesse going vp and down with her head like a bote in a storme) put to her golden gols among them & blind Fortune (that saw not the colour of them) gaue her the preheminence: and so being her time to speake (wiping her mouth, as there was good cause) shee thus tumbled into her matter. In time past (said shee) there was a king, the mightiest man in all his countrie, that had by his wife the faireſt daughter that did euer eat pap. Now this king did keepe a great house, that euerie bodie might come and take their meat freely. So one day, as his daughter was sitting in her window, playing vpon a harp, as sweete as any Rose; and combing her head with a combe all of precious stones, there came in a knight into the Court, vpon a goodly horse, one haire of gold, and the other of siluer; *and so* the knight casting vp his eyes to the window, did fall into such loue with her, that hee grew not worth the bread hee eate; till many a sorrie day going ouer his head, with daily diligence and griesly grones, hee wan her affection, so that they agreed to run away together. *And so in May when all true hearts reioyce*, they stale out of the Castell, without staying so much as for their breakfast. Now forsooth, as they went together, often al to kissing one another, the knight told her, he was brought vp among the water-Nymphs, who had so bewitched him, that if he were euer askt his name, he must presently vanish away: and therefore charged her vpon his blessing, neuer to aske him what hee was, nor whither hee would. *And so* a great while she kept his commandement; till once, passing through a cruell wildernesse, as darke as pitch; her mouth so watred, that shee could not chuse but aske him the question. And then, he making the grieuousest complaints that would haue melted a tree to haue heard them, vanisht quite away: and she lay downe, casting forth as pitifull cries as any shrich-owle. But hauing laien so (wet by the raine, and burnt by the Sunne) fiue dayes, and fiue nights, she gat vp and went ouer many a high hill, and many a deepe riuer; till she came to an Aunts house of hers, & came, and cried to her for helpe: and shee for pitty gaue her a Nut, & bad her neuer open her Nut, till shee was come to the extreamest miserie that euer tongue could speake of; *And so* shee went, and shee went, and neuer rested the euening, where shee went in the morning; till she came to a second Aunt; and shee gaue her another Nut.

Now good *Mopsa* (said the sweete *Philoclea*) I pray thee at my request keepe this tale, till my marriage day, and I promise thee that the best gowne I weare that day shall be thine. *Mopsa* was verie glad of that bargaine, especially that it should grow a festiuall Tale: so that *Zelmane*, who desired to finde the vttermost what these Ladies vnderstood

vnderſtood touching her ſelfe,& hauing vnderſtood the danger of *Erona* (of which before ſhee had neuer heard) purpoſing with her ſelfe (as ſoone as this purſuit ſhee now was in, was brought to any effect, to ſuccour her, intreated againe, that ſhee might know as well the ſtory of *Plangus*, as of *Erona*. *Philoclea* referred it to her ſiſters perfecter remembrance: who with ſo ſweete a voice, and ſo winning a grace, as in themſelues were of moſt forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this manner to their earneſt requeſt ſoone condiſcended.

The father of this Prince *Plangus* as yet liues, and is king of *Iberia*: a man (if the iudgement of *Plangus* may be accepted) of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing euill, without himſelfe miſtake the euill, ſeeing it diſguiſed vnder ſome forme of goodneſſe. This Prince, being maried at the firſt to a Princeſſe (who both from her aunceſters, and in her ſelfe was worthy of him) by her had this ſonne *Plangus*. Not long after whoſe birth, the Queene (as though ſhee had performed the meſſage for which ſhe was ſent into the world) retuned againe vnto her maker. The king (ſcaling vp all thoughts of loue vnder the image of her memory) remained a widdower many yeares after; recompencing the griefe of that diſioyning from her, in conioyning in himſelfe both a fatherly and motherly care toward her onely child *Plangus*. Who being growne to mans age, as our owne eyes may iudge, could not but fertilly requite his fathers fatherly education.

This Prince (while yet the errors in his nature were excuſed by the greeneneſſe of his youth, which tooke all the fault vpon it ſelfe) loued a priuate mans wife of the principall Citie of that kingdome, if that may bee called loue, which he rather did take into himſelf willingly, then by which he was taken forcibly. It ſufficeth, that the yong man perſwaded himſelfe he loued her: ſhe being a woman beautifull enough, if it be poſſible, that the onely outſide can iuſtly entitle a beautie. But finding ſuch a chaſe as onely fled to be caught, the young Prince brought his affection with her to that point, which ought to ingraue remorſe in her heart, & to paint ſhame vpon her face. And ſo poſſeſt he his deſire without any interuption; hee conſtantly fauouring her, and ſhee thinking, that the enameling of a Princes name, might hide the ſpots of a broken wedlocke. But as I haue ſeene one that was ſicke of a ſleeping diſeaſe, could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: ſo out of his ſinfull ſleepe his minde (vnworthy ſo to bee loſt) was not to bee cald to it ſelfe, but by a ſharpe accident. It fell out, that his many-times leauing of the court (in vndue times) began to be noted; and (as Princes eares bee manifold) from one to another came vnto the king; who (carefull of his onely ſonne) ſought and found by his ſpies (the neceſſarie euill ſeruants to a king) what it was, whereby hee was from his better delights ſo diuerted. Whereupon, the king (to giue his fault the greater blow) vſed ſuch meanes by diſguiſing himſelfe, that he found them (her husband being abſent) in her houſe together: which he did, to make them the more feelingly aſhamed of it. And that way he tooke, laying threatnings vpon her, and vpon him reproches. But the poore young Prince (deceiued with that young opinion, that if it be euer lawfull to lie, it is for ones Louer) imployed all his wit to bring his father to a better opinion. And becauſe he might bend him from that (as he counted it) crooked conceit of her, he wreſted him, as much as hee could poſſibly, to the other ſide: not ſticking with prodigall proteſtations to ſet forth her chaſtitie; not denying his owne attempt, but thereby the more extolling her vertue. His Sophiſtrie preuailed, his father beleeued, and ſo beleeued, that ere long (though he were already ſtept into the winter of his age) he found himſelfe warme in thoſe deſires, which were in his ſonne farre more excuſable. To bee ſhort, hee gaue himſelfe ouer vnto it; & becauſe hee would auoyd

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the odious compariſon of a young riuall) ſent away his ſonne with an armie, to the ſubduing of a Prouince lately rebelled againſt him, which he knew could not be a leſſe worke then of three or foure yeares. Wherein he behaued him ſo worthily, as euen to this countrie the fame thereof came, long before his owne comming: while yet his father had a ſpeedier ſucceſſe, but in a farre vnnobler conqueſt. For while *Plangus* was away, the old man (growing onely in age and affection) followed his ſuite with all meanes of vnhoneſt ſeruants, large promiſes, and each thing elſe that might helpe to counteruaile his owne vnlouelineſſe.

And ſhee (whoſe husband about that time died) forgetting the abſent *Plangus*, or at leaſt not hoping of him to obtaine ſo aſpiring a purpoſe, left no Arte vnuſed, which might keepe the line from breaking, whereat the fiſh was alreadie taken; not drawing him violently, but letting him play himſelfe vpon the hooke, which he had ſo greedily ſwallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a dolefull countenance, yet neither forgetting handſomneſſe in her mourning garmentes, nor ſweeteneſſe in her dolefull countenance; her words were euer ſeaſoned with ſighes, and any fauour ſhe ſhewed, bathed in teares, that affection might ſee cauſe of pitie, & pitie might perſwade cauſe of affection. And being grown skilful in his humors, ſhe was no leſſe skilfull in applying his humors; neuer ſuffering his feare to fall to a deſpaire, nor his hope to haſten to an aſſurance: ſhee was content hee ſhould thinke that ſhe loued him; & a certaine ſtolne looke ſhould ſometimes (as though it were againſt her will) bewray it: But if thereupon he grew bold, he ſtreight was encountred with a maske of vertue. And that which ſeemeth moſt impoſſible vnto mee (for as neere as I can repeat it as *Plangus* told it) ſhe could not only ſigh when ſhe would, as all can do, & weep when ſhe would, as (they ſay) ſome can do, but (being moſt impudent in her heart) ſhe could, when ſhe would, teach her cheekes bluſhing, and make ſhamefaſtneſſe the cloke of ſhameleſneſſe. In ſum, to leaue out many particularities which he recited, ſhe did not only vſe ſo the ſpurre, that his deſire ranne on; but ſo the bit, that it ran on euen in ſuch a careere as ſhe would haue it; that within a while the king, ſeeing with no other eyes but ſuch as ſhee gaue him, and thinking on no other thoughts, but ſuch as ſhe taught him; hauing at firſt liberall meaſures of fauors, then ſhortned of them, when moſt his deſire was inflamed; he ſaw no other way but mariage to ſatisfie his longing, & her mind (as he thought) louing, but chaſtly louing: ſo that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious of the Rebels, he found his father, not only maried, but alreadie a father of a ſonne and a daughter by this woman. Which though *Plangus* (as he had euery way iuſt cauſe) was greiued at; yet did his greife neuer bring forth either contemning of her, or repining at his father. But ſhee (who beſides was growne a mother, and a ſtepmother, did reade in his eyes her owne fault, & made his conſcience her guiltineſſe) thought ſtill that his preſence caried her condemnation: ſo much the more, as that ſhe (vnchaſtly attempting his wonted fancies, found (for the reuerence of his fathers bed) a bitter refuſall; which breeding rather ſpite then ſhame in her, or if it were a ſhame, a ſhame not of the fault, but of the repulſe, ſhe did not only (as hating him) thirſt for a reuenge, but (as feating harme from him) endeuored to doe harme vnto him. Therefore did ſhe try the vttermoſt of her wicked wit, how to ouerthrow him in the foundation of his ſtrength, which was, in the fauour of his father: which becauſe ſhe ſaw ſtrong both in nature and deſert, it required the more cunning how to vndermine it. And therefore (ſhunning the ordinarie trade of hireling *Sycophants*) ſhee made her praiſes of him, to be accuſations; and her aduancing him, to be his ruine. For firſt with words (neerer admiration then liking) ſhee would extoll his excellencies, the goodlineſſe

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of his ſhape, the power of his wit, the valiantneſſe of his courage, the fortunateneſſe of his ſucceſſes: ſo as the father might finde in her a ſingular loue towards him: nay ſhe ſhunned not to kindle ſome few ſparks of iealouſie in him. Thus hauing gotten an opinion in his father, that ſhee was farre from meaning miſchiefe to the ſonne, then fell ſhe to praiſe him with no leſſe vehemēcie of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then ſhe ſets forth the libertie of his mindē, the high flying of his thoughts, the fitneſſe in him to beare rule, the ſingular loue the ſubiects bare him; that it was doubtfull, whether his wit were greater in winning their fauours, or his courage in imploying their fauours: that he was not borne to liue a ſubiect-life, each action of his bearing in it Maieſtie; ſuch a kingly entertainment, ſuch a kingly magnificence, ſuch a kingly heart for enterpriſes: eſpecially remembring thoſe vertues, which in a ſucceſſor are no more honoured by the ſubiects, then ſuſpected of the Princes. Then would ſhee by putting of obiections, bring in obiections to her husbands head, already infected with ſuſpition. Nay (would ſhe ſay) I dare take it vpon my death, that he is no ſuch ſonne, as many like might haue beene, who loued greatneſſe ſo well, as to builde their greatneſſe vpon their fathers ruine. Indeed Ambition like Loue, can abide no lingring, and euer vrgeth on his owne ſucceſſes; hating nothing, but what may ſtop them. But the Gods forbid, wee ſhould euer once dreame of any ſuch thing in him, who perhaps might be content, that you and the world ſhould know, what he can do: but the more power he hath to hurt, the more admirable is his praiſe, that hee will not hurt. Then euer remembring to ſtrengthen the ſuſpition of his eſtate with priuate iealouſie of her loue, doing him exceſſiue honor when he was in preſence, and repeating his prettie ſpeeches and graces in his abſence; beſides, cauſing him to be imployd in all ſuch dangerous matters, as either he ſhould periſh in them, or if he preuailed, they ſhould increaſe his glory: which ſhee made a weapon to wound him; vntill ſhee found that ſuſpition began alreadie to ſpeake for it ſelfe, and that her husbands eares were growne hungrie of rumors, and his eyes prying into euerie accident.

Then tooke ſhe help to her of a ſeruant neere about her husband, whom ſhe knew to bee of a haſtie ambition, and ſuch a one, who wanting true ſufficiencie to raiſe him, would make a ladder of any miſchiefe. Him ſhee vſeth to deale more plainely in alleadging cauſes of iealouſie, making him know the fitteſt times when her husband alreadie was ſtirred that way. And ſo they two, with diuerſe wayes, nouriſhed one humour, like Muſitians, that ſinging diuerſe parts, make one muſicke. He ſometime with fearefull countenance would deſire the king to looke to himſelfe; for that all the Court and Citie were full of whiſperinges, and expectation of ſome ſudden change, vpon what ground himſelfe knew not. Another time he would counſell the king to make much of his ſonne, and hold his fauour, for that it was too late now to keepe him vnder. Now ſeeming to feare himſelfe, becauſe (hee ſaid) *Plangus* loued none of them that were great about his father. Laſtly, breaking with him directly (making a ſorrowfull countenance, and an humble geſture beare falſe witneſſe for his true meaning) that hee found, not onely ſouldiery, but people weary of his gouernement, and all their affection bent vpon *Plangus*. Both he and the Queene concurring in ſtrange dreames, and each thing elſe, that in a minde (alreadie perplexed) might breede aſtoniſhment: ſo that within a while, all *Plangus* actions began to bee tranſlated into the language of ſuſpition.

Which though *Plangus* found, yet could he not auoid, euen contraries being driuen to draw one yoke of argument: if he were magnificent, he ſpent much with an aſpiring intent: if he ſpared, hee heaped much with an aſpiring intent: if he ſpake

curteouſly, hee angled the peoples hearts: if hee were ſilent, hee muſed vpon ſome dangerous plot. In ſumme, if he could haue turned himſelfe to as many formes as *Proteus*, euerie forme ſhould haue bin made hidious.

But ſo it fell out, that a meere trifle gaue them occaſion of further proceeding: The king one morning, going to a vineyard that lay a long the hill whereupon his caſtle ſtood, he ſaw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, tooke a branch of the ſame bough for want of another thing, and tied it about the place broken. The King asking the fellow what he did, Marry (ſaid he) I make the ſon bind the father. This word (finding the king already ſuperſtitious through ſuſpition) amazed him ſtreight, as a preſage of his owne fortune: ſo that, returning and breaking with his wife how much hee miſdoubted his eſtate, ſhee made ſuch gaine-ſaying anſwers as while they ſtraue, ſtraue to bee ouercome. But euen while the doubtes moſt boyled, ſhee thus nouriſhed them.

Shee vnder-hand dealt with the principall men of that countrey, that at the great Parliament (which was then to bee held) they ſhould in the name of all the eſtates perſwade the king (being now ſtept deepely into olde age) to make *Plangus*, his aſſociate in gouernment with him; aſſuring them, that not onely ſhe would ioyne with them, but that the father himſelfe would take it kindely; charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withall; for that perhaps it might be harmefull vnto him, if the king ſhould find that he were a party. They (who thought they might do it, not only willingly, becauſe they loued him; and truely, becauſe ſuch indeed was the minde of the people; but ſafely, becauſe ſhee who ruled the king was agreed thereto) accompliſhed her counſell: ſhee indeede keeping promiſe of vehement perſwading the ſame: which the more ſhee and they did, the more ſhee knew her husband would feare, and hate the cauſe of his feare. *Plangus* found this, and humbly proteſted againſt ſuch deſire or will to accept. But the more he proteſted, the more his father thought hee diſſembled, accounting his integritie to be but a cunning face of falſhood: & therefore delaying the deſire of his ſubiects, attended ſome fit occaſion to lay hands vpon his ſonne: which his wife brought thus to paſſe.

She cauſed the ſame miniſter of hers to goe vnto *Plangus*, & (enabling his words with great ſhew of faith, and endearing them with deſire of ſecrecie) to tell him, that he found his ruine conſpired by his ſtepmother, with certaine of the noblemen of that countrey, the king himſelfe giuing his conſent, and that few dayes ſhould paſſe before the putting it in practiſe: withall diſcouering the very trueth indeede, with what cunning his ſtepmother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his owne opinion, made him giue him the better credit: yet not ſo farre, as to flie out of his countrie (according to the naughtie fellowes perſwaſion) but to attend, and to ſee further. Whereupon the fellow (by the direction of his miſtreſſe) told him one day, that the ſame night about one of the clocke, the king had appointed to haue his wife, and thoſe noble men together, to deliberate of their manner of proceeding againſt *Plangus*: and therefore offered him, that if himſelfe would agree, hee would bring him into a place where hee ſhould heare all that paſſed; and ſo haue the more reaſon both to himſelfe, and to the world, to ſeeke his ſafety. The poore *Plangus* (being ſubiect to that onely diſaduantage of honeſt hearts, credulity) was perſwaded by him: & arming himſelfe (becauſe of his late going) was cloſely conueyed into the place appointed. In the meane time, his ſtepmother, making all her geſtures cunningly counterfait a miſerable affliction, ſhee lay almoſt groueling on the floore of her chamber, not ſuffering any body to comfort her; vntill they calling for her husband, and hee held off with long inquirie, at length, ſhee told him (euen almoſt crying

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ing out euerie word) that ſhee was wearie of her life, ſince ſhee was brought to that plunge, either to conceale her husbands murther, or accuſe her ſonne, who had euer beene more deare, then a ſonne vnto her. Then with many interruptions and exclamations ſhee told him, that her ſonne *Plangus* (ſolliciting her in the olde affection betweene them) had beſought her to put to her helping hand to the death of the King; aſſuring her, that though all the lawes in the world were againſt it, hee would marrie her when hee were King.

She had not fully ſaid thus much, with many pitifull digreſſions, when in comes the ſame fellow, that brought *Plangus*: and running himſelfe out of breath, fell at the kings feete, beſeeching him to ſaue himſelfe; for that there was a man with a ſword drawne in the next roome. The king affrighted, went out, & called his guard, who entring the place, found indeed *Plangus* with his ſword in his hand, but not naked, yet ſtanding ſuſpiciouſly inough, to one already ſuſpicious. The king (thinking hee had put vp his ſword becauſe of the noiſe) neuer tooke leaſure to heare his anſwere, but made him priſoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the market place.

But the day had no ſooner opened the eyes and eares of his friends, & followers, but that there was a little army of them, who came, and by force deliuered him; although numbers on the other ſide, (abuſed with the fine framing of their report) tooke armes for the king. But *Plangus*, though he might haue vſed the force of his friends, to reuenge his wrong, and get the crown; yet the naturall loue of his father, and hate to make their ſuſpicion ſeeme iuſt, cauſed him rather to chooſe a voluntarie exile, then to make his fathers death the purchaſe of his life: and therefore went he to *Tiridates*, whoſe mother was his fathers ſiſter, liuing in his Court eleuen or twelue yeares, euer hoping by his interceſſion, and his owne deſert, to recouer his fathers grace. At the end of which time, the warre of *Erona* happened, which my ſiſter, with the cauſe therof, diſcourſed vnto you.

But his father had ſo deeply engraued the ſuſpition in his heart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a fearefull guiltineſſe, then of an humble faithfullnes; and therefore continued his hate, with ſuch vehemencie, that he did euen hate his Nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his neece *Artaxia*, becauſe in his Court he receiued countenance, leauing no meanes vnattempted of deſtroying his ſonne; among other emploing that wicked ſeruant of his, who vndertooke to empoiſon him. But his cunning diſguiſed him not ſo well, but that the watchfull ſeruants of *Plangus* did diſcouer him. Whereupon the wretch was taken, and (before his well deſerued execution) by torture forced to confeſſe the particularities of this, which in generall I haue told you.

Which cõfeſſion authenticaly ſet down (though *Tiridates* with ſolemne embaſſage ſent to the king) wrought no effect. For the king hauing put the reines of the gouernment into his wiues hand, neuer did ſo much as reade it; but ſent it ſtreight by her to be conſidered. So as they rather heaped more hatred vpon *Plangus*, for the death of their ſeruant. And now finding, that his abſence, & their reports had much diminiſhed the wauering peoples affection towardes *Plangus*, with aduancing fit perſons for faction, and graunting great immunities to the commons, they preuailed ſo farre, as to cauſe the ſonne of the ſecond wife, called *Palladius*, to bee proclaimed ſucceſſour, & *Plangus* quite excluded: ſo that *Plangus* was driuen to continue his ſeruing *Tiridates*, as he did in the warre againſt *Erona*, & brought home *Artaxia*, as my ſiſter told you; when *Erona* by the treaſon of *Antiphilus*, But at that word ſhee ſtopped. For *Baſilius* (not able longer to abide their abſence) came ſuddenly

among them,& with ſmiling countenance (telling *Zelmane* he was affraid ſhe had ſtolen away his daughters) inuited them to follow the Sunnes counſell in going then to their lodging;for indeede the Sunne was ready to ſet. They yeelded,*Zelmane* meaning ſome other time to vnderſtand the ſtory of *Antiphilus* treaſon, & *Eronas* daunger,whoſe cauſe ſhee greatly tendred. But *Miſo* had no ſooner eſpied *Baſilius*, but as ſpitefully,as her rotten voice could vtter it, ſhee ſet forth the ſaucineſſe of *Amphialus*.But *Baſilius* only attended what *Zelmanes* opinion was:who though ſhe hated *Amphialus*,yet the nobility of her courage preuailed ouer it,& ſhe deſired hee might be pardoned that youthfull error; conſidering the repuration hee had,to bee one of the beſt knights in the world; ſo as heereafter hee gouerned himſelfe,as one remembring his fault. *Baſilius* giuing the infinite tearmes of prayſes to *Zelmanes* both valour in conquering, and pitifulneſſe in pardoning, commaunded no more wordes to bee made of it,ſince ſuch he thought was her pleaſure.

So brought he them vp to viſite his wife,where betweene her and him,the poore *Zelmane* receiued a tedious entertainement; oppreſſed with being loued,almoſt as much,as with louing. *Baſilius* not ſo wiſe in couering his paſſion, could make his tongue goe almoſt no other paſe,but to runne into thoſe immoderate praiſes,which the fooliſh Louer thinkes ſhort of his Miſtreſſe though they reach farre beyond the heauens. But *Gynecia* (whom womanly modeſtie did more outwardly bridle) yet did oftentimes vſe the aduantage of her ſexe in kiſſing *Zelmane*,as ſhe ſate vpon her bed-ſide by her; which was but ſtill more and more ſweete incenſe, to caſt vpon the fire wherein her heart was ſacrificed: Once *Zelmane* could not ſtirre, but that, (as if they had beene poppets,whoſe motion ſtood only vpon her pleaſure) *Baſilius* with ſeruiceable ſteppes,*Gynecia* with greedie eyes would follow her.*Baſilius* minde *Gynecia* well knew,& could haue found in her heart to laugh at,if mirth could haue born any proportion with her fortune.But all *Gynecias* actions were interpreted by *Baſilius*, as proceeding from iealouſie of his amourouſneſſe.*Zelmane* betwixt both (like the poore childe,whoſe father,while he beates him,will make him beleeue it is for loue; or like the ſicke man, to whom the Phiſition ſweares, the ill-taſting wallowiſh medicine he proters, is of a good taſt) their loue was hatefull, their curteſie troubleſome,their preſence cauſe of her abſence thence,where not onely her light, but her life conſiſted. Alas (thought ſhe to her ſelfe) deare *Dorus*,what oddes is there betweene thy deſtinie & mine? For thou haſt to doe in thy purſuite but with ſhepherdiſh folkes,who trouble thee with a little enuious care, & affected diligence;But I (beſides that I haue now *Miſo* the worſt of thy diuels,let looſe vpon me) am waited on by Princes, and watched by the two wakefull eyes of Loue and Iealouſie. Alas incomparable *Philoclea*,thou euer ſeeſt me,but doſt neuer ſee me as I am:thou heareſt willingly.all that I dare ſay,and I dare not ſay that which were moſt fit for thee to heare. Alas who euer but I was impriſoned in libertie,and baniſhed being ſtill preſent? To whom but me haue louers beene iaylours,and honor a captiuitie?

But the night cõming on with her ſilent ſteps vpon them,they parted each from other (if at leaſt the could be parted,of whom euery one did liue in another) and went about to flatter ſleep with their beds,that diſdained to beſtow it ſelfe liberally vpon ſuch eyes which by their will would euer be looking: & in leaſt meaſure vpon *Gynecia*.Who (when *Baſilius* after long toſſing was gotten aſleepe,and the cheerfull comfort of the light remoued from her) kneeling vp in her bed, began with a ſoft voice,& ſwolne hart,to renue the curſes of her birth; & then in a maner embracing her bed;ah chaſteſt bed of mine(ſaid ſhe)which neuer heretofore couldſt accuſe me of one defiled thought, how canſt thou now receiue this diſaſtred changeling?happy,

happy,

happy, be they only which be not: & thy bleſſednes only in this reſpect thou maieſt feele, that thou haſt no feeling. With that ſhee furiouſly tare off great part of her faire haire: Take here ô forgotten vertue (ſaid ſhe) this miſerable ſacrifice; while my ſoule was clothed with modeſtie, that was a comely ornament: now why ſhould nature crowne that head, which is ſo wicked, as her onely deſire is, ſhee cannot bee enough wicked? More ſhe would haue ſaid, but that *Baſilius* (awaked with the noiſe) tooke her in his armes, and began to comfort her; the good-man thinking, it was all for a iealous loue of him: which humour if ſhee would a little haue mantayned, perchance it might haue weakned his new conceiued fancies. But he finding her anſwers wandring from the purpoſe, left her to her ſelfe (glad the next morning to take the aduantage of a ſleep, which a little before day ouerwatched with ſorrow, her teares had as it were ſealed vp in her eyes) to haue the more conference with *Zelmane*: who baited on this faſhion by theſe two louers, and euer kept from any meane to declare her ſelfe, found in her ſelfe a daily increaſe of her violent deſires; like a riuer the more ſwelling, the more his current is ſtopped.

The chiefe recreation ſhe could finde in her anguiſh, was ſometime to viſit that place, where firſt ſhe was ſo happy as to ſee the cauſe of her vnhap. There would ſhe kiſſe the ground, & thanke the trees, bleſſe the ayre, & doe dutifull reuerence to euery thing that ſhee thought did accompany her at their firſt meeting: then returne againe to her inward thoughts; ſometime diſpaire darkning all her imaginations, ſometimes the actiue paſſion of loue cheering and cleering her inuention, how to vnbarre that comberſome hindrance of her two ill matched louers. But this morning *Baſilius* himſelfe gaue her good occaſion to goe beyond them. For hauing combd and trickt himſelfe more curiouſly, then any time forty winters before, comming where *Zelmane* was, hee found her giuen ouer to her muſicall Muſes, to the great pleaſure of the good olde *Baſilius*, who retired himſelfe behinde a Tree, while ſhee with a moſt ſweete voice did vtter theſe paſſionate verſes.

Loued I am, and yet complaine of Loue:
As louing not, accus'd in Loue I die.
When pittie moſt I craue, I cruell proue:
Still ſeeking Loue, Loue found as much I flie.
Burnt in my ſelfe, I muſe at others fire:
What I call wrong, I doe the ſame, and more:
Bard of my will, I haue beyond deſire:
I waile for want, and yet am chokt with ſtore.
This is thy worke, thou God for euer blind:
Though thouſands old, a Boy entit'led ſtill.
Thus children doe the ſilly birds they find,
With ſtroking hurt, and too much cramming kill.
Yet thus much Loue, ô Loue, I craue of thee:
Let me be lou'd, or elſe not loued bee.

Baſilius made no great haſt from beyond the trees, till hee perceiued ſhe had fully ended her muſicke. But then loth to looſe the precious fruite of time, hee preſented himſelfe vnto her, falling downe vpon both his knees: & holding vp his hands, as the old gouerneſſe of *Danae* is painted, when ſhee ſuddenly ſaw the golden ſhowre, O heauenly woman, or earthly Goddeſſe (ſaid hee) let not my preſence bee odious vnto you, nor my humble ſuit ſeeme of ſmall weight in your eares. Vouchſafe your

eyes to deſcend vpon this miſerable old man, whoſe life hath hitherto bin mantayned but to ſerue as an increaſe of your beautifull triumphs. You onely haue ouerthrowne me, & in my bondage conſiſts my glorie. Suffer not your own worke to be deſpiſed of you, but looke vpon him with pitty, whoſe life ſerues for your prayſe. *Zelmane* (keeping a countenance aſcanſes ſhe vnderſtood him not) told him, It became her euill to ſuffer ſuch exceſſiue reuerence of him, but that it worſe became her to correct him, to whom ſhe owed duty: that the opinion ſhe had of his wiſedome was ſuch, as made her eſteeme greatly of his words; but that the words themſelues ſounded ſo, as ſhe could not imagine what they might intend. Intend? ſaid *Baſilius* (proud that that was brought in queſtion) what may they intend, but a refreſhing of my ſoule, & a ſwaging of my heat, & enioying thoſe your excellencies, wherein my life is vpheld, & my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting vp her face, as if ſhe had receiued a mortall iniury of him; And is this the deuotion your ceremonies haue bin bent vnto? ſaid ſhe: Is it the diſdaine of my eſtate, or the opinion of my lightneſſe, that haue emboldned ſuch baſe fancies towards mee? Enioying quoth you? now little ioy come to them that yeeld to ſuch enioying. Poore *Baſilius* was ſo appalled, that his leggs bowed vnder him; his eies lookt as though he would gladly hide himſelfe; & his old bloud going to his hart, a generall ſhaking all ouer his body poſſeſſed him. At length with a wan mouth, hee was about to giue a ſtammering anſwere, when it came into *Zelmanes* head by this deuiſe to make her profit of his folly; and therefore with a relented countenance, thus ſaid vnto him: Your wordes (mightie Prince) were vnfit either for me to heare, or you to ſpeake: but yet the large teſtimonie I ſee of your affection makes me willing to ſuppreſſe a great number of errors. Only thus much I thinke good to ſay, that the ſame wordes in my Lady *Philoclea* mouth, as from one woman to another (ſo as there were no other body by) might haue had a better grace; and perchance haue found a gentler receipt.

Baſilius (whoſe ſenſes by deſire were held open, and conceipt was by loue quickned) heard ſcarcely halfe her anſwere out, but that (as if ſpeedy flight might ſaue his life) hee turned away, and ranne with all the ſpeede his bodie would ſuffer him towards his daughter *Philoclea*: whom hee found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miſo* curiouſly watching her; hauing left *Meſſa* to doe the like ſeruice to *Pamela*. *Baſilius* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aſide (withall the coniuring words which Deſire could endite and Authoritie vtter) beſought her ſhee would preſerue his life, in whom her life was begun; ſhe would ſaue his gray haires from rebuke, and his aged minde from deſpaire; that if ſhee were not cloyed with his companie, and that ſhee thought not the earth ouer-burthened with him, ſhee would coole his fierie griefe, which was to be done but by her breath. That in fine, whatſoeuer hee was, he was nothing but what it pleaſed *Zelmane*; all the powers of his ſpirit depending of her: that if ſhe continued cruell, he could no more ſuſtaine his life, then the earth remaine fruitfull in the Sunnes continuall abſence. He concluded, ſhee ſhould in one payment requite all his deſerts: and that ſhee needed not diſdaine any ſeruice (though neuer ſo meane) which was warranted by the ſacred name of a father. *Philoclea* more glad then euer ſhee had knowen her ſelfe, that ſhee might by this occaſion, enioy the priuate conference of *Zelmane*, yet had ſo ſweete a feeling of vertue in her minde, that ſhee would not ſuffer a vile colour to bee caſt ouer her faire thoughts, but with humble grace anſwered her father. That there needed neither promiſe nor perſwaſion to her, to make her doe her vttermoſt for her fathers ſeruice: that for *Zelmanes* fauour, ſhee would in all vertuous ſort ſeeke it towards him: and that as ſhee would not pierce further into his meaning, then

himſelfe

himſelfe ſhould declare, ſo would ſhee interpret all his doings to bee accompliſhed in goodneſſe: & therefore deſired (if otherwiſe it were) that he would not impart it to her, who then ſhould be forced to begin (by true obedience) a ſhew of diſobedience: rather performing his generall commaundement, which had euer beene, to embrace vertue, then any new particular, ſprong out of paſſion, & contrarie to the former. *Baſilius* content to take that, ſince hee could haue no more (thinking it a great point, if by her meanes, he could get but a more free acceſſe vnto *Zelmane*) allowed her reaſons, and tooke her proffer thankefully, deſiring only a ſpeedy returne of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, & *Miſa* ſtreight behind her, like *Alecto* following *Proſerpina*; But *Baſilius* forced her to ſtay, though with much adoe, ſhe being ſharpe-ſet vpon the fulfilling of a ſhrewd office, in ouer-looking *Philoclea*: and ſaid to *Baſilius*, that ſhe did as ſhe was commaunded, and could not anſwere it to *Gynecia*, if ſhe were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him true, that he did euill to take her charge from her. But *Baſilius* (ſwearing he would put out her eyes, if ſhee ſtird a foote to trouble his daughter) gaue her a ſtop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her trauailing minde: For well ſhe ſaw her father was growne her aduerſe partie, and yet her fortune ſuch, as ſhee muſt fauour her Riuall; and the fortune of that fortune ſuch, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary meane helpe her.

But ſhe walkt but a little on, before ſhe ſaw *Zelmane* lying vpon a banke, with her face ſo bent ouer *Ladon*, that (her teares falling into the water) one might haue thought, that ſhe began meltingly to bee metamorphoſed to the vnder-running riuer. But by and by, with ſpeech ſhee made knowne, as well that ſhee liued as that ſhe ſorrowed. Faire ſtreame (ſaid ſhe) that doe vouchſafe in your cleareneſſe to repreſent vnto mee, my blubbered face, let the tribute-offer of my teares vnto you, procure your ſtay a while with mee, that I may beginne yet at laſt to finde ſome thing that pities mee: and that all things of comfort & pleaſure doe not flie away from me. But if the violence of your ſpring commaund you to haſt away, to pay your duties to your great Prince, the Sea; yet carrie with you theſe few wordes, & let the vttermoſt ends of the world know them. A loue more cleere then your ſelues, dedicated to a loue (I feare) more cold then your ſelues, with the cleereneſſe layes a night of ſorrow vpon me; & with the coldneſſe enflames a world of fire within me. With that ſhe tooke a willow ſticke, & wrote in a ſandie banke theſe few verſes.

OVer theſe brookes truſting to eaſe mine eyes,
(Mine eyes euen great in labour with their teares)
I laide my face; my face wherein there lies
Cluſters of Cloudes, which no Sunne euer cleares,
In watry glaſſe my watry eyes I ſee:
Sorrowes ill eaſde, where ſorrowes painted bee.

My thoughts impriſon'd in my ſecret woes,
With flamie breath doe iſſue oft in ſound:
The ſound of this ſtraunge ayre no ſooner goes,
But that it doth with Echoes *force rebound,*
And make me heare the plaints I would refraine:
Thus outward helps my inward griefe maintaine.

Now in this ſand I would diſcharge my minde,

And

And caſt from me part of my burdenous cares:
but in the ſand my tales foretold I finde,
And ſee therein how well the writer fares.
Since ſtreame, ayer, ſand, mine eyes and eares conſpire:
What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire?

And aſſoone as ſhe had written them (a new ſwarme of thoughts ſtinging her minde) ſhee was ready with her foote to giue the new-borne letters both death and burial. But *Philoclea* (whoſe delight of hearing and ſeeing was before a ſtay from interrupting her) gaue her ſelfe to bee ſeene vnto her, with ſuch a lighting beautie vpon *Zelmane*, that neither ſhe could looke on, nor would looke off. At laſt *Philoclea* (hauing a little muſed how to cut the threede euen, betweene her owne hopeleſſe affection, and her fathers vnbridled hope) with eyes, cheekes, and lips (whereof each ſang their part, to make vp the harmonie of baſhfulneſſe) began to ſay, My father to whom I owe my ſelfe, & therefore; when, *Zelmane* (making a womaniſh habite to be the Armour of her boldneſſe, giuing vp her life to the lips of *Philoclea*, and taking it againe by the ſweeteneſſe of thoſe kiſſes) humbly beſought her to keepe her ſpeech for a while within the Paradiſe of her minde. For well ſhee knew her fathers errand, who ſhould ſoone receiue a ſufficient anſwere. But now ſhee demaunded leaue not to looſe this long ſought-for commoditie of time, to eaſe her heart thus farre, that if in her agonies her deſtinie was to be condemned by *Philocleas* mouth, at leaſt *Philoclea* might know, whom ſhee had condemned. *Philoclea* eaſily yeelded to graunt her owne deſire: and ſo making the greene banke the ſituation, and the riuer the proſpect of the moſt beautifull buildings of nature. *Zelmane* doubting how to begin, though her thoughts alreadie had runne to the end, with a minde fearing the vnworthineſſe of euery word that ſhould be preſented to her eares, at length brought it forth in this manner.

Moſt beloued Lady, the incomparable excellencies of your ſelfe (waited-on by the greatneſſe of your eſtate) & the importance of the thing (whereon my life conſiſted) doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumſtances in the vttering my ſpeech, both bold and fearefull. But the ſmall opportunitie of enuious occaſion (by the malicious eye hatefull Loue doth caſt vpon me) and the extreame bent of my affection (which will either breake out in wordes, or breake my heart) compell me, not onely to embrace the ſmalleſt time, but to paſſe by the reſpects due vnto you, in reſpect of your poore caitifes life, who is now, or neuer to be preſerued. I doe therefore vow vnto you, hereafter neuer more to omit all dutifull forme: doe you onely now vouchſafe to heare the matter of a minde moſt perplexed. If euer the ſound of Loue haue come to your eares, or if euer you haue vnderſtood, what force it hath had to conquer the ſtrongeſt heartes, & change the moſt ſettled eſtates: receiue here an example of thoſe ſtrange Tragedies; one, that in himſelfe contayneth the particularities of all thoſe misfortunes: and from henceforth beleeue that ſuch a thing may be, ſince you ſhall ſee it is. You ſhall ſee (I ſay) aliuing image, & a preſent ſtory of what loue can do when he is bent to ruine.

But alas, whither goeſt thou my tongue? or how doth my heart conſent to aduenture the reuealing his neereſt touching ſecret? But peace Feare, thou commeſt too late, when alreadie the harme is taken. Therefore I ſay againe, ô onely Princeſſe, attend heere a miſerable miracle of affection. Behold heere before your eyes *Pyrocles*, Prince of *Macedon*, whom you onely haue brought to this game of Fortune, and vnuſed *Metamorphoſis*: whom you onely haue made neglect his countrie,

forget

forget his father, and lastly, forsake to bee *Pyrocles*: the same *Pyrocles*, who (you heard) was betrayed by being put in a shippe, which being burned, *Pyrocles* was drowned. O most true presage! for these traytors, my eyes, putting me into a ship of Desire, which daily burneth, those eyes (I say) which betrayed mee, will neuer leaue till they haue drowned me. But bee not, bee not (most excellent Ladie) you that nature hath made to bee the Load-starre of comfort, bee not the Rocke of shipwracke: you whom vertue hath made the Princesse of felicitie, be not the minister of ruine: you whom my choise hath made the Goddesse of my safetie, ô let not, let not, from you be powred vpon me destruction. Your faire face hath many tokens in it of amazement at my words: thinke then what his amazement is, from whence they come: since no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling. I desire that my desire may bee wayed in the ballances of Honour, and let Vertue hold them. For if the highest Loue in no base person may aspire to grace, then may I hope your beautie will not be without pitie. If otherwise you be (alas but let it not bee so) resolued, yet shall not my death bee comfortlesse, receiuing it by your sentence.

The ioy which wrought into *Pigmalions* minde, while hee found his beloued image was softer, and warmer in his folded armes, till at length it accomplished his gladnesse with a perfect womans shape (still beautified with the former perfections) was euen such, as by each degree of *Zelmanes* words creepingly entred into *Philoclea*: till her pleasure was fully made vp with the manifesting of his being; which was such as in hope did ouercome Hope. Yet Doubt would faine haue playd his part in her minde, and cald in question, how shee should bee assured that *Zelmane* was *Pyrocles*. But Loue streight stood vp & deposed, that a lye could not come from the mouth of *Zelmane*. Besides, a certaine sparke of honour, which rose in her well disposed minde, made her feare to be alone with him, with whom alone shee desired to be (withall the other contradictions growing in those mindes, which neither absolutely clime the rocke of Vertue, nor fre[illegible]sinke into the Sea of Vanitie) but that sparke soone gaue place, or at least gaue no more light in her minde, then a candle doth in the Sunnes presence. But euen sicke with a surfeit of ioy, & fearefull of she knew not what (as he that newly finds huge treasures, doubts whether he sleepe or no; or like a fearfull Deere, which then looks most about, when he comes to the best feede) with a shrugging kinde of tremor through all her principall partes, shee gaue these affectionate wordes for answere. Alas, how painefull a thing it is to a deuided mind to make a wel-ioyned answere? how hard it is to bring inward shame to outward confession? and what handsomnes trow you can bee obserued in that speech, which is made one knowes not to whom? Shall I say ô *Zelmane*? Alas your wordes be against it. Shall I say Prince *Pyrocles*? wretch that I am, your shew is manifest against it. But this, this I may well say; If I had continued as I ought, *Philoclea*, you had either neuer beene, or euer beene *Zelmane*: you had either neuer attempted this change, set on with hope, or neuer discouered it, stopt with dispaire. But I feare me, my behauiour ill gouerned, gaue you the first comfort: I feare mee, my affection ill hid, hath giuen you this last assurance: I feare indeede, the weaknesse of my gouernment before, made you thinke such a maske would be gratefull vnto me: and my weaker gouernment since, makes you to pull off the visor. What should I doe then? shall I seeke farre-fetched inuentions? shall I labour to lay marble colours ouer my ruinous thoughts? or rather though the pureneſse of my virgin-mind be stained, let me keepe the true simplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, ô *Zelmane* (for so I loue to call thee, since in that name my loue first began, and in the shade of that

name

name my loue ſhall beſt lie hidden) that euen while ſo thou wert (what eye bewitched mee I know not) my paſſions were fitter to deſire, then to bee deſired. Shall I ſay then, I am ſorie, or that my loue muſt be turned to hate, ſince thou art turned to *Pyrocles*? how may that well bee? ſince when thou wert *Zelmane*, the diſpaire thou mighteſt not be thus, did moſt torment me. Thou haſt then the victorie: vſe it with vertue. Thy vertue wan me; with vertue preſerue me. Doeſt thou loue me? keepe me then ſtill worthy to be loued.

Then held ſhe her tongue, and caſt downe a ſelfe-accuſing looke, finding, that in her ſelfe ſhee had (as it were) ſhot out of the bow of her affection, a more quicke opening of her minde, then ſhe minded to haue done. But *Pyrocles* ſo caried vp with ioy, that he did not enuy the Gods felicitie, preſented her with ſome iewels of right princely value, as ſome little tokens of his loue and qualitie: and withall ſhewed her letters from his father King *Euarchus*, vnto him, which euen in the Sea had amongeſt his iewels bin preſerued. But little needed thoſe proofes to one, who would haue falne out with her ſelfe, rather then make any contrary coniectures to *Zelmanes* ſpeeches; ſo that with ſuch imbracements, as it ſeemed their ſoules deſired to meete, and their hearts to kiſſe, as their mouthes did, they paſſed the promiſe of mariage: which faine *Pyrocles* would haue ſealed with the chiefe armes of his deſire; but *Philoclea* commaunded the contrarie.

And then at *Philocleas* intreatie, who was willing to purloine all occaſions of remaining with *Zelmane*, ſhe told her the ſtory of her life, from the time of their departing from *Erona*, for the reſt ſhe had already vnderſtood of her ſiſter. For, ſaid ſhe, I haue vnderſtoode, how you firſt in the companie of your noble couſin *Muſidorus*, parted from *Theſſalia*, and of diuers aduentures, which with no more danger then glory you paſſed through, till your comming to the ſuccour of the Queene *Erona*; and the end of that warre (you might perceiue by my ſelfe) I had vnderſtood of the Prince *Plangus*. But what ſince was the courſe of your doings, vntill you came, after ſo many victories, to make a conqueſt of poore mee, that I knowe not; the fame thereof hauing rather ſhewed it by peeces, then deliuered any full forme of it: Therefore, deare *Pyrocles* (for what can my eares be ſo ſweetly fed with, as to heare you of you) be liberall vnto me of thoſe things, which haue made you indeede precious to the world: and now doubt not to tell of your perils, for ſince I haue you heere out of them, euen the remembrance of them is pleaſant. *Pyrocles* eaſily perceiued ſhee was content with kindneſſe, to put off occaſion of further kindneſſe; wherein Loue ſhewed himſelfe a cowardly boy, that durſt not attempt for feare of offending. But rather Loue proued himſelfe valiant, that durſt with the ſword of reuerent dutie gaine-ſtand the force of ſo many enraged deſires. But ſo it was, that though hee knew this diſcourſe was to entertaine him from a more ſtraight parley, yet he durſt not but kiſſe his rod, & gladly make much of that entertainement which ſhe allotted vnto him: & therefore with a deſirous ſigh chaſtening his breaſt for too much deſiring; Sweete Princeſſe of my life, ſaid hee, what Trophees, what Triumph, what Monumentes, what Hiſtories might euer make my fame yeeld ſo ſweet a Muſick to my eares, as that it pleaſeth you to lend your minde to the knowledg of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, onely therefore of value, becauſe he is your *Pyrocles*? And therefore grow I now ſo proud, as to thinke it worth the hearing, ſith you vouchſafe to giue it the hearing. Therefore (onely height of my hope) vouchſafe to know, that after the death of *Tiridates*, and ſettling *Erona* in her gouernement, for ſetled we left her, howſoeuer ſince (as I perceiued by your ſpeech the laſt day) the vngratefull treaſon of her ill-choſen husband ouerthrew her; a thing in truth neuer til this time

by

by me either heard, or ſuſpected: for who could thinke, without hauing ſuch a mind as *Antiphilus*, that ſo great a beautie as *Erona's* (indeede excellent) could not haue hold his affection? ſo great goodneſſe could not haue bound gratefulneſſe? and ſo high aduauncement could not haue ſatisfied his ambition? But therefore true it is, that wickednesſe may well bee compared to a bottomleſſe pit, into which it is farre eaſier to keepe ones ſelfe from falling, then being fallen, to giue ones ſelfe any ſtay from falling infinitely. But for my couſin and mee, vpon this cauſe wee parted from *Erona*.

Euardes (the braue and mightie Prince, whom it was my fortune to kill in the combat for *Erona*) had three Nephewes, ſonnes to a ſiſter of his; all three ſet among the formoſt rankes of Fame for great mindes to attempt, and great force to performe what they did attempt, eſpecially the eldeſt, by name *Anaxius*, to whom all men would willingly haue yeelded the height of prayſe, but that his nature was ſuch, as to beſtow it vpon himſelfe, before any could giue it. For of ſo vnſupportable a pride hee was, that where his deedes might well ſtirre enuie, his demeanour did rather breede diſdaine. And if it be true that the giants euer made warre againſt heauen, he had beene a fit enſigne bearer for that company. For nothing ſeemed hard to him, though impoſſible; and nothing vniuſt, while his liking was his iuſtice. Now he in theſe wars had flatly refuſed his ayd; becauſe he could not brook, that the worthie Prince *Plangus* was by his couſin *Tiridates* preferred before him. For allowing no other weights, but the ſword and ſpeare in iudging of deſert, how much hee eſteemed himſelfe before *Plangus* in that, ſo much would hee haue had his allowance in his ſeruice.

But now that he vnderſtood that his vncle was ſlaine by me, I think rather ſcorne that any ſhould kill his vncle, then any kindeneſſe (an vn-vſed gueſt to an arrogant ſoule) made him ſeeke his reuenge; I muſt confeſſe in manner gallant enough. For he ſent a challenge vnto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the kingdome of *Lycia*, where he would proue vpon me, that I had by ſome treacherie ouercome his vncle, whom elſe many hundreds ſuch as I, could not haue withſtood. Youth and ſucceſſe made me willing enough to accept any ſuch bargaine, eſpecially, becauſe I had heard that your couſin *Amphialus* (who for ſome yeres hath borne vniuerſally the name of the beſt knight in the world) had diuers times fought with him, and neuer beene able to maiſter him; but ſo had left him, that euerie man thought *Anaxius* in that one vertue of curteſie farre ſhort of him, in all other his match; *Anaxius* ſtill deeming himſelfe for his ſuperiour. Therefore to him I would goe, and I would needs goe alone, becauſe ſo I vnderſtoode for certaine, he was; and (I muſt confeſſe) deſirous to doe ſomething without the company of the incomparable Prince *Muſidorus*, becauſe in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his preſence, then to any thing in my ſelfe, whatſoeuer before I had done. For of him indeed (as of any worldly cauſe) I muſt grant, as receiued, what euer there is, or may be good in me. He taught mee by word, and beſt by example, giuing mee in him ſo liuely an image of vertue, as ignorance could not caſt ſuch miſt ouer mine eyes, as not to ſee, and to loue it; and all with ſuch deare friendſhip and care, as (ô heauen) how can my life euer requite vnto him? which made me indeed find in my ſelfe ſuch a kind of depending vpon him, as without him I found a weakneſſe, and a miſtruſtfulneſſe of my ſelfe, as one ſtrayed from his beſt ſtrength, when at any time I miſt him. Which humour perceiuing to ouer-rule me, I ſtraue againſt it, not that I was vnwilling to depend vpon him in iudgement, but by weakneſſe I would not; which though it held me to him, made me vnworthy of him. Therefore I deſired his leaue,

and

and obtained it, ſuch confidence hee had in me, preferring my reputation before his owne tenderneſſe; and ſo priuately went from him, he determining (as after I knew) in ſecret manner, not to bee farre from the place, where wee appointed to meete, to preuent any foule play that might bee offered vnto mee. Full loth was *Erona* to let vs depart from her (as it were) ſore feeling the harmes which after fell to her. But I (rid fully from thoſe cumbers of kindneſſe, and halfe a dayes iourney in my way toward *Anaxius*) met an aduenture, which (though in it ſelfe of ſmall importance) I will tell you at large, becauſe by the occaſion thereof I was brought to as great cumber and danger, as lightly any might eſcape.

As I paſt through a Laund (each ſide whereof was ſo bordered both with high timber trees, and copſes of farre more humble growth, that it might eaſily bring a ſolitary minde to looke for no other companions then the wild burgeſſes of the forreſt) I heard certaine cryes, which comming by pawſes to mine eares from within the wood of the right hand, made mee well aſſured by the greatneſſe of the crie, it was the voice of a man, though it were a verie vnmanlike voice, ſo to crie. But making mine eares my guide; I left not many trees behinde mee, before I ſawe at the bottome of one of them a gentleman, bound with many garters hand & foot, ſo as well hee might tumble and toſſe, but neither runne nor reſiſt hee could. Vpon him (like ſo many Eagles vpon an Oxe) were nine Gentlewomen; truely ſuch, as one might well enough ſay, they were handſome. Each of them held bodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, hauing beene before hand vnarmed of any defence from the waſte vpward, but onely of his ſhirt: ſo as the poore man wept and bled, cried and prayed, while they ſported themſelues in his paine, and delighted in his prayers as the arguments of their victorie.

I was moued to compaſſion, and ſo much the more that he ſtraight cald to mee for ſuccour, deſiring mee at leaſt to kill him, to deliuer him from thoſe tormenters. But before my ſelfe could reſolue, much leſſe any other tell what I would reſolue, there came in cholerike haſte towards me about ſeuen or eight knights; the foremoſt of which willed me to get me away, and not to trouble the Ladies, while they were taking their due reuenge, but with ſo ouermaiſtering a manner of pride, as truly my heart could not brooke it: and therefore (anſwering them, that how I would haue defended him from the Ladies I knew not, but from them I would) I began a combate firſt with him particularly, and after his death with the others (that had leſſe good manners) iointly. But ſuch was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of ſome, and flight of others. In ſo much as the women (afraid, what angrie victorie would bring forth) ran all away, ſauing onely one, who was ſo fleſht in malice, that neither during, nor after the fight, ſhee gaue any truce to her crueltie, but ſtill vſed the little inſtrument of her great ſpight, to the well witneſt paine of the impatient patient: & was now about to put out his eyes, which all this while were ſpared, becauſe they ſhould doe him the diſcomfort of ſeeing who preuailed ouer him. When I came in, and after much a doe, brought her to ſome conference, (for ſometime it was before ſhee would hearken, more before ſhee would ſpeake; & moſt, before ſhee would in her ſpeech leaue off the ſharpe remembrance of her bodkin) but at length when I puld off my head-peece, and humbly intreated her pardon, or knowledge why ſhee was cruell, out of breath more with choler (which increaſed in his owne excerciſe) then with the paine ſhe tooke, much to this purpoſe ſhe gaue her griefe vnto my knowledge. Gentleman (ſaid ſhee) much it is againſt my will to forbeare any time the executing of my iuſt reuenge vpon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiuing women. But becauſe I ſee you are young, and like enough

enough to haue the power (if you would haue the mind) to doe much more miſchiefe then he, I am content vpon this bad ſubiect to reade a lecture to your vertue.

This man called *Pamphilus*, in birth I muſt confeſſe is noble (but what is that to him, if it ſhall be a ſtaine to his dead aunceſtors to haue left ſuch an off-ſpring?) in ſhape as you ſee, not vncomely (indeed the fit maske of his diſguiſed falſhood) in conuerſation wittily pleaſant, and pleaſantly gameſome; his eyes full of mery ſimplicitie, his wordes of hearty companableneſſe; and ſuch a one whoſe head one would not thinke ſo ſtayed, as to think miſchieuouſly: delighted in all ſuch things, which by imparting the delight to others, makes the vſer thereof welcome; as, Muſike, Dauncing, Hunting, Feaſting, Riding, and ſuch like. And to conclude, ſuch a one, as who can keepe him at armes end, need neuer wiſh a better companion. But vnder theſe qualities lies ſuch a poyſonous Adder, as I will tell you. For by thoſe gifts of Nature and Fortune (being in all places acceptable) he creepes, nay (to ſay truly) he flies ſo into the fauour of poore ſilly women, that I would be too much aſhamed to confeſſe, if I had not reuenge in my hand, as well as ſhame in my cheeks. For his hart being wholly delighted in deceiuing vs, we could neuer be warned, but rather one bird caught, ſerued for a ſtale to bring in more. For the more he gat, the more ſtill he ſhewed, that he (as it were) gaue away to his new miſtreſſe, when hee betrayed his promiſes to the former. The cunning of his flatterie, the readineſſe of his teares, the infiniteneſſe of his vowes, were but among the weakeſt threeds of his net. But the ſtirring our owne paſſions, and by the entrance of them, to make himſelfe Lord of our forces; there lay his Maiſters part of cunning, making vs now iealous, now enuious, now proude of what we had, deſirous of more; now giuing one the triumph, to ſee him that was Prince of many, Subiect to her; now with an eſtranged looke, making her feare the loſſe of that minde, which indeede could neuer be had: neuer ceaſing humbleneſſe and diligence, till hee had imbarked vs in ſome ſuch diſaduantage, as we could not returne drie-ſhod; and then ſodainly a tyrant, but a craftie tyrant. For ſo would he vſe his imperiouſneſſe, that we had a delightful feare and an awe, which made vs loth to loſe our hope. And, which is ſtrangeſt (when ſometimes with late repentance I thinke of it) I muſt confeſſe, euen in the greateſt tempeſt of my iudgement was I neuer driuen to thinke him excellent; and yet ſo could ſet my mind, both to get and keep him, as though therein had laine my felicitie: like them I haue ſeene play at the ball, grow extreamely earneſt, who ſhould haue the ball, and yet euerie one knew it was but a ball. But in end, the bitter ſauce of the ſport was, that we had either our hearts broken with ſorrow, or our eſtates ſpoyled with being at his direction, or our honours for euer loſt, partly by our owne faultes, but principally by his faultie vſing of our faultes. For neuer was there man that could with more ſcornefull eyes behold her, at whoſe feete hee had lately laine, nor with a more vnmanlike brauerie vſe his tongue to her diſgrace, which lately had ſung ſonets of her praiſes: being ſo naturally inconſtant, as I maruell his ſoule findes not ſome way to kill his bodie, wherevnto it had bene ſo long vnited. For ſo hath he dealt with vs (vnhappy fooles) as we could neuer tell, whether he made greater haſt after he once liked, to enioy, or after he once enioyed, to forſake. But making a glorie of his owne ſhame, it delighted him to be challenged of vnkindnes: it was a triumph vnto him to haue his mercy called for: and he thought the freſh colours of his beautie were painted in nothing ſo well, as in the ruines of his louers: yet ſo farre had we engaged our ſelues (vnfortunate ſoules) that we liſted not complaine, ſince our complaints could not but carrie the greateſt accuſation to our ſelues. But euerie of vs (each for her ſelfe) laboured all meanes how to recouer

him, while he rather daily ſent vs companions of our deceit, then euer returned in any ſound and faithfull manner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with betrothing himſelfe to one (I muſt confeſſe) worthie to be liked, if any worthineſſe might excuſe ſo vnworthy a changeableneſſe; leauing vs nothing but remorſe for what was paſt, and deſpaire of what might follow. Then indeed the common iniurie made vs all ioyne in fellowſhip, who till that time had employed our endeuours one againſt the other. For we thought nothing was a more condemning of vs, then the iuſtifying of his loue to her by marriage: then Deſpaire made Feare valiant, and Reuenge gaue Shame countenance: whereupon, we (that you ſaw here) deuiſed how to get him among vs alone: which he (ſuſpecting no ſuch matter of them whom he had by often abuſes, he thought, made tame to be ſtill abuſed) eaſily gaue vs opportunitie to doe.

And a man may ſee, euen in this, how ſoone Rulers grow proude, and in their pride fooliſh: he came with ſuch an authoritie among vs, as if the Planets had done enough for vs, that by vs once he had beene delighted. And when we began in curteous maner, one after the other, to lay his vnkindnes vnto him, he ſeeing himſelfe confronted by ſo many (like a reſolute Orator) went not to deniall, but to iuſtifie his cruell falſhood, and all with ſuch ieſts, & diſdainfull paſſages, that if the iniury could not be made greater, yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his anſwers (forſooth) I ſhall neuer forget, how he would proue it was no inconſtancie to chaunge from one loue to another, but a great conſtancie; and contratie, that which we call conſtancie, to be moſt changeable. For (ſaid he) I euer loued my delight, and delighted alwayes in what was louely: and whereſoeuer I found occaſion to obtaine that, I conſtantly followed it. But theſe conſtant fooles you ſpeake of, though their Miſtreſſe grow by ſickneſſe ſoule, or by fortune miſerable, yet ſtill will loue her, and ſo commit the abſurdeſt inconſtancie that may be, in chaunging their loue from faireneſſe to foulneſſe, and from louelineſſe to his contrarie; like one not content to leaue a friend, but will ſtraight giue ouer himſelfe to his mortall enemie: where I (whom you call inconſtant) am euer conſtant; to Beautie, in others; and Delight in my ſelfe. And ſo in this iolly ſcoffing brauerie he went ouer vs all, ſaying he left one, becauſe ſhe was ouer-wayward: another, becauſe ſhe was too ſoone wonne: a third, becauſe ſhe was not merrie enough: a fourth, becauſe ſhe was ouer-gameſome: the fift, becauſe ſhe was growne with griefe ſubiect to ſickneſſe: the ſixt, becauſe ſhe was ſo fooliſh, as to be iealous of him: the ſeuenth, becauſe ſhe had refuſed to carrie a letter for him to another that he loued: the eight, becauſe ſhe was not ſecret: the ninth, becauſe ſhe was not liberall: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed haue met with a falſe *Aeneas*, to me, I ſay (O the vngratefull villaine) he could finde no other fault to obiect, but that (perdie) he met with many fayrer.

But when he had thus played the careleſſe Prince, we (hauing thoſe ſeruants of ours in readineſſe, whom you lately ſo manfully ouercame) laid hold of him; beginning at firſt but that trifling reuenge, in which you found vs buſie; but meaning afterwards to haue mangled him ſo, as ſhould haue loſt his credite for euer abuſing more. But as you haue made my fellowes flie away, ſo for my part the greatneſſe of his wrong ouer-ſhadowes, in my iudgement, the greatneſſe of any danger. For was it not enough for him to haue deceiued me, and through the deceit abuſed me, and after the abuſe forſaken me, but that he muſt now, of all the companie, and before all the company, lay want of beautie to my charge? Many fairer? I trow euen in your iudgement, Sir, (if your eyes do not beguile me) not many fairer; and I know

(whoſoeuer

(whoſoeuer ſayes the contrarie) there are not many fayrer. And of whom ſhould I receiue this reproch, but of him who hath beſt cauſe to know there are not manie fayrer? And therefore howſoeuer my fellowes pardon his iniuries, for my part I will euer remember, and remember to reuenge this ſcorne of all ſcornes. With that ſhe to him afreſh; and ſurely would haue put out his eyes (who lay mute for ſhame, if he did not ſometimes cry for feare) if I had not leapt from my horſe, and mingling force with entreaty, ſtayed her fury.

But while I was perſwading her to meekeneſſe, comes a number of his friends, to whom he forthwith cried, that they ſhould kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and diſgraced him. But then I was faine to forſake the enſigne, vnder which I had before ſerued, and to ſpend my vttermoſt force in the protecting of the Lady; which ſo well preuailed for her, that in the end there was a faithful peace promiſed of all ſides. And ſo I leauing her in a place of ſecuritie (as ſhe thought) went on my iourney towards *Anaxius*, for whom I was faine to ſtay two daies in the appointed place, he diſdayning to wait for me, till he was ſure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angrie pleaſure, till about that ſpace of time he came (indeed, according to promiſe) alone. and (that I may not ſay too little, becauſe he is wont to ſay too much) like a man, whoſe courage was apt to clime ouer any daunger. And aſſoone as euer hee came neere me, in fit diſtance for his purpoſe, hee with much furie, (but with furie skilfully guided) ran vpon me; which I (in the beſt ſort I could) reſiſted, hauing kept my ſelfe readie for him, becauſe I had vnderſtood that he obſerued few complements in matter of armes, but ſuch as a proud anger did indite vnto him. And ſo putting our horſes into a full careere, we hit each other vpon the head with our Launces; I think he felt my blow; for my part (I muſt confeſſe) I neuer receiued the like: but I thinke though my ſenſes were aſtonied, my mind forced them to quicken themſelues, becauſe I had learned of him, how little fauour he is wont to ſhew in any matter of aduantage. And indeed he was turned, and comming vpon me with his ſword drawne, both our ſtaues hauing bin broken at that encounter: but I was ſo readie to anſwer him, that truely I know not who gaue the firſt blow. But whoſoeuer gaue the firſt, was quickly ſeconded by the ſecond. And indeed (excellenteſt Lady) I muſt ſay true, for a time it was well fought betweene vs; he vndoubtedly being of ſingular valour, (I would God it were not abaſed by his too much loftineſſe) but as by the occaſion of the combate, winning and loſing ground, we chaunged places, his horſe hapned to come vpon the point of the broken ſpeare, which fallen to the ground, chaunced to ſtand vpward, ſo as it lighting vpon his heart the horſe dyed. He driuen to diſmount, threatned, if I did not the like, to doe as much for my horſe, as fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or becauſe I would not be beholding to Fortune for any part of the victorie, I deſcended. So began our foot fight in ſuch ſort that we were well entred to bloud of both ſides, when there comes by that vnconſtant *Pamphilus*, whom I had deliuered (eaſie to be knowne, for he was bare-faced) with a dozen armed men after him; but before him he had *Dido* (that Lady, who had moſt ſharpely puniſhed him) riding vpon a palfrey, he following her with moſt vnmanlike crueltie, beating her with wands he had in his hand, ſhe crying for ſenſe of paine, or hope of ſuccour: which was ſo pitifull a ſight vnto me, that it moued me to require *Anaxius* to deferre our combate till another day, and now to performe the duties of Knighthood in helping this diſtreſſed Lady. But he that diſdaines to obey any thing but his paſsion (which he calls his mind) bad me leaue off that thought; but when he had killed me, he would then (perhaps) goe to her ſuccour. But I well finding the

fight would be long betweene vs (longing in my heart to deliuer the poore *Dido*) giuing him ſo great a blow, as ſomewhat ſtayed him, (to terme it aright) I flatly ran away from him toward my horſe, who trotting after the company, in mine armor I was put to ſome paine, but that vſe made me nimble vnto it. But as I followed my horſe, *Anaxius* followed me; but his proud heart did ſo diſdaine that exerciſe, that I had quickly ouer-runne him, and ouertaken my horſe; being (I muſt confeſſe) aſhamed to ſee a number of countrie folkes, who happened to paſſe there by, who hallowed and howted after me, as at the arranteſt coward that euer ſhewed his ſhoulders to his enemie. But when I had leapt on my horſe (with ſuch ſpeedie agilitie, that they all cryed; O ſee how feare giues him wings) I turned to *Anaxius* and aloud promiſed him to returne thither againe, as ſoone as I had relieued the iniured Lady. But he raylng at me, with all the baſe words angrie contempt could endite; I ſaid no more, but, *Anaxius*, aſſure thy ſelfe, I neither feare thy force, nor thy opinion. And ſo vſing no weapon of a knight as at that time but my ſpurres, I ranne in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their conceits from *Anaxius*, which as farre as I could heare, I might well heare teſtified with ſuch laughters and games, that I was ſome few times moued to turne backe againe.

But the Ladies miſery ouer-balanced my reputation: ſo that after her I went, and with ſixe houres hard riding (through ſo wild places, as it was rather the cunning of my horſe ſometimes, then of my ſelfe, ſo rightly to hit the way) I ouergat them a little before night, neere to an old ill-fauoured caſtle, the place where I perceiued they meant to performe their vnknightly errand. For there they began to ſtrip her of her clothes, when I came in among them; and running through the firſt with a launce, the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe ſo enhabled me againſt the reſt (falſe-hearted in their own wrong doing) that I had, in as ſhort time almoſt as I had beene fighting with onely *Anaxius*, deliuered her from thoſe iniurious wretches: moſt of whom caried newes to the other world, that amongſt men ſecret wrongs are not alwayes left vnpuniſhed. As for *Pamphilus*, he hauing once ſeene, and (as it ſhould ſeeme) remembred me, euen from the beginning began to be in the rereward, and before they had left fighting, he was too far off to giue them thanks for their paines. But when I had deliuered to the Ladie a full libertie, both in effect, & in opinion, (for ſome time it was before ſhe could aſſure her ſelfe ſhe was out of their handes, who had laid ſo vehement apprehenſion of death vpon her) ſhe then told me, how as ſhe was returning towards her fathers, weakely accompanied (as too ſoone truſting to the falſhood of reconcilement) *Pamphilus* had ſet vpon her, and killing thoſe that were with her, caried her ſelfe by ſuch force, and with ſuch maner as I had ſeene, to this place, where he meant in cruell and ſhamefull maner to kill her, in the ſight of her owne Father, to whom he had alreadie ſent word of it, that out of his caſtle window (for this caſtle, ſhe ſaid, was his) he might haue the proſpect of his onely childes deſtruction: if my comming, whom (ſhe ſaid) he feared (as ſoone as he knew me by the armour) had not warranted her from that neere approching crueltie. I was glad I had done ſo good a deed for a Gentlewoman not vnhandſome, whom before I had in like ſort helped. But the night beginning to perſwade ſome retiring place, the Gentlewoman, euen out of countenance before ſhe began her ſpeech, much after this maner inuited me to lodge that night with her father.

Sir (ſaid ſhe) how much I owe you, can be but abaſed by words, ſince the life I haue, I hold it now the ſecond time of you: and therefore need not offer ſeruice vnto you, but onely to remember you, that I am your ſeruant: and I would, my being ſo, might any way yeeld any ſmall contentment vnto you. Now onely I can but deſire

deſire you to harbour your ſelfe this night in this caſtle; becauſe the time requires it, and in truth this countrie is verie dangerous for murthering theeues, to truſt a ſleeping life among them. And yet I muſt confeſſe, that as the loue I beare you makes mee thus inuite you, ſo the ſame loue makes mee aſhamed to bring you to a place, where you ſhall be ſo (not ſpoken by ceremonie but by truth) miſerably entertained. With that ſhe told me, that though ſhee ſpake of her father (whom ſhe named *Cbremes*) ſhe would hide no truth from me, which was in ſumme, that as he was of all that region the man of greateſt poſſeſsions and riches, ſo was he either by nature, or an euill receiued opinion, giuen to ſparing, in ſo vnmeaſurable ſorte, that he did not onely barre himſelfe from the delightfull, but almoſt from the neceſſarie vſe thereof; ſcarcely allowing himſelfe fit ſuſtenance of life, rather then hee would ſpend of thoſe goods for whoſe ſake only he ſeemed to ioy in life. Which extreame dealing (deſcending from himſelfe vpon her) had driuen her to put her ſelfe with a great Lady of that countrie, by which occaſion ſhee had ſtumbled vpon ſuch miſchances, as were little for the honor either of her, or her family. But ſo wiſe had he ſhewed himſelfe therein, as while hee found his daughter maintayned without his coſt, hee was content to be deafe to any noiſe of infamie: which though it had wronged her much more then ſhe deſerued, yet ſhe could not denie, but ſhe was driuen thereby to receiue more then decent fauours. She concluded, that there at leaſt I ſhould be free from iniuries, and ſhould be aſſured to her-ward to abound as much in the true cauſes of welcomes, as I ſhould finde want of the effects thereof.

I, who had acquainted my ſelfe to meaſure the delicacie of food and reſt, by hunger and wearineſſe, at that time well ſtored of both, did not abide long entreatie; but went with her to the Caſtle: which I found of good ſtrength, hauing a great Mote round about it; the worke of a noble Gentleman, of whoſe vnthriftie ſonne he had bought it. The bridge drawne vp, where we were faine to crie a good while before we could haue anſwere, and to diſpute a good while before anſwere would be brought to acceptance. At length a willingneſſe, rather then a ioy to receiue his daughter, whom he had lately ſeene ſo neer death, and an opinion brought into his head by courſe, becauſe hee heard himſelfe called Father; rather then any kindeneſſe that he found in his owne heart, made him take vs in, for my part by that time growne ſo wearie of ſuch entertainement, that no regard of my ſelfe, but only the importunitie of his daughter made mee enter. Where I was met with this *Cbremes*, a driueling old fellow, leane, ſhaking both of head and hands, alreadie halfe earth, and yet then moſt greedie of Earth: who ſcarcely would giue me thankes for what I had done; for feare I ſuppoſe, that thankefulneſſe might haue an introduction of reward. But with a hollow voyce, giuing me a falſe welcome, I might perceiue in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to ſay, whether the diſpleaſure of her companie did not ouer-way the pleaſure of her owne comming. But on hee brought me, into ſo bare a houſe, that it was the picture of miſerable happineſſe, and rich beggerie (ſerued onely by a companie of ruſticall villaines, full of ſweate and duſt, not one of them other, then a labourer) in ſumme (as he counted it) profitable drudgerie: and all preparations both for foode and lodging ſuch, as would make one deteſt niggardneſſe, it is ſo ſluttiſh a vice. His talke of nothing but of his pouertie, for feare belike leſt I ſhould haue proued a young borrower. In ſumme, ſuch a man, as any enemie could not wiſh him worſe then to be himſelfe. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious gueſt to a loathſome hoſt: ouer-hearing him ſometimes bitterly warne his daughter of bringing ſuch coſtly mates vnder his roofe: which ſhee grieuing at, deſired much to know my name, I thinke partly of

kindnesse, to remember who had done something for her, and partly, because shee assured her selfe I was such a one as would make euen his miser-minde contented with that he had done. And accordingly shee demaunded my name, and estate, with such earnestnesse, that I whom Loue had not as then so robbed me of my selfe, as to be another then I am, tould her directly my name and condition: whereof shee was no more glad then her father, as I might well perceiue by some ill fauoured cheerefulnesse, which then first began to wrinkle it selfe in his face.

But the causes of their ioyes were farre different; for as the shepheard and the butcher both may looke vpon one sheepe with pleasing conceits, but the shepheard with minde to profit himselfe by preseruing, the butcher with killing him: So shee reioyced to finde that mine owne benefits had made me to be her friend, who was a Prince of such greatnesse, and louingly reioyced: but his ioy grew (as I to my danger after perceiued) by the occasion of the Queene *Artaxias* setting my head to sale, for hauing slaine her brother *Tiridates*; which being the summe of a hundreth thousand crownes (to whosoeuer brought mee aliue into her hands) that old wretch, (who had ouer-liued all good nature) though he had lying idly by him much more then that, yet aboue all things louing money, for moneys owne sake determined to betray me, so well deseruing of him, for to haue that which he was determined neuer to vse. And so knowing that the next morning I was resolued to go to the place where I had left *Anaxius*, he sent in all speed to a Captaine of a Garrison neere by; which thought it belonged to the king of *Iberia*, (yet knowing the Captaines humor to delight so in riotous spending, as he cared not how hee came by the meanes to maintaine it) doubted not that to be halfe with him in the gaine, hee would play his quarters part in the treason. And therefore that night agreeing of the fittest places where they might surprise mee the morning, the old catiffe was growne so ceremonious, as hee would needes accompanie me some myles in my way; a sufficient token to me, if Nature had made mee apt to suspect; since a churles curtesie rarely comes, but either for gaine, or falshood. But I suffered him to stumble into that point of good maners: to which purpose he came out with al his clownes, horst vpon such cart-iades, & so furnished, as in good faith I thought with my selfe, if that were thrift, I wisht none of my friends or subiects euer to thriue. As for his daughter (the gentle *Dido*) she would also (but in my conscience with a farre better mind) prolong the time of farewell, as long as he.

And so we went on together: he so old in wickednesse, that he could looke me in the face, and freely talke with me, whose life he had already contracted for: till comming into the falling of a way which led vs into a place, of each-side whereof men might easily keepe themselues vndiscouered, I was encompassed sodainly by a great troupe of enemies both of horse and foote, who willed me to yeelde my selfe to the Queene *Artaxia*. But they could not haue vsed worse eloquence to haue perswaded my yeelding, then that; I knowing the little good will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making necessitie and iustice my best sword & shield, I vsed the other weapons I had as well as I could; I am sure to the little ease of a good number, who trusting to their number more then to their valure, and valuing money higher then equitie, felt, that guiltlesnes is not alwayes with ease oppressed. As for *Chremes*, he withdrew himselfe, so gilding his wicked conceits with his hope of gaine, that he was content to be a beholder how I should be taken to make his prey.

But I was growne so wearie, that I supported my selfe more with anger then strength, when the most excellent *Musidorus* came to my succour; who hauing followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with *Anaxius*, came

came to the niggards Caſtle, where hee found all burned and ſpoyled by the countrie people, who bare mortall harred to that couetous man, and now took the time, when the Caſtle was left almoſt without guard, to come in, and leaue monuments of their malice therein: which *Muſidorus* not ſtaying either to further, or impeach, came vpon the ſpurre after me (becauſe with one voyce many tolde him, that if I were in his companie, it was for no good meant vnto me) and in this extremitie found me. But when I ſaw that couſin of mine, me thought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victory. For who can feare that hath *Muſidorus* by him? who, what he did there for me, how many he killed, not ſtraunger for the number then for the ſtraunge blowes wherewith he ſent them to a well deſerued death, might well delight me to ſpeake of, but I ſhould ſo hold you too long in euerie particular. But in truth, there if euer, and euer, if euer any man, did *Muſidorus* ſhew himſelfe ſecond to none in able valour.

Yet what the vnmeaſurable exceſſe of their number would haue done in the end I know not, but the triall thereof was cut off by the chaunceable comming thither of the King of *Iberia*, that ſame father of the worthy *Plangus*, whom it hath pleaſed you ſometimes to mention: who, not yeelding ouer to olde age his countrey delights, eſpecially of hauking) was at that time (following a Merline) brought to ſee this iniurie offred vnto vs: and hauing great numbers of Courtiers waiting vpon him, was ſtraight knowen by the ſouldiers that aſſaulted vs, to be their King, and ſo moſt of them withdrew themſelues.

He by his authoritie knowing of the Captaines owne conſtrained confeſsion, what was the motiue of this miſchieuous practiſe; miſliking much ſuch violence ſhould be offred in his countrey to men of our ranke, but chiefely diſdayning it ſhould be done in reſpect of his Niece, whom (I muſt confeſſe wrongfully) he hated, becauſe he interpreted that her brother and ſhe had maintained his ſonne *Plangus* againſt him, cauſed the Captaines head preſently to be ſtriken off, and the olde bad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truely for my part, I earneſtly laboured for his life, becauſe I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a concluſion of his miſerable life, that neither the death of his daughter, who (alas poore Gentlewoman, was by chaunce ſlaine among his clownes, while ſhee ouer-boldly for her weake ſex ſought to hold them from me) nor yet his own ſhameful end was ſo much in his mouth as he was led to execution, as the loſſe of his goods, and burning of his houſe; which often, with more laughter then teares of the hearers, he made pitifull exclamations vpon.

This iuſtice thus done, and we deliuered, the King in deede in royall ſort inuited vs to his Court, not farre thence: in all points entertayning vs ſo, as truely I muſt euer acknowledge a beholdingnes vnto him; although the ſtreame of it fell out not to be ſo ſweet as the ſpring. For after ſome daies being there (curing our ſelues of ſuch wounds as we had receiued, while I, cauſing diligent ſearch to be made of *Anaxius*, could learne nothing, but that he was gone out of the countrie, boaſting in euery place how he had made me run away) we were brought to receiue the fauour of acquaintance with this Queene *Andromana*, whom the Princeſſe *Pamela* did in ſo liuely colours deſcribe the laſt day, as ſtill me thinks the figure thereof poſſeſſeth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my ſelfe had.

And therefore I ſhall need the leſſe to make you know what kinde of woman ſhe was; but this onely, that firſt with the raines of affection, and after with the verie vſe of directing, ſhe had made her ſelfe ſo abſolute a maiſter of her husbands mind, that a while he would not, and after, he could not tell how to gouern without being

being gouerned by her: but finding an ease in not vnderstanding, let loose his thoughts wholly to pleasure, entrusting to her the entire conduct of all his royall affaires. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the blessing, to match with some Heroicall minded Lady. But in him it was neither guided by wisedome, nor followed by Fortune, but therby was slipt insensibly into such an estate, that he liued at her vndiscreet discretion: all his subiects hauing by some yeares learned, so to hope for good, and feare of harme, onely from her, that it should haue needed a stronger vertue then his, to haue vnwound so deepely an entred vice. So that either not striuing (because he was contented) or contented (because he would not striue) he scarcely knew what was done in his owne chamber, but as it pleased her Instruments to frame therelation.

Now we being brought knowen vnto her (the time that we spent in curing some verie dangerous wounds) after once we were acquainted (and acquainted we were sooner then our selues expected) she continually almost haunted vs, till (and it was not long a doing) we discouered a most violent bent of affection: & that so strangely, that we might well see, an euill minde in authoritie, doth not onely follow the sway of the desires alreadie within it, but frames to it selfe new desires, not before thought of. For, with equall ardour she affected vs both: and so did her greatnesse disdaine shamefastnesse, that she was content to acknowledge it to both. For (hauing many times torne the vaile of modestie) it seemed, for a last delight, that shee delighted in infamie: which often she had vsed to her husbands shame, filling all mens eares (but his) with his reproch; while he (hoodwinkt with kindnesse) least of all men knew who strake him. But her first degree was, by setting forth her beauties (truely in nature not to be misliked, but as much aduanced to the eye, as abased to the iudgement by art) thereby to bring vs (as willingly-caught fishes) to bite at her bait. And thereto had she that scutchion of her desires supported by certaine badly-diligent ministers, who often cloyed our eares with her prayses, and would needs teach vs a way of felicitie by seeking her fauour. But when she found, that we were as deafe to them as dumb to her, then she listed no longer stay in the suburbs of her foolish desires, but directly entred vpon them; making her selfe an impudent suter, authorizing her selfe very much with making vs see that all fauour & power in that realme, so depended vpon her, as now (being in her hands) we were either to keepe, or lose our liberty, at her discretion; which yet a while she so tempred, as that we might rather suspect, then she threaten. But when our wounds grew so, as that they gaue vs leaue to trauell, and that she found we were purposed to vse all meanes we could to depart thence, she (with more & more importunatenes) craued, which in all good maners was either of vs to be desired, or not granted. Truly (most faire and euery way excellent Lady) you would haue wondred to haue seene, how before vs she would confesse the contention in her own mind between that louely (indeed most louely) brownes of *Musidorus* his face, & this colour of mine, which she (in the deceiuable stile of affection) would intitle beautifull: but her eyes wandred like a glutton at a feast, from the one to the other; & how her words would begin halfe of the sentence to *Musidorus*, & end the other halfe to *Pyrocles*: not ashamed, seeing the friendship betweene vs, to desire either of vs to be a mediator to the other; as if we should haue played one request at Tennis betweene vs: and often wishing that she might be the angle, where the lines of our friendship might meete; and be the knot which might tye our hearts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely set before you (most deare Lady) because by the foile thereof, you may see the nobleness of my desire to you, and the warrantableness of your fauour to me.

At

At that *Philoclea* ſmiled, with a little nod. But, ſaid *Pyrocles*, when ſhee perceiued no hope by ſute to preuaile, then (perſwaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to doe any thing) ſhee found meanes to haue vs accuſed to the King, as though wee went about ſome practiſe to ouerthrowe him in his owne ſtate. Which becauſe of the ſtrange ſucceſſes wee had had in the Kingdomes of *Phrygia*, *Pontus* and *Galatia*, ſeemed not vnlikely to him, who (but skimming any thing that came before him) was diſciplined to leaue the through-handling of all to his gentle wife: who forthwith cauſed vs to be put in priſon, hauing (while wee ſlept) depriued vs of our armes: a priſon, indeede iniurious, becauſe a priſon; but elſe well teſtifying affection, becauſe in all reſpects as commodious as a priſon might bee: and indeede ſo placed, as ſhee might at all houres (not ſeene by many, though ſhee cared not much how many had ſeene her) come vnto vs. Then fell ſhe to ſauce her deſires with threatnings, ſo that we were in a great perplexitie, reſtrayned to ſo vnworthy a bondage, and yet reſtrayned by loue, which (I cannot tell how) in noble mindes, by a certaine dutie, claimes an anſwering. And how much that loue might moue vs, ſo much, & more that faultineſſe of her minde remoued vs; her beautie being ballanced by her ſhameleſneſſe. But that which did (as it were) tie vs in a captiuitie, was, that to grant had beene wickedly iniurious to him that had ſaued our liues: and to accuſe a Lady that loued vs, of her loue vnto vs, wee eſteemed almoſt as diſhonourable: and but by one of thoſe wayes wee ſaw no likelyhood of going out of that place, where the words would be iniurious to your eares, which ſhould expreſſe the manner of her ſuite: while yet many times earneſtneſſe dyed her cheekes with the colour of ſhamefaſtneſſe; and wanton languiſhing borrowed of her eyes the downe-caſt looke of modeſtie. But we in the meane time farre from louing her, and often aſſuring her, that we would not ſo recompence her husbands ſauing of our liues; to ſuch a ridiculous degree of truſting her, ſhee had brought him, that ſhe cauſed him ſend vs word, that vpon our liues, we ſhould doe whatſoeuer ſhee commaunded vs: good man, not knowing any other, but that all her pleaſures were directed to the preſeruation of his eſtate. But when that made vs rather pittie then obey his folly, then fell ſhee to ſeruile entreating vs, as though force could haue beene the ſchoole of Loue, or that an honeſt courage would not rather ſtriue againſt, then yeelde to iniurie. All which yet could not make vs accuſe her, though it made vs almoſt pine away for ſpight, to looſe any of our time in ſo troubleſome an idleneſſe.

But while we were thus full of wearineſſe of what was paſt, and doubt of what was to follow, (Loue that I thinke in the courſe of my life hath a ſport ſometimes to poyſon me with roſes, ſometimes to heale mee with wormewood) brought foorth a remedie vnto vs: which though it helped mee out of that diſtreſſe, alas the concluſion was ſuch, as I muſt euer while I liue thinke it worſe then a wrack ſo to haue beene preſerued. This king by his Queene had a ſonne of tender age, but of great expectation, brought vp in the hope of themſelues, and already acceptation of the inconſtant people, as ſucceſſor of his fathers crowne: wherof he was as worthy, conſidering his parts, as vnworthy in reſpect of the wrong was thereby done againſt the moſt noble *Plangus*: whoſe great deſerts now either forgotten, or vngratefully remembred, all men ſet their ſayles with the fauourable winde, which blew on the fortune of this young Prince, perchance not in their hearts, but ſurely in their mouthes, now giuing *Plangus* (who ſome yeares before was their onely champion) the poore comfort of calamitie, pitty. This youth therefore accounted Prince of that region, by name *Palladius*, did with vehement affection loue a yong Lady,

Lady, brought vp in his fathers court, called *Zelmane*, daughter to that miſchieuouſly vnhappy Prince *Plexirtus* (of whom alreadie I haue, and ſometimes muſt make, but neuer honourable, mention) left there by her father, becauſe of the intricate changeableneſſe of his eſtate; hee by the mother ſide being halfe brother to this Queene *Andromana*, and therefore the willinger committing her to her care. But as Loue (alas) doth not alwayes reflect it ſelfe, ſo fell it out that this *Zelmane*, (though truely reaſon there was enough to loue *Palladius*) yet could not euer perſwade her heart to yeelde thereunto: with that paine to *Palladius*, as they feele, that feele an vnloued loue. Yet louing indeede, and therefore conſtant, hee vſed ſtill the interceſſion of diligence and faith, euer hoping, becauſe hee would not put himſelfe into that hell, to be hopeleſſe: vntill the time of our being come, and captiued there, brought forth this end, which truely deſerues of mee a further degree of ſorrow then teares.

Such was therein my ill deſtinie, that this young Lady *Zelmane* (like ſome vnwiſely liberall, that more delight to giue preſents, then pay debts) ſhe choſe (alas for the pittie) rather to beſtow her loue (ſo much vndeſerued, as not deſired) vpon me, then to recompence him, whoſe loue (beſides many other things) might ſeeme (euen in the court of Honour) iuſtly to claime it of her. But ſo it was: alas that ſo it was! whereby it came to paſſe (that as nothing doth more naturally follow his cauſe, then care to preſerue, and benefit doth follow vnfained affection) ſhe felt with me, what I felt of my captiuitie, and ſtreight laboured to redreſſe my paine, which was her paine: which ſhe could doe by no better meanes, then by vſing the helpe therein of *Palladius*: who (true Louer) conſidering what, & not why, in all her commaundements, and indeede ſhee concealing from him her affection (which ſhee intituled compaſſion) immediatly obeied to imploy his vttermoſt credit to relieue vs: which though as great, as a beloued ſonne with a mother, faultie otherwiſe, but not hard-harted toward him, yet it could not preuaile to procure vs libertie. Wherefore hee ſought to haue that by practiſe, which he could not by prayer. And ſo being allowed often to viſite vs (for indeede our reſtraints were more, or leſſe, according as the ague of her paſſion was either in the fit or intermiſſion) he vſed the opportunitie of a fit time thus to deliuer vs.

The time of the marying that Queene was euery yeare, by the extreame loue of her husband, and the ſeruiceable loue of the Courtiers, made notable by ſome publike honours, which did (as it were) proclaime to the world, how deare ſhee was to that people. Among other, none was either more gratefull to the beholders, or more noble in it ſelfe, then iuſts, both with Sword and Launce, maintained for a ſeuen-night together: wherein that Nation doth ſo excell, both for comelineſſe and ableneſſe, that from neighbor-countryes they ordinarily come, ſome to ſtriue, ſome to learne, ſome to behold.

This day it happened that diuers famous knights came thither from the court of *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*; a Lady whom fame at that time was ſo deſirous to honor, that ſhe borowed all mens mouthes to ioyne with the ſound of her Trumpet. For as her beautie hath won the prize from all women, that ſtand in degree of compariſon (for as for the two ſiſters of *Arcadia*, they are far beyond all conceit of compariſon) ſo hath her gouernment been ſuch as hath been no leſſe beautifull to mens iudgements, then her beautie to the eye-ſight. For being brought by right of birth, a woman, a yong woman, a faire woman, to gouern a people, in nature mutinouſly proud, & alwaies before ſo vſed to hard gouernours, as they knew not how to obey without the ſword were drawne: Yet could ſhee for ſome yeares, ſo carie her ſelfe among

among them, that they found cauſe in the delicacie of her ſex, of admiration, not of contempt: and which was notable, euen in the time that many countries about her were full of warrs (which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought ſtill would conclude there) yet ſo handled ſhee the matter, that the threatens euer ſmarted in the threatners; ſhe vſing ſo ſtrange, and yet ſo well-ſucceeding a temper, that ſhee made her people by peace, warlike; her Courtiers by ſports, learned; her Ladies by Loue, chaſt. For by continuall martiall exerciſes without bloud, ſhe made them perfect in that bloudy art. Her ſports were ſuch as caried riches of knowledge vpon the ſtream of Delight: and ſuch the behauiour both of her ſelfe & her Ladies, as builded their chaſtitie not vpon waywardneſſe, but choice of worthineſſe: So as it ſeemed, that court to haue beene the mariage place of Loue and Vertue, & that her ſelfe was a *Diana* apparelled in the garments of *Venus*. And this which Fame onely deliuered vnto me, (for yet I haue neuer ſeene her) I am the willinger to ſpeake of to you, who (I know) know her better, being your neere neighbour, becauſe you may ſee by her example (in her ſelfe wiſe, and of others beloued) that neither folly is the cauſe of vehement loue, nor reproch the effect. For neuer (I thinke) was there any woman, that with more vnremouable determination gaue her ſelfe to the counſell of loue, after ſhee had once ſet before her minde the worthineſſe of your couſin *Amphialus*; and yet is neither her wiſedome doubted of, nor honour blemiſhed. For (O God) what doth better become wiſedome, then to diſcerne what is worthy the louing? what more agreable to goodneſſe, then to loue it ſo diſcerned? and what to greatneſſe of heart, then to bee conſtant in it once loued? But at that time, that loue of hers was not ſo publikely knowen, as the death of *Philoxenus* and her ſearch of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then ſeemed to haue ſuch leaſure to ſend thither diuerſe choiſe knights of her Court, becauſe they might bring her, at leaſt the knowledge, perchance the honour of that triumph. Wherein ſo they behaued themſelues as for three dayes they caried the prize, which being come from ſo farre a place to diſgrace her ſeruants, *Palladius* (who himſelfe had neuer vſed armes) perſwaded the Queene *Andromana* to be content (for the honour ſake of her Court) to ſuffer vs two to haue our horſe and armour, that hee with vs might vndertake the recouerie of their loſt honour: which ſhee graunted; taking our oath to goe no further then her ſonne, nor euer to abandon him. Which ſhee did not more for ſauing him, then keeping vs: and yet not ſatisfied with our oath, appointed a band of horſemen to haue an eye, that we ſhould not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratifie the young Prince, who (wee ſaw) loued vs. And ſo the fourth day of that exercize, we came into the field: where (I remember) the maner was, that the forenoone they ſhould run at tilt, one after the other: the afternoone in a broad field in maner of a battell till either the ſtrangers, or that countrie knights wan the field.

The firſt that ran was a braue knight, whoſe deuiſe was to come in, all chayned with a Nymph leading him. his *Impreſa* was

Againſt him came forth an *Iberian*, whoſe manner of entring was, with Bagpipes in ſtead of trumpets; a ſhepheards boy before him for a Page, and by him a dozen apparelled like ſhepheards for the faſhion, though rich in ſtuffe, who caried his Lances, which though ſtrong to giue a launcely blow indeede, yet ſo were they coloured with hookes neere the mourne, that they prettily repreſented ſheephooks. His owne furniture was dreſt ouer with wooll, ſo enriched with iewels artificially placed, that one would haue thought it a mariage betweene the loweſt and the higheſt. His *Impreſa* was a ſheepe marked with pitch, with this word, *Spotted to be knowne*. And becauſe I may tell you out his conceit (though that were not

done,

done, till the running of that time was ended) before the Ladies departed from the windowes, among whom there was one (they say) that was the *Star*, wherby his course was onely directed, the shepheards attending vpon *PHILISIDES* went among them, and sang an eclogue; one of them answering another, while the other shepheards pulling out recorders (which possest the place of pipes) accorded their musicke to the others voice. The Eclogue had great praise: I onely remember sixe verses, while hauing questioned one with the other, of their fellow-shepheards sodaine growing a man of armes, and the cause of his so doing, they thus said:

ME thought some staues he mist: if so, not much amisse:
For where he most would hit, he euer yet did misse.
One said he brake a crosse; full well it so might be:
For neuer was there man more crossely crost then he.
But most cryed, O well broke: O foole full gaily blest:
Where failing is a shame, and breaking is his best.

Thus I haue digrest, because his manner liked mee well: But when hee began to runne against *Lelius*, it had neere growne (though great loue had euer been betwixt them) to a quarrell. For *Philisides* breaking his staues, with great commendation, *Lelius* (who was knowne to bee second to none in the perfection of that art) ranne euer ouer his head, but so finely to the skilfull eies, that one might well see he shewed more knowledge in missing, then others did in hitting. For with so gallant a grace his staffe came swimming close ouer the crest of the Helmet, as it hee would represent the kisse, and not the stroke of *Mars*. But *Philisides* was much moued with it, while he thought *Lelius* would shew a contempt of his youth: till *Lelius*, (who therefore would satisfie him, because he was his friend) made him know, that to such bondage hee was for so many courses tyed by her, whose disgraces to him were graced by her excellencie, and whose iniuries hee could neuer otherwise returne, then honours.

But so by *Lelius* willing-missing was the oddes of the *Iberian* side, and continued so in the next by the excellent running of a knight, though fostred so by the *Muses*, as many times the very rusticke people left both their delights and profits to harken to his songs, yet could he so well performe all armed sports, as if hee had neuer had any other pen, then a Launce in his hand. Hee came in like a wilde man; but, such a wildenesse, as shewed his eye-sight had tamed him, full of withered leaues, which though they fell not, still threatned falling. His *Impresa* was, a mill-horse still bound to goe in one circle; with this word, *Data fata sequuntur*. But after him the *Corinthian* knights absolutely preuailed, especially a great nobleman of *Corinth*, whose deuice was to come without any deuice, all in white like a new knight, as indeede he was; but so new, as his newnesse shamed most of the others long exercise. Then another from whose tent I remember a birde was made flie, with such art to carrie a written embassage among the Ladies, that one might say, If a liue birde, how so taught? If a dead bird, how so made? Then hee, who hidden, man and horse in a great figure liuely representing the *Phœnix*: the fire tooke so artificially as it consumed the bird, & left him to rise as it were, out of the ashes thereof. Against whom was the fine frosen knight, frosen in dispaire; but his armour so naturally representing Ice, and all his furniture so liuely answering thereto, as yet did I neuer see any thing that pleased me better.

But the delight of those pleasing sights, haue caried mee too farre into an vnnecessary

neceſſarie diſcourſe. Let it then ſuffice (moſt excellent Lady) that you know the *Corinthians* that morning in the exerciſe (as they had done the daies before) had the better; *Palladius* neither ſuffering vs, nor himſelfe, to take in hand the partie till the afternoone; when we were to fight in troupes, not differing otherwiſe from earneſt, but that the ſharpeneſſe of the weapons was taken away. But in the triall, *Palladius* (eſpecially led by *Muſidorus*, and ſomewhat aided by me) himſelfe truely behauing himſelfe nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to reſt it ſelfe that night on the *Iberian* ſide: and the next day, both morning, and after-noone being kept by our partie. He (that ſaw the time fit for the deliuerie he intended) called vnto vs to follow him; which we both bound by oth, and willing by good-will, obeyed: and ſo the gard not daring to interrupt vs (he commanding paſſage) we went after him vpon the ſpur to a little houſe in a forreſt neere by: which he thought would be the fitteſt reſting place, till we might go further from his mothers furie, whereat he was no leſſe angrie, and aſhamed, then deſirous to obey *Zelmane*.

But his mother (as I learned ſince) vnderſtanding by the gard her ſonnes conueying vs away (forgetting her greatneſſe, and reſigning modeſtie to more quiet thoughts) flewe out from her place, and cryed to be accompanied, for ſhee her ſelfe would follow vs. But what ſhe did (being rather with vehemencie of paſſion, then conduct of reaſon) made her ſtumble while ſhe ran, & by her owne confuſion hinder her owne deſires. For ſo impatiently ſhe commaunded, as a good while no bodie knew what ſhe commaunded; ſo as we had gotten ſo farre the ſtart, as to be alreadie paſt the confines of her kingdome before ſhe ouertooke vs: and ouertake vs ſhe did in the kingdome of *Bythinia*, not regarding ſhame, or daunger of hauing entred into anothers dominions: but (hauing with her about a threeſcore horſe-men) ſtreight commaunded to take vs aliue, and not to regard her ſonnes threatning therein: which they attempted to doe, firſt by ſpeech, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, nor fearing their might, we eſteemed few ſwords in a iuſt defence, able to reſiſt many vniuſt aſſaulters. And ſo *Muſidorus* incredible valour (beating downe all lets) made both me, and *Palladius*, ſo good way, that we had little to doe to ouercome weake wrong.

And now had we the victorie in effect without bloud, when *Palladius* (heated with the fight, and angrie with his mothers fault) ſo purſued our aſſaylers, that one of them (who as I heard ſince had before our comming beene a ſpeciall minion of *Andromanas*, & hated vs for hauing diſpoſſeſt him of her hart) taking him to be one of vs, with a trayterous blow ſlew his young Prince: who falling down before our eyes, whom he ſpecially had deliuered, iudge (ſweeteſt Lady) whether anger might not be called iuſtice in ſuch a caſe: once, ſo it wrought in vs, that many of his ſubiects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All this while diſdaine, ſtrengthened by the furie of a furious loue, made *Andromana* ſtay to the laſt of the combat: & when ſhe ſaw vs light down, to ſee what helpe we might do to the helpleſſe *Palladius*, ſhe came running madly vnto vs, then no leſſe threatning, when ſhee had no more power to hurt. But when ſhe perceiued it was her onely ſonne that lay hurt, and that his hurt was ſo deadly, as that alreadie his life had loſt the vſe of the reaſonable, & almoſt ſenſible part; then onely did miſfortune lay his own ouglineſſe vpon her fault, and make her ſee what ſhe had done, and to what ſhe was come, eſpecially, finding in vs rather deteſtation then pittie, (conſidering the loſſe of that young Prince) and reſolution preſently to departe, which ſtill ſhe laboured to ſtay. But deprined of all comfort, with eyes full of death, ſhe ranne to her ſonnes dagger, and before wee were aware of it (who elſe would

haue ſtayed it) ſtrake her ſelfe a mortall wound. But then her loue, though not her perſon, awaked pittie in vs, and I went to her, while *Muſidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was paſt the cure of a better Surgeon then my ſelfe, ſo as I could but receiue ſome fewe of her dying wordes, which were curſings of her ill ſet affection, and wiſhing vnto mee many croſſes and miſchances in my loue, when ſoeuer I ſhould loue, wherein I feare, and onely feare that her prayer is from aboue granted. But the noiſe of this fight, and iſſue thereof being blazed by the country people to ſome noble men thereabouts, they came thither, and finding the wrong offered vs, let vs go on our iourney, wee hauing recommended thoſe royall bodies vnto them to be conueied to the king of *Iberia*. With that *Philoclea*, ſeeing the teares ſtand in his eyes with remembrance of *Palladius*, but much more of that which therupon grew, ſhe would needs drink a kiſſe from thoſe eies, and he ſuck another from her lips; whereat ſhe bluſhed, and yet kiſſed him againe to hide her bluſhing: which had almoſt brought *Pyrocles* into another diſcourſe, but that ſhe with ſo ſweet a rigor forbad him, that he durſt not rebell, though he found it a great warre to keepe that peace, but was faine to goe on in his ſtorie: for ſo ſhe abſolutely bad him, and he durſt not know how to diſobey.

So (ſaid he) parting from that place before the Sunne had much abaſed himſelfe of his greateſt height, we ſawe ſitting vpon the drie ſands (which yeelded at that time a verie hote reflection) a faire Gentlewoman, whoſe geſture accuſed her of much ſorrow, and euery way ſhewed ſhe cared not what paine ſhe put her body to, ſince the better parte (her minde) was layed vnder ſo much agonie: and ſo was ſhe dulled withall, that we could come ſo neere, as to heare her ſpeeches, and yet ſhe not perceiue the hearers of her lamentation. But well we might vnderſtand her at times ſay, Thou doſt kill me with thy vnkindfulhood: and, it grieues me not to die, but it grieues me that thou art the murtherer: neither doth mine owne paine ſo much vexe me, as thy errour. For God knowes, it would not trouble me to be ſlaine for thee, but much it torments me to be ſlain by thee. Thou art vntrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art vntrue, and woe is me therefore. How oft didſt thou ſweare vnto me, that the Sunne ſhould looſe his light, and the rockes runne vp and downe like little kiddes, before thou wouldeſt falſifie thy faith to me? Sunne therefore put out thy ſhining, and rockes runne madde for ſorrow, for *Pamphilus* is falſe. But alas the ſunne keepes his light, though thy faith be darkened; the rockes ſtand ſtill, though thou change like a wethercocke. O foole that I am, that thought I could graſpe water, and binde the winde. I might well haue knowne thee by others, but I would not; and rather wiſhed to learne poiſon by drinking it my ſelfe, while my loue helped thy words to deceiue me. Well, yet I would thou hadſt made a better choiſe when thou didſt forſake thy vnfortunate *Leucippe*. But it is no matter. *Baccha* (thy new Miſtres) will reuenge my wrongs. But do not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* liue happy though I dye.

And much more to ſuch like phraſe ſhe ſpake, but that I (who had occaſion to know ſomething of that *Pamphilus*) ſtept to comfort her: and though I could not doe that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the ſame *Leucippe*, to whom the vnconſtant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himſelfe, which had moued the other Ladies to ſuch indignation as I told you; neither her worthineſſe (which in truth was great) nor his owne ſuffering for her (which is wont to endeare affection) could fetter his fickleneſſe, but that before his marriage day appointed, hee had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whom ſhe complained; one, that in diuerſe places I had heard before blazed, as the moſt impudently vnchaſte woman of all *Aſia*; and withall, of ſuch an imperiouſneſſe therein, that ſhe would not ſticke to employ

them

them whom she made vnhappy with her fauor, to draw more companions of their folly: in the multitude of whom she did no lesse glorie, then a Captaine would do of being followed by braue Souldiers: waywardly proud; and therefore bolde, because extremely faultie: and yet hauing no good thing to redeeme both these, and other vnlouely parts, but a little beautie, disgraced with wandring eyes and vnwaied speeches; yet had *Pamphilus* (for her) left *Leucippe*, and withall, left his faith: *Leucippe*, of whom one looke (in a cleere iudgement) would haue bin more acceptable, then all her kindnesses so prodigally bestowed. For my selfe, the remembrance of his cruell handling *Dido*, ioined to this, stirred me to seeke some reuenge vpon him, but that I thought, it should be a gaine for him to lose his life, being so matched: and therefore (leauing him to be punished by his owne election) we conueyed *Leucippe* to a house there by, dedicated to *Vestall* Nunnes, where shee resolued to spend all her yeares (which her youth promised should be many) in bewayling the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong doer.

But the next morning, we (hauing striuen with the Suns earlinesse) were scarcely beyond the prospect of the high turrets of that building, when there ouertooke vs a young Gentleman, for so he seemed to vs, but indeede (sweete Ladie) it was the faire *Zelmane*, *Plexirtus* daughter; whom vnconsulting affection (vnfortunately borne to me-wards) had made borowe so much of her naturall modestie, as to leaue her more decent rayments, and taking occasion of *Andromanas* tumultuous pursuing vs, had apparelled her selfe like a page, with a pitifull crueltie cutting off her golden haire, leauing nothing, but the short curles, to couer that noble head; but that she ware vpon it a faire head-piece, a shield at her backe, and a launce in her hand, else disarmed. Her apparell of white, wrought vpon with broken knotts, her horse, faire and lustie, which she rid so, as might shew a fearefull boldnes, daring to doe that, which she knew that she knew not how to doe: and the sweetenesse of her countenance did giue such a grace to what shee did, that it did make handsome the unhandsomnesse, and make the eye force the minde to beleeue, that there was a praise in that vnskilfulnesse. But she straight approached me, and with few wordes (which borrowed the helpe of her countenance to make themselues vnderstood) she desired me to accept her into my seruice: telling me she was a noblemans sonne of *Iberia*, her name *Daiphantus*, who hauing seen what I had done in that court, had stolne from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particularities of the maner of *Andromanas* following me, which by her I vnderstood, she hiding nothing (but her sexe) from me. And still me thought I had seene that face, but the great alteration of her fortune, made her far distant from my memorie: but liking very well the yong Gentleman, (such I tooke her to be) admitted this *Daiphantus* about me, who well shewed there is no seruice like his, that serues because he loues. For though borne of Princes bloud, brought vp with tenderest education, vnapt to seruice (because a woman) and full of thoughts (because in a strange estate,) yet Loue enioyned such diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bondslaue could euer be by feare more readie at all commandements, then that yong Princesse was. How often (alas) did her eyes say vnto me, that they loued? and yet, (I not looking for such a matter) had not my conceipt open to vnderstand them: how often would she come creeping to me, betweene gladnesse to be neare me, and feare to offend me? Truely I remember, that then I marualled to see her receiue my commandements with sighes, and yet doe them with cheerefulnes: sometimes answering me in such riddles, as I then thought a childish inexperience: but since returning to my remembrance, they haue come more cleere vnto my knowledge: and pardon me (onely deare Lady) that I vse

many words: for her affection to me deſerues of me an affectionate ſpeech.

But in ſuch ſort did ſhe ſerue me in that kingdom of *Bythinia*, for two monethes ſpace: in which time we brought to good end a cruell warre long maintayned betweene the king of *Bythinia* and his brother. For my excellent couſin, and I (diuiding our ſelues to either ſide) found meanes (after ſome triall we had made of our ſelues) to get ſuch credite with them, as we brought them to as great peace betweene themſelues, as loue toward vs, for hauing made the peace. Which done, we entended to returne through the kingdome of *Galatia*, called *Thrace*, to eaſe the care of our father and mother, who (we were ſure) firſt with the ſhipwracke, and then with the other daungers we daily paſt, ſhould haue little reſt in their thoughts till they ſaw vs. But we were not entred into that kingdome, when by the noyſe of a great fight, we were guided to a pleaſant vally, which like one of thoſe Circuſſes, which in great Cities ſome where doth giue a pleaſant ſpectacle of running horſes; ſo of eyther ſide ſtretching it ſelfe in a narrow length was it hemd in by wooddie hills, as if indeed Nature had meant therein to make a place for beholders. And there wee beheld one of the cruelleſt fights betweene two knights, that euer hath adorned the moſt martiall ſtorie. So as I muſt confeſſe, a while we ſtood bewondred, another while delighted with the rare beautie thereof; till ſeeing ſuch ſtreames of bloud, as threatned a drowning of life, we galloped toward them to part them. But we were preuented by a dozen armed knights, or rather villains, who vſing this time of their extreame feebleneſſe, altogether ſet vpon them. But common daunger brake off particular diſcord, ſo that (though with a dying weakeneſſe) with a liuely courage they reſiſted, and by our helpe draue away, or ſlue thoſe murdering attempters: among whom we hapt to take aliue the principall. But going to diſarme thoſe two excellent knights, we found, with no leſſe wonder to vs, then aſtoniſhment to themſelues, that they were the two valiant, and indeed famous brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*; whoſe aduenture (as afterward wee made that vngratious wretch confeſſe) had thus fallen out.

After the noble Prince *Leonatus* had, by his fathers death, ſucceeded in the kingdome of *Galatia*, he (forgetting all former iniuries) had receiued that naughty *Plexirtus* into a ſtray degree of fauour, his goodneſſe being as apt to bee deceiued, as the others craft was to deceiue. Till by plaine proofe, finding that the vngratefull man went about to poiſon him, yet would he not ſuffer his kindneſſe to be ouercome, not by iuſtice it ſelfe; but calling him to him, vſed wordes to this purpoſe: *Plexirtus* (ſaid he) this wickedneſſe is found by thee; no good deeds of mine haue bene able to keepe it downe in thee: all men counſell me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing, but as daungerous, as wicked effects; but I cannot finde it in my heart, remembring what fathers ſonne thou art: but ſince it is the violence of ambition, which perchance pulls thee from thine owne iudgement, I will ſee, whether the ſatisfying that may quiet the ill working of thy ſpirits. Not farre hence is the great citie of *Trebiſond*; which, with the territorie about it, auncientlie pertayned vnto this crowne, now vniuſtly poſſeſſed, and as vniuſtly abuſed by thoſe, who haue neyther title to hold it, nor vertue to rule it. To the conqueſt of that for thy ſelfe I will lend thee force, and giue thee my right: Go therefore, and with leſſe vnnaturalneſſe glut thy ambition there; and that done, if it be poſsible, learne vertue.

Plexirtus, mingling forſwotne excuſes with falſe-meant promiſes, gladly embraced the offer: and haſtily ſending backe for thoſe two brothers (who at that time were with vs ſuccouring the gracious Queene *Erona*) by their vertue chiefly (if not onely)

onely) obtayned the conqueſt of that goodly dominion. Which indeed done by them, gaue them ſuch an authoritie, that though he raigned, they in effect ruled, moſt men honouring them, becauſe they onely deſerued honour; and many, thinking therein to pleaſe *Plexirtus*, conſidering how much he was bound vnto them: while they likewiſe (with a certaine ſincere boldnes of ſelfe-warranting friendſhip) accepted all openly and plainely, thinking nothing ſhould euer by *Plexirtus* bee thought too much in them, ſince all they were was his.

But he (who by the rules of his own mind, could conſtrue no other end of mens doings, but ſelfe-ſeeking) ſodainly feared what they could doe, and as ſodainly ſuſpected what they would doe, and as ſodainly hated them, as hauing both might, and mind to doe. But dreading their power, ſtanding ſo ſtrongly in their owne valour, and others affection, he durſt not take open way againſt them, and as hard it was to take a ſecret, they being ſo continually followed by the beſt, and euerie way ableſt of that region, and therefore vſed this diueliſh ſleight (which I will tell you) not doubting (moſt wicked man) to turn their own friendſhip toward him to their owne deſtruction. He (knowing that they well knew, there was no friendſhip betweene him and the new king of *Pontus*, neuer ſince he ſuccoured *Leonatus* and vs to his ouerthrow) gaue them to vnderſtand that of late there had paſſed ſecret defiance betweene them, to meet priuately at a place appointed. Which though not ſo fit a thing for men of their greatneſſe, yet was his honour ſo engaged, as hee could not goe backe. Yet faining to find himſelfe weake by ſome counterfeit infirmitie, the day drawing neere, hee requeſted each of them to goe in his ſtead; making either of them ſweare to keepe the matter ſecret, euen each from other, deliuering the ſelfe ſame particularities to both, but that he tolde *Tydeus*, the king would meet him in a blew armour; and *Telenor*, that it was a blacke armour: and with wicked ſubtiltie (if it had beene ſo appointed) cauſed *Tydeus* to take a blacke armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointing them wayes how to goe, ſo as he knew they ſhould not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each promiſed to keep ſilence, leaſt the king ſhould diſcouer it was not *Plexirtus*: and there in await had he laid theſe murtherers, that who ouerliued the other, ſhould by them be diſpatched: hee not daring truſt more then thoſe with that enterpriſe, and yet thinking them too few, till themſelues by themſelues were weakened.

This we learned chiefly, by the chiefe of thoſe way-beaters, after the death of thoſe two worthie brothers, whoſe loue was no leſſe then their valour: but well we might find much thereof by their pitifull lamentation, when they knew their miſmeeting, and ſaw each other (in deſpite of the ſurgerie we could do vnto them) ſtriuing who ſhould run faſteſt to the gaole of death: each bewailing the other & more dying in the other, then in himſelfe: curſing their owne hands for doing, and their breaſts for not ſooner ſuffering: deteſting their vnfortunately-ſpent time in hauing ſerued ſo vngratefull a Tyrant, and accuſing their folly in hauing beleeued he could faithfully loue, who did not loue faithfulnes: wiſhing vs to take heed, how we placed our good will vpon any other ground, then proofe of vertue: ſince length of acquaintance, mutuall ſecrecies, nor height of benefites could bind a ſauage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himſelfe. Then (while any hope was) beſeeching vs to leaue the care of him that beſought, and onely looke to the other. But when they found by themſelues, & vs, no poſsibility, they deſired to be ioyned; & ſo embracing & crauing that pardon each of other, which they denied to themſelues, they gaue vs a moſt ſorrowfull ſpectacle of their death; leauing few in the world behind them, their matches in any thing, if they had ſoon enough known the

ground and limits of friendſhip. But with wofull hearts we cauſed thoſe bodies to be conueyed to the next towne of *Bythinia*, where we learning thus much (as I haue told you) cauſed the wicked Hiſtorian to conclude his ſtorie with his owne well-deſerued death.

But then (I muſt tell you) I found ſuch wofull countenances in *Daiphantus*, that I could not much maruell (finding them continue beyond the firſt aſſault of pittie) how the caſe of ſtrangers (for further I did not conceiue) could ſo deepely pierce. But the truth indeede is, that partly with the ſhame and ſorrow ſhe tooke of her fathers faultineſſe, partly with the feare, that the hate I conceiued againſt him, would vtterly diſgrace her in my opinion, whenſoeuer I ſhould know her, ſo vehemently perplexed her, that her faire colour decayed, and daily and haſtily grew into the verie extreame working of ſorrowfulneſſe: which oft I ſought to learne, & helpe. But ſhe as fearefull as louing, ſtill concealed it; and ſo decaying ſtill more and more in the excellencie of her faireneſſe, but that whatſoeuer weakeneſſe tooke away, pittie ſeemed to adde: yet ſtill ſhe forced her ſelfe to waite on me, with ſuch care and diligence, as might well ſhew had beene taught in no other ſchoole but Loue.

While we, returning againe to embarke our ſelues for *Greece*, vnderſtood that the mightie *Otanes* (brother to *Barzanes* ſlaine by *Muſidorus*, in the battell of the ſixe Princes) had entred vpon the kingdome of *Pontus*, partly vpon the pretences he had to the crowne, but principally, becauſe he would reuenge vpon him (whom he knew we loued) the loſſe of his brother, thinking (as indeed he had cauſe) that whereſoeuer we were, hearing of his extremitie, we would come to relieue him; in ſpite whereof he doubted not to preuaile, not onely vpon the confidence of his owne vertue and power, but eſpecially becauſe he had in his companie two mighty Giants, ſons to a couple, whom we ſlue in the ſame realme: they hauing beene abſent at their fathers death, and now returned, willingly entred into his ſeruice, hating (more then he) both vs and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all ſpeed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whenſoeuer I remember without ſorrow, I muſt forget withall, all humanitie.

Poore *Daiphantus* fell extreme ſicke, yet would needes conquer the delicacie of her conſtitution, and force her ſelfe to waite on me: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great haſt went ſeeking for *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whoſe death as yet was not knowne vnto the meſſenger; who (being their ſeruant, and knowing how dearely they loued *Plexirtus*) brought them word, how ſince their departing, *Plexirtus* was in preſent daunger of a cruell death, if by the valiantneſſe of one of the beſt knights of the world, he were not reſcued: we enquired no further of the matter (being glad he ſhould now to his loſſe find what an vnprofitable treaſon it had bene vnto him, to diſmember himſelfe of two ſuch friends) and ſo let the meſſenger part, not ſticking to make him know his maiſters deſtruction by the falſhood of *Plexirtus*.

But the griefe of that (finding a bodie alreadie brought to the laſt degree of weakenes) ſo ouerwhelmed the little remnant of the ſpirits left in *Daiphantus*, that ſhee fell ſodainly into deadly ſowndings; neuer comming to her ſelfe, but that withall ſhe returned to make moſt pitifull lamentations; moſt ſtraunge vnto vs, becauſe we were farre from gheſsing the ground thereof. But finding her ſickneſſe ſuch as began to print death in her eyes, wee made all haſte poſſible to conuey her to the next towne: but before we could lay her on a bed, both wee, and ſhe might finde in her ſelfe, that the harbingers of ouer-haſtie death had prepared his lodging in that daintie bodie, which ſhe vndoubtedly feeling, with a weake chearefulneſſe,

ſhewed

ſhewed comfort therein: and then deſiring vs both to come neere her, and that no bodie elſe might be preſent; with pale, and yet (euen in palenesſe) louely lips; Now or neuer, and neuer indeede, but now is it time for me, ſaid ſhe, to ſpeake: & I thanke death which giues mee leaue to diſcouer that, the ſuppreſſing whereof perchance hath beene the ſharpeſt ſpurre, that hath haſted my race to this ende. Know then my Lords, and eſpecially you my Lord and maiſter *Pyrocles*, that your Page *Daiphantus* is the vnfortunate *Zelmane*, who for your ſake cauſed my (as vnfortunate) louer and couſin *Palladius*, to leaue his fathers Court, and conſequently, both him & my Aunt his mother, to loſe their liues. For your ſake my ſelfe haue become, of a Princeſſe, a Page: and for your ſake haue put off the apparell of a woman, and (if you iudge not more mercifully) the modeſty. Wee were amazed at her ſpeech, and then had (as it were) new eyes giuen vs to perceiue that, which before had been a preſent ſtranger to our minds: for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of *Zelmane*, whom before wee had knowne in the court of *Iberia*. And ſorrow and pitie laying her paine vpon me, I comforted her the beſt I could by the tenderneſſe of good will, pretending indeede better hope then I had of her recouerie.

But ſhe that had inward embaſſadours from the the tyrant that ſhortly would oppreſſe her: No, my deare maiſter (ſaid ſhe) I neither hope nor deſire to liue. I know you would neuer haue loued me (and with that word ſhee wept) nor, alas, had it been reaſon you ſhould, conſidering many waies my vnworthineſſe. It ſufficeth me that the ſtrange courſe I haue taken, ſhall to your remembrance, witneſſe my loue: & yet this breaking of my heart, before I would diſcouer my paine, will make you, I hope, thinke that I was not altogether vnmodeſt. Thinke of me ſo, deare maiſter, and that thought ſhall be my life; and with that languiſhingly looking vpon mee: And I pray you (ſaid ſhe) euen by theſe dying eyes of mine (which are onely ſory to die, becauſe they ſhall looſe your ſight) & by theſe polled lockes of mine) which while they were long, were the ornament of my ſexe, now in their ſhort curles, the teſtimonie of my ſeruitude:) & by the ſeruice I haue done you (which God knows hath beene full of loue) thinke of mee after my death with kindneſſe, though you cannot with loue. And whenſoeuer ye ſhall make any other Lady happy with your well placed affection, if you tell her my folly, I pray you ſpeake of it, not with ſcorne, but with pitie. I aſſure you, deare Princeſſe of my life (for how could it be otherwiſe?) her words and her manner, with the liuely conſideration of her loue, ſo pierced me, that though I had diuers griefes before, yet me thought, I neuer felt, till then, how much ſorrow enfeebleth all reſolution: for I could not chooſe but yeeld to the weakeneſſe of aboundant weepings in truth with ſuch griefe, that I could willingly at that time haue changed liues with her.

But when ſhee ſaw my teares, O God, ſaid ſhee, how largely am I recompenced for my loſſes? why then (ſaid ſhe) I may take boldneſſe to make ſome requeſts vnto you. I beſought her to doe, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She ſhewed great ioy: The firſt, ſaid ſhee, is this, that you will pardon my father the diſpleaſure you haue iuſtly conceiued againſt him, and for this once, ſuccour him out of the danger wherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, whenſoeuer you remember him to be the faultie *Plexirtus*, remember withall that he is *Zelmanes* father.. The ſecond is, that when you come once into *Greece*, you will take vnto your ſelfe this name (though vnluckie) of *Daiphantus*, and vouchſafe to be called by it: for ſo ſhall I be ſure, you ſhall haue cauſe to remember me: & let it pleaſe your noble couſin to be called *Palladius*, that I may do that right to that poor Prince, that his name yet may liue vpon the earth in ſo excellent a perſon: and ſo

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betweene you, I truſt ſometimes your vnluckie Page ſhall be (perhaps with a ſigh) mentioned. Laſtly let me bee buried here obſcurely, not ſuffering my friendes to know my fortune, till (when you are ſafely returned to your owne countrie) you cauſe my bones to bee conueyed thither, and laid (I beſeech you) in ſome place whereto your ſelfe vouchſafe ſometimes to reſort. Alas, ſmal petitions for ſuch a ſuter; which yet ſhe ſo earneſtly craued, that I was faine to ſweare the accompliſhment. And then kiſſing me, and often deſiring me not to condemne her of lightneſſe, in mine armes ſhee deliuered her pure ſoule to the pureſt place: leauing mee as full of agony, as kindneſſe, pity & ſorrow could make an honeſt heart. For I muſt confeſſe for true, that if my ſtarres had not wholy reſerued mee for you, there elſe perhaps I might haue loued, and (which had beene moſt ſtrange) begun my loue after death: whereof let it bee the leſſe maruell, becauſe ſomewhat ſhe did reſemble you, though as farre ſhort of your perfection, as her ſelfe dying, was of her ſelfe flouriſhing: yet ſomething there was, which (when I ſaw a picture of yours) brought againe her figure into my remembrance, and made my heart as apt to receiue the wound, as the power of your beautie with vnreſiſtable force to pierce.

But we in wofull (and yet priuate) manner burying her, performed her commandement: and then enquiring of her fathers eſtate, certainely learned that hee was preſently to be ſuccoured, or by death to paſſe the neede of ſuccour. Therefore wee determined to deuide our ſelues; I, according to my vow, to helpe him, and *Muſidorus* toward the king of *Pontus*, who ſtood in no leſſe neede then immediate ſuccour: & euen ready to depart one from the other, there came a meſſenger from him, who after ſome enquirie found vs, giuing vs to vnderſtand that he truſting vpon vs two, had appointed the combate betweene him and vs, againſt *Otanes* and the two Giants. Now the day was ſo accorded, as it was impoſſible for me both to ſuccour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not onely ſo farre engaged, but (by the ſtrange working of vniuſt fortune) I was to leaue the ſtanding by *Muſidorus*, whom better then my ſelfe I loued, to goe ſaue him, whom for iuſt cauſes I hated. But my promiſe giuen, and giuen to *Zelmane*, and to *Zelmane* dying, preuailed more with me, then my friendſhip to *Muſidorus*: though certainely I may affirme, nothing had ſo great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promiſe caried me the eaſier, becauſe *Muſidorus* himſelfe would not ſuffer mee to breake it. And ſo with heauie mindes (more carefull each of others ſucceſſe, then of our owne) wee parted; I toward the place, where I vnderſtood *Plexirtus* was priſoner to an auncient Lord, abſolutely gouerning a goodly Caſtle, with a large territorie about it, whereof he acknowledged no other ſoueraigne but himſelfe; whoſe hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinſman of his, whom hee maliciouſly had murdered, becauſe in the time that hee raigned in *Galatia*, hee found him apt to practiſe for the reſtoring of his vertuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight ſtill thirſting for reuenge, vſed (as the way to it) a policy which this occaſion I will tell you prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had maried *Zelmanes* mother, who dying of that onely child birth, he a widower, & not yet a king, haunted the Court of *Armenia*; where (as he was cunning to winne fauour) he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*, which he purſued, till (being called home by his father) he falſly got his fathers kingdome; and then neglected his former loue: till throwne out of that (by our meanes) before he was deepely rooted in it, and by and by againe placed in *Trebiſond*, vnderſtanding that *Artaxia* by her brothers death was become Queen of *Armenia*, he was hotter then euer in that purſuite: which being vnderſtood by this old knight, he forged ſuch a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, entreating his preſent (but very priuate) repaire thither,

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giuing him faithfull promiſe of preſent mariage: a thing farre from her thought, hauing faithfully and publikely proteſted, that ſhee would neuer marrie any, but ſome ſuch Prince who would giue ſure proofe, that by his means we were deſtroyed. But he (no more wittie to frame, then blind to iudge hopes) bit haſtily at the baite, and in priuate manner poſted toward her, but by the way hee was met by this knight, farre better accompanied, who quickly laid hold of him, and condemned him to a death, cruell enough, if any thing may be both cruell and iuſt. For hee cauſed him to be kept in a miſerable priſon, till a day appointed, at which time hee would deliuer him to bee deuoured by a monſtrous beaſt of moſt vgly ſhape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as ſtrong as an Elephant, as fierce as a Lion, as nimble as a Leopard, and as cruell as a Tigre: whom he hauing kept in a ſtrong place, from the firſt youth of it, now thought no fitter match, then ſuch a beaſtly monſter with a monſtrous Tyrant: proclaiming yet withall, that if any ſo well loued him, as to venture their liues againſt his beaſt for him, if they ouercame hee ſhould be ſaued: not caring how many they were (ſuch confidence he had in that monſters ſtrength) but eſpecially hoping to entrap thereby the great courages of *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whom hee no leſſe hated, becauſe they had beene principall inſtruments of the others power.

I dare ſay, if *Zelmane* had knowne what danger I ſhould haue paſſed, ſhe would rather haue let her father to periſh, then me to haue bidden that aduenture. But my word was paſt: and truely the hardneſſe of the enterpriſe was not ſo much a bit as a ſpurre vnto me, knowing well, that the iourney of high honour lies not in plaine wayes. Therefore going thither, and taking ſufficient ſecuritie that *Plexirtus* ſhould be deliuered if I were victorious, I vndertooke the combate: and (to make ſhort, excellent Lady, and not to trouble your eares with recounting a terrible matter) ſo was my weakeneſſe bleſſed from aboue, that without dangerous woundes I ſlue that monſter, which hundreds durſt not attempt: to ſo great admiration of many (who from a ſafe place might looke on) that there was order giuen, to haue the fight both by ſculpture and picture, celebrated in moſt partes of *Aſia*. And the old noble-man ſo well liked mee, that he loued mee; onely bewailing, my vertue had beene employed to ſaue a worſe monſter then I killed: whom yet (according to faith giuen) he deliuered, and accompanied me to the kingdome of *Pontus*, whither I would needs in all ſpeede goe, to ſee whether it were poſſible for me (if perchance the day had beene delayed) to come to the combate: but that (before I came) had beene thus finiſhed.

The vertuous *Leonatus* vnderſtanding two ſo good friends of his were to be in that danger, would perforce be one himſelfe; where he did valiantly, and ſo did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being ſore hurt, the incomparable *Muſidorus* finiſhed the combat by the death of both the Giants, and the taking of *Otanes* priſoner. To whom as he gaue his life, ſo he got a noble friend, for ſo he gaue his word to be, and he is well knowne to thinke himſelfe greater in being ſubiect to that, then in the greatneſſe of his Principalitie.

But thither (vnderſtanding of our being there) flocked great multitudes of many great perſons, and euen of Princes; eſpecially thoſe, whom wee had made beholding vnto vs: as, the Kings of *Phrygia*, *Bithinia*, with thoſe two hurt of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Otanes* the priſoner, by *Muſidorus* ſet free; and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Trebiſond*, and *Antiphilus* then King of *Lycia*; with as many mo great Princes, drawne either by our reputation, or by willingneſſe to acknowledge themſelues obliged vnto vs, for what wee had done for the others. So as in thoſe parts

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of the world, I thinke, in many hundreds of yeares there was not ſeene ſo royall an aſſembly: where nothing was let paſſe to doe vs the higheſt honours, which ſuch perſons (who might commaund both purſes and inuentions) could performe. All from all ſides bringing vnto vs right royall preſents (which we to auoid both vnkindneſſe and importunitie, liberally receiued) and not content therewith, would needes accept as from vs their crownes, and acknowledge to hold them of vs: with many other exceſſiue honours, which would not ſuffer the meaſure of this ſhort leaſure to deſcribe vnto you.

But we quickly aweary thereof, haſted to *Greece*-ward, led thither partly with the deſire of our Parents, but haſtened principally, becauſe I vnderſtood that *Anaxius* with open mouth of defamation had gone thither to ſeeke me, and was now come to *Peloponeſus*, where from Court to Court hee made enquirie of mee, doing yet himſelfe ſo noble deedes, as might hap to authorize an ill opinion of me. We therfore ſuffered but ſhort delayes, deſiring to take this countrey in our way, ſo renowmed ouer the world, that no prince could pretend height, nor begger lowneſſe, to barre him from the ſound thereof: renowmed indeede, not ſo much for the ancient prayſes attributed thereunto, as for the hauing in it *Argalus* and *Amphialus* (two knights of ſuch rare proweſſe, as wee deſired eſpecially to know) and yet by farre not ſo much for that, as without ſuffering of compariſon for the beautie of you and your ſiſter, which makes all indifferent iudges, that ſpeake thereof, account this countrey as a temple of deities But theſe cauſes indeede mouing vs to come by this land, wee embarked our ſelues in the next Port, whither all thoſe Princes (ſauing *Antiphilus*, who returned, as hee pretended, not able to tarie longer from *Erona*) conueyed vs. And there found we a ſhip moſt royally furniſhed by *Plexirtus*, who had made all things ſo proper (as well for our defence, as eaſe) that all the other Princes greatly commended him for it: who (ſeeming a quite altered man) had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendſhip in his geſture, and vertue in his mouth: ſo that we who had promiſed the ſweete *Zelmane* to pardon him, now not onely forgaue, but began to fauour; perſwading our ſelues with a youthfull credulitie, that perchance things were not ſo euill as we tooke them; & as it were, deſiring our owne memorie that it might be ſo. But ſo were wee licenced from thoſe Princes, truely not without teares, eſpecially of the vertuous *Leonatus*, who with the king of *Pontus* would haue come with vs, but that we (in reſpect of the ones yong wife, and both their new ſettled kingdomes) would not ſuffer it. Then would they haue ſent whole fleetes to guard vs. but wee, that deſired to paſſe ſecretly into *Greece*, made them leaue that motion, when they found that more ſhippes then one would be diſpleaſing vnto vs. But ſo committing our ſelues to the vncertaine diſcretion of the winde, wee (then determining as ſoone as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Diaphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our owne promiſe to *Zelmane*, as becauſe wee deſired to come vnknowne into *Greece*) left the *Aſian* ſhore full of Princely perſons, who euen vpon their knees recommended our ſafeties to the deuotion of their chiefe deſires: among whom none had beene ſo officious (though I dare affirme, all quite contrarie to his vnfaithfulneſſe) as *Plexirtus*.

And ſo hauing ſailed almoſt two daies, looking for nothing but when we might looke vpon the land, a graue man (whom wee had ſeene of great truſt with *Plexirtus*, & was ſent as our principall guide) came vnto vs, and with a certaine kind manner mixt with ſhame, and repentance, began to tell vs, that he had taken ſuch a loue vnto vs (conſidering our youth and fame) that though he were a ſeruant and a ſeruant of ſuch truſt about *Plexirtus*, as that hee had committed vnto him euen thoſe

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ſecrets of his heart, which abhord all other knowledge; yet hee rather choſe to reueale at this time a moſt pernicious counſell, then by concealing it bring to ruine thoſe, whom he could not chooſe but honour. So went he on, and told vs, that *Plexirtus* (in hope thereby to haue *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdome of *Armenia* to his wife) had giuen him order when wee were neare *Greece*, to finde ſome opportunitie to murder vs, bidding him to take vs aſleep, becauſe he had ſeene what we could do waking. Now ſirs (ſaid he) I would rather a thouſand times loſe my life then haue my remembrance (while I liued) poyſoned with ſuch a miſchiefe: and therefore if it were onely I, that knew herein the kings order, then ſhould my diſobedience be a warrant of your ſafetie. But to one more (ſaid he) namely the Captaine of the ſhip, *Plexirtus* hath opened ſo much touching the effect of murdering you, though I thinke laying the cauſe rather vpon old grudge, then his hope of *Artaxia*. And my ſelfe (before the conſideration of your excellencies had drawne loue & pittie into my mind) imparted it to ſuch, as I thought fitteſt for ſuch a miſchiefe. Therefore I wiſh you to ſtand vpon your gard, aſſuring you, that what I can doe for your ſafetie, you ſhall ſee (if it come to the puſh) by me performed. Wee thanked him, as the matter indeed deſerued, & from that time would no more diſarme our ſelues, nor the one ſleep without his friends eyes waked for him; ſo that it delayed the going forward of their bad enterpriſe, while they thought it rather chaunce, then prouidence, which made vs ſo behaue our ſelues.

But when we came within halfe a dayes ſayling of the ſhore, ſo that they ſaw it was ſpeedily, or not at all to be done; then (and I remember it was about the firſt watch in the night) came the Captain & whiſpered the Councellor in the eare: But he (as it ſhould ſeeme) diſſwading him from it, the Captaine (who had bin a pyrate from his youth, and often blouded in it) with a loud voyce ſware, that if *Plexirtus* bad him, he would not ſticke to kill God himſelfe. And therewith calld his mates, and in the kings name willed them to take vs aliue or dead; encouraging them with the ſpoyle of vs, which he ſaid (and indeed was true) would yeeld many exceeding rich jewels. But the Councellor (according to his promiſe) commanded them they ſhould not commit ſuch a villanie, proteſting that he would ſtand betweene them and the Kings anger therein. Wherwith the Captaine enraged: Nay (ſaid he) then we muſt begin with this traytor himſelfe: and therwith gaue him a ſore blow vpon the head, who honeſtly did the beſt he could to reuenge himſelfe.

But then wee knew it time rather to encounter, then waite for miſchiefe. And ſo againſt the Captaine we went, who ſtraight was enuironed with moſt part of the Souldiers and Mariners. And yet the truth is, there were ſome, whom eyther the authoritie of the Councellour, doubt of the Kings minde, or liking of vs, made draw their ſwords of our ſide: ſo that quickly it grew a moſt confuſed fight. For the narrowneſſe of the place, the darkeneſſe of the time, and the vncertainetie in ſuch a tumult how to know friendes from foes, made the rage of ſwordes rather guide then be guided by their maiſters. For my couſin and mee, truely I thinke we neuer performed leſſe in any place, doing no other hurt then the defence of our ſelues, and ſuccouring them who came for it, draue vs to: for not diſcerning perfectly, who were for, or againſt vs, wee thought it leſſe euill to ſpare a foe, then ſpoyle a friend. But from the higheſt to the loweſt part of the ſhippe there was no place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered perſons. The Captaine I hapt a while to fight withall, but was driuen to part with him, by hearing the cry of the Counſellour, who receiued a mortall wound, miſtaken of one of his owne ſide. Some of the wiſer would call to parley, and wiſh peace: but while the wordes of

peace

peace were in their mouthes, ſome of their euill auditors gaue them death for their hire. So that no man almoſt could conceiue hope of liuing, but by being laſt aliue: and therefore euery one was willing to make himſelfe roome, by diſpatching almoſt any other: ſo that the great number in the ſhip was reduced to exceeding few, when of thoſe few the moſt part weary of thoſe troubles leapt into the boat, which was faſt to the ſhip: but while they that were firſt were cutting off the rope that tyed it, others came leaping in ſo diſorderly, that they drowned both the boate and themſelues.

But while euen in that little remnant (like the children of *Cadmus*) we continued ſtill to ſlay one another, a fire, which (whether by the deſperate malice of ſome, or intention to ſeperate, or accidentally while all things were caſt vp and downe) it ſhould ſeeme had taken a good while before, but neuer heeded of vs, (who onely thought to preſerue or reuenge) now violently burſt out in many places, and began to maſter the principall parts of the ſhip. Then neceſſitie made vs ſee, that a common enemie ſets at one a ciuill warre: for that little all we were (as if wee had beene waged by ſome man to quench a fire) ſtraight went to reſiſt that furious enemie by all art & labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and deuour from the ſterne to the waſte of the ſhip: ſo as labouring in vaine, we were driuen to get vp to the prowe of the ſhip, by the worke of nature ſeeking to preſerue life as long as wee could: while truly it was a ſtrange and vgly ſight, to ſee ſo huge a fire, as it quickely grew, to bee in the ſea, and in the night, as if it had come to light vs to death. And by & by it had burned off the maſt, which all this while had proudly borne the ſaile (the wind, as might ſeeme, delighted to carie fire and bloud in his mouth) but now it fell ouer boord, and the fire growing neerer vs, it was not onely terrible in reſpect of what wee were to attend, but inſupportable through the heat of it.

So that wee were conſtrained to bide it no longer, but diſarming and ſtripping our ſelues, and laying our ſelues vpon ſuch things, as wee thought might helpe our ſwimming to the land (too farre for our owne ſtrength to beare vs) my couſin and I threw our ſelues into the Sea. But I had ſwomme a very little way, when I felt (by reaſon of a wound I had) that I ſhould not be able to abide the trauell: & therefore ſeeing the maſte (whoſe tackling had beene burnt off) flote cleare from the ſhip, I ſwam vnto it, and getting on it, I found mine owne ſword, which by chance, when I threw it away (caught by a peece of canuas) had hung to the maſte. I was glad, becauſe I loued it well; but gladder, when I ſaw at the other end the Captaine of the ſhip and of all this miſchiefe; who hauing a long pike, belike had borne himſelfe vp with that, till he had ſet himſelfe vpon the maſt. But when I perceiued him, Villaine ſaid I, doeſt thou thinke to ouerliue ſo many honeſt men, whom thy falſhood hath brought to deſtruction? With that beſtriding the maſt, I gat by little and little towards him, after ſuch a manner as boyes are wont (if euer you ſaw that ſport) when they ride the wilde mare. And hee perceiuing my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage then honeſtie, ſet himſelfe to reſiſt: but I had in ſhort ſpace gotten within him, and (giuing him a ſound blow) ſent him to feed fiſhes. But there my ſelfe remained, vntill by Pirates I was taken vp, and among them againe taken priſoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what (ſaid *Philoclea*) became of your couſin *Muſidorus*? Loſt, ſaid *Pyrocles*. Ah, my *Pyrocles*, ſaid *Philoclea*, I am glad I haue taken you. I perceiue you louers doe not alwaies ſay truly: as though I knew not your couſin *Dorus* the ſhepheard? Life of my deſires (ſaid *Pyrocles*,) what is mine, euen to my ſoule is yours: but the ſecret of my friend is not mine. But if you know ſo much, then I may truly ſay, he is

loſt,

loſt, ſince he is no more his owne. But I perceiue your noble ſiſter & you are great friends, and well doth it become you ſo to be. But go forward deare *Pyrocles*, I long to heare out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the beſt part of your ſtorie. Ah ſweete *Philoclea* (ſaid *Pyrocles*) do you thinke I can thinke ſo precious leaſure as this well ſpent in talking. Are your eyes a fit booke (thinke you) to reade a tale vpon? Is my loue quiet enough to be an hiſtorian? Deare Princeſſe be gracious vnto me. And then he faine would haue remembred to haue forgot himſelfe. But ſhee with a ſweetely diſobeying grace, deſired him that her deſire (once for euer) might ſerue, that no ſpot might diſgrace that loue, which ſhortly ſhee hoped ſhould bee to the world warrantable. Faine he would not haue heard, till ſhee threatned anger: and then the poore louer durſt not, becauſe hee durſt not. Nay, I pray thee, deare *Pyrocles* (ſaid ſhe) let me haue my ſtorie. Sweete Princeſſe (ſaid he) giue my thoughts a little reſpite: and if it pleaſe you, ſince this time muſt ſo be ſpoiled, yet it ſhall ſuffer the leſſe harme, if you vouchſafe to beſtow your voice, & let me know, how the good Queene *Erona* was betrayed into ſuch danger, and why *Plangus* ſought me. For indeede I ſhould pitie greatly any miſchance fallen to that Princeſſe. I will, ſaid *Philoclea* ſmiling, ſo you giue mee your word, your hands ſhall be quiet auditours. They ſhall, ſaid hee, becauſe ſubiect. Then began ſhee to ſpeake, but with ſo pretie & delightfull a maieſtie, when ſhe ſet her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuſe but rebell ſo farre as to kiſſe her. She would haue puld her head away, and ſpeake, but while ſhee ſpake he kiſt, and it ſeemed hee fed vpon her words: but ſhe gat away. How will you haue your diſcourſe (ſaid ſhe) without you let my lips alone? He yeelded & took her hand. On this (ſaid he) will I reuenge my wrong: and ſo began to make much of that hand, when her tale, and his delight were interrupted by *Miſo*: who taking her time, while *Baſilius* backe was turned, came vnto them; and told *Philoclea*. ſhee deſerued ſhe knew what, for leauing her mother, being euill at eaſe, to keepe company with ſtrangers. But *Philoclea* telling her, that ſhe was there by her fathers commandement, ſhee went away muttering, that though her backe and her ſhoulders, & her necke were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it ſhould doe her errand to her mother: and ſo went vp to *Gynecia*, who was at that time miſerably vexed with this manner of dreame. It ſeemed vnto her to be in a place full of thornes, which ſo moleſted her, as ſhee could neither abide ſtanding ſtill, nor tread ſafely going forward. In this caſe ſhee thought *Zelmane* being vpon a faire hill, delightfull to the eye, & eaſie in apparance, called her thither: whither with ſuch anguiſh being come, *Zelmane* was vaniſhed, & ſhee found nothing but a dead body like vnto her husband, which ſeeming at the firſt with a ſtrange ſmell to infect her, as ſhe was ready likewiſe within a while to die, the dead body ſhe thought tooke her in his armes, & ſaid, *Gynecia*, leaue all, for here is thy onely reſt.

With that ſhe awaked, crying very loud, *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*. But remembring her ſelfe, and ſeeing *Baſilius* by, (her guiltie conſcience more ſuſpecting, then being ſuſpected, ſhe turned her call, & called for *Philoclea*. *Miſo* forthwith like a valiant ſhrew (looking at *Baſilius*, as though ſhe would ſpeake though ſhe died for it) told *Gynecia* that her daughter had beene a whole houre together in ſecret talke with *Zelmane*: And (ſayes ſhe) for my part I could not bee heard, (your daughters are brought vp in ſuch awe) though I told her of your pleaſure ſufficiently. *Gynecia*, as if ſhee had heard her laſt doome pronounced againſt her, with a ſide looke and changed countenance, O my Lord (ſaid ſhe) what meane you to ſuffer theſe yong folkes together? *Baſilius* (that aymed nothing at the marke of her ſuſpition) ſmilingly tooke her in his armes; Sweete wife, ſaid he, I thanke you for your care of your child: but they

muſt be youthes of other metall then *Zelmane*, that can endanger her. O but, cried *Gynecia*, and therewith ſhe ſtaid: for then indeede ſhe did ſuffer a right conflict betwixt the force of loue, & rage of iealouſie. Many times was ſhe about to ſatisfie the ſpite of her minde, & tell *Baſilius*, how ſhe knew *Zelmane* to be farre otherwiſe then the outward appearance. But thoſe many times were all put backe by the manifold obiections of her vehement loue. Faine ſhee would haue bard her daughters hap, but loth ſhe was to cut off her owne hope. But now, as if her life had beene ſet vpon a wager of quicke riſing, as weake as ſhee was, ſhee gat vp; though *Baſilius* (with a kindneſſe flowing onely from the fountaine of vnkindneſſe, being indeede deſirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loth to ſuffer it, ſwearing he ſaw ſickneſſe in her face, and therefore was loth ſhe ſhould aduenture the ayre.

But the great and wretched Lady *Gynecia*, poſſeſſed with thoſe diuels of Loue and Iealouſie, did rid her ſelfe from her tedious husband: & taking no bodie with her, going toward them; O iealouſie, ſaid ſhee the phrenſie of wiſe folkes, the welwiſhing ſpite, and vnkinde carefulneſſe, the ſelfe-puniſhment for others fault, and ſelfe-miſerie in others happineſſe, the couſin of enuie, daughter of loue, and mother of hate, how couldeſt thou ſo quietly get thee a ſeat in the vnquiet heart of *Gynecia*, *Gynecia* (ſaid ſhee ſighing) thought wiſe, and once vertuous? Alas it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agonie of affection, that works the chilling acceſſe of thy feuer, in ſuch ſort, that nature giues place; the growing of my daughter ſeemes the decay of my ſelfe; the bleſſings of a mother turne to the curſes of a competitor; and the faire face of *Philoclea* appeares more horrible in my ſight then the image of death. Then remembred ſhee this ſong, which ſhee thought tooke a right meaſure of her preſent minde.

VVIth two ſtrange fires of equall heat poſſeſt,
The one of Loue, the other of Iealouſie,
Both ſtill doe worke, in neither I find reſt:
For both, alas, their ſtrengths together tie:
The one aloft doth hold, the other hie.
Loue wakes the iealous eye leaſt thence it moues:
The iealous eye, the more it lookes, it loues.

Theſe fires increaſe: in theſe I daily burne:
They feed on me, and with my wings doe flie:
My louely ioyes to dolefull aſhes turne:
Their flames mount vp, my powers proſtrate lie:
They liue in force, I quite conſumed die.
One wonder yet farre paſſeth my conceit;
The fewell ſmall: how be the fires ſo great?

But her vnleaſured thoughts ran not ouer the ten firſt wordes; but going with a pace not ſo much too faſt for her body, as ſlow for her mind, ſhee found them together, who after *Miſos* departure had left their tale, & determined what to ſay to *Baſilius*. But full abaſhed was poore *Philoclea* (whoſe conſcience now began to know cauſe of bluſhing) for firſt ſaluration, receiuing an eye from her mother, full of the ſame diſdainefull ſcorne, which *Pallas* ſhewed to poore *Arachne*, that durſt contend with her for the prize of well weauing: yet did the force of loue ſo much rule her, that though for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhee did deteſt her, yet for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhee vſed no harder

harder wordes to her, then to bid her go home, and accompanie her solitarie father.

Then began she to display to *Zelmane* the storehouse of her deadly desires, when suddenly the confused rumor of a mutinous multitude gaue iust occasion to *Zelmane* to breake off any such conference (for well she found, they were not friendly voices they heard) & to retire with as much diligence as conueniently they could towards the lodge. Yet before they could winne the lodge by twentie paces, they were ouertaken by an vnruly sort of clownes, and other rebels, which like a violent floud, were caried, they themselues knew not whither. But assoone as they came within perfect discerning these Ladies, like enraged beastes, without respect of their estates, or pitie of their sexe, they began to runne against them, as right villaines, thinking abilitie to doe hurt, to be a great aduancement: yet so many as they were, so many almost were their mindes, all knit together onely in madnesse. Some cried, Take; some, Kill; some, Saue: but euen they that cried saue, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Euery one commanded, none obeyed; hee onely seemed chiefe Captaine, that was most ragefull.

Zelmane (whose vertuous courage was euer awake) drew out her sword, which vpon those il-armed churles giuing as many wounds as blowes, & as many deathes almost as wounds (lightning courage, and thundring smart vpon them) kept them at a bay, while the two Ladies got themselues into the lodge: out of the which *Basilius* (hauing put on an armour long vntried) came to proue his authority among his subiects, or at least, to aduenture his life with his deare Mistresse, to whom hee brought a shield, while the Ladies trembling attended the issue of this dangerous aduenture. But *Zelmane* made them perceiue the oddes betweenan Eagle and a Kite with such nimble stayednesse, and an assured nimblenesse, that while one was running backe for feare, his fellow had her sword in his guts.

And by and by was both her heart and helpe well increased by the comming of *Dorus*, who hauing beene making of hurdles for his masters sheepe, heard the horrible cries of this madde multitude; and hauing streight represented before the eyes of his carefull loue, the perill wherein the soule of his soule might bee, he went to *Pamelas* lodge, but found her in a caue hard by, with *Mopsa* and *Dametas*, who at that time would not haue opened the entrie to his father. And therefore leauing them there (as in a place safe, both for being strong, and vnknowne) he ranne as the noise guided him. But when hee saw his friend in such danger among them, anger and contempt (asking no counsell but of courage) made him runne among them, with no other weapon but his sheephooke, & with that ouerthrowing one of the villaines, tooke away a two hand sword from him, and withall helpt him from euer being ashamed of loosing it. Then lifting vp his braue head, and flashing terror into their faces, he made armes and legs go complaine to the earth, how euill their masters had kept them. Yet the multitude still growing, & they verie killing wearying them (fearing, least in long fight they should be conquered with conquering) they drew backe towards the lodge; but drew backe in such sort, that still their terrour went forward: like a valiant mastiffe, whom when his master pulles backe by the taile from the Beare (with whom he hath already interchanged a hatefull imbracement) though his pace be backeward, his gesture is forward, his teeth and his eyes threatning more in the retiring, then they did in the aduancing: so guided they themselues homeward, neuer stepping steppe backward, but that they proued themselues masters of the ground where they stept.

Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a taylor by occupation, who fetching his courage onely from their going backe, began to bow his knees & very

fencer-like to draw neere to *Zelmane*. But as hee came within her diſtance, turning his ſword very nicely about his crown, *Baſilius*, with a ſide blow, ſtrake off his noſe. He (being a ſuter to a ſeamſters daughter, and therefore not a little grieued for ſuch a diſgrace) ſtouped downe, becauſe he had heard, that if it were freſh put to, it would cleaue on againe. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his noſe to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow ſent his head to his noſe. That ſaw a butcher, a butcherly chuffe indeede (who that day was ſworne brother to him in a cup of wine) and lifted vp a great leauer, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But ſhee letting ſlippe the blow of the leauer) hitte him ſo ſurely vpon the ſide of his face, that ſhe left nothing but the nether iaw, where the tongue ſtil wagged, as willing to ſay more, if his maſters remembrance had ſerued. O (ſaid a miller that was halfe drunke) ſee the lucke of a good fellow, and with that word, ran with a pitchforke at *Dorus*: but the nimbleneſſe of the wine caried his head ſo faſt, that it made it ouer-runne his feete, ſo that he fell withall, iuſt betweene the legs of *Dorus*: who ſetting his foote on his necke (though hee offered two milchekine, and foure fat hogs for his life) thruſt his ſword quite through, from one eare to the other; which tooke it verie vnkindly, to feele ſuch newes before they heard of them, in ſtead of hearing, to be put to ſuch feeling. But *Dorus* (leauing the miller to vomit his ſoule out in wine & bloud) with his two-hand ſword ſtrake off another quite by the waſt, who the night before had dreamed he was growne a couple, and (interpreting it that he ſhould be maried) had bragd of his dreame that morning among his neighbours. But that blow aſtoniſhed quite a poore painter, who ſtood by with a pike in his hands. This painter was to counterfeite the skirmiſh between the *Centaures* and *Lapithes*, & had beene very deſirous to ſee ſome notable wounds, to bee able the more liuely to expreſſe them; and this morning (being caried by the ſtreame of this company) the fooliſh fellow was euen delighted to ſee the effect of blowes. But this laſt (hapning neare him) ſo amazed him, that he ſtood ſtocke ſtill, while *Dorus* (with a turne of his ſword) ſtrake off both his hands. And ſo the painter returned, well skilled in wounds, but with neuer a hand to performe his skill.

In this maner they recouered the lodge, & gaue the rebels a face of wood of the outſide. But they then (though no more furious, yet more outragious when they ſaw no reſiſter) went about with pikaxe to the wall, & fire to the gate, to get themſelues entrance. Then did the two Ladies mixe feare with loue, eſpecially *Philoclea*, who euer caught hold of *Zelmane*, ſo (by the folly of loue) hindering the ſuccour which ſhe deſired. But *Zelmane* ſeeing no way of defence, nor time to deliberate (the number of thoſe villaines ſtill increaſing, and their madneſſe ſtill increaſing with their number) thought it the onely meanes, to goe beyond their expectation with an vnuſed boldneſſe, and with danger to auoyde danger: and therefore opened againe the gate, and (*Dorus* and *Baſilius* ſtanding readie for her defence) ſhe iſſued againe among them. The blowes ſhe had dealt before (though all in generall were haſtie) made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them ſodainely ouer-neere her, ſo that ſhee had time to get vp to the iudgement-ſeate of the Prince, which (according to the guiſe of that countrie) was before the Court gate. There ſhe pauſed a while, making ſigne with her hand vnto them, & withall, ſpeaking aloud, that ſhe had ſomething to ſay vnto them, that would pleaſe them. But ſhe was anſwered a while with nothing but ſhouts & cries; & ſome beginning to throw ſtones ather, not daring to approch her. But at length, a yong farmer (who might do moſt among the countrie ſort, & was caught in a little affection towardes *Zelmane*) hoping by this kindneſſe to haue ſome good of her, deſired them, if they

were

were honest men, to heare the woman speake. Fie fellowes, fie, (said hee) what will all the maydes in our towne say, if so many tall men shall be afraide to heare a faire wench? I sweare vnto you by no little ones, I had rather giue my teeme of oxen, then we should shew our selues so vnciuill wights. Besides, I tell you true, I haue heard it of old men counted wisedome, to heare much, & say little. His sententious speech so preuailed, that the most part began to listen. Then she, with such efficacie of gracefulnesse, and such a quiet magnanimitie represented in her face in this vttermost perill, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their lookes vpon her, in this sort began vnto them.

It is no small comfort vnto me (said she) hauing to speake something vnto you for your owne behooues, to finde that I haue to deale with such a people, who shew indeede in themselues the right nature of valure: which as it leaues no violence vnattempted, while the choler is nourished with resistance, so when the subiect of their wrath doth of it selfe vnlooked for offer it selfe into their handes, it makes them at least take a pause before they determine cruelnie. Now then first (before I come to the principall matter) haue I to say vnto you, that your Prince *Basilius* himselfe in person is within this lodge, & was one of the three, whom a few of you went about to fight withall; and (this shee said, not doubting but they knew it well enough, but because shee would haue them imagine, that the Prince might thinke that they did not know it) by him I am sent vnto you, as from a Prince to his well approued subiects, nay as from a father to beloued children, to know what it is that hath bred iust quarrell among you, or who they be that haue any way wronged you; what it is with which you are displeased, or of which you are desirous? This hee requires: and indeede (for he knowes your faithfulnesse) hee commaunds you presently to set downe, and to choose among your selues, some one, who may relate your griefs or demaunds vnto him.

This (being more then they hoped for from their Prince) asswaged well their fury, and many of them consented (especially the yong farmer helping on, who meant to make one of the demaunds that he might haue *Zelmane* for his wife) but when they began to talke of their griefes, neuer Bees made such a confused humming: the towne dwellers demanding putting downe of impostes: the country fellowes laying out of commons; some would haue the Prince keepe his Court in one place, some in another. All cryed out to haue new Counsellours; but when they should thinke of any new, they liked them as well as any other, that they could remember, especially they would haue the treasure so looked vnto, as that he should neuer need to take any more subsidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the Artizans they would haue corne & wine set at a lower price, & bound to be kept so still: the plowmen, vine-laborers, & the farmers would none of that. The countrimen demanded that euery man might be free in the chiefe townes: that could not the burgesses like of. The peasants would haue all the gentlemen destroyed, the citizens (especially such as cooks, barbers, & those other that liued most on gentlemen) would but haue them reformed. And of each side were like diuisions, one neighbourhood beginning to find fault with another. But no confusion was greater then of particular mens likings & dislikings: one dispraysing such a one, whom another praised, & demaunding such a one to bee punished, whom the other would haue exalted. No lesse adoe was there about chusing him, who should be their spokes-man. The finer sorte of Burgesses, as Marchants, Prentises, and Clothworkers, because of their riches, disdaining the baser occupations, and they because of their number as much disdaining them: all they scorning the countrimens ignorance, & the countrimen

suspecting as much their cunning. So that *Zelmane* (finding that their united rage was now growne, not only to a diuiding, but to a crossing one of another, and that the mislike growne among themselues did well allay the heat against her) made tokens againe vnto them (as though shee tooke great care of their well doing, & were afraid of their falling out) that she would speake vnto them. They now growne iealous one of another (the stay hauing ingendred diuision, and diuision hauing manifested their weakenesse) were willing enough to heare, the most part striuing to shew themselues willinger then their fellowes: which *Zelmane* (by acquaintance she had had with such kinde of humors) soone perceiuing, with an angerlesse bravery, and an vnabashed mildenesse, in this manner spake vnto them.

An vnused thing it is, & I thinke not heretofore seene, ô *Arcadians*, that a woman should giue publike counsel to men, a stranger to the countrey people, & that lastly in such a presence by a priuate person, the regall throne should bee possessed. But the strangenesse of your action makes that vsed for vertue, which your violent necessitie imposeth. For certainely, a woman may well speake to such men, who haue forgotten all manlike gouernment: a stranger may with reason instruct such subiects, the neglect due points of subiection: and is it maruaile this place is entred into by another, since your owne Prince (after thirtie yeares gouernment) dare not shew his face vnto his faithfull people? Heare therfore ô *Arcadians*, & be ashamed: against whom hath this zealous rage bin stirred? whither haue ben bent these manfull weapons of yours? In this quiet harmlesse lodg there be harbourd no *Argians* your ancient enemies, nor *Laconians* your now feared neighbours. Here be neither hard landlords, nor biting vsurers. Here lodge none, but such, as either you haue great cause to loue, or no cause to hate: heere being none, besides your Prince, Princesse, and their children, but my selfe. It I is then, ô *Arcadians*, against whom your anger is armed? Am I the marke of your vehement quarrell? if it be so, that innocencie shall not be a stop for fury; if it bee so, that the law of hospitalitie (so long & holily obserued among you) may not defend a stranger fled to your armes for succor: if in fine it be so that so many valiant mens courages can bee inflamed to the mischiefe of one silly woman; I refuse not to make my life a sacrifice to your wrath. Exercise in mee your indignation, so it go no further, I am content to pay the great fauours I haue receiued among you, with my life, not ill deseruing: I present it here vnto you, ô *Arcadians*; if that may satisfie you; rather then you (called ouer the world the wise & quiet *Arcadians*) should be so vaine, as to attēpt that alone, which all the rest of your countrie will abhor; then you should shew your selues so vngrateful, as to forget the fruit of so many yeares peaceable gouernment; or so vnnatural, as not to haue with the holy name of your natural prince, any fury ouer-mastred. For such a hellish madnes (I know) did neuer enter into your hearts, as to attempt any thing against his person; which no successor, though neuer so hatefull, will euer leaue (for his owne sake) vnreuenged. Neither can your wonted valour be turned to such a basenes, as in stead of a Prince, deliuered vnto you by so many royall ancestors, to take the tyranhous yoke of your fellow subiect, in whom the innate meannesse will bring forth rauenous couetousnesse, and the newnesse of his estate, suspectfull crueltie. Imagine, what could your enemies more wish vnto you, then to see your owne estate with your owne hands vndermined? O what would your fore fathers say, if they liued at this time, and saw their of-spring defacing such an excellent principalitie, which they with much labour and bloud so wisely haue established? Doe you thinke them fooles, that saw you should not enioy your vines, your cattell, no not your wiues & children, without gouernment; and that there could bee no gouernment without a Magistrate,

Magistrate, & no Magistrate without obedience, and no obedience where euery one vpon his owne priuate passion, may interprete the doings of the rulers? Let your wits make your present example a lesson to you. What sweetenesse (in good faith) find you in your present condition? what choise of choise find you, if you had lost *Basilius*? vnder whose ensigne would you go, if your enemies should inuade you? If you cannot agree vpon one to speake for you, how will you agree vpon one to fight for you? But with this feare of I cannot tell what one is troubled, & with that passed wrong another is greiued. And I pray you did the Sunne euer bring you a fruitfull haruest, but that it was more hotte then pleasant? Haue any of you children, that be not sometimes cumbersome? Haue any of you fathers, that bee not sometime wearish? What, shall wee curse the Sunne, hate our children, or disobey our fathers? But what need I vse these words, since I see in your countenances (now vertuously settled) nothing else but loue and duty to him, by whom for your onely sakes the gouernment is embraced. For all what is done, he doth not onely pardon you, but thanke you; iudging the action by the mindes, and not the mindes by the action. Your griefes, and desires whatsoeuer, and whensoeuer you list, he will consider of, and to his consideration it is reason you should refer them. So then, to conclude, the vncertaintie of his estate made you take armes; now you see him well, with the same loue lay them downe. If now you end (as I know you will) he will make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I must confesse ouer vehemente affection, the onely continuance might proue a wickednesse. But it is not so, I see very well, you began with zeale, and will end with reuerence.

The action *Zelmane* vsed, being beautified by nature and apparelled with skill, her gestures being such that as her wordes did paint out her minde, so they serued as a shadow to make the picture more liuely and sensible, with the sweete cleerenesse of her voice, rising and falling kindly as the nature of the word, and efficacie of the matter required, all together in such an admirable person, whose incomparable valour they had well felt, whose beautie did pierce through the thicke dulnesse of their senses, gaue such a way vnto her speech through the rugged wilderneſse of their imaginations, who (besides they were stricken in admiration of her, as of more then a humane creature) were coold with taking breath, and had learned doubtes out of leasure, that in steed of roaring cries, there was now heard nothing, but a confused mutring, whether her saying were to bee followed: betwixt feare to pursue, and lothnesse to leaue, most of them could haue beene content, it had neuer beene begun, but how to end it (each afraid of his companion,) they knew not, finding it farre easier to tye then to loose knots. But *Zelmane* thinking it no euill way in such mutinies, to giue the mutinous some occasion of such seruice, as they might thinke (in their owne iudgement) would counteruaile their trespasse, withall, to take the more assured possession of their minds, which she feared might begin to wauer, Lo all *Arcadians* (said she) now do I offer vnto you the manifesting of your duties: all those that haue taken armes for the Princes safetie, let them turne their backs to the gate, with their weapons bent against such as would hurt his sacred person. O weake trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancie only doth guide to well doing: who can set confidence there, where copanie takes away shame, & each may lay the fault on his fellow? so said a craftie fellow among them, named *Clinias*, to himself, when he saw the word no sooner out of *Zelmanes* mouth, but that there were some shouts of ioy with, God saue *Basilius*, and diuers of them with much iolliry growne to be his guard, that but little before meant to bee his murderers.

This *Clinias* in his youth had beene a scholler so farre, as to learne rather wordes

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then manners, and of wordes rather plentie then order; and oft had vſed to bee an actor in Tragedies, where he had learned, beſides a flidingnes of language, acquaintance with many paſſions, and to frame his face to beare the figure of them: long vſed to the eyes and eares of men, and to recken no fault, but ſhamefaſtneſſe, in nature, a moſt notable Coward, and yet more ſtrangely then rarely venturous in priuie practiſes.

This fellow was become of neere truſt to *Cecropia*, *Amphialus* his mother, ſo that he was priuie to all the miſchieuous deuiſes, wherewith ſhe went about to ruine *Baſilius* and his children, for the aduancing of her ſonne: and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his loue to be doing, taught him in any euill to be ſecret, and had by his miſtreſſe become vſed (euer ſince the ſtrange retiring of *Baſilius*) to whiſper rumors into the peoples eares: and this time (finding great aptneſſe in the multitude) was one of the chiefe that ſet them in the vprore (though quite without the conſent of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the kingdomes of the world ſo haue aduentured the life of *Philoclea*.) But now perceiuing the flood of their fury began to ebbe, hee thought it policy to take the firſt of the tide, ſo that no man cryed lowder then hee vpon *Baſilius*. And ſome of the luſtieſt rebels not yet agreeing to the reſt, hee cauſed two or three of his mates that were at his commaundement to lift him vp, and then as if he had had a prologue to vtter, hee began with a nice grauitie to demaund audience. But few attending what hee ſaid, with vehement geſture, as if he would teare the ſtarres from the skies, he fell to crying out ſo lowde, that not onely *Zelmane*, but *Baſilius* might heare him. O vnhappy men, more mad then the Giants that would haue plucked *Iupiter* out of heauen, how long ſhall this rage continue? Why doe you not all throw downe your weapons, and ſubmit your ſelues to our good Prince, or good *Baſilius*, the *Pelops* of wiſedome, and *Minos* of all good gouernment? when will you begin to beleeue me, and other honeſt and faithfull ſubiects, that haue done all we could to ſtop your furie.

The farmer that loued *Zelmane* could abide him no longer. For as at the firſt hee was willing to ſpeake of conditions, hoping to haue gotten great ſouereignties, and among the reſt *Zelmane*: ſo now perceiuing that the people, once any thing downe the hill from their fury, would neuer ſtay till they came to the bottome of abſolute yeelding, and ſo that hee ſhould be neares feares of puniſhment, then hopes of ſuch aduancement, hee was one of them that ſtood moſt againſt the agreement: and to begin withall, diſdaining this fellow ſhould play the preacher, who had been one of the chiefeſt make-bates, ſtrake him a great wound vpon the face with his ſword. The cowardly wretch fell downe, crying for ſuccour, and (ſcrambling through the legs of them that were about him) gat to the throne where *Zelmane* tooke him, and comforted him, bleeding for that was paſt, and quaking for feare of more.

But as ſoone as that blow was giuen (as if *Aeolus* had broke open the doore to let all his winds out) no hand was idle, each one killing him that was next, for feare he ſhould doe as much to him. For being deuided in minds and not deuided in companies, they that would yeelde to *Baſilius* were intermingled with them that would not yeelde. Theſe men thinking their ruine ſtood vpon it, thoſe men to get fauour of their Prince, conuerted their vngracious motion into their owne bowels, & by a true iudgement grew their owne puniſhers. None was ſooner killed then thoſe that had been leaders in the diſobedience: who by being ſo, had taught them, that they did lead diſobedience to the ſame leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their owne faction, anger whetting, and doubt haſtening their fingers. But then came downe *Zelmane*, and *Baſilius* with *Dorus* iſſued, and

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ſometimes ſeeking to draw together thoſe of their partie, ſometimes laying indifferently among them, made ſuch hauocke (among the reſt *Zelmane* ſtriking the farmer to the heart with her ſword, as before ſhe had done with her eies) that in a while all they of the contrarie ſide were put to flight, and fled to certaine woods vpon the frontiers; where feeding wildly, and drinking onely water, they were diſciplined for their drunken riots; many of them being ſlaine in the chaſe, about a ſcore onely eſcaping. But when theſe late rebels, now ſouldiers, were returned from the chaſe, *Baſilius* calling them together, partly for policie ſake, but principally becauſe *Zelmane* before had ſpoken it (which was to him more then a diuine ordinance) hee pronounced their generall pardon, willing them to returne to their houſes, & thereafter be more circumſpect in their proceedings: which they did moſt of them with ſharp markes of their folly. But imagining *Clinias* to be one of the chiefe that had bred this good alteration, he gaue him particular thankes, and withall willed him to make him know how this frenzie had entred into the people.

Clinias purpoſing indeede to tell him the truth of all, ſauing what did touch himſelfe, or *Cecropia*, firſt dipping his hand in the bloud of his wound, Now by this bloud (ſaid he) which is more deare to me then all the reſt that is in my body, ſince it is ſpent for your ſafetie: this tongue (perchance vnfortunate, but neuer falſe) ſhal not now begin to lie vnto my prince, of me moſt beloued. Then ſtretching out his hand and making vehement countenances the vſhers of his ſpeeches, in ſuch manner of tearmes recounted this accident. Yeſterday (ſaid hee) being your birth-day, in the goodly greene two miles hence before the citie of *Eniſpus*, to do honour to the day, were a foure or fiue thouſand people (of all cõditions, as I think) gathered together, ſpending all the day in dancings & other exerciſes; & when night came vnder tents & bowes making great cheere, and meaning to obſerue a waſſaling watch all that night for your ſake. *Bacchus* (the learned ſay) was begot with thunder: I thinke, that made him euer ſince ſo full of ſturre & debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which ſounded the firſt trumpet to this rude Alarum. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to doe honor, & with actiuity in beaſtlines to ſhew abundance of loue, made moſt of them ſeeke to ſhew the depth of their affection in the depth of their draught. But being once well chafed with wine (hauing ſpẽt al the night, & ſome peece of the morning in ſuch reuelling) & imboldned by your abſented maner of liuing, there was no matter their eares had euer heard of, that grew not to be a ſubiect of their winie conference. I ſpeake it by proofe: for I take witneſſe of the Gods (who neuer leaue periuries vnpuniſhed) that I often cried out againſt their impudencie, & (when that would not ſerue) ſtopt mine eares, becauſe I would not be partaker of their blaſphemies, till with buffets they forced me to haue mine eares and eies defiled. Publike affaires were mingled with priuat grudges: neither was any man thought of wit, that did not pretend ſome cauſe of miſlike. Rayling was counted the fruite of freedome, and ſaying nothing had his vttermoſt prayſe in ignorance. At the length, your ſacred perſon (alas) why did I liue to heare it? alas how do I breath to vtter it? But your commandement doth not only enioyne obedience, but giue me force, your ſacred perſon (I ſay) fel to be their tabletalke: a proud word ſwelling in their ſtomackes, & diſdainfull reproches againſt ſo great a greatneſſe, hauing put on the ſhew of greatneſſe in their little mindes: till at length the verie vnbridled vſe of wordes hauing increaſed fire in their mindes (which God wot thought their knowledge notable, becauſe they had at all no knowledge to condemne their owne want of knowledge) they deſcended (O neuer to bee forgotten preſumption) to a direct diſlike of your liuing from among them. Whereupon it were tedious to

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remember their far-fetched conſtructions. But the ſumme was, you diſdained them: & what were the pompes of your eſtate, if their armes maintained you not? Who would call you a Prince, if you had not a people? When certaine of them of wretched eſtates, and worſe mindes (whoſe fortunes change could not impaire) began to ſay, that your gouernment was to be looked into; how the great treaſures (you had leuied among them) had beene ſpent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counſell, that the commons (forſooth) were too plaine headed to ſay their opinions: but yet their bloud and ſweate muſt maintaine all. Who could tell whether you were not betrayed in this place, where you liued? nay whether you did liue or no. Therfore that it was time to come and ſee; and if you were here, to know (if *Arcadia* were growne lothſome in you ſight) why you did not rid your ſelfe of the trouble? There would not want thoſe that would take ſo faire a cumber in good part. Since the Countrey was theirs, and the gouernment an adherent to the countrey, why ſhould they not conſider of the one as well as inhabite the other? Nay rather (ſaid they) let vs begin that, which all *Arcadia* will follow. Let vs deliuer our Prince from danger of practiſes, and our ſelues from want of a Prince. Let vs doe that which all the reſt thinke. Let it be ſaid, that we onely are not aſtoniſhed with vaine titles, which haue their force but in our force. Laſtly, to haue ſaid and heard ſo much, was as dangerous, as to haue attempted: and to attempt they had the glorious name of libertie with them. Theſe words, being ſpoken (like a furious ſtorme) preſently caried away their well inclined braines. What I, & ſome other of the honeſter ſort could do, was no more then if with a puffe of breath, one ſhould go about to make a ſaile goe againſt a mighty winde: or, with one hand, ſtay the ruine of a mightie Wall. So generall grew this madneſſe among them, there needed no drumme, where each man cried, each ſpeake to other that ſpake as faſt to him, and the diſagreeing ſound of ſo many voices was the chiefe token of their vnmeete agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battaile, their winie mirthes to bloudie rages, and the happie prayers for your life to monſtrous threatning of your eſtate; the ſolemnizing your birth-day, tended to haue beene the cauſe of your funerals. But as a drunken rage hath (beſides his wickedneſſe) that folly, that the more it ſeekes to hurt, the leſſe it conſiders how to be able to hurt; they neuer wayed how to arme themſelues, but tooke vp euerie thing for a weapon, that furie offered to their hands. Many ſwordes, pikes, and billes there were: others tooke pitchforkes and rakes, conuerting husbandry to ſouldierie, ſome caught hold of ſpittes (things ſeruiceable for life) to bee the inſtruments of death. And there was ſome ſuch one, who held the ſame pot wherein he dranke to your health, to vſe it (as hee could) to your miſchiefe. Thus armed, thus gouerned, forcing the vnwilling, and heartning the willing, adding fury to furie, and increaſing rage with running, they came headlong toward this lodge: no man (I dare ſay) reſolued in his owne heart, what was the vttermoſt he would doe when he came hither. But as miſchiefe is of ſuch nature, that it cannot ſtand but with ſtrengthning one euill by another, and ſo multiplie in it ſelfe, till it come to the higheſt, & then fall with his owne weight: ſo to their mindes (once paſſed the bounds of obedience) more and more wickedneſſe opened it ſelfe, ſo that they who firſt pretended to preſerue you, then to reforme you, (I ſpeake it in my conſcience, and with a bleeding heart) now thought no ſafetie for them, without murdering you. So as if the Goddes (who preſerue you for the preſeruation of *Arcadia*) had not ſhewed their miraculous power, and that they had not vſed for inſtruments, both your owne valour (not fit to be ſpoken of by ſo meane a mouth as mine) & ſome (I muſt confeſſe) honeſt minds, (whom alas why

ſhould

should I mention, since what we did, reacht not to the hundreth part of our dutie?) our handes (I tremble to thinke of it) had destroyed all that, for which wee haue cause to reioyce that we are *Arcadians*.

With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out teares: so as *Basilius*, that was not the sharpest piercer into masked mindes, tooke a good liking to him; and so much the more as hee had tickled him with praise in the hearing of his Mistris. And therefore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, & looke well vnto it, and make the best search he could, to know if there were any further depth in this matter: for which he should bee well rewarded. But before hee went away, certaine of the shepheards being come (for that day was appointed for their pastorals) hee sent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to other principall noblemen, and cities thereabouts, to make through-inquirie of this vprore, and withall, to place such garrisons in all the townes & villages neere vnto him, that he might thereafter keepe his solitarie lodge in more securitie, vpon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, hauing them in a readinesse for him.

This *Climas* (hauing his eare one way when his eye was another) had perceiued & therefore hasted away, with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that she was to take some speedie resolution, or else it were danger those examinations would both discouer, and ruine her: and so went his way, leauing that little company with embracements, and praysing of *Zelmanes* excellent proceeding, to shew, that no decking sets foorth any thing so much, as affection. For as, while shee stoode at the discretion of those vndiscreete rebels, euery angry countenance any of them made, seemed a knife layd vpon their owne throats; so vnspeakeable was now their ioy, that they saw (besides her safetie and their owne) the same wrought, and safely wrought by her meanes, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Greece* could euer alleadge of wit and fortitude, were set in the ranke of trifles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midst of those vnfained ceremonies, a Gitterne, il-played on, accompanied with a hoarse voice (who seemed to sing mauger the Muses, and to be merrie in spite of Fortune) made them looke the way of the ill-noysed song. The song was this.

A Hatefull cure with hate to heale:
A bloudy helpe with bloud to saue:
A foolish thing with fooles to deale:
Let him be bobd that bobs will haue,
But who by meanes of wisdome hie
Hath sau'd his charge? it is euen I.

Let others deck their pride with skarres,
And of their wounds make braue lame showes:
First let them die, then passe the starres,
When rotten Fame will tell their blowes.
But eye from blade, and eare from crie:
Who hath saw'd all? it is euen I.

They had soone found it was *Dametas*, who came with no lesse lifted vp countenance, then if he had passed ouer the bellies of all his enemies: so wise a point hee thought he had performed in vsing the naturall strength of the caue, But neuer was

it

it his doing to come ſo ſoone thence, till the coaſt were more aſſuredly cleare: for it was a rule with him, that after a great ſtorme there euer fall a few drops before it be fully finiſhed. But *Pamela* (who had now experienced how much care doth ſollicite a Louers heart) vſed this occaſion of going to her parents and ſiſter, indeede as well for that cauſe, as being vnquiet, till her eye might be aſſured how her ſhepheard had gone through the danger. But *Baſilius* with the ſight of *Pamela* (of whom almoſt his head otherwiſe occupied, had left the wonted remembrance) was ſodainly ſtriken into a deuout kinde of admiration, remembring the Oracle, which (according to the fauning humour of falſe hope) hee interpreted now his owne to his owne beſt and with the willing blindneſſe of affection (becauſe his minde ranne wholly vpon *Zelmane*) he thought the Gods in their Oracles did principally minde her.

But as he was deepely thinking of the matter, one of the ſhepheards told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horſe in his company. For hauing by chance rid not farre off the little deſert, he had heard of this vprore, and ſo was come vpon the ſpurre (gathering a company of gentlemen as faſt as he could to the ſuccour of his Maſter: *Baſilius* was glad of it, but not willing to haue him, nor any other of the Noble men, ſee his Miſtreſſe, hee himſelfe went out of the Lodge: and ſo giuing order vnto him of placing garriſons, and examining theſe matters; and *Philanax* with humble earneſtneſſe beginning to intreat him to leaue off this ſolitarie courſe (which alreadie had beene ſo dangerous vnto him.) Well (ſaid *Baſilius*) it may be ere long I will condiſcend vnto your deſire. In the meane time, take you the beſt order you can to keepe me ſafe in my ſolitarineſſe. But (ſaid he) doe you remember, how earneſtly you wrote vnto mee, that I ſhould not bee moued by that Oracles authoritie, which brought me to this reſolution? Full well Sir (anſwered *Philanax*) for though it pleaſed you not as then to let mee know, what the Oracles words were, yet all Oracles hold in (in my conceit) one degree of reputation, it ſufficed me to know, it was but an Oracle, which led you from your owne courſe. Well (ſaid *Baſilius*) I will now tell you the wordes; which before I thought not good to doe, becauſe when all the euents fall out (as ſome already haue done) I may charge you with your incredulitie. So he repeated them in this ſort.

THy elder care ſhall from thy carefull face
By princely meane be ſtolne, and yet not loſt.
Thy younger ſhall with Natures bliſſe embrace
An vncouth loue, which Nature hateth moſt.
Both they themſelues vnto ſuch two ſhall wed,
Who at thy beer, as at a barre, ſhall plead;
Why thee (a liuing man) they had made dead.
In thine owne ſeate a forraine ſtate ſhall ſit.
And ere that all theſe blowes thy head do hit,
Thou, with thy wife, adultry ſhall commit.

For you forſooth (ſaid he) when I told you, that ſome ſupernaturall cauſe ſent me ſtrange viſions, which being confirmed with preſagious chances, I had gone to *Delphos*, & there receiued this anſwere, you replied vnto me, that the only ſupernatural cauſes were the humors of my body, which bred ſuch melancholy dreames; & that both they framed a minde full of conceits, apt to make preſages of things, which in themſelues were meerely chanceable: and withall as I ſay, you remember what you

you wrote vnto me, touching the authority of the Oracle: but now I haue some probable triall of the truth therof, which hereafter I will more largely cõmunicate vnto you. Onely now, know that the thing I most feared is alreadie performed; I meane that a forrain state should possesse my throne. For that hath bin done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruine, but to my preseruation. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pulley, to make the clock of his praises run on in such sort, that (*Philanax* found) was more exquisite then the onely admiration of vertue breedeth: which his faithfull heart inwardly repining at, made him shrinke away as soone as he could, to goe about the other matters of importance, which *Basilius* had enioyned vnto him.

Basilius returned into the Lodge, thus by himselfe construing the Oracle, that in that he said, his elder care should by Princely meane be stolne away from him, and yet not lost, it was now performed, since *Zelmane* had as it were tobe from him the care of his first begotten childe, yet was it not lost, since in his heart the ground of it remained. That his younger should with Natures blisse embrace the louely *Zelmane*, because he had so commaunded her for his sake to doe; yet should it be with as much hate of Nature, for being so hatefull an opposite to the iealousie he thought her mother had ot him. The sitting in his seat he deemed by her alreadie performed: but that which most comforted him, was his interpretation of the adulterie, which he thought he should commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwards he should haue to his wife. The point of his daughters marriage, because it threatned his death withall, he determined to preuent with keeping them (while he liued) vnmarried. But hauing, as he thought, gotten thus much vnderstanding of the Oracle, he determined for three dayes after to performe certaine rites to *Apollo*: and euen then began with his wife and daughters to sing this Hymne, by them yearely vsed.

APollo *great, whose beames the greater world doe light,*
And in our little world doe cleare our inward sight,
Which euer shine, though hid from earth by earthly shade,
Whose lights doe euer liue, but in our darknesse fade;
Thou god, whose youth was decke with spoile of Pythons skin
(So humble knowledge can throw downe the snakish sinne)
Latonas fame, whose birth in paine and trauaile long
Doth teach, to learne the good what trauailes do belong,
In trauaile of our life (a short but tedious space)
White brickle heare lesse wander, guide thou our panting pace:
Giue us sore sighfull minds a gust to minder to obey
What foresight tels, our thoughts vpon thy knowledge stay;
Let sowre frudes proue sweet, that nature be maintained
But so our hearts keepe downe, with size they be not stained;
Let this assured hold our indgements euer rule,
That nothing rules the heauen, but what doth rule by rule.

Assoone as he had ended his deuotion (all the priuiledged shepheards being now come) knowing well enough he might lay all his care vpon *Philanax*, he was willing to sweeten the haste of this puffed tumult, with some rurall pastimes. For which while the shepheards prepared themselues in their best manner, *Basilius* tooke his daughter *Philoclea* aside, and with such haste, as if his eares hunted for wordes, desired to know how she had found *Zelmane*. Shee humbly answered him, according to the

agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her sake *Zelmane* was content to descend from her former resolution, as to heare him, whensoeuer he would speake; & further then that (she said) as *Zelmane* had not graunted, so she neyther did, nor euer would desire. *Basilius* kist her with more then fatherly thanks, and straight (like a hard-kept warde new come to his lands) would faine haue vsed the benefit of that graunt, in laying his sickneſse before his only phyſition. But *Zelmane* (that had not yet fully determined with her selfe, how to beare her selfe toward him) made him in few words vnderstand, that the time in respect of the company was vnfit for such a parley, and therefore to keepe his braines the busier, letting him vnderstand what she had learned of his daughters, touching *Eronas* distresse (whom in her trauayle she had knowne, and bin greatly beholding to) she desired him to finish the rest, for so far as *Plangus* had told him, Because she said (and she said truely) she was full of care for that Lady, whose desert (only except an ouer-base choise) was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Basilius* glad that she would command him any thing, but more glad, that in excusing the vnfitnesse of that time, she argued an intention to graunt a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam (said he) it is verie true, that since yeares enabled me to iudge what is, or is not to be pitried, I neuer saw any thing that more moued me to iustifie a vehement compassion in my selfe, then the estate of that Prince, whom strong against all his owne afflictions (which yet were great as I perceiue you haue heard) yet true and noble loue had so pulled downe, as to lie vnder sorrow for another. In so much as I could not temper my long idle pen in that subiect, which I perceiue you haue seen. But then to leaue that vnrepeated, which I find my daughters haue told you. It may please you to vnderstand, since it pleaseth you to demaund, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, and so left by the famous Princes *Musiderus* and *Pyrocles* (led thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in these prouinces of *Greece*, making a dishonourable enquirie after that excellent Prince *Pyrocles* alreadie perished) *Antiphilus* (I say) being crowned, and deliuered from the presence of those two, whose vertues (while they were present, like good Scholemasters) suppressed his vanities, hee had not strength of minde enough in him to make long delay of discouering what maner of man he was. But streight like one carried vp to so hie a place, that he looseth the discerning of the ground ouer which he is; so was his mind lifted so far beyond the leuell of his own discourse, that remembring only that himselfe was in the high seat of a King, he could not perceiue that he was a king of reasonable creatures, who would quickly scorne follies, and repine at iniuries. But imagining no so true propertie of soueraignie, as to do what he lifted, and to lift what soeuer pleased his fancie, he quickly made his Kingdome a Tenniscourt, where his subiects should be the balles, not in truth cruelly, but licentiously abusing them, presuming so farre vpon himselfe, that what he did was liked of euery bodie: nay, that his disgraces were fauours, and all because he was a King. For in Nature not able to conceiue the bounds of great matters (suddenly borne into an vnknowne Ocean of absolute power) hee was swayed withall (he knew not how) as euery wind of passions puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, then that poysonous sugar of flatterie: which some vsed, out of the inbarn basenesse of their heart, straight like dogges fawning vpon the greatest: others secretly hating him, and disdayning his great rising so suddenly, so vndeseruedly (finding his humour) bent their exalting him onely to his ouerthrow; like the bird that carries the shel-fish high, to breake him the easier with his fall. But his minde (being an apt matter to receiue what forme their amplifying speeches would lay vpon it) daunced so prettie a measure to their false musick, that he thoght himselfe

himselfe the wisest and worthiest, and best beloued, that euer gaue honour to royall title. And being but obscurely borne, he had found out vnblushing pedegrees, that made him not only of the bloud royall, but true heire though vniustly dispossest by *Erona*'s auncestors. And like the foolish birde, that when it so hides the head that it sees not it selfe, thinkes no bodie else sees it: so did he imagine that no bodie knew his baseneese, while he himselfe turned his eyes from it.

Then vainenesse (a meager friend to gratefulnesse) brought him so to despise *Erona*, as of whom he had receiued no benefit, that within halfe a yeares marriage he began to pretend barrennes: & making first an vnlawfull law of hauing mo wiues then one, he still keeping *Erona*, vnder-hand, by messages sought *Artaxia*: who no lesse hating him, then louing (as vnluckie a choise) the naughtie King *Plexirtus*, yet to bring to passe what she purposed, was content to traine him into false hopes, till alreadie his imagination had crowned him King of *Armenia*, and had made that but the foundation of more and more Monarchies; as if fortune had only gotten eyes to cherish him. In which time a great assembly of most part of all the Princes of *Asia* being to do honor to the neuer sufficiently praised *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, he would be one, not to acknowledge his obligation (which was as great as any of the others) but looking to haue bin yong-mastred among those great estates, as he was among his abusing vnderlings. But so many valorous Princes, indeed far peerer to disdaine him then otherwise, he was quickly (as standing vpon no true ground) inwardly out of countenance with himselfe, till his seldom-comforting flatterers (perswading him, it was enuie and feare of his expected greatnesse) made him hast away from that companie, and without further delay appointed the meeting with *Artaxia*; so incredibly blinded with the ouer-bright shining of his royaltie, that hee could thinke such a Queene would be content to be ioyned-patent with another to haue such an husband. Poore *Erona* to all this obeyed, either vehemencie of affection making her stoop to so ouer-base a seruitude, or astonished with an vnlooked for fortune, dull to any behoofefull resolution, or (as manie times it falls out euen in great harts when they can accuse none but themselues) desperately bent to maintaine it. For so went she on in that way of destinie, that (poore Ladie) to bee beyond all other examples of ill set affection, she was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that she was content, for the publike good, to be a second wife, and yeeld the first place to her; nay to enroll him, and euen woo *Artaxia* for him.

But *Artaxia* (mortally hating them both for her brothers sake) was content to hide her hate, till she had time to shew it: and pretending that all her grudge was against the two paragons of vertue, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, euen met them halfe way in excusing her brothers murther, as rash being principall actors, and of the other side, driuen to what they did by the euer-pardonable necessitie: and so well handled the matter, as though she promised nothing, yet *Antiphilus* promised himselfe all that she would haue him thinke. And so a solemne enterview was appointed: But (as the Poets say) *Hymen* had not there his saffron coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men secretly (& easily they might be secret, since *Antiphilus* thought shee ouer-ran him in loue) when he came euen ready to embrace her (shewing rather a countenance of accepting then offering) they came forth, and (hauing much aduantage both in number, valure, & fore-preparation) put all his companie to the sword, but such as could flie away. As for *Antiphilus*, shee caused him & *Erona* both to be put in yrons, hasting back toward her brothers tombe, vpon which she meant to sacrifice them; making the loue of her brother stand betweene her and all other motions of grace, from which by nature she was alienated.

But great diuersitie in them two quickly discouered it selfe for the bearing of that affliction; for *Antiphilus* that had no greatnesse but outward, that taken away, was readie to fall faster then calamitie could thrust him; with fruitlesse begging of life (where reason might well assure him his death was resolued) and weake bemoning his fortune, to giue his enemies a most pleasing musicke, with many promises and protestations, to as little purpose, as from a little mind. But *Erona* sad indeed, yet like one rather vsed, then new salne to sadnesse (as who had the ioyes of her heart alreadie broken) seemed rather to welcome then to shun that end of miserie; speaking little, but what she spake was for *Antiphilus*, remembring his guiltinesse, being at that time prisoner to *Tiridates*, when the valiant Princes slew him: to the disgrace of men, shewing that there are women both more wise to iudge what is to be expected, and more constant to beare it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, & her sadnesse by her beautie, made this noble Prince *Plangus*, who (neuer almost from his cousin *Artaxia*) was now present at *Eronas* taking, to perceiue the shape of louelinesse more perfectly in wo, then in ioyfulnesse (as in a picture which receiues greater life by the darknesse of shadowes, then by more glittering colours) and seeing to like, and liking to loue, and louing straight to feele the most incident effects of loue, to serue and preserue. So borne by the hastie tyde of short leasure, he did hastily deliuer together his affection, and affectionate care. But she (as if he had spoken of a small matter, when he mentioned her life, to which shee had not leasure to attend) desired him if hee loued her, to shew it, in finding some way to saue *Antiphilus*. For her, she found the world but a wearisome stage vnto her; where she played a part against her will: and therefore besought him, not to cast his loue in so vnfruitfull a place, as could not loue it selfe: but for a testimonie of constancie, and a suitablenesse to his word, to doe so much comfort to her minde, as that for her sake *Antiphilus* were saued. He told me how much he argued against her, tendring him, who had so vngratefully betrayed her; and foolishly cast away himselfe. But perceiuing she did not only bend her verie good wits to speake for him against herselfe, but when such a cause could be alleaged no reason, yet loue would needes make it selfe a cause, and barre her rather from hearing, then yeeld that she should yeeld to such arguments: he likewise in whom the power of Loue (as they say of spirits) was subiect to the loue in her, with griefe consented, and (though backwardly) was diligent to labour the helpe of *Antiphilus*: a man whom he not only hated, as a traytor to *Erona*, but enuied as a possessor of *Erona*. Yet Louesuate, his heart, in spite of his heart, should make him become a seruant to his riuall. And so did he, seeking all the meanes of perswading *Artaxia*, which the authoritie of so neere, and so vertuous a kinsman could giue vnto him. But she to whom the eloquence of hatred had giuen reuenge the face of delight, reiected all such motions, but rather the more closely imprisoning them in her chiefe citie, where she kept them with intention at the birthday of *Tiridates* (which was very neare) to execute *Antiphilus*, and at the day of his death (which was about halfe a yeare after) to vse the same rigor towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much grieued (because much louing) attempted the humors of the *Lycians*, to see, whether they would come in with forces to succour their Princesse. But there the next inheritor to the crown (with the true play that is vsed in the game of kingdomes) had no sooner his mistresse in captiuitie, but he had vsurped her place, and making her odious to her people, because of the vnfit election she had made, had so left no hope there: but which is worse, had sent to *Artaxia*, perswading the iusticing her, because that vniustice might giue his title the name of iustice. Wanting

that

that way, *Plangus* practised with some deare friends of his, to saue *Antiphilus* out of prison, whose day because it was much nearer then *Erones*, & that he well found, he had twisted her life vpon the same thread with his, he determined first to get him out of prison: and to that end hauing prepared all matters as well as in such case he could, where *Artaxia* had set many of *Tiridates* old seruants to haue well-marking eyes, he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as (by the authoritie he had) he found meanes to do; & agreed with him of the time & maner, how he should by the death of some of his Iaylors escape. But all being well ordered, & *Plangus* willingly putting himselfe into the greatest danger, *Antiphilus* (who, like a bladder, swelled ready to breake, while it was full of the wind of prosperitie; that being out, was so abiected, as apt to be trod on by euery body) when it came to the point, that with some hazard, hee might be in apparant likelihood to auoid the vttermost harme, his hart fainted, and (weake soole, neither hoping, nor fearing as he should) gat a conceipt, that with bewraying this practise, he might obtaine pardon: & therefore, euen a little before *Plangus* should haue come vnto him, opened the whole practise to him that had the charge, with vnpitied teares idely protesting, he had rather dye by *Artaxias* commandement, then against her will escape: yet begging life vpon any the hardest, & vnreasonablest conditions that she should lay vpon him. His keeper prouided accordingly, so that when *Plangus* came, he was like himselfe to haue bin entrapped: but that finding (with a lucke in sight) that it was discouered, he retyred; and (calling his friends about him) stood vpon his guard, as he had good cause. For, *Artaxia* (accounting him most vngratefull, considering that her brother & she had not onely preserued him against the malice of his father, but euer vsed him much liker his birth, then his fortune) sent forces to apprehend him. But hee among the martiall men had gotten so great loue, that he could not only keep himself from her malice, but worke in their minds a compassion of *Erones* aduersitie.

But for the fauour of *Antiphilus* he could get no body to ioyne with him, the contempt of him hauing not bin able to qualifie the hatred: so that *Artaxia* might easily vpon him performe her will; which was (at the humble suite of all the women of that citie) to deliuer him to their censure, who mortally hated him for hauing made a law of *Polygamie*, after many tortures, forc't him to throw himselfe from a high Pyramis, which was built ouer *Tiridates* tombe, and so to end his false-hearted life, which had planted no strong thought in him, but that he could be vnkinde.

But *Plangus* well perceiuing that *Artaxia* stayed only for the appointed day, that the faint *Erones* body (consumed to ashes) should make a notorious testimony, how deeply her brothers death was engrauen in her breast, he assembled good numbers of friends, whom his vertue (though a stranger) had tyed vnto him, by force to giue her libertie. Contrariwise, *Artaxia*, to whom Anger gaue more courage then her sexe did feare, vsed her re, all authoritie (the most she could) to suppresse that sedition, and haue her will: which (she thought) is the most princely thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed (as all men witnesse) is one of the best Captaines (both for policie and valour) that are trayned in the schoole of *Mars*, in a conflict ouerthrew *Artaxias* power, though of farre greater number: and there tooke prisoner a base sonne of her brothers, whom she deerely affected, & then sent her word that he should runne the same race of fortune (whatsoeuer it was) that *Erones* did: & happy was that threatning for her; for else *Artaxia* had hastened the day of her death, in respect of those tumults.

But now (some principall Noblemen of that countrie interposing themselues)

it was agreed, that all persons else fully pardoned, and all prisoners (except *Erona*) deliuered, she should be put into the hands of a principall Nobleman, who had a castle of great strength, by oath, if by the day two yeare from *Tiridates* death, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* did not in person combate, and ouercome two knights, whom she appointed to maintaine her quarrell against *Erona* and them, of hauing by treason destroyed her brother, that then *Erona* should be that same day burned to ashes: but if they came, and had the victorie, she should be deliuered; but vpon no occasion neither freed, nor executed till that day. And hereto of both sides, all tooke solemne oath, and so the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus* partie forcing him to agree, though he himselfe the sooner condiscended, knowing the curtesie of those two excellent Princes, not to refuse so noble a quarrell, and their power such, as two more (like the other two) were not able to resist. But *Artaxia* was more, and vpon better ground, pleased with this action; for she had euen newly receiued news from *Plexirtus*, that vpon the sea he had caused them both to perish, & therefore she held her selfe sure of the match.

But poore *Plangus* knew not so much, and therefore seeing his partie (as most times it falls out in like case) hungrie of any conditions of peace, accepted them; and then obtained leaue of the Lord, that indifferently kept her, to visite *Erona*, who he found full of desperate sorrow, suffering neither his vnworthinesse, nor his wrongs, nor his death (which is the naturall conclusion of all worldly acts) either to couer with forgetfulnesse, or diminish with consideration, the affection she had born him: but euen glorying in affliction, & shunning all comfort, she seemed to haue no delight, but in making her selfe the picture of miserie. So that when *Plangus* came to her, she fell in deadly traunces, as if in him she had seene the death of *Antiphilus*, because he had not succoured him: and yet (her vertue striuing) she did at one time acknowledge her selfe bound, and professe her selfe iniured; in steed of allowing the conclusion they had made, or writing to the Princes (as he wisht her to do) craning nothing but som speedy death, to follow her (in spite of iust hate) beloued *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* hauing nothing but a rauisht kisse from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece*, whitherward he vnderstod the Princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*: wherein she signified her accepting him to her husband, whom she had euer fauoured; so much the rather, as he had performed the conditions of her mariage, in bringing to their deserued end her greatest enemies: withall, thanking the sea, in such tearmes as hee might well perceiue it was by some treason wrought in *Plexirtus* ship. Whereupon (to make more diligent search) hee tooke ship himselfe and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquiry finding, that such a ship was indeede with fight and fire perished, none (almost) escaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, it was assuredly determined that they were cast away: for the name of such Princes (especially in *Greece*) would quickly else haue bin a large witnesse to the contrarie. Full of griefe with that, for the losse of such, who left the world poore of perfection: but more sorie for *Eronas* sake, who now by them could not be relieued; a new aduertisement from *Armenia* ouertooke him, which multiplyed the force of his anguish. It was a message from the Nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, giuing him to vnderstād, that since his departure, *Artaxia* (vsing the benefit of time) had besieged him in his Castle, demaunding present deliuerie of her, whom yet for his faith giuen, he would not, before the day appointed, if possibly he could resist; which he foresaw, long he should not do for want of victuall, which he had not so wisely prouided, because he trusted vpon the generall oath taken for two yeares

space:

ſpace: and therefore willed him to make haſt to his ſuccour, and come with no ſmall forces; for all they that were of his ſide in *Armenia* were conſumed, and *Artaxia* had increaſed her might by mariage of *Plexirtus*, who now crowned king there, ſtickt not to glorie in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Meuſidorus*, as hauing iuſt cauſe thereto, in reſpect of the deaths of his ſiſter *Andromana*, her ſon his Nephew, and his owne daughter *Zelmane*: all whoſe loſſe he vniuſtly charged them withall, and now openly ſtickt not to confeſſe, what a reuenge his wit had brought foorth. *Plangus* much aſtoniſhed herewith, bethought himſelfe what to doe: for to returne to *Armenia* was vaine, ſince his friendes there, were vtterly ouerthrowne. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had alreadie (euen ſince the death of his ſtepmother and brother) attempted the recouering of his fauour, and all in vaine. For they that had before ioyned with *Andromana* to doe him the wrong, thought now no life for them if hee returned, and therefore kept him ſtill (with new forged ſuſpicions) odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reſeruing that for a worke of longer time, then the ſauing of *Erona* could beare, determined to goe to the mightie and good king *Euarchus*: who lately hauing (to his eternall fame) fully, not onely conquered his enemies, but eſtabliſhed good gouernment in their countries, hee hoped he might haue preſent ſuccour of him, both for the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe, and reuenge of his childrens death, by ſo haynous a treaſon murthered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (paſſing through my countrey) it was my hap to finde him, the moſt ouerthrowne man with griefe, that euer I hope to ſee againe. For ſtill it ſeemed hee had *Erona* at a ſtake before his eyes; ſuch an apprehenſion he had taken of her danger; which in deſpite of all the comfort I could giue him, hee powred out in ſuch lamentations, that I was moued not to let him paſſe till he had made full declaration, which by peeces my daughters & I haue deliuered vnto you. Faine he would haue had ſuccour of my ſelfe: but the courſe of my life being otherwiſe bent, I only accompanied him with ſome that might ſafely guide him to the great *Euarchus*; for my part hauing had ſome of his ſpeeches ſo feelingly in my memorie, that at an idle time (as I told you) I ſet them downe dialogue-wiſe, in ſuch manner as you haue ſeene. And thus, excellent Lady, I haue obeyed you in this ſtory: wherein if it well pleaſe you to conſider what is the ſtrange power of Loue, & what is due to his authoritie, you ſhall exerciſe therin the true noblenes of your iudgement, & doe the more right to the vnfortunate Hiſtorian. *Zelmane* (ſighing for *Erona*s ſake, yet inwardly comforted in that ſhe aſſured her ſelfe, *Euarchus* would not ſpare to take in hand the iuſt deliuering of her, ioyned with the iuſt reuenge of his childrens loſſe) hauing now what ſhe deſired of *Baſilius*, to auoyde his further diſcourſes of affection, encouraged the ſhepheards to begin, whom ſhee ſaw already readie for them.

The Second Eclogues.

THe rude tumult of the *Eniſſians* gaue occaſion to the honeſt ſhepheards to begin their Paſtorals this day with a daunce, which they called the skirmiſh betwixt Reaſon & Paſſion. For ſeuen ſhepheards (which were named the reaſonable ſhepheards) ioyned themſelues, foure of them making a ſquare, & the other two going a little wide of either ſide, like wingers for the maine battell, & the ſeuenth man formoſt, like the forlorne hope, to begin the skirmiſh. In like order came out the ſeuen appaſſionated ſhepheards, all keeping the pace of their foote by their voyce and ſundry conſorted inſtruments they held in their armes. And firſt, the formoſt of the Reaſonable ſide began to ſing:

Reaſon

Reason. Thou rebell vile, come, to thy maister yeeld.

And the other that met with him answered:

Passion. No, Tyrant, no; mine, mine shall be the field.
R. Can Reason then a Tyrant counted be?
P. If Reason will, that Passions be not free.
R. But Reason will, that Reason governe most.
P. And Passion will, that Passion rule the rost.
R. Your will is will, but Reason reason is.
P. Will hath his will, when Reasons will doth misse.
R. Whom Passion leades, vnto his death is bent.
P. And let him die, so that he die content.
R. By nature you to Reason faith have sworne.
P. Not so, but fellow-like together borne.
R. Who Passion doth ensue, lives in annoy.
P. Who Passion doth forsake, lives voyde of ioy.
R. Passion is blinde, and treades an vnknowne trace.
P. Reason hath eyes to see his owne ill case.

Then as they approached neerer, the two of Reasons side, as if they shot at the other, thus sang:

R. Dare Passions then abide in Reasons light?
P. And is not Reason dim with Passions might?
R. O foolish thing, which glory doth destroy.
P. O glorious title of a foolish toy.
R. Weakenesse you are, dare you with our strength fight?
P. Because our weakenesse weakeneth all your might.
R. O sacred Reason, helpe our vertuous toyles.
P. O Passion, passe on feeble Reasons spoyles.
R. We with our selves abide a daily strife.
P. We gladly vse the sweetnesse of our life.
R. But yet our strife sure peace in end doth breed.
P. We now have peace, your peace we doe not need.

Then did the two square battailes meete, and in steed of fighting embrace one another, singing thus:

R. We are too strong: But Reason seekes no blood.
P. Who so be weake, doe faine they be too good.
R. Though we cannot orecome, our cause is iust.
P. Let vs orecome, and let vs be vniust.
R. Yet Passions yeeld at length to Reasons stroke.
P. What shall we win by taking Reasons yoke?
R. The ioyes you have shall be made permanent.
P. But so we shall with griefe learne to repent.
R. Repent indeed, but that shall be your blisse.
P. How know we that, since present ioyes we misse?
R. You know it not: of Reason therefore know it.
P. No Reason yet had euer skill to shew it.
R. Then let vs both to heauenly rules giue place.
P. Which Passions kill, and reason doe deface.

Then

Then embraced they one another, & came to the king, who framed his praises of them according to *Zelmanes* liking; whose vnrestrained parts, the mind & eye, had their free course to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose look was not sheer in well requiting it, although she knew it was a hatefull sight to her iealous mother. But *Dicus* (that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus*, for the good parts he found aboue his age in him) had a delight to taste the fruits of his wit, though in a subiect which he himselfe most of all other despised: & so entred to speech with him in the maner of this following Eclogue.

Dicus. Dorus.

Dicus. Dorus, *tell me, where is thy wonted motion,*
To make these woods resound thy lamentation?
Thy Saint is dead, or dead is thy deuotion.
For who doth hold his loue in estimation,
To witnesse that he thinkes his thoughts delicious,
Thinkes to make each thing badge of his sweet passion.

Dorus. *But what doth make thee* Dicus *so suspicious,*
Of my due faith, which needs must be immutable?
Who others vertue doubt, themselues are vicious,
Not so; although my metall were most mutable,
Her beames haue wrought therein most liue impression,
To such a force soone change were nothing sutable.

Dicus. *The heart well set doth neuer shunne confession:*
If noble be thy bands, make them notorious:
Silence doth seeme the maske of base oppression,
Who glories in his loue, doth make Loue glorious:
But who doth feare, or bideth mute wilfully,
Shewes guilty heart doth deeme his state opprobrious.
Thou then, that frame'st both words and voyce most skilfully,
Yeeld to our eares a sweete and sound relation,
If Loue tooke thee by force, or caught thee guilefully.

Dorus. *If Sunnie beames shame heau'nly habitation,*
If three-leau'd grasse seeme to the sheepe vnsauorie,
Then base and sowre is Loues most high vocation.
Or if sheepes cries can helpe the Sunnes owne brauerie,
Then may I hope, my pipe may haue abilitie,
To helpe her praise, who decks me in her slauerie:
No, no: no words ennoble selfe nobilitie,
As for your doubt, her voyce may it deceiued me,
Her eye the force beyond all possibilitie.

Dicus. *Thy words well voyc'd, well grac'd had almost beamed me,*
Quite from my selfe to loue Loues contemplation,
Till of these thoughts thy sodaine end bereaued me,
Goe on therefore, and tell vs by what fashion
In thy owne proofe he gaue so fruitfull possession,
And how possest he strengthens his temptation.

Sight

Dorus. Sight is his roote, in thought is his progresse,
His childhood wonder, prentiseship attention,
His youth delight, his age the soules oppression,
Doubt is his sleepe, he waketh in inuention,
Fancie his foode, his clothing is of carefulnesse;
Beautie his booke, his play lowes dissention:
His eyes are curious search, but vaild with warefulnesse:
His wings desire oft clipt with desperation.
Largesse his hands could neuer skill of sparefulnesse:
But how he doth by might, or by perswasion
To conquere, and his conquest how to ratifie,
Experience doubts, and schooles hold disputation.

Dicus. But so thy sheepe may thy good wishes satisfie
With large encrease, and woll of fine perfection,
So she thy loue, her eyes thy eyes may gratifie,
As thou wilt giue our soules a deare reflection,
By telling how she was, how now she framed is
To helpe, or hurt in thee her owne infection.

Dorus. Blest be the name wherewith my mistres named is:
Whose wounds are salue, whose yokes please more then pleasure doth:
Her staines are beames; vertue the fault she blamed is,
The heart, eye, eare here onely find his treasure doth.
All numbring artes her endlesse graces number not:
Time, place, life, wit, scarce her rare gifts measure doth.
Is she in rage? so is the Sunne in summer hot,
Yet harueſt brings. Doth she, alas! absent her selfe?
The Sunne is hid; his kindly shadowes cumber not.
But when to giue some grace she doth contente her selfe,
O then it shines, then are the heau'ns distributed,
And Venus seemes to make up her, she spent her selfe.
Thus then (I say) me mischiefes haue contributed
A greater good by her diuine reflection,
My harmes to me, my blisse to her attributed.
Thus she is fram'd: her eyes are my direction,
Her loue my life, her anger my destruction:
Lastly what so she is, that's my protection.

Dicus. Thy safetie sure is wrapped in destruction,
For that construction thine owne words doe beare.
A man to feare a womans moodie eye,
Makes Reason lie a slaue to seruile sense,
A weake defence where weakenesse is thy force:
So is remorse in folly dearely bought.

Dorus. If I had thought to haue heard threatning words,
My breast to swords, my soule to hell haue sold
I rather would, then thus mine eares defile

with

With words so vile, which viler breath doth breed.
O Heards take heed, for I a Woolfe have found,
Who hunting round the strongest for to kill,
His breast doth fill with earth of others woe,
And loden so pulls downe, pull'd downe destroyes,
O shepheards boyes, eschue these tongues of venome,
Which doe envenome both the soule and senses.
Our best defenses are to flie these Adders.
O tongues like ladders made to clime dishonour,
Who iudge that honour, which hath scope to slaunder!

Dicus. Dorus *you wander farre in great reproches,*
So Loue encroches on your charmed reason,
But it is season for to end our singing.
Such anger bringing: as for me, my fancie
In sicke-mans frenzie rather takes compassion,
Then rage for rage: rather my wish I send to thee,
Thou soone may have some helpe, or chaunge of passion:
She oft her lookes, the starres her fortune bend to thee,
Fortune store, Nature health, Loue graunt perswasion.
A quiet mind none but thy selfe can lend to thee,
Thus I commend to thee all our former Loue.

Dorus. *Well doe I proue, errour lyes oft in Zeale,*
Yet it is zeale, though errour of true heart.
Nought could impart such heates to friendly mind,
But for to find thy words did her disgrace,
Whose onely face the little heaven is,
Which who doth misse, his eyes are but delusions,
Barr'd from their chiefest obiect of delightfulnesse,
Throwne on this earth, the Chaos of confusions,
As for thy wish, to my enraged spitefulnesse
The lowely blow, with rare reward, my prayer is
Thou maist loue her, that I may see thy sightfulnesse.
The quiet mind (whereof my selfe empairer is,
As thou dost thinke) should most of all disquiet me
Without her loue, then any mind who fairer is,
Her onely cure from furfet woes can diet me.
She holds the ballance of my contentation:
Her cleared eyes, nought else in sternes can quiet me.
Nay rather then my ease discontentation
Should breed to her, let me for aye deiected be
From any ioy, which might her griefe occasion.
With so sweet plagues my happie harmes infelled be:
Paine wills me die, yet will of death I mortifie:
For though life irkes, in life my loues protected be,
Thus for each change my changelesse heart I fortifie.

When they had ended to the good pleasing of the assistants, especially of *Zelmane*,

Zelmane, who neuer forgate to giue due commendations to her friend *Dorus*, *Basilius* called for *Lamon* to end his discourse of *Strephon* & *Klaius*, wherwith the other day he marked *Zelmane* to haue been exceedingly delighted. But him sickenesse had stayed from that assembly: which gaue occasion to *Histor* and *Damon* two young shepherds, taking vpon them the two friendly riuals names, to present *Basilius* with some other of their complaints Eclogue-wise, and first with this double Sestine.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon. *YE Gote-heard Gods, that loue the grassie mountaines,*
Ye Nymphs that haunt the springs in pleasant vallies,
Ye Satyrs ioy'd with free and quiet forrests,
Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musicke,
Which to my woes giue still an early morning,
And drawes the dolor on till wearie euening.

Klaius. *O* Mercurie, *foregoer to the euening,*
O heauenly huntresse of the sauage mountaines,
O louely star, entitled of the morning,
While that my voyce doth fill these wofull vallies,
Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musicke,
Which oft hath Echo tyr'd in secret forrests.

Strephon. *I that was once free burgesse of the forrests,*
Where shade from Sunne, and sports I sought at euening,
I that was once esteem'd for pleasant musike,
Am banisht now among the monstrous mountaines
Of huge despaire, and foule afflictions vallies,
Am growne a shrich-owle to my selfe each morning.

Klaius. *I that was once delightful to the morning,*
Hunting the wilde inhabiters of forrests:
I that was once the musike of these vallies,
So darkened am, that all my day is euening,
Hart broken so, that molehills seeme high mountaines,
And fill the vales with eyes in steed of musike.

Strephon. *Long since alas, my deadly swannish musike*
Hath made it selfe a crye of the morning,
And hath with wailing strength clim'd highest mountaines:
Long since my thoughts more desert be then forrests:
Long since I see my ioyes come to their euening,
And state throwne downe to euertroden vallies.

Klaius. *Long since the happy dwellers of these vallies,*
Haue pray'd me leaue my straung exclaiming musike,
Which troubles their dayes worke, and ioyes of euening:
Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning:
Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in forrests,
And make me wish my selfe laid vnder mountaines.

Strephon. *Mee seemes I see the high and stately mountaines,*
Transforme themselues to low deiected vallies:
Me seemes I heare in these ill changed forrests,
The Nightingales doe learne of Owles their musike:
Me seemes I feele the comfort of the morning,
Turn'd to the mortall serene of an euening.

Klaius. *Me seemes I see a filthy cloudie euening,*
As soone as Sunne begins to climbe the mountaines:
Me seemes I feele a noysome sent, the morning
When I doe smell the flowers of these vallies:
Me seemes I heare, when I doe heare sweet musicke,
The dreadfull cryes of murdred men in forrests.

Strephon. *I wish to fire the trees of all those forrests*
I giue the Sunne a last farewell each euening,
I curse the fidling finders out of musicke:
With enuie I doe hate the lofty mountaines;
And with despite despise the humble vallies:
I doe detest night, euening, day and morning.

Klaius. *Curse to my selfe my prayer is, the morning;*
My fire is more then can be made with forrests;
My state more base, then are the baest vallies;
I wish no euenings more to see, each euening;
Shamed I hate my selfe in sight of mountaines,
And stop mine eares, lest I grow mad with musicke.

Strephon. *For she whose parts maintainde a perfect musicke,*
Whose beautie shin'd more then the blushing morning,
Who much did passe in state the stately mountaines,
In streightnesse past the Cedars of the forrests,
Hath cast me wretch into eternall euening,
By taking her two Sunnes from these darke vallies.

Klaius. *For she, to whom compar'd, the Alpes are vallies,*
She, whose least word brings from the spheares their musicke,
At whose approch the Sunne rose in the euening,
Who where she went bare in her forehead morning,
Is gone, is gone, from these our spoyled forrests,
Turning to desarts our best pastur'd mountaines.

Strephon. *These mountaines witnesse shall, so shall these vallies,*
These Forrests eke, made wretched by our musicke,
Klaius. *Our morning hymne is this, and song at euening.*

But, as though all this had bin but the taking of a taste of their wailings, *Strephon* againe began this Dizaine, which was answered vnto him in that kinde of verse which is called the crowne.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon. *I ioy in griefe, and doe detest all ioyes:*
Despise delight, am tyr'd with thought of ease:
I turne my minde to all formes of annoyes,
And with the change of them my fancie please,
I studie that which may me most displease,
And in despite of that displeasures might,
Embrace that most, that most my soule destroyes,
Blinded with beames, fell darkenesse is my sight:
Dwell in my ruines, feed with sucking smart
I thinke from me, not from my woes to part.

Klaius. *I thinke from me, not from my woes to part,*
And loath this time, call'd life, nay thinke, that life
Nature to me for torment did impart;
Think, my hard haps haue blunted deaths sharp knife,
Not sparing me, in whom his workes be rife:
And thinking this, thinke nature, life, and death
Place Sorowes triumph on my conquered heart,
Whereto I yeeld, and seeke none other breath,
But from the sent of some infectious graue:
Nor of my fortune ought, but mischiefe craue.

Strephon. *Nor of my fortune ought but mischiefe craue,*
And seeke to nourish that, which now containes
All what I am: if I my selfe will saue,
Then must I saue, what in me chiefly raines,
Which is the hatefull web of sorrowes paines.
Sorow then cherish me, for I am sorow:
No being now, but sorow I can haue:
Then decke me as thine owne; thy helpe I borow,
Since thou my riches art, and that thou haste
Enough to make a fertile mind lye waste.

Klaius. *Enough to make a fertile minde lye waste,*
Is that huge storme, which powres it selfe on me:
Haile-stones of teares of sight a monstrous blast,
Thunders of cryes; lightnings my wilde lookes be,
The darkened heau'n my soule, which nought can see,
The flying sprits which trees by roots vp teare,
Be those despaires which haue my hopes quite wast.
The difference is; all soules those stormes forbeare,
But I cannot; who then my selfe should flie.
So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doe lie.

Strephon. *So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doe lie,*
Both cause, effect, beginning, and the end

Are all in me: what helpe then can I trie?
My ſhip, my ſelfe, whoſe courſe to love doth bende,
Sore beaten doth her maſt of comfort ſpende:
Her cable, Reaſon, breakes from anchor Hope:
Fancie her tackling, torne away doth flie:
Ruine, the winde, hath blowne her from her ſcope:
Bruſed with waues of Cares, but broken is
On rocke Deſpaire, the buriall of my bliſſe.

Klaius. *On rocke Deſpaire, the buriall of my bliſſe,*
I long doe plowe with plough of deepe deſire:
The ſeede Faſt meaning it, no truſt to miſſe:
I harrow it with Thoughts, which all conſpire.
Fauour to make my chiefe and onely hire,
But, woe is me, the yeare is gone about,
And now I faine would reape, I reape but this
Hate fully growne, Abſence now ſtrong out.
So that I ſee, although my ſighes enquire,
Vaine is their paine, who labour in deſpaire.

Strephon. *Vaine is their paine, who labour in deſpaire.*
For ſo did I, when with my angle Will,
I ſought to catch the fiſh I ſo deſire.
Even then Deſpaire did Hope alreadie kill.
Yet fancie would perſwade employ his ſkill,
And this hath got, the catcher now is caught,
Lur'd with the angle, which is ſelfe did bowe,
And into death, quite drowned in delight, brought
To death, as there diſguiſed in her faire ſhew:
Thus, thus, alas, I had my laſſe in chaſe.

Klaius. *Thus, thus, alas, I had my laſſe in chaſe,*
When firſt that crowned Baſiliske I knew,
Whoſe footſteps I with kiſſes oft did trace,
Till by ſuch hap, as I muſt euer rue,
Mine eyes did light vpon her ſtaining hue,
And hers on me, aſtoniſht with that ſight.
Since then my heart did loſe his wonted place,
Infected ſo with her ſweet poyſoned might,
That, leauing me for dead, to her it went:
But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent.

Strephon. *But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent,*
Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me,
Yet liuing ſtill in her, while her beames lent
Such vitall ſparke, that her mine eyes might ſee.
But now thoſe liuing lights obſcured be,
Full dead before, I now to duſt ſhould fall,
But that eternall paines my ſoule haue bound,

And keepe it ſtill within this body thrall
That thus I muſt while in this deſert dwell,
In earthly fetters feele a laſting hell.

Klaius. *In earthly fetters feele a laſting hell*
Alas I doo; from which to finde releaſe,
I would the earth, I would the heauens fell,
But vaine it is to thinke theſe paines ſhould ceaſe,
Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.
O faire, O onely faire, from thee alas,
Theſe foule, moſt foule, diſaſters to me fell;
Since thou from me (O me) O Sunne didſt paſſe.
Therefore eſteeming all good bleſſings toyes,
I ioy in griefe, and doe deteſt all toyes.

Strephon. *I ioy in griefe, and doe deteſt all ioyes,*
But now an end, (O Klaius) now an end:
For euen the hearbes our hateſull muſike ſtroyes,
And from our burning breath the trees do bend.

So well were theſe wailefull complaints accorded to the paſſions of all the princely hearers, while euerie one made what he heard of another the ballance of his own fortune, that they ſtood a good while ſtriken in a ſad & ſilent conſideration of them. Which the old *Geron* no more marking then condemning in them, deſirous to ſet forth what counſels the wiſedome of age had laid vp in ſtore againſt ſuch fancies (as he thought) follies of youth, yet ſo as it might not appeare that his words reſpected them, bending himſelfe to a young ſhepheard named *Philiſides*, (who neither had daunced nor ſung with them, and had all this time laine vpon the ground at the foot of a *Cypreſſe* tree, leaning vpon his elbow with ſo deepe a melancholy that his ſenſes carried to his mind no delight from any of their obiects) he ſtrake him vpon the ſhoulder with a right old mans grace, that will ſeeme liueliet then his age will afford him. And thus began vnto him his Eclogue.

Geron. Philiſides.

Geron. VP, vp Philiſides, *let ſorrowes go,*
Who yeelds to woe, doth but encreaſe his ſmart.
Doe not thy heart to plaintfull cuſtome bring,
But let vs ſing, ſweet tunes doe paſſions eaſe,
An old man heare, who would thy fancies raiſe.

Philiſides. *Who minds to pleaſe the mind drownd in annoyes*
With outward ioyes, which inly cannot ſinke,
As well may thinke with oyle to coole the fire:
Or with deſire to make ſuch foe a friend,
Who doth his ſoule to endleſſe malice bend.

Geron. *Yet ſure an end to each thing time doth giue,*
Though woes now liue, at length thy woes muſt die:
Then vertue trie, if ſhe can worke in thee

That

That which we see in many time hath wrought,
And weakest hearts to constant temper brought.

Philisides. Who euer taught a skillesse man to teach,
Or stop a breach, that neuer Cannon saw?
Sweet vertues law barres not a causefull mone.
Time shall in one my life and fortunes end,
And me perchance your constant temper lend.

Geron. What can amend where physicke is refusde?
The wits abusde which will no counsaile take.
Yet for my sake discouer vs thy griefe.
Oft comes releife when most we seeme in traps:
The starres thy state, fortune may change thy hap.

Philisides. If fortunes lappe became my dwelling place,
And all the starres conspired to my good,
Still were I one, this still should be my case,
Ruines relique, cares web, and sorrowes food:
Since she I sure fierce to such a state me calls,
Whose wit the starres, whose fortune fortune thralls.

Geron. Alas what falls are falne vnto thy minde?
That there where thou conceit thy mischiefe lies,
Thy wit dost vse still still more harmes to finde.
Whom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes,
What counsaile can preuaile, or light giue light?
Since all his force against himselfe he tryes.
Then each conceit that enters in his sight,
Is made forsooth, a priuate of his mates,
Earth, sea, eyre, fire, heau'n, hell, and guilty sprite.
Then cryes to 'enseleſſe things, which neither know
What ayleth thee, and if they knew thy minde
Would scorne in man (their king) such feeblenesse.
Rebell, Rebell, in golden fetters binde
This tyrant Loue; or rather do suppresse
Those rebell thoughts which are thy slaues by kinde.
Let not a glittring name thy fancie dresse
In painted clothes, because they call it loue.
There is no hate that can thee more oppresse.
Begin (and halfe the worke is done) to proue
By rising vp, vpon thy selfe to stand.
And thinke that she is she, that doth thee moue.
He water plowes, And soweth in the sand,
And hopes the flickring winde with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes laid vpon mans hand.
What man is he that hath his freedome solde?
Is he a manlike man, doth not know man
Hath power that Sex with bridle to withhold?

A fickle Sex, and true in truſt to no man,
A ſeruant Sex, ſoone proud if they be coy'd:
And to conclude, thy miſtreſſe is a woman.

Philiſides. *O gods, how long this old foole hath annoy'd*
My wearied eares! O gods yet graunt me this,
That ſoone the world of his falſe tongue be void.
O noble age who place their onely bliſſe
In being heard vntill the hearer dye,
Vttring a ſerpents mind with ſerpents hiſſe.
Then who will heare a well autoriſde lye,
(And patience hath) let him goe learne of him
What ſwarmes of vertues did in his youth flye
Such hearts of braſſe, wiſe heads, and garments trim
Were in his dayes: which heard, one nothing heares,
If from his words the falſhood he doe skim.
And herein moſt their folly vaine appeares,
That ſince they ſtill alledge, When they were yong:
It ſhewes they fetch their wit from youthfull yeares
Like beaſt for ſacrifice, where ſaue the tong
And belly nought is left, ſuch ſure is he,
This life-deadman in this old dungeon flong.
Olde houſes are thrownе downe for newne ſee.
The oldeſt Rammes are culled from the flocke,
No man doth wiſh his horſe ſhould aged bee.
The ancient oke well makes a fired blocke,
Old men themſelues, doe loue yong wiues to cheoſe,
Only fond youth admires a rotten ſtocke.
Who once a white long beard, well handle does,
(As his beard him, not he his beard did beare)
Though cradle witted, muſt not honour looſe.
Oh when will men leaue off in idlenes haire,
And thinke them olde that haue the oldeſt mind,
With vertue fraught and full of holy feare!

Geron. *If that thy face were hid, or I were blinde,*
I yet ſhould know a young man ſpeaketh now,
Such wandring reaſons in thy ſpeech I find,
He is a beaſt, that beaſts vſe will allow
For proofe of man, who ſprung of heauenly fire
Hath ſtrongeſt ſoule, when moſt his raines doe bow.
But fondlings fond, know not your owne deſire
Loth to dye young, and then you muſt be old,
Fondly blame that to which your ſelues aſpire.
But this light choler that doth make you bold,
Rather to wrong then vnto iuſt defence,
Is paſt with me, my blood is mixed cold.
Thy words, though full of malapert offence,
I way them not, but ſtill will thee adviſe

How thou from foolish loue maist purge thy sense.
First thinke they erre, that thinke them gayly wise,
Who well can set a passion out to shew:
Such sight haue they that see with goggling eyes.
Passion beares high when puffing wit doth blowe,
But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,
True cause of euils; and cause of causelesse woe.
If once thou maist that fancie glosse destroy
Within thy selfe, thou soone wilt be ashamed
To be a player of thine owne annoy.
Then let thy minde with better bookes be tamed.
Seeke to espie her faults as well as praise,
And let thine eyes to other sports be framed.
In hunting fearefull beasts, doe spend some dayes,
Or catch the birds with pitfals, or with lyme,
Or traine the Foxe that traines so craftie layes.
Lie but to sleepe, and in the early prime
Seeke skill of herbes in hills, haunt brookes neare night,
And trye with bayt how fish will bite sometime.
Goe graft againe, and seeke to graft them right,
Those pleasant plants, those sweet and fruitfull trees,
Which both the palate, and the eyes delight.
Cherish the hiues of wisely painfull Bees:
Let speciall care vpon thy flocke be staid,
Such actiue mind but seldome passion sees.

Philisides. *Hath any man heard what this old man said?*
Truely not I, who did my thoughts engage,
Where all my paines one looke of her hath paid.

Geron was euen out of countenance, finding the words he thought were so wise, win so little reputation at this young mans hands; & therefore sometimes looking vpon an old acquaintance of his called *Mastix*, one of the repinningst fellowes in the world, & that beheld no body but with a mind of mislike (saying ill the world was amisse, but how it should be amended he knew not) sometimes casting his eyes to the ground, euen ashamed to see his gray haires despised, at last he spied his two dogges, whereof the elder was called *Melampus*, and the younger *Lælaps*, (indeed the iewels he euer had with him) one brawling with another; which occasion he tooke to restore himselfe to his countenance, and rating *Melampus*, he began to speake to his dogs, as if in them a man should finde more obedience then in vnbridled yong men.

Geron. Mastix.

Geron. *Downe, downe* Melampus, *what? your fellow bite?*
I set you ore the flocke I dearely loue,
Them to defend, not with your selues to fight,
Do you not thinke this will the Wolues remoue
From former feare, they had of your good mindes,
When they shall such diuided weakenesse proue?

What

What if Lælaps *a better morſell find*
Then you earſt knew? rather take part with him
Then iarle: lo,lo,euen theſe how envie blinde,
And then Lælaps *let not pride make thee brim;*
Becauſe thou haſt thy fellow ouergone,
But thanke the cauſe,thou ſeeſt where he is dim.
Here Lælaps,*here,indeed againſt the ſoen*
Of my good ſheepe,thou never truce time tooke:
Be as thou art,but be with mine at one.
For though Melampus *like a Wolfe do looke,*
(For age doth make him of a woluiſh hew)
Yet haue I ſeene when well a Wolfe he ſhooke.
Foole that I am,that with my dogges ſpeake grew,
Come neere good Maſtix,*tis now full tway ſcore*
Of yeares (alas) ſince I good Maſtix *knew.*
Thou heardſt euen now a young man ſneb me ſore,
Becauſe I red him,as I would my ſonne.
Youth will haue will: age muſt to age therefore.

Maſtix. *What maruell if in youth ſuch faults be done,*
Since that we ſee our ſaddeſt Shepheards out
Who haue their leſſon ſo long time begonne?
Quickly ſecure,and eaſily in doubt,
Eyther aſleepe be all if nought aſſaile,
Or all abroad if but a Cubb ſtart out.
We ſhepheards are like them that vnder ſaile
Doe ſpeake high words,when all the coaſt is cleare,
Yet to a paſſenger will bonnet vaile.
I con thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare,
But commonly like curres we them entreat,
Saue when great need of them perforce appeare,
Then him we kiſſe,whom late before we beat
With ſuch intemperance,that each may growen
Hate of the firſt,contempt of latter feat,
And ſuch diſcord twixt greateſt ſhepheards ſtowen,
That ſport it is to ſee with how great arte,
By iuſtice worke they their owne faults diſcloſe:
Like buſie boyes,to win their Tutors heart,
One ſaith,he mocks; the other ſaith he playes.
The third his leſſon miſt,till all do ſmart,
As for the reſt,how ſhepheards ſpend their dayes,
At blow-point,hot-cockes or elſe at keeles,
While,Let vs paſſe our time each ſhepheard ſayes.
So ſmall account of time the ſhepheard feeles,
And doth not feele,that life is nought but time,
And when that time is paſt,death holdes his heeles.
To age thus doe they draw their youthfull prime,
Knowing no more,then what poore try all ſhowes,
As fiſh ſure try all hath of muddie ſlime.

This patterne good, vnto our children goes,
For what they see their parents loue or hate,
Their first caught sence preferres to teachers blowes.
Thest cyclings cockred we be late too late,
When that we see our off-springs ally bent,
Women man-wood, and men effeminate.

Geron. *Fy man, fy man, what words hath thy young lent?*
Fie thou art mischiefe made thee ere warre,
Thy too much zeale, (feare thy) wit hath spent,
We ioy the angrier with the feeble sie,
For businesse, where we pertaines him not,
Then with the perfidious rodes that quiet lie.
I pray thee what hath ere the Parrot got?
And yet they say he talkes in great mens bowers.
A Cage (gilded perchance) is all his lot,
Who of his tongue the lickour gladly powers,
A good foole call'd with paine perhaps may be,
But men for that shall suffer mightie Lowers;
Let swannes example siker serue for thee,
Who once all birds, in sweetly singing past,
But now to silence turn'd his minstrelsie,
For he would sing, but others were desirte;
The Peacocks pride, the Pyes pild flatterie,
Cormorants glutt, Kites spoile, kings fishers waste,
The Faulcons fierceneſſe, Sparrowes letcherie,
The Cockowes shame, the Geeses good intent,
Euen turtle taught he with hypocrisie.
And worse of other more, till by assent
Of all the birds, but namely those were grieued,
Of fowles there called was a Parliament.
There was the swan of dignitie depriued,
And statute made he never should haue voyce:
Since when I thinke he hath in silence liued.
I warne thee therefore (since thou maist haue choyce)
Let not thy tongue become a firie match,
No sword so bites as that euill toole annoyes.
Let our vnpartiall eyes a little watch
Our owne demeane, and soone we wonder shall,
That hunting faults, our selues we did not catch.
Into our mindes let vs a little fall,
And we shall finde more spots then Leopards skin.
Then who makes vs such iudges ouer all?
But farewell now, thy fault is no great sinne,
Come, come my curre, tis late I will goe in.

And away with his dogges straight he went, as if he would be sure to haue the last word: all the assembly laughing at the lustinesse of the olde fellow who departed muttering

What if Lælaps *a better morſell find*
Then you earſt knew? rather take part with him
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So ſmall account of time the ſhepheard feeles,
And doth not feele,that life is nought but time,
And when that time is paſt,death holdes his heeles.
To age thus doe they draw their youthfull prime,
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As fiſh ſure tryall hath of muddie ſlime.

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For what they see their parents loue or hate,
Their first caught sence preferres to teachers blowes.
These coltings cockred we bemaile too late,
When that we see our off-spring gallybent,
Women man-wood, and men effeminate.

Geron. *Fy man, fy man, what words hath thy young lent?*
Yet thou art nickle warfe then ere we met,
Thy too much zeale, feare thy braine hath spent,
We of the empire with the feeble flie
For subtilitie, where it pertaines him not,
Then with the perfidious rodes that quier lie
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But farewell now, thy fault is no great sinne,
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And away with his dogges straight he went, as if he would be sure to haue the last word: all the assembly laughing at the lustinesse of the olde fellow who departed muttering

muttering to himselfe he had seene more in his dayes then twentie of them. But *Basilius*, who neuer before had heard *Philisides* (though hauing seldome fayled to be at these meetings) desired him he would begin some Eclogue with some other of the shepheards according to the accustomed guise. *Philisides* though very vnwilling, at the kings commandement offred to sing with *Tyrtis*. But he directly refused him, seeing he should within few daies be married to the faire *Kala*, and since he had gotten his desire he would sing no more. Then the King willed *Philisides* to declare the discourse of his owne fortunes vnto them as being a stranger in that countrie; but he prayed the King to pardon him, the time being farre too ioyfull to suffer the rehearsall of his miseries. But to satisfie *Basilius* some way, he began an Eclogue betwixt himselfe and the *Echo*, framing his voyces so in these desert places, as what words he would haue the Echo reply vnto, those he would sing higher then the rest; and so kindly framed a disputation betwixt himselfe and it, which with these hexameters in the following order he vttered.

Philisides. Echo.

Faire rocks, goodly riuers, sweet woods, answer shall I sue peace? Peace.
Peace? what barres me my tongue? who is it that wounds me so my soule.
Oh! I do know what guest I haue met with here, it is Echo, it is Echo.
Well met Echo, approch: then tell me thy will too. I will so.
Echo, what doe I get yeelding my spirits to my grieues? Grieues.
What medicine may I find for a griefe that drawes me to death? Death.
O poisonous medicine! what worse to me can be than it? It.
In what state was I then when I tooke this deadly infuse? Ease.
And what maner a mind which had to that humor a minde? Vaine.
Hath not reason enough vehemence the desire to reprone? Proue.
Oft proue I: but what salue, when reason seekes to be gone? One.
Oh! what is it? what is it that may be a salue to my Loue? Loue.
What doe louers seeke for, long seeking for to enioy? Ioy.
What be the ioyes which for to enioy they went to the paines? Paines.
Then to an earnest Loue what doth best vnitie lend? End.
End? but I can neuer end, loue will not giue me leaue? Leaue.
How be the minds dispos'd that cannot take thy physicke? Sicke.
Yet say againe thy aduise for th' euils that I told thee? I told thee.
Doth th' infected wretch of his harmes th' extremitie know? No.
But if he know not his harmes what guides hath he whilst he be blind? Blinde.
What blinde guides can he haue that leaues to fancie? A fancy.
Can fancies want eyes, or hap fall that steppeth aside? Ofte.
What causes first made these torments on me to light? Light.
Can then a cause be so light that forceth a man to go die? Yes.
Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to die? Eye.
Eyesight made me to yeeld, but what first pierst to my eyes? Eies.
Eyes hurters, eyes hurt: but what from them to me falles? Falles.
But when I first did fall, what brought me fall to my heart? Art.
Art? what can be that art that thou dost meane by thy speech? Speech.
What be the fruits of speaking art? what gotten by the words? Words.
O much more, then wot it: those wot do serue wisely to blessed Loue.

Oh

Oh when shall I be knowne, where most to be knowne I doe long? Long.
Long be thy woes for such newes, but how reck's she my thoughts? Thoughts.
Then then what I doe vaine, since vnto her will I doe winde? Winde.
Winde, tempests, and stormes, yet in end what giues she desire? Ire.
Silly reward! yet among women hath she of vertue the most. Most.
What great name may I giue to so heav'nly a woman? A woman.
Wo, but seemes to me ioy, that agrees to my thought so. I thought so.
Thinke so, for of my desired blisse it is onely the course. Curse.
Curs'd be thy selfe for cursing that which leades me to ioyes. Toyes.
What be the sweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard? Hard.
What makes them be vnkind? speake for th'hast narrowly pry'd it. Pride.
Whence can pride come there, since springs of beauties be there? Thence.
Horrible is this blasphemy vnto the most holy. O lie.
Thou lyest false Echo, their minds as vertue be milde. Iust.
Mock'st thou those Diamonds which only be matcht by the gods? Ods.
Ods? what an ods is there since them to the heav'ns I preferre? Erre.
Tell yet againe me the names of those faire seru'd to doe euills? Deuills.
Deuill? if in hell such deuill doe abide, to the hells I do goe. Goe.

Philisides was commended for the placing of his Echo, but little did he regard their prayses, who had set the foundation of his honour there, where he was most despised: and therefore returning againe to the traine of his desolate pensiueneſſe; *Zelmane* seeing no bodie offer to fill the Stage, as if her long restrained conceits did now burst out of prison: she thus desiring her voice should be accorded to nothing, but to *Philocleas* eares, threw downe the burden of her minde in *Anacreons* kinde of verses.

My Muse what ayles this ardour
To blase my onely secrets?
Alas it is no glory
To sing mine owne decaid state.
Alas it is no comfort,
To speake without an answere.
Alas it is no wisedome
To shew the wound without cure.

My muse what ailes this ardour?
Mine eyes be dim, my limbs shake,
My voyce is hoarse, my throat scorcht,
My tongue to this my roofe cleaues,
My fancie amazde, my thoughts dull'd,
My heart doth ake, my life faints,
My soule beginnes to take leaue.
So great a passion all feele,
To thinke a soare so deadly
I should so rashly rip vp.

My muse what ayles this ardour?
If that to sing thou art bent,
Go sing the fall of old Thebes,
The warres of ougly Centaures,
The life, the death of Hector,
So may thy song be farre off,
Or if to loue thou art bent,
Recount the rape of Europe,
Adonis end, Venus net,
The sleepie kisse the Moone stole:
So may thy song be pleasant.

My muse what ayles this ardour?
To blase my onely secrets?
Wherein all vaine flourish
The sowre fruites of anguish.
The song thereof at last will,
The tunes be cries, the wordes plaints,
The singer is the song became,
Wherein no eare can harken,
Nor eye receiue due obiect
No pleasure here, nor fame got.
My muse what ayles this ardour?

Alas she saith I am thine,
So are thy paines my paines too.
Thy heated heart my seat is
Wherein I burne: thy breath is
My voyce, too hot to keepe in,
Besides lo here the author
Of all thy harmes: Lo here she,
That only can redresse thee,
Of her will I demaund help.

My muse I yeeld, my muse sing,
But all thy song herein knit,
The life we lead is all loue:
The loue we hold is all death,
Nor ought I craue to feed life,
Nor ought I seeke to shun death,
But onely that my goddesse
My life my death do count hers.

Basilius when she had fully ended her song, fell prostrate vpon the ground, & thanked the Gods they had preserued his life so long, as to heare the very musicke they themselues vsed, in an earthly bodie. And then with like grace to *Zelmane* neuer left intreating her, til she had (taking a *Lyra Basilius* held for her) sung these *Phalenciakes:*

Reason, tell me thy mind, if here be reason
In this strange violence, to make resistance,
Where sweet graces erect the stately banner
Of vertues regiment, shining in harnesse
Of fortunes Diadems, by beauty mustred:
Say then Reason; I say, what is thy counsell?

Her loose haires be the shot, the brests the pikes be,
Skowts each motion is, the hands be horsemen,
Her lips are the riches the warres to maintaine,
Where well couched abides a coffer of pearle,
Her legges carriage is of all the sweet campe:
Say then Reason; I say, what is thy counsell?

Her Cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,
Which at first voly gaue too open entrie,
Nor ramper did abide; my braine was vp blowne,
Vndermin'd with a speech the piercer of thoughts.
Thus weakned by my selfe, no helpe remaineth:
Say then Reason; I say, what is thy counsell?

And now fame the herald of her true honour,
Doth proclaime with a sound made all by mens mouths,
That nature soueraine of earthly dwellers,
Commands all creatures, to yeeld obeysance
Vnder this, this her owne, her onely dearling.
Say then Reason; I say, what is thy counsell?

Reason sighes, but in end he thus doth answer:
Nought can reason auaile in heauenly matters.
Thus natures Diamond receiue thy conquest,
Thus pure pearle, I doe yeeld my sences and soule.
Thus sweet paine, I doe yeeld what ere I can yeeld,
Reason looke to thy selfe, I serue a goddesse.

Dorus had long he thought kept silence from saying somwhat which might tend to the glorie of her in whom all glorie to his seeming was included, but now hee brake it, singing these verses called *Asclepiadikes*.

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!
O how much I doe like your solitarinesse!
Where mans mind hath a freed consideration
Of goodnesse to receiue lowely direction.
Where senses doe behold th' order of heauenly hoste,
And wise thoughts do behold what the creator is:
Contemplation here holdeth his only seate:
Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope
Clymes euen vnto the starres, Nature is vnder it.
Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy seruice yeelds,
Each sight drawes on a thought, thought mother of science,
Sweet birds kindly doe graunt harmonie vnto thee,
Faire trees, shade is enough fortification,
Nor danger to thy selfe if be not in thy selfe.

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!
O how much I doe like your solitarinesse!
Here nor treason is hid, vailed in innocence,
Nor enuies snakie eye, finds any harbor here,
Nor flatterers venemous insinuations,
Nor cunning humorists pudled opinions,
Nor courteous ruine of proffered vsurie,
Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor causelesse duetie, nor comber of arrogance,
Nor trifling title of vanitie dazleth vs,
Nor golden manacles, stand for a paradise.
Here wrongs name is vnheard, slander a monster is,
Keepe thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt.
What man grafts in a tree dissimulation?

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!
O how well I doe like your solitarinesse!
Yet deare soile, if a soule clos'd in a mansion
As sweete as violets, faire as a lilly is,
Streight as a Cedar, a voyce staines the Canary birds,
Whose shade safetie doth hould danger auoideth her:
Such wisedome, that in her liues speculation:
Such goodnesse that in her simplicitie triumphs:
Where enuies snakie eye, winketh or else dyeth,
Slander wants a pretext, flatterie gone beyond:
Oh! if such a one haue bent, to a lonely life,
Her steps glad we receiue, glad we receiue her eyes.
And thinke not she doth hurt our solitarinesse,
For such company decks such solitarinesse.

The other Shepheards were offering themſelues to haue continued the ſportes, but the night had ſo quietly ſpent the moſt part of her ſelfe among them, that the king for that time licenſed them. And ſo bringing *Zelmane* to her lodging, who would much rather haue done the ſame for *Philoclea*, of all ſides they went to counterfeit a ſleepe in their bed, for a true one their agonies could not affoord them. Yet there they lay (ſo might they be moſt ſolitarie for the food of their thoughts) till it was neere noone the next day, after which *Baſilius* was to continue his *Apollo* deuotions, and the other to meditate vpon their priuate deſires.

The end of the ſecond BOOKE.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THis laſt dayes danger, hauing made *Pamelas* loue diſcerne what a loſſe it ſhould haue ſuffered if *Dorus* had beene deſtroyed, bred ſuch tenderneſſe of kindneſſe in her toward him, that ſhe could no longer keepe loue from looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words; whom before as a cloſe priſoner ſhee had to her heart onely committed; ſo as finding not onely by his ſpeeches and letters, but by the pitifull oration of a languiſhing behauiour, and the eaſily diſciphered character of a ſorrowfull face, that deſpaire began now to threaten him deſtruction, ſhee grew content both to pitie him, and let him ſee ſhee pitied him, as well by making her owne beautifull beames to thaw away the former ycineſſe of her behauiour, as by entertayning his diſcourſes (whenſoeuer hee did vſe them) in the third perſon of *Muſidorus*; to ſo farre a degree, that in the end ſhee ſaid, that if ſhe had bene the Princeſſe whom that diſguiſed Prince had vertuouſly loued, ſhee would haue requited his faith with faithfull affection; finding in her heart, that nothing could ſo hartily loue as vertue: with many mo wordes to the ſame ſence of noble fauour, and chaſt plaineneſſe. Which when at the firſt it made that expected bliſſe ſhine vpon *Dorus*; hee was like one frozen with extreamitie of cold, ouer-haſtily brought to a great fire, rather oppreſſed then relieued with ſuch a lightning of felicitie. But after the ſtrength of nature had made him able to feele the ſweeteneſſe of ioyfullneſſe, that againe being a Childe of Paſſion, and neuer acquainted with mediocritie, could not ſet bounds vpon his happineſſe, nor bee content to giue deſire a kingdome, but that it muſt bee an vnlimited Monarchie. So that the ground hee ſtood vpon being ouer-high in happineſſe and ſlipperie through affection, he could not hold himſelfe from falling into ſuch an error which with ſighes blew all comfort out of his breaſt, and waſht away all cheerefulneſſe, of his cheare with teares. For this fauour filling him with hope, Hope encouraging his deſire, and Deſire conſidering nothing but opportunitie: one time (*Mopſa* being called away by her mother, and hee left alone with *Pamela*) the ſudden occaſion called Loue, and that neuer ſtayd to aske Reaſons leaue, but made the too-much louing *Dorus* take her in his armes, offering to kiſſe her, and as it were to eſtabliſh a trophee of his victorie. But ſhee, as if ſhee had beene ready to drinke a wine of excellent taſte and colour, which ſodainely ſhee perceiued had poyſon in it, ſo did ſhe put him away from her: looking firſt vp to heauen, as amazed to finde her ſelfe ſo beguiled in him: then laying the cruell puniſhment vpon him of angry Loue, and lowring beauty, ſhewing diſdaine, & a deſpiſing diſdaine, Away (ſaid ſhe) vnworthy

man to loue or to be loued. Aſſure thy ſelfe, I hate my ſelfe for being ſo deceiued; iudge then what I doe thee for deceiuing me. Let me ſee thee no more, the only fall of my iudgement, and ſtaine of my conſcience. With that ſhe called *Mopſa*, not ſtaying for any anſwer (which was no other but a flood of teares) which ſhe ſeemed not to marke (much leſſe to pitie) and chid her for hauing ſo left her alone.

It was not a ſorow, but it was euen a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus*: which certainely at that inſtant would haue killed him, but that the feare to tary longer in her preſence (contrary to her commandement) gaue him life to cary himſelfe away from her ſight, & to runne into the woods, where throwing himſelfe downe at the foot of a tree, he did not fall into lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieuing for himſelfe (which he did no way) but to curſes of his life, as one that deteſted himſelfe. For finding himſelfe not onely vnhappy, but vnhappy after being fallen from all happineſſe: and to be fallen from all happineſſe, not by any miſconceiuing, but by his owne fault, & his fault to be done to no other but to *Pamela*; he did not tender his owne eſtate, but deſpiſed it; greedily drawing, into his minde, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And ſo remained hee two dayes in the woods, diſdayning to giue his body foode, or his minde comfort, louing in himſelfe nothing, but the loue of her. And indeede that loue onely ſtraue with the furie of his anguiſh, telling it, that if it deſtroyed *Dorus*, it ſhould alſo deſtroy the image of her that liued in *Dorus*: and when the thought of that was crept in vnto him, it began to winne of him ſome compaſſion to the ſhrine of that image, & to bewaile not for himſelfe (whom he hated) but that ſo notable a loue ſhould periſh. Then began he onely ſo farre to wiſh his owne good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the puniſhment: & the vttermoſt height he aſpired vnto, was, that after his death ſhee might yet pitie his errour, and know that it proceeded of loue, and not of boldneſſe. That conceit found ſuch friendſhip in his thoughts, that at laſt he yeelded, ſince he was baniſhed her preſence, to ſeeke ſome meanes by writing to ſhew his ſorrow and teſtifie his repentance. Therefore getting him the neceſſary inſtruments of writing, he thought beſt to counterfeit his hand (fearing that as already ſhe knew his, ſhee would caſt it away as ſoone as ſhee ſaw it) and to put it in verſe, hoping that would draw her on to reade the more, chuſing the *Elegiac* as fitteſt for mourning. But neuer pen did more quakingly performe his office; neuer was paper more double moiſtened with inke and teares; neuer words more ſlowly maried together, & neuer the Muſes more tired then now with changes & rechanges of his deuiſes: fearing how to end, before he had reſolued how to begin, miſtruſting each word, condemning each ſentence. This word was not ſignificant, that word was too plaine: this would not bee conceiued, the other would bee ill conceiued: here ſorow was not enough expreſſed, there he ſeemed too much for his owne ſake to be ſorie: this ſentence rather ſhewed arte then paſſion; that ſentence rather fooliſhly paſſionate, then forcibly mouing. At laſt, marring with mending, and putting out better then hee left, hee made an end of it; and being ended, was diuers times readie to teare it; till his reaſon aſſuring him, the more hee ſtudied, the worſe it grew, he folded it vp, deuoutly inuoking good acceptation vnto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner (ſauing *Mopſa*) to the other Lodge, ſtale vp into *Pamelas* chamber, and in her ſtandiſh (which firſt hee kiſſed; and craued of it a ſafe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be ſeene at her next vſing her inke (himſelfe returning againe to be true priſoner to deſperate ſorow) leauing her ſtandiſh vpon her beds head, to giue her the more occaſion to marke it: which alſo fell out.

For

For she finding it at her after-noone returne, in another place then she left it, opened it But when she saw the letter, her heart gaue her from whence it came. And therfore clapping it to againe, she went away from it, as if it had beene a contagious garment of an infected person . and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had reade it, though shee were loth to reade it. Shall I (said shee) second his boldnesse so farre, as to reade his presumptuous letters? And yet (saith shee) he sees me not now to grow the bolder thereby: and how can I tell whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthy to be receiued: and yet the paper, she thought, was not guiltie. At last she concluded, it were not much amisse to looke it ouer, that shee might out of his wordes picke some further quarrell against him. Then she opened it, and threw it away, & tooke it vp againe, till (ere she were aware) her eyes would needes reade it, conteyning this matter.

VNto a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,
and now fully beleeues helpe to be quite perished;
Grant yet, grant yet a looke, to the last monument of his an-
O you (alas so I find) cause of his onely ruine. (guish,
Dread not a whit (O goodly cruell) that pitie may enter
into thy heart by the sight of this Epistle I send:
And so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the recitall,
least it might th'allure home to thy selfe to returne,
(Vnto thy selfe I do meane those graces dwell so within thee,
gratefulnesse, sweetnesse, holy loue, heartie regard)
Such thing cannot I seeke (Despaire hath giu'n me my answere:
Despaire most tragicall clause to a deadly request)
Such thing cannot he hope, that knowes thy determinat hardnesse,
hard like a rich Marble: hard, but a faire Diamond.
Can those eyes that of eyes drownd in most hartie flowing teares
(teares and teares of a man) had no returne to remorse;
Can those eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a sorow,
which inke onely relates, but ne laments, ne replies?
Ah, that, that doe I not conceiue (though that to my blisse were)
More then Nestors *yeares, more then a kings Diademe.*
Ah, that, that doe I not conceiue; to the heauen when a mouse climes
then may I hope t'atchieue grace of a heauenly Tiger.
But, but, alas, like a man condemn'd doth craue to be heard speake,
Not that he hopes for amends of the disaster he feeles,
But finding th'approch of death with an inly relenting,
giues an adieu to the world, as to his onely delight:
Right so my beyling heart, enflam'd with fire of a faire eye,
bubbling out doth breath signes of his hugie dolours:
Now that he finds to what end his life, and loue be reserued,
and that he thence must part, where to liue onely he liu'd.
O faire, O faire st, are such the triumphes to thy faireneesse?
can death beautie become? must I be such monument?
Must I be onely the marke, shall proue that vertue is angry?
shall proue that fiercenesse can with a white Doue abide?
Shall to the world appeare that faith and loue be rewarded
with mortall disdaine, bent to vnendly reueng?

Vnto reuenge? O sweete, on a wretch wilt thou be reuenged?
shall such high Planets tend to the losse of a worme?
And to reuenge who doe bend, would in that kind be reuenged?
as th'offence was done, and goe beyond if he can.
All my offence was loue: with loue then must I be chastned:
and with more, by the lawes that to reuenge doe belong.
If that loue be a fault, more fault in you to be louely:
Loue neuer had me oppresst, but that I saw to be lou'd.
You be the cause that I lou'd: what Reason blameth a shadow,
that with a body't goes? since by a body it is.
If that Loue you did hate, you should your beautie haue hidden:
you should those faire eyes haue with a veile couered.
But foole, foole that I am, those eyes would shine from a darke caue.
what veiles then doe preuaile, but to a more miracle?
Or those golden locks those locks which locke me to bondage,
torne you should disperse vnto the blasts of a wind.
But foole, foole that I am, tho I had but a haire of her head found,
eu'n as I am, so I should vnto that haire be a thrall.
Or with faire hands nayles (ô hand which nayles me to this death)
you should haue your face (since Loue is ill) blemished.
O wretch, what do I say? should that faire face be defaced?
should my too-much sight cause so true a Sun to be lost?
First let Cimmerian *darkenesse be my onl'habitation:*
first be mine eyes puld out, first be my braine perished;
Ere that I should consent to do so excessiue a dammage
vnto the earth, by the hurt of this her heauenly iewell.
O not, but such loue you say you could haue afoorded,
as might learne Temp'rance void of a rages euents.
O sweete simplicitie: from whence should Loue be so learned?
vnto Cupid *that boy shall a Pedante be found?*
Well: but faultie I was: Reason to my Passion yeelded,
Passion vnto my rage, Rage to a hastie reuenge.
But what's this for a fault, for which such faith be abolisht,
such faith, so stainelesse, inuiolate, violent?
Shall I not? ô may I not thus yet refresh the remembrance,
what sweete ieyes I had once, and what a place I did hold?
Shall I not once obiect, that you, you graunted a fauour
vnto the man, whom now such miseries you award? (were:
Bend your thoughts to the deare sweet words which then to me gin'n
thinke what a world is now, thinke who hath altred her heart.
What? was I then worthy such good, now worthy such euill?
now fled, then cherished? then so nie, now so remote?
Did not a rosed breath from lips rosie proceeding,
say, that I well should find in what a care I was had?
With much more: now what do I find, but Care to abhorre me,
Care that I sinke in griefe, Care that I liue banished?
And banished doe I liue, nor now will seeke a recou'rie,
since so she will, whose will is to me more then a law.
If then a man in most ill case may giue you a farewell

farewell

farewell, long farewell, all my wo, all my delight.

What this would haue wrought in her, ſhee her ſelfe could not tell: for, before her reaſon could moderate the diſputation betweene Fauour and Faultineſſe, her ſiſter, and *Miſo*, called her downe to entertaine *Zelmane*, who was come to viſite the two ſiſters; about whom, as about two Poles the skie of Beautie was turned: while *Gynecia* wearied her bed with her melancholy ſickneſſe, and made *Miſos* ſhrewdneſſe (who like a ſpirite, ſet to keepe a treaſure, bard *Zelmane* from any further conference) to be the Lieutenant of her iealouſie: both ſhe and her husband driuing *Zelmane* to ſuch a ſtraight of reſolution, either of impoſſible graunting, or dangerous refuſing, as the beſt eſcape ſhe had, was (as much as ſhe could) to auoide their companie. So as, this day, being the fourth day after the vprore (*Baſilius* being with his ſicke wife, conferring vpon ſuch examinations, as *Philanax*, and other of his noblemen had made of this late ſedition, all touching *Cecropia* with vehement ſuſpicion of giuing either flame or fewell vnto it) *Zelmane* came with her body, to finde her minde, which was gone long before her, and had gotten his ſeate in *Philoclea*: who now with a baſhfull cheerefulneſſe (as though ſhe were aſhamed, that ſhe could not choole but be glad) ioyned with her ſiſter, in making much of *Zelmane*.

And ſo as they ſate deuiſing how to giue more feathers to the wings of Time, there came to the lodge dore ſixe maids, all in one liuery of ſcarlet peticotes which were tuckt vp almoſt to their knees, the peticotes themſelues being in many places garniſhed with leaues, their legs naked, ſauing that aboue the ankles they had little blacke ſilke laces, vpon which did hang a few ſiluer bels: like which they had a little aboue their elbowes vpon their bare arms. Vpon their haire they ware garlands of roſes & gilliflowers; & the haire was ſo dreſt, as that came againe aboue the garlands, enterchanging a mutuall couering: ſo as it was doubtfull, whether the haire dreſt the garlands, or the garlands dreſt the haire. Their breaſts liberal to the eie; the face of the foremoſt of them, in excellency faire; & of the reſt louely, if not beautifull: & beautifull might haue beene, if they had not ſuffered greedy *Phœbus*, ouer-often, & hard, to kiſſe them. Their countenances full of a gracefull grauitie; ſo as the geſture matcht with the apparell, it might ſeeme a wanton modeſtie, an entiſing ſoberneſſe. Each of them had an inſtrument of muſike in their hands, which conſorting their well pleaſing tunes, did charge each eare with vnſenſibleneſſe, that did not lend it ſelfe vnto them. The muſike entring alone into the Lodge, the Ladies were all deſirous to ſee from whence ſo pleaſant a gueſt was come: and therefore went out together; where before they could take the paines to doubt, much leſſe to aske the queſtion of their qualitie, the faireſt of them (with a gay, but yet diſcreet demeanour) in this ſort ſpake vnto them. Moſt excellent Ladies, (whoſe excellencies haue power to make Cities enuie theſe woods, and ſolitarineſſe to be accounted the ſweeteſt companie) vouchſafe our meſſage your gracious hearing. which as it comes from loue, ſo comes it from louely perſons. The Maides of all this coaſt of *Arcadia*, vnderſtanding the often acceſſe that certaine ſhepheards of theſe quarters, are allowed to haue in this forbidden place; and that their rurall ſports are not diſdained of you, haue beene ſtirred vp with emulation to them, and affection to you, to bring forth ſomething, which might as well breed your contentment: & therfore hoping that the goodnes of their intention, & the hurtleſneſſe of their ſexe ſhall excuſe the breach of the commandement in comming to this place vnſent for, they chooſe out vs, to inuite both your princely parents, and your ſelues, to a place in the woods aboue halfe a mile hence: where they haue prouided ſome ſuch ſportes, as they truſt your gracious

acceptations

acceptations will interpret to be delightfull. We haue beene at the other Lodge: but finding them there buſied in waightier affaires, our truſt is, that you will not denie the ſhining of your eyes vpon vs. The Ladies ſtood in ſome doubt whether they ſhould goe or not, leaſt *Baſilius* might be angry withall. But *Miſo* (that had beene at none of the the Paſtorals, & had a great deſire to lead her old ſences abroad to ſome pleaſure) told them plainely, they ſhould nor will nor chooſe, but go thither, & make the honeſt countrey people know, that they were not ſo ſqueamiſh as folks thought of thē. The Ladies glad to be warranted by her authority, with a ſmiling humblenes obeyed her: *Pamela* onely caſting a ſeeking looke, whether ſhe could ſee *Dorus* (who poore wretch, wandred halfe mad for ſorow in the woods, crying for pardon of her who could not heare him) but indeede was grieued for his abſence, hauing giuen the wound to him through her own hart. But ſo the three Ladies & *Miſo* went with thoſe ſixe *Nymphes*, conquering the length of the way with the force of muſike, leauing only *Mopſa* behind, who diſgraced weeping with her countenance, becauſe her mother would not ſuffer her to ſhew her new ſcoured face among them. But the place appointed (as they thought) met them halfe in their way, ſo well were they pleaſed with the ſweete tunes and prety conuerſation of their inuiters. There found they in the midſt of the thickeſt part of the wood, a little ſquare place, not burthened with trees, but with a boord couered, and beautified with the pleaſanteſt fruites, that ſunburnd *Autumne* could deliuer vnto thē. The maids beſought the Ladies to ſit down & taſte of the ſwelling grapes, which ſeemed great with child of *Bacchus*: & of the diuerſe coloured plums, which gaue the eye a pleaſant taſte before they came to the mouth. The Ladies would not ſhew to ſcorne their prouiſion, but eate and drank a little of their coole wine, which ſeemed to laugh for ioy to come to ſuch lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the comming forth of ſuch deuiſes as were prepared for them, there ruſht out of the woodes twentie armed men, who round about enuironed them, and laying hold on *Zelmane* before ſhee could draw her ſword, and taking it from her, put hoods ouer the heades of all foure, and ſo muffled, by force ſet them on horſebacke and caryed them away; the ſiſters in vaine crying for ſuccour, while *Zelmanes* heart was rent in peeces with rage of the iniury, & diſdaine of her fortune. But when they had caried thē a foure or fiue mile further, they left *Miſo* with a gagge in her mouth, and bound hand and foote, ſo to take her fortune: and brought the three Ladies (by that time the night ſeemed with her ſilence to conſpire to their treaſon) to a Caſtle about ten mile from the Lodges: where they were faine to take a boate which waited for them: for the Caſtle ſtood in the midſt of a great lake vpon a high rock, where partly by Arte, but principaly by Nature, it was by all men eſteemed impregnable. But at the Caſtle gate their faces were diſcouered, and there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the ſiſters knew their Aunt in law *Cecropia*. But that ſight increaſed the deadly terrour of the Princeſſes, looking for nothing but death, ſince they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet came vnto them making curteſie the outſide of miſchiefe, and deſiring them not to be diſcomforted: for they were in a place dedicated to their ſeruice. *Philoclea* (with a looke where Loue ſhined through the miſt of Feare) beſought her to be good vnto them, hauing neuer deſerued euill of her. But *Pamelas* high heart diſdaining humbleneſſe to iniury, Aunt (ſaid ſhee) what you haue determined of vs I pray you doe it ſpeedily: for my part I looke for no ſeruice, where I finde violence.

But *Cecropia* (vſing no more words with them) conueyed them all three to ſeuerall lodgings (*Zelmanes* heart ſo ſwelling with ſpite, that ſhe could not bring forth a word)

word) and so left them: first taking from them their knives, because they should doe themselues no hurt, before she had determined of them: and then giuing such order that they wanted nothing but libertie, and comfort, she went to her sonne, who yet kept his bed, because of his wound hee had receiued of *Zelmane*, and told him, whom now he had in his power. *Amphialus* was but euen then returned from farre countries, where he had wonne immortall fame both of courage and curtesie, when hee met with the Princesses, and was hurt by *Zelmane*, so as he was vtterly ignorant of all his mothers wicked deuises, to which he would neuer haue consented, being (like a rose out of a brier) an excellent sonne of an euill mother: And now when he heard of this, was as much amazed, as if he had seene the Sun fall to the earth. And therefore desired his mother that shee would tell him the whole discourse, how all these matters had happened. Sonne (said she) I will doe it willingly, and since all is done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And howsoeuer I might be ashamed to tell it strangers, who would thinke it wickednesse, yet what is done for your sake (how euill soeuer to others) to you is vertue. To begin then euen with the beginning, this doting foole *Basilius* that now raignes, hauing liued vnmaried till he was nigh threescore yeares old (and in all his speeches affirming, and in all his doings assuring, that he neuer would marie) made all the eyes of this countrey to be bent vpon your father, his onely brother (but yonger by thirty yeares) as vpon the vndoubted successor, being indeed a man worthy to reigne, thinking nothing enough for himselfe: where this goose (you see) puts downe his head, before there be any thing neere to touch him. So that he holding place and estimation as heire of *Arcadia*, obtained me of my father the King of *Argos*, his brother helping to the conclusion, with protesting his batchelry intention: for else you may be sure the King of *Argos*, nor his daughter would haue suffered their Royall blood to bee stained with the base name of subiection. So that I came into this countrey as apparant Princesse thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of all the Ladies of this countrey. My port and pompe did well become a King of *Argos* daughter: in my presence their tongues were turned into eares, and their eares were captiues vnto my tongue. Their eyes admired my Maiestie, & happy was he or she, on whom I would suffer the beames thereof to fall. Did I goe to Church? it seemed the very Goddes waited for me, their deuotions not being solemnized till I was readie. Did I walke abroad to see any delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it selfe: for to it was the concourse; one thrusting vpon another, who might shew himselfe most diligent and seruiceable towards me: my sleepes were inquired after, and my wakings neuer vnsaluted: the very gate of my house full of principall persons, who were glad, if their presents had receiued a gratefull acceptation. And in this felicitie wert thou borne, the very earth submitting it selfe vnto thee to be troden on as by his Prince; and to that passe had my husbands vertue (by my good helpe) within short time brought it, with a plot wee layd, as wee should not haue needed to haue waited the tedious worke of a naturall end of *Basilius*; when the heauens (I thinke enuying my great felicitie) then stopt thy fathers breath, when he breathed nothing but power and soueraignetie. Yet did not thy orphancy, or my widdowhood, depriue vs of the delightfull prospect, which the hill of honour doth yeeld, while expectation of thy succession did bind dependencies vnto vs.

But before (my sonne) thou wert come to the age to feele the sweetenesse of authoritie, this beast (whom I can neuer name with patience) falsely and foolishly maried this *Gynecia*, then a yong gyrle, and brought her to sit aboue mee in all feasts, to turne her shoulder to me-ward in all our solemnities. It is certaine, it is not so

great

great a ſpite to bee ſurmounted by ſtrangers, as by ones owne allies. Thinke then what my minde was, ſince withall there is no queſtion, The fall is greater from the firſt to the ſecond, then from the ſecond to the vndermoſt. The rage did ſwell in my heart, ſo much the more as it was faine to be ſuppreſſed in ſilence, and diſguiſed with humbleneſſe. But aboue all the reſt, the griefe of grieues was, when with theſe two daughters (now thy priſoners) ſhe cut off all hope of thy ſucceſſion. It was a tedious thing to me, that my eyes ſhould looke lower then any bodies, that (my ſelfe being by) anothers voice then mine, ſhould be more reſpected. But it was inſupportable vnto me, to thinke that not onely I, but thou ſhouldſt ſpend all thy time in ſuch miſery, & that the Sunne ſhould ſee my eldeſt ſonne leſſe then a Prince. And though I had beene a Saint I could not chooſe, finding the change this change of fortune bred vnto mee, for now from the multitude of followers, ſilence grew to bee at my gate, and abſence in my preſence. The gueſſe of my minde could preuaile more before, then now many of my earneſt requeſts. And thou (my deare ſonne) by the fickle multitude no more then an ordinarie perſon (borne of the mud of the people) regarded. But I (remembring that in all miſeries weeping becomes fooles, and practiſe wiſe folkes) haue tried diuers meanes to pul vs out of the myre of ſubiection. And though many times fortune fayled me, yet did I neuer faile my ſelfe. Wild beaſts I kept in a caue hard by the Lodges, which I cauſed by night to be fed in the place of their Paſtorals, I as then liuing in my houſe hard by the place, and againſt the houre they were to meete (hauing kept the beaſts without meate) then let them looſe, knowing that they would ſeeke their foode there, & deuoure what they found. But blind Fortune hating ſharpe-ſighted inuentions, made them vnluckily to be killed. After I vſed my ſeruant *Clinias* to ſtirre a notable tumult of countrie people: but thoſe loutes were too groſſe inſtruments for delicate conceits. Now laſtly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quit: and with a ſleight I vſed of my fine-witted wench *Arteſia*, with other maydes of mine, would haue ſent theſe goodly inheritrixes of *Arcadia*, to haue pleaded their cauſe before *Pluto*, but that ouer-fortunatly for them, you made me know the laſt day how vehemently this childiſh paſſion of loue doth torment you. Therefore I haue brought them vnto you, yet wiſhing rather hate then loue in you. For hate often begetteth victorie; Loue commonly is the inſtrument of ſubiection. It is true, that I would alſo by the ſame practiſe haue entrapped the parents, but my maydes failed of it, not daring to tary long about it. But this ſufficeth, ſince (theſe being taken away) you are the vndoubted inheritor, & *Baſilius* will not long ouer-liue this loſſe.

O mother (ſaid *Amphialus*) ſpeake not of doing them hurt, no more then to mine eyes, or my heart, or if I haue any thing more deare then eyes, or heart vnto me. Let others find what ſweetnes they will in euer fearing, becauſe they euer are feared: for my part, I will think my ſelfe highly intitled, if I may be once by *Philoclea* accepted for a ſeruant. Well (ſaid *Cecropia*) I would I had borne you of my mind, as well as of my body: then ſhould you not haue ſunke vnder theſe baſe weakneſſes. But ſince you haue tied your thoughts in ſo wilful a knot, it is happy my policy hath brought matters to ſuch a paſſe, as you may both enioy affection, & vpon that build your ſoueraigntie. Alas (ſaid *Amphialus*) my heart would faine yeeld you thankes for ſetting me in the way of felicity, but that feare killes them in me, before they are fully born. For if *Philoclea* be diſpleaſed, how can I be pleaſed? if ſhe count it vnkindneſſe, ſhall I giue tokens of kindneſſe? perchance ſhe condemnes me of this action, and ſhall I triumph? perchance ſhee drownes now the beauties I loue with ſorowfull teares, and where is then my reioycing? You haue reaſon (ſaid *Cecropia* with a fained grauity) I

will

will therefore send her away presently, that her contentment may be recouered. No good mother (said *Amphialus*) since she is here, I would not for my life constraine presence, but rather would I die then consent to absence. Prettie intricate follies (said *Cecropia*) but get you vp, and see how you can preuaile with her, while I goe to the other sister. For after we shall haue our hands full to defend our selues, if *Basilius* hap to besiege vs. But remembring her selfe, she turned backe and asked him what he would haue done with *Zelmane*, since now he might be reuenged of his hurt. Nothing but honorably, answered *Amphialus*, hauing deserued no other of me, especially being (as I heare) greatly cherished of *Philoclea*: & therfore I could wish they were lodged together. O no (said *Cecropia*) companie confirmes resolutions, & lonelinesse breeds a wearines of ones thoughts, & so a sooner consenting to reasonable profers. But *Amphialus* (taking of his mother *Philocleas* kniues, which he kept as a relique since she had worne them) gat vp, & calling for his richest apparell, nothing seemed sumptuous enough for his mistresses eyes; and that which was costly, he feared were not daintie: and though the inuention were delicate, he misdoubted the making. As carefull he was too of the colour; lest if gay, he might seeme to glorie in his iniurie, and her wrong; if mourning, it might strike some euill presage vnto her of her fortune. At length he tooke a garment more rich then glaring, the ground being blacke veluet, richly embrodered with great pearle, & pretious stones, but they set so among certain tuffes of cipres, that the cipres was like black clowds, through which the stars might yeeld a darke luster. About his necke he ware a brode and gorgeous collor; wherof the pieces enterchangeably answering; the one was of diamonds & pearle, set with a white enamell, so as by the cunning of the workeman it seemed like a shining ice, and the other peece being of Rubies, & Opalles, had a fiery glistring, which he thought pictured the two passions of Feare and Desire, wherin he was enchained. His hurt (not yet fully well) made him a little halt, but hee straue to giue the best grace he could vnto his halting.

And in that sort he went to *Philocleas* chamber: whom he found (becaus her chamber was ouer-lightsome) sitting of that side of her bedde which was from the window; which did cast such a shaddow vpon her, as a good Painter would bestow vpon *Venus*, when vnder the trees shee bewailed the murther of *Adonis*, her handes and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her shoulder leaning to her beddes head, and ouer her head a scarfe, which did eclipse almost halfe her eyes, which vnder it fixed their beames vpon the wall by, with so steddie a manner, as if in that place they might well chaunge, but not mend their obiect: and so remayned they a good while after his comming in, hee not daring to trouble her, nor she perceiuing him, till that (a little varying her thoughts something quickening her senses) shee heard him as he happed to flirte his vpper garment: and perceiuing him, rose vp, with a demeanure, wherein the booke of Beautie there was nothing to be read but Sorrow: for Kindnesse was blotted out, and Anger was neuer there.

But *Amphialus* that had entrusted his memorie with long and forcible speeches, found it so locked vp in amazement, that he could picke nothing out of it, but the beseeching her to take what was done in good part, and to assure her selfe there was nothing but honour meant vnto her person. But shee making no other answere, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were ioyned (with eyes something cast aside, and a silent sigh) gaue him to vnderstand, that considering his doings, she thought his speech as full of incongruitie, as her answer would be voyde of purpose: whereupon he kneeling downe, and kissing her hand

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(which she suffered with a countenance witnessing captivitie, but not kindnesse) hee besought her to haue pittie of him, whose loue went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of vttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand; whereto the least motion of hers would serue to determine, shee being indeed the mistresse of his life, and he her eternall slaue; and with true vehemencie besought her that he might heare her speake, whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to tune it selfe into these kinde of words.

Alas cousin (said shee) what shall my tongue bee able to doe, which is informed by the eares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pittie, and vse cruelty; you say you loue mee, and yet doe the effects of enmitie. You affirme your death is in my handes, but you haue brought me to so neare a degree to death, as when you will, you may lay death vpon mee: so that while you say, I am mistresse of your life, I am not mistresse of mine owne. You entitle your selfe my slaue, but I am sure I am yours. If then violence, iniurie, terrour, and depriuing of that which is more deare then life it selfe, libertie, bestir orators for affection, you may expect that I will bee easily perswaded. But if the neerenesse of our kindred breede any remorse in you, or there be any such thing in you, which you call loue toward me, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment: let not my heart waste it selfe by being vexed with feeling euill, and fearing worse. Let not me bee a cause of my parents wofull destruction; but restore mee to my selfe, and so doing I shall account I haue receiued my selfe of you. And what I say for my selfe, I say for my deare sister, and my friend *Zelmane*; for I desire no well-being, without they may be partakers. With that her teares rayned downe from her heauenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweete and beautifull flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poore woman, who louing a tame Doe shee had aboue all earthly things, hauing long played withall, and made it feede at her hand and lappe, is constrained at length by famine (all her flocke being spent, and shee fallen into extreame pouertie) to kill the Deere, to sustaine her life. Many a pitifull looke doth shee cast vpon it, and manie a time doth shee drawe backe her hand before she can giue the stroke. For euen so *Amphialus* by a hunger-starued affection, was compelled to offer this iniurie, and yet the same affection made him with a tormenting griefe, thinke vnkindnesse in himselfe, that hee could finde in his heart anie way to restraine her freedome. But at length, neyther able to graunt, nor denie, he thus answered her: Deare Lady (said hee) I will not say vnto you (how iustly soeuer I may doe it) that I am neither author, nor accessary vnto this your with-holding. For since I doe not redresse it, I am as faultie as if I had begun it. But this I protest vnto you (and this protestation of mine, let the heauens heare, and if I lie, let them answer me with a deadly thunder-bolt) that in my soule I wish I had neuer seene the light, or rather, that I had neuer had a father to beget such a child, then that by my means those eyes should ouerflow their own beauties, then by my means the skie of your vertue should be ouerclowded with sorrow. But woe is me, most excellent Ladie, I finde my selfe most willing to obey you: neyther truely doe mine eares receiue the least word you speake, with any lesse reuerence, then as absolute, & vnresistable commandements. But alas, that tyrant Loue (which now possesseth the hold of all my life and reason) will no way suffer it. It is Loue, it is Loue, not I, which disobey you. What then shall I say? but that I, who am readie to lie vnder your feete, to venture, nay to loose my life at your least commandement: I am not the stay of your freedome, but Loue, Loue, which ties you in your owne knots. It is

you

you your ſelfe, that impriſon your ſelfe: it is your beautie which makes theſe caſtle walles embrace you: it is your owne eyes, which reflect vpon themſelues this iniurie. Then is there no other remedie, but that you ſome way vouchſafe to ſatisfie this Loues vehemencie; which (ſince it grew in your ſelfe) without queſtion you ſhall find it (farre more then I) tractable.

But with theſe wordes *Philoclea* fell to ſo extreame a quaking, and her liuely whiteneſſe did degenerate to ſuch a deadly paleneſſe, that *Amphialus* feared ſome dangerous traunce: ſo that taking her hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to bee one of the chiefe firebrands of *Cupid*) had all the ſence of it wrapt vp in coldneſſe, hee began humbly to beſeech her to put away all feare, and to aſſure her ſelfe vpon the vow hee made thereof vnto God, and her ſelfe, that the vttermoſt forces hee would euer employ to conquer her affection, ſhould bee Deſire, and Deſert. That promiſe brought *Philoclea* againe to her ſelfe, ſo that ſlowly lifting vp her eyes vpon him, with a countenance euer courteous, but then languiſhing, ſhee told him, that hee ſhould doe well to doe ſo, if indeede hee had euer taſted what true loue was: for that where now ſhee did beare him good will, ſhee ſhould (if hee tooke any other way) hate, and abhorre the very thought of him: aſſuring him withall, that though his mother had taken away her kniues, yet the houſe of death had ſo many dores, as ſhee would eaſily flie into it, if euer ſhe found her honour endangered.

Amphialus hauing the cold aſhes of Care caſt vpon the coales of Deſire, leauing ſome of his mothers Gentlewomen to waite vpon *Philoclea*, himſelfe indeede a priſoner to his priſoner, and making all his authoritie to bee but a footeſtoole to Humbleneſſe, went from her to his mother. To whom with wordes which Affection endited, but Amazement vttered, hee deliuered what had paſſed betweene him and *Philoclea*: beſeeching her to trie what her perſwaſions could doe with her; while he gaue order for all ſuch things as were neceſſary againſt ſuch forces, as hee looked daily *Baſilius* would bring before his caſtle. His mother bad him quiet himſelfe, for ſhee doubted not to take fit times. But that the beſt way was, firſt to let her owne Paſſion a little tire it ſelfe.

So they calling *Clinias*, and ſome other of their counſell, aduiſed vpon their preſent affaires. Firſt, he diſpatched priuate letters to all thoſe principall Lords & gentlemen of the countrey, whom he thought either alliance, or friendſhip to himſelfe might draw; with ſpeciall motions from the generall conſideration of dutie: not omitting all ſuch, whom either youthfull age, or youthlike mindes did fill with vnlimitted deſires: beſides ſuch whom any diſcontentment made hungrie of change, or an ouer-ſpended want, made want a ciuill warre: to each (according to the counſell of his mother) conforming himſelfe after their humors. To his friends, friendlineſſe; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the diſpleaſed, reuenge; to the greedy, ſpoyle: wrapping their hopes with ſuch cunning, as they rather ſeemed giuen ouer vnto them as partakers, then promiſes ſprung of neceſſitie. Then ſent hee to his mothers brother, the king of *Argos*: but he was then ſo ouer-laid with warre himſelfe, as from thence he could attend ſmall ſuccour.

But becauſe he knew how violently rumors do blow the ſayles of popular iudgments, and how few there be that can diſcerne betweene trueth and truthlikeneſſe, betweene ſhewes and ſubſtance; hee cauſed a iuſtification of this his action to bee written, whereof were ſowed abroad many copies, which with ſome gloſſes of probabilitie, might indeede hide the foulneſſe of his treaſon; and from true common-places, fetch downe moſt falſe applications. For, beginning how much the dutie

which is owed to the countrie, goes beyond all other dueties, ſince in it ſelfe it containes them all; and that for the reſpect thereof, not onely all tender reſpects of kindred, or whatſoeuer other friendſhips, are to bee laide aſide, but that euen long-held opinions (rather builded vpon a ſecret of gouernment, then any ground of truth) are to be forſaken; he fell by degrees to ſhew, that ſince the end whereto anything is directed, is euer to be of more noble reckning, then the thing thereto directed: that therefore, the weale-publike was more to bee regarded, then any perſon or magiſtrate that thereunto was ordayned. The feeling conſideration whereof had moued him (though as neere of kinne to *Baſilius* as could bee, yet) to ſet principally before his eyes, the good eſtate of ſo many thouſands, ouer whom *Baſilius* raigned: rather then ſo to hood-winke himſelfe with affection, as to ſuffer the Realme to runne to manifeſt ruine. The care whereof, did kindly appertaine to thoſe who being ſubalterne magiſtrates and officers of the crowne, were to be employed as from the Prince, ſo for the people; and of all other, eſpecially himſelfe, who being deſcended of the Royall race, and next heire male, Nature had no ſooner opened his eyes, but that the ſoyle whereupon they did looke was to looke for at his hands a continuall carefulneſſe: which as from his childhood he had euer caried; ſo now finding that his vncle had not onely giuen ouer all care of gouernment, but had put it into the hands of *Philanax* (a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proud, and partiall dealing, liked of any) but beſide, had ſet his daughters (in whom the whole eſtate, as next heires thereunto, had no leſſe intereſt then himſelfe) in ſo vnfit and ill-guarded a place, as it were not onely dangerous for their perſons, but (if they ſhould bee conueyed to any forraine countrey) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therefore he had brought them into this ſtrong caſtle of his: which way, if it might ſeeme ſtrange, they were to conſider, that new neceſſities require new remedies: but there they ſhould be ſerued & honoured as belonged to their greatneſſe, vntill by the generall aſſembly of the eſtates, it ſhould bee determined how they ſhould to their beſt (both priuate, and publique) aduantage be matched; vowing all faith & duty both to the father & children, neuer by him to be violated. But if in the meane time, before the eſtates could be aſſembled, he ſhould be aſſailed, he would then for his own defence take armes: deſiring all, that either tendred the dangerous caſe of their country, or in their hearts loued iuſtice, to defend him in this iuſt action. And if the Prince ſhould command them otherwiſe, yet to know, that therein he was no more to be obeyed, then if he ſhould call for poiſon to hurt himſelfe withall: ſince all that was done, was done for his ſeruice, howſoeuer hee might (ſeduced by *Philanax*) interprete of it: hee proteſting, that whatſoeuer hee ſhould do for his own defence, ſhould be againſt *Philanax*, & no way againſt *Baſilius*.

To this effect, amplified with arguments & examples, & painted with rethoricall colours, did hee ſow abroade many diſcourſes: which as they preuailed with ſome of more quicke then ſound conceit, to runne his fortune with him; ſo in many did it breede a coolneſſe, to deale violently againſt him, & a falſe-minded neutrality to expect the iſſue. But beſides the wayes he vſed to weaken the aduerſe party, he omitted nothing for the ſtrengthning of his own. The chiefe truſt whereof (becauſe he wanted men to keepe the field) he repoſed in the ſurety of his caſtle; which at leaſt would win him much time, the mother of many mutations. To that therfore he bent both his outward and inward eyes, ſtriuing to make Arte ſtriue with Nature, to whether of them two that fortification ſhould bee moſt beholding. The ſeate Nature beſtowed, but Arte gaue the building: which as his rocky hardneſſe would not yeelde to vndermining force, ſo to open aſſaults he tooke counſell of skill, how to make all approches,

approches, if not impoſſible, yet difficult; as well at the foote of the caſtell, as round about the lake, to giue vnquiet lodgings to them, whom onely enmity would make neighbours. Then omitted hee nothing of defence, as well ſimple defence, as that which did defend by offending, fitting inſtruments of miſchiefe to places, whence the miſchiefe might bee moſt liberally beſtowed. Neither was his ſmalleſt care for victuals, as well for the prouiding that which ſhould ſuffice, both in ſtore and goodneſſe, as in well preſeruing it, and wary diſtributing it, both in quantitie and qualitie; ſpending that firſt which would keepe leaſt.

But wherein he ſharpned his wits to the piercingeſt point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, & maiſter-ſpring (as it were) which makes all the reſt to ſtirre; & that therefore in the Arte of man ſtood the quinteſſence and ruling skill of all proſperous gouernment, either peaceable, or militarie) hee choſe in number as many as without peſtring (and ſo danger of infection) his victuall would ſerue for two yeares to maintaine; all of able bodies, and ſome few of able mindes to direct, not ſeeking many commaunders, but contenting himſelfe, that the multitude ſhould haue obeying wittes, euerie one knowing whom hee ſhould commaund, and whom he ſhould obey, the place where, and the matter wherein; diſtributing each office as neere as he could, to the diſpoſition of the perſon that ſhould exerciſe it: knowing no loue, danger, nor diſcipline can ſuddenly alter an habite in nature. Therefore would he not employ the ſtill man to a ſhifting practiſe, nor the liberall man to be a diſpenſer of his victuals, nor the kind-hearted man to bee a puniſher: but would exerciſe their vertues in ſorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chiefe care to know them all particularly, & throughly, regarding alſo the conſtitution of their bodies; ſome being able better to abide watching, ſome hunger, ſome labour, making his benefit of each habilitie, and not forcing beyond power. Time to euery thing by iuſt proportion hee allotted, and as well in that, as in euery thing elſe, no ſmall errour winkt at, leaſt greater ſhould bee animated. Euen of vices hee made his profit, making the cowardly *Clinias* to haue care of the watch, which he knew his owne feare would make him very wakefully performe. And before the ſiege began, hee himſelfe cauſed rumors to bee ſowed, and libels to be ſpread againſt himſelfe, fuller of malice, then witty perſwaſion: partly to know thoſe that would bee apt to ſtumble at ſuch motions, that hee might cull them from the faithfuller band; but principally, becauſe in neceſſitie they ſhould not know when any ſuch things were in earneſt attempted, whether it were, or not of his owne inuention. But euen then (before the enemies face came neere to breed any terrour) did hee exerciſe his men daily in all their charges, as if Danger had preſently preſented his moſt hideous preſence: himſelfe rather inſtructing by example, then precept; being neither more ſparing in trauaile, nor ſpending in diet, then the meaneſt ſouldier: his hand and body diſdaining no baſe matters, nor ſhrinking from the heauy.

The onely oddes was, that when others tooke breath, he ſighed; and when others reſted, he croſt his armes. For Loue paſſing thorow the pikes of Danger, and tumbling it ſelfe in the duſt of Labour, yet ſtill made him remember his ſweete deſire, and beautifull image. Often when hee had begun to commaund one, ſomewhat before halfe the ſentence were ended, his inward gueſt did ſo entertaine him, that hee would breake it off, and a prettie while after end it, when hee had (to the maruel of the ſtanders by) ſent himſelfe to talke with his owne thoughts. Sometimes when his hand was lifted vp to doe ſomething, as if with the ſight of *Gorgons* head hee had beene ſuddenly turned into a ſtone, ſo would hee there abide with his eyes

planted,& handslifted,till at length comming to the vſe of himſelf,he would looke about whether any had perceiued him; then would he accuſe, and in himſelfe condemne all thoſe wits,that durſt affirme Idleneſſe to bee the well-ſpring of Loue. O, would he ſay,all you that affect the title of wiſedome,by vngrateful ſcorning the ornaments of Nature, am I now piping in a ſhadow? or doe ſlouthfull feathers now enwrap me?Is not hate before me,and doubt behinde me? Is not danger of the one ſide,and ſhame of the other? And doe I not ſtand vpon paine and trauell, and yet ouer all,my affection triumphes? The more I ſtirre about vrgent affaires, the more mee thinkes the verie ſtirring breedes a breath to blowe the coales of my loue: the more I exerciſe my thoughts,the more they increaſe the appetite of my deſires. O ſweete *Philoclea* (with that hee would caſt vp his eyes wherein ſome water did appeare, as if they would waſh themſelues againſt they ſhould ſee her) thy heauenly face is my Aſtronomie,thy ſweete vertue,my ſweete Philoſophie: let mee profit therein, and farewell all other cogitations. But alas, my minde miſgiues mee, for your planets beare a contrary aſpect vnto me. Woe, woe is mee they threaten my deſtruction: and whom doe they threaten this deſtruction? euen him that loues them;and by what meanes will they deſtroy,but by louing them? O deare(though killing) eyes, ſhall death head his dart with the gold of *Cupids* arrow? Shall death take his ayme from the reſt of Beautie? O beloued(though hating) *Philoclea*,how if thou beeſt mercifull,hath crueltie ſtolne into thee? Or how if thou beeſt cruell, doth crueltie looke more beautifull then euer mercie did? Or alas, it is my deſtinie that makes mercie cruell: like an euill veſſell which turnes ſweete licour to ſowerneſſe; ſo when thy grace falls vpon me, my wretched conſtitution makes it become fierceneſſe. Thus would he exerciſe his eloquence,when ſhee could not heare him, and be dumbe-ſtriken,when her preſence gaue him fit occaſion of ſpeaking: ſo that his wit could find out no other refuge,but the comfort and counſell of his mother, deſiring her(whoſe thoughts were vnperplexed) to vſe for his ſake the moſt preuailing manners of interceſſion.

Shee ſeeing her ſonnes ſafetie depend thereon (though her pride much diſdained the name of a deſirer) tooke the charge vpon her,not doubting the eaſie conqueſt of an vnexpert virgin, who had already with ſubtiltie and impudencie begun to vndermine a monarchie. Therefore, weighing *Philocleas* reſolutions by the counterpoiſe of her owne youthfull thoughts,which ſhee then called to minde ſhe doubted not at leaſt to make *Philoclea* to receiue the poyſon diſtilled in ſweete liquour, which ſhe with little diſguiſing had drunke vp thirſtily. Therefore ſhe went ſoftly to *Philocleas* chamber, and peeping through the ſide of the doore, then being a little open,ſhee ſaw *Philoclea* ſitting low vpon a cuſhion, in ſuch a giuen-ouer manner, that one would haue thought ſilence, ſolitarineſſe, and melancholy were come there,vnder the enſigne of miſhap,to conquer delight, & driue him from his naturall ſeate of beautie: her teares came dropping downe like raine in Sunneſhine,and ſhe not taking heede to wipe the teares, they hong vpon her cheekes, and lips,as vpon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dreſſing of her haire and apparell,ſhee might ſee neither a carefull Arte,nor an Arte of careleſneſſe,but euen left to a neglected chaunce,which yet could no more vnperfect her perfections,then a Die any way caſt,could looſe his ſquareneſſe

Cecropia (ſtirred with no other pitie,but for her ſonne) came in,and haling kindneſſe into her countenance,What ayles this ſweete Ladie,(ſaid ſhee)will you marre ſo good eyes with weeping? ſhall teares take away the beautie of that complexion, which the women of *Arcadia* wiſh for,and the men long after? Fie of this peeuiſh ſadneſſe;

ſadneſſe; in ſooth it is vntimely for your age. Looke vpon your owne bodie, and ſee whether it deſerue to pine away with ſorrow: ſee whether you will haue theſe hands (with that ſhee tooke one of her hands, and kiſſing it, looked vpon it as if ſhee were enamoured with it) fade from their whiteneſſe, which makes one deſire to touch them; and their ſoftneſſe, which reboundes againe a deſire to looke on them, and become drie, leane and yellow, and make euery bodie wonder at the change, and ſay, that ſure you had vſed ſome Arte before, which now you had left? for if the beauties had beene naturall, they would neuer ſo ſoone haue beene blemiſhed. Take a glaſſe, and ſee whether theſe teares become your eyes: although I muſt confeſſe, thoſe eyes are able to make teares comely. Alas Madame (anſwered *Philoclea*) I know not whether my teares become mine eyes, but I am ſure mine eyes thus beteared, become my fortune. Your fortune (ſaid *Cecropia*) if ſhe could ſee to attire her ſelfe, would put on her beſt rayments. For I ſee, and I ſee it with griefe, and (to tell you true) vnkindneſſe: you miſconſter euerie thing that onely for your ſake is attempted. You thinke you are offended, and are indeede defended: you eſteeme your ſelfe a priſoner, and are in truth a miſtreſſe: you feare hate, and ſhall find loue. And truely, I had a thing to ſay to you, but it is no matter: ſince I find you are ſo obſtinately melancholy, as that you woo his fellowſhip, I wil ſpare my paines, and hold my peace: and ſo ſtaied indeede, thinking *Philoclea* would haue had a female inquiſitiueneſſe of the matter. But ſhe, who rather wiſhed to vnknow what ſhe knew, then to burthen her heart with more hopeleſſe knowledge, only deſired her to haue pitie of her, and if indeede ſhe did meane her no hurt, then to graunt her libertie: for elſe the very griefe and feare, would ptoue her vnappointed executioners. For that (ſaid *Cecropia*) beleeue me vpon the faith of a kings daughter, you ſhall be free, ſo ſoone as your freedome may bee free of mortall danger, being brought hither for no other cauſe, but to preuent ſuch miſchiefes as you know not of. But if you thinke indeed to winne me to haue care of you, euen as of mine own daughter, then lend your eares vnto me, and let not your minde arme it ſelfe with a wilfulneſſe to be flexible to nothing. But if I ſpeake reaſon, let Reaſon haue his due reward, perſwaſion. Then ſweete neece (ſaid ſhee) I pray you preſuppoſe, that now, euen in the midſt of your agonies, which you paint vnto your ſelfe moſt horrible, wiſhing with ſighes, and praying with vowes, for a ſoone & ſafe deliuerie: Imagine neece (I ſay) that ſome heauenly ſpirit ſhould appeare vnto you, and bid you follow him through the dore, that goes into the garden, aſſuring you, that you ſhould thereby returne to your deare mother, & what other delights ſoeuer your mind eſteemes delights: would you (ſweet neece) would you refuſe to follow him: & ſay, that if he led you not through the chiefe gate, you would not enioy your ouer-deſired liberty? Would you not drinke the Wine you thirſt for, without it were in ſuch a glaſſe as you eſpecially fancied? tell mee (deare neece) but I will anſwere for you, becauſe I know your reaſon & wit is ſuch, as muſt needs conclude, that ſuch niceneſſe can no more be in you, to diſgrace ſuch a minde, then diſgracefulneſſe can haue any place in ſo faultleſſe a beautie. Your wiſedome would aſſuredly determine, how the marke were hit, not whether the bow were of Ewe or no, wherein you ſhot. If this be ſo, & thus ſure (my deare neece) it is, then (I pray you) imagine, that I am that ſame good Angel, who grieuing in your griefe, and in truth not able to ſuffer, that bitter ſighs ſhould be ſent forth with ſo ſweete a breath, am come to lead you, not onely to your deſired, and imagined happineſſe, but to a true & eſſentiall happineſſe, not only to libertie, but to libertie with commandement. The way I will ſhew you: which if it be not the gate builded hitherto in your priuate choiſe, yet ſhall it be a doore to bring

you through a garden of pleasures, as sweet as this life can bring foorth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life: My sonne (let it be no blemish to him that I name him my son, who was your fathers own nephew: for you know I am no small kings daughter) my sonne (I say) sarte passing the neerenesse of his kindred, with neerenesse of good-will, and striuing to match your matchlesse beautie with a matchlesse affection, doth by me present vnto you the full enioying of your liberty; so as with this gift you will accept a greater, which is, this castle, with all the rest which you know he hath in honourable quantitie; & will confirme his gift, and your receipt of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might say much both for the person & the matter; but who will crie out the Sun shines? It is so manifest a profit vnto you, as the meanest iudgement must straight apprehend it: so farre it is from the sharpenesse of yours, thereof to be ignorant. Therefore (sweet neece) let your gratefulnesse bee my intercession, and your gentlenesse my eloquence, and let me cary comfort to a heart which greatly needes it. *Philoclea* looked vpon her, and cast downe her eye againe. Aunt (said she) I would I could be so much a mistresse of my owne minde, as to yeeld to my cousins vertuous request: for so I construe of it. But my hart is already set (and staying a while on that word, shee brought foorth afterwards) to lead a virgins life to my death: for such a vow I haue in my selfe deuoutly made. The heauens prevent such a mischiefe, said *Cecropia*. A vow, quoth you? no, no, my deare neece, Nature, when you were first borne, vowed you a woman, & as she made you childe of a mother, so to doe your best to be mother of a childe: shee gaue you beautie to moue loue; she gaue you wit to know loue; shee gaue you an excellent bodie to reward loue: which kind of liberall rewarding is crowned with an vnspeakeable felicitie. For this, as it bindeth the receiuer, so it makes happy the bestower: this doth not impouerish, but enrich the giuer. O the sweet name of a mother: O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow vp, in whom you are (as it were) eternized: if you could conceiue what a heart-tickling ioy it is to see your owne little ones, with awfull loue come running to your lap, & like little models of your selfe still cary you about them; you would think vnkindnesse in your own thoughts, that euer they did rebel against the meane vnto it. But perchance I set this blessednes before your eyes, as Captaines doe victorie before their souldiers, to which they must come through many paines, grieues & dangers. No, I am content you shrinke from this my counsell, if the way to come vnto it, be not most of all pleasant. I know not (answered the sweet *Philoclea*, fearing least silence would offend for sullennesse) what contentment you speake of: but I am sure the best you can make of it (which is mariage) is a burdenous yoke. Ah, deare neece (said *Cecropia*) how much you are deceiued! A yoke indeed we all beare, laid vpon vs in our creation, which by mariage is not increased; but thus farre eased; that you haue a yoke-fellow to help to draw through the clouddie cumbers of this world. O widdow-nights, beare witnesse with mee of the difference. How often alas doe I embrace the orphan-side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my deare husband, and with teares acknowledge, that I now enioy such a liberty as the banisht man hath; who may, if he list, wander ouer the world, but is for euer restrained from his most delightfull home? that I haue now such a libertie as the seeled doue hath, which being first depriued of eies, is then by the falconer cast off? For beleeue me, neece, beleeue mee, mans experience is womans best eye-sight. Haue you euer seene a pure Rosewater kept in a crystall glasse? how fine it looks? how sweet it smels, while that beautiful glasse imprisons it: breake the prison, & let the water take his owne course, doth it not embrace dust, and loose all his former sweetenesse & fairenesse? Truly so are wee, if wee haue not the stay,

rather then the restraint of Crystalline mariage. My heart melts to thinke of the sweete comforts I in that happie time receiued, when I had neuer cause to care, but the care was doubled: when I neuer reioyced, but that I saw my ioy shine in another eyes. What shall I say of the free delight, which the heart might embrace, without the accusing of the inward conscience, or feare of outward shame? and is a solitarie life as good as this? then can one string make as good musicke as a consort: then can one colour set forth a beautie. But it may be, the generall consideration of mariage doth not so much mislike you, as the applying of it to him. He is my soune, I must confesse, I see him with a mothers eyes, which if they doe not much deceiue me, he is no such one, ouer whom Contempt may make any iust challenge. Hee is comely, he is noble, he is rich; but that which in it selfe should carie all comelinesse, nobilitie, & riches, He loues you: & he loues you who is beloued of others. Driue not away his affection (sweet Lady) & make no other Lady heereafter proudly brag, that she hath robbed you of so faithfull & notable a seruant. *Philoclea* heard some peeces of her speeches, no otherwise then one doth when a tedious pratler combers the hearing of a delightfull musicke. For her thoughts had left her eares in that captiuitie, & conueyed themselues to behold (with such eyes as imagination could lend them) the estate of her *Zelmane*: for whom how well shee thought many of those sayings might haue beene vsed with a farre more gratefull acceptation. Therefore listing not to dispute in a matter whereof her selfe was resolued, and desired not to informe the other, she onely told her that whilest she was so captiued, she could not conceiue of any such perswasions (though neuer so reasonable) any otherwise, then as constraints: & as constraints must needs euen in nature abhor them, which at her liberty in their owne force of reason, might more preuaile with her: & so faine would haue returned the strength of *Cecropias* perswasions, to haue procured freedome.

But neither her wittie words in an enemie, nor those wordes, made more then eloquent with passing through such lippes, could preuaile in *Cecropia*, more then her perswasions could winne *Philoclea* to disauow her former vow, or to leaue the prisoner *Zelmane*, for the commaunding *Amphialus*. So that both sides being desirers, and neither graunters, they brake off conference. *Cecropia* sucking vp more and more spite out of her deniall, which yet for her sonnes sake, shee disguised with a visard of kindnesse, leauing no office vnperformed, which might either witnesse, or endeare her sonnes affection. Whatsoeuer could be imagined likely to please her, was with liberall diligence performed: Musickes at her window, and especially such Musickes, as might (with dolefull emballage) call the mind to thinke of sorrow, and thinke of it with sweetenesse, with ditties so sensibly expressing *Amphialus* case, that euerie word seemed to be but a diuersifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily presents, as it were oblations, to pacifie an angrie Deitie, sent vnto her: wherein, if the workmanship of the forme had striuen with the sumptuousnes of the matter, as much did the inuention, in the application, contend to haue the chiefe excellencie: for they were as so many stories of his disgraces, and her perfections; where the richnesse did inuite the eyes, the fashion did entertaine the eyes, and the deuice did teach the eyes, the present miserie of the presenter himselfe awfully seruiceable: which was the more notable, as his authority was manifest. And for the bondage wherin shee liued, all meanes vsed to make knowne, that if it were a bondage, it was a bondage only knit in loue-knots: but she in heart already vnderstanding no language but one, the Musicke wrought indeede a dolefulnesse, but it was a dolefulnesse to be in his power: the dittie intended for *Amphialus*, shee translated to *Zelmane*: the presents seemed so many tedious clogs of a thralled obligation: and

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his ſeruice, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobate (as ſhe thought) vnto her, her vnworthy eſtate: that euen he that did her ſeruice, had authoritie of commaunding her, onely conſtruing her ſeruitude in his owne nature, eſteeming it a right, and a right bitter ſeruitude: ſo that all their ſhots (how well ſoeuer leuelled) being caried awry from the marke, by the ſtorme of her miſlike, the Prince *Amphialus* affectionately languiſhed, and *Cecropia* ſpitefully cunning, diſdained at the barrenneſſe of their ſucceſſe.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would haue reuenged, but that ſhe ſaw, her hurt could not be deuided from her ſonnes miſchiefe: wherefore, ſhee bethought her ſelfe to attempt *Pamela*, whoſe being equall, ſhe hoped, if ſhe might be wonne, that her ſons thoughts would rather reſt on a beautifull gratefulneſſe, then ſtill bee tormented with a diſdaining beauty. Therfore giuing new courage to her wicked inuentions, and vſing the more induſtry, becauſe ſhe had miſt in this, and taking euen preceipts of preuailing in *Pamela*, by her fayling in *Philoclea*, ſhee went to her chamber, and (according to her owne vngracious method of ſubtile proceeding) ſtood liſtning at the dore, becauſe that out of the circumſtance of her preſent behauiour, there might kindly ariſe a fit beginning of her intended diſcourſe.

And ſo ſhe might perceiue that *Pamela* did walke vp & down, full of deep (though patient) thoughts. For her looke & countenance was ſetled, her pace ſoft and almoſt ſtill of one meaſure, without any paſſionate geſture, or violent motion: till at length (as it were) awaking, & ſtrengthning her ſelfe, Well (ſaid ſhe) yet this is the beſt, and of this I am ſure, that howſoeuer they wrong me, they cannot ouer-maiſter God. No darkeneſſe blinds his eyes, no gayle bars him out. To whom then elſe ſhould I flie, but to him for ſuccour? And therewith kneeling downe, euen where ſhee ſtood, ſhe thus ſaid: O All-ſeeing Light, and eternall Life of all things, to whom nothing is either ſo great, that it may reſiſt; or ſo ſmall, that it is contemned: looke vpon my miſery with thine eye of mercie, and let thine infinite power vouchſafe to limite out ſome proportion of deliuerance vnto me, as to thee ſhall ſeeme moſt conuenient. Let not iniurie, ô Lord, triumph ouer me, and let my faults by thy hand bee corrected, and make not mine vniuſt enemy the miniſter of thy Iuſtice. But yet, my God, if in thy wiſedome, this be the apteſt chaſtiſement for my vnexcuſable folly; if this low bondage be fitteſt for my ouer-high deſires; if the pride of my not-inough humble heart, be thus to bee broken, ô Lord, I yeeld vnto thy will, & ioyfully embrace what ſorrow thou wilt haue mee ſuffer. Onely thus much let mee craue of thee (let my crauing, ô Lord, be accepted of thee, ſince euen that proceeds from thee) let me craue, euen by the nobleſt title, which in my greateſt affliction I may giue my ſelfe, that I am thy creature, & by thy goodneſſe (which is thy ſelfe) that thou wilt ſuffer ſome beame of thy Maieſtie ſo to ſhine into my minde, that it may ſtill depend confidently on thee. Let calamitie bee the exerciſe, but not the ouerthrow of my vertue: let their power preuaile, but preuaile not to deſtruction: let my greatneſſe be their pray: let my paine bee the ſweetneſſe of their reuenge: let them (if ſo it ſeeme good vnto thee) vexe me with more and more puniſhment. But, ô Lord, let neuer their wickednes haue ſuch a hand, but that I may cary a pure minde in a pure body. (And pauſing a while) And ô moſt gracious Lord (ſaid ſhe) what euer become of me, preſerue the vertuous *Muſidorus*.

The other part *Cecropia* might well heare: but this latter prayer for *Muſidorus*, her heart held it, as ſo iewel-like a treaſure, that it would ſcarce truſt her owne lippes withall. But this prayer, ſent to heauen, from ſo heauenly a creature, with ſuch a feruent grace, as if deuotion had borowed her body, to make of it ſelfe a moſt beautiful

repreſentation

repreſentation; with her eies ſo lifted to the skie-ward, that one would haue thought they had begun to flie thitherward, to take their place among their fellow ſtarres; her naked hands raiſing vp their whole length, & as it were kiſſing one another, as if the right had been the picture of *Zeale*, and the left of *Humbleneſſe*, which both vnited themſelues to make their ſuites more acceptable. Laſtly, all her ſenſes being rather tokens then inſtruments of her inward motions, altogether had ſo ſtrange a working power, that euen the hard-hearted wickedneſſe of *Cecropia*, if it found not a loue of that goodneſſe, yet it felt an abaſhment at that goodneſſe, and if ſhee had not a kindly remorſe, yet had ſhe an irkſome accuſation of her owne naughtineſſe, ſo that ſhee was put from the bias of her fore-intended leſſon. For well ſhee found there was no way at that time to take that minde, but with ſome, at leaſt, image of Vertue: and what the figure thereof was, her heart knew not.

Yet did ſhe prodigally ſpend her vttermoſt eloquence, leauing no argument vnproued, which might with any force inuade her excellent iudgement: the iuſtneſſe of the requeſt being, but for mariage; the worthineſſe of the ſuiter: then her owne preſent fortune, which ſhould not only haue amendment, but felicitie: beſides falſely making her beleeue, that her ſiſter would thinke her ſelfe happy, if now ſhee might haue his loue which before ſhee contemned: and obliquely touching, what danger it ſhould bee for her, if her ſonne ſhould accept *Philoclea* in mariage, and ſo match the next heire apparant, ſhee being in his power: yet plentifully periuring how extreamely her ſonne loued her, and excuſing the little ſhewes he made of it, with the dutifull reſpect he bare vnto her, and taking vpon her ſelfe that ſhee reſtrained him, ſince ſhe found ſhe could ſet no limits to his paſſions. And as ſhee did to *Philoclea*, ſo did ſhe to her, with the tribute of gifts ſeeke to bring her minde into ſeruitude: and all other meanes, that might either eſtabliſh a beholdingneſſe, or at leaſt awake a kindneſſe; doing it ſo, as by reaſon of their impriſonment, one ſiſter knew not how the other was wooed, but each might thinke, that onely ſhe was ſought. But if *Philoclea* with ſweete and humble dealing did auoide their aſſaults, ſhe with the Maieſtie of Vertue did beate them off.

But this day their ſpeech was the ſooner broken of, by reaſon that he, who ſtood as watch vpon the top of the keepe, did not onely ſee a great duſt ariſe (which the earth ſent vp, as if it would ſtriue to haue clouds as well as the ayre) but might ſpie ſometimes, eſpecially when the duſt (wherein the naked wind did apparell it ſelfe) was caried aſide from them, the ſhining of armour, like flaſhing of lightning, wherwith the clouds did ſeeme to bee with childe; which the Sunne gilding with his beames, it gaue a ſight delightfull to any, but to them that were to abide the terrour. But the watch gaue a quicke Alarum to the ſouldiers within, whom practiſe already hauing prepared, began each, with vnabaſhed hearts or at leaſt countenances, to looke to their charge, or obedience, which was allotted vnto them.

Onely *Clinias* & *Amphialus* did exceede the bounds of mediocritie: the one in his naturall coldneſſe of cowardiſe, the other in heate of courage. For *Clinias* (who was bold onely in buſie whiſperings, & euen in that whiſperingneſſe rather indeede confident in his cunning, that it ſhould not bee bewrayed, then any way bold, if euer it ſhould be bewrayed) now that the enemie gaue a dreadfull aſpect vnto the caſtle, his eyes ſaw no terrour, nor eare heard any martiall ſound, but that they multiplied the hidiouſneſſe of it to his mated minde. Before their comming hee had many times felt a dreadfull expectation, but yet his minde (that was willing to eaſe it ſelfe of the burden of feare) did ſometime faine vnto it ſelfe poſſibilitie of let; as the death of *Baſilius*, the diſcord of the nobilitie, & (when other cauſe failed him) the

the nature of chaunce ſerued as a cauſe vnto him: and ſometimes the hearing other men ſpeake valiantly, and the quietneſſe of his vnaſſailed ſenſes, would make himſelfe beleeue, that hee durſt doe ſomething. But now, that preſent danger did diſplay it ſelfe vnto his eye, and that a dangerous doing muſt be the onely meane to preuent the danger of ſuffering, one that had marked him would haue iudged, that his eyes would haue runne into him, and his ſoule out of him; ſo vnkindly did either take a ſent of danger. Hee thought the lake was too ſhallow, and the walles too thin: hee miſdoubted each mans treaſon, and coniectured euery poſſibility of misfortune, not onely fore-caſting likely perils, but ſuch as all the planets together could ſcarcely haue conſpired: and already began to arme himſelfe, though it was determined he ſhould tarry within doors; and while he armed himſelfe, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himſelfe, if the enemies wonne the caſtle. Deſirous he was that euery body ſhould doe valiantly, but himſelfe; and therefore was affraid to ſhew his feare, but for very feare would haue hid his feare; leaſt it ſhould diſcomfort others: but the more he ſought to diſguiſe it, the more the vnſutableneſſe of a weake broken voice to high braue words, and of a pale ſhaking countenance to a geſture of animating did diſcouer him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who before the enemies came was carefull, prouidently diligent, and not ſometimes without doubting of the iſſue; now the neerer danger approched (like the light of a glow-worme) the leſſe ſtill it ſeemed: and now his courage began to boyle in choler, & with ſuch impatience to deſire to powre out both vpon the enemy, that hee iſſued preſently into certaine boates hee had of purpoſe; and carying with him ſome choiſe men, went to the fortreſſe he had vpon the edge of the lake, which hee thought would bee the firſt thing, that the enemy would attempt, becauſe it was a paſſage, which commaunding all that ſide of the countrie, and being loſt would ſtop victuall, or other ſupply, that might be brought into the caſtle: and in that fortreſſe hauing ſome force of horſemen, hee iſſued out with two hundred horſe, and fiue hundred footemen, embuſhed his footemen in the falling of a hill, which was ouer-ſhadowed with a wood, hee with his horſemen went a quarter of a mile further; aſide hand of which he might perceiue the many troupes of the enemie, who came but to view where beſt to encampe themſelues.

But as if the ſight of the enemy had been a Magnes ſtone to his courage, he could not containe himſelfe, but ſhewing his face to the enemie, and his backe to his ſouldiers, vſed that action, as his onely oration, both of denouncing warre to the one, and perſwading helpe of the other. Who faithfully following an example of ſuch authority, they made the earth to grone vnder their furious burden, and the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a yong man, yongeſt brother to *Philanax*, whoſe face as yet did not bewray his ſexe, with ſo much as ſhew of haire; of a minde hauing no limits of hope, not knowing why to feare; full of iollitie in conuerſation, and lately growne a Louer. His name was *Agenor*, of all that army the moſt beautifull: who hauing ridden in ſportfull conuerſation among the foremoſt, all armed ſauing that his beauer was vp, to haue his breath in more freedome, ſeeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his company, neither ſtaying the commandement of the Captaine, nor reckning whether his face were armed, or no, ſet ſpurs to his horſe, and with youthfull brauery caſting his ſtaffe about his head, put it then in his reſt, as carefull of comely carying it, as if the marke had beene but a Ring, and the lookers on Ladies. But *Amphialus* launce was already come to the laſt of his deſcending line, & began to make the full

point

point of death againſt the head of this yong Gentleman; when *Amphialus* perceiuing his youth and beautie, Compaſsion ſo rebated the edge of Choler, that hee ſpared that faire nakednesſe, and let his ſtaffe fall to *Agenors* vampalt: ſo as both with braue breaking ſhould hurtleſly haue performed that match, but that the pitileſſe launce of *Amphialus* (angry with being broken) with an vnlucky counterbuffe full of vnſparing ſplinters, lighted vpon that face farre fitter for the combats of *Venus*; giuing not onely a ſudden, but a fowle death, leauing ſcarcely any tokens of his former beautie: but his hands abandoning the reynes, and his thighes the ſaddle, he fell ſideward from the horſe. Which ſight comming to *Leontius*, a deare friend of his, who in vaine had lamentably cried vnto him to ſtay, when hee ſaw him begin his careere, it was hard to ſay, whether pitie of the one, or reuenge againſt the other, held as then the ſoueraignetie in his paſſions. But while hee directed his eye to his friend, and his hand to his enemie, ſo wrongly-conſorted a power could not reſiſt the readie minded force of *Amphialus*: who perceiuing his ill-directed direction againſt him, ſo paid him his debt before it was lent, that he alſo fell to the earth, onely happie that one place, and one time, did finiſh both their loues and liues together.

But by this time there had beene a furious meeting of either ſide: where after the terrible ſalutation of warlike noiſe, the ſhaking of hands was with ſharpe weapons: ſome launces according to the metall they met, and skill of the guider, did ſtaine themſelues in bloud; ſome flew vp in peeces, as if they would threaten heauen, becauſe they fayled on earth. But their office was quickely inherited, either by (the Prince of weapons) the ſword, or by ſome heauie mace, or biting axe; which hunting ſtill the weakeſt chaſe, ſought euer to light there where ſmalleſt reſiſtance might worſe preuent miſchiefe. The claſhing of armour, and cruſhing of ſtaues, the iuſtling of bodies, the reſounding of blowes, was the firſt part of that ill agreeing muſicke, which was beautified with the griſlyneſſe of wounds, the riſing of duſt, the hidious falles and the grones of the dying. The very horſes angry in their Maiſters anger, with loue and obedience brought foorth the effects of hate and reſiſtance and with mindes of ſeruitude, did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead vnder their dead Maiſters, whom vnknightly wounds had vniuſtly puniſhed for a faithfull dutie. Some lay vpon their Lords by like accidents, and in death, had the honour to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne. Some hauing loſt their commanding burthens, ranne ſcattered about the field, abaſhed with the madneſſe of mankind. The earth it ſelfe (wont to be a buriall of men) was now (as it were) buried with men: ſo was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom death had come masked in diuers manners. In one place lay diſinherited heads, diſpoſſeſſed of their naturall ſeigniories: in another, whole bodies to ſee to, but that their hearts wont to bee bound all ouer ſo cloſe, were now with deadly violence opened: in others, fowler deathes had ouglily diſplayed their trayling guts. There lay armes, whoſe fingers yet moued, as if they would feele for him that made them feele: and legges, which contrary to common reaſon, by being diſcharged of their burden, were growne heauier. But no ſword payed ſo large a tribute of ſoules to the eternall Kingdome, as that of *Amphialus*: who like a Tigre, from whom a companie of Woolues did ſeeke to rauiſh a new gotten praye; ſo hee (remembring they came to take away *Philoclea*) did labour to make valure, ſtrength, choler and hatred, to anſwere the proportion of his loue, which was infinite.

There died of his hand the old knight *Eſchylus*, who though by yeares might well haue beene allowed to vſe rather the exerciſes of wiſedome, then of courage; yet hauing a luſty bodie and a merry heart, he euer tooke the ſummons of Time in ieſt,

ieſt, or elſe it had ſo creepingly ſtolne vpon him, that he had heard ſcarcely the noyſe of his feete, and therefore was as freſh in apparell, and as forward in enterpriſes, as a farre yonger man: but nothing made him bolder, then a certaine prophecie had beene told him, that hee ſhould die in the armes of his ſonne, and therefore feared the leſſe the arme of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus* ſword was paſſed through his throate, he thought himſelfe abuſed; but that before hee died, his ſonne, indeede ſeeing his father begin to fall, held him vp in his armes, till a pittileſſe ſouldier of the other ſide, with a mace brained him, making father & ſonne become twinnes in the neuer againe dying birth. As for *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Niſus* and *Policrates*; the firſt had his eyes cut out ſo, as he could not ſee to bid the neere following death welcome: the ſecond had met with the ſame Prophet that old *Eſchylus* had, and hauing found many of his ſpeeches true, beleeued this too, that hee ſhould neuer bee killed, but by his owne companions: and therefore no man was more valiant then he againſt an enemy, no man more ſuſpicious of his friends: ſo as he ſeemed to ſleepe in ſecuritie, when he went to a battel, and to enter into a battell, when hee began to ſleepe, ſuch guards he would ſet about his perſon; yet miſtruſting thoſe very guards leaſt they would murther him. But now *Amphialus* helped to vnriddle his doubts; for he ouerthrowing him from his horſe, his owne companions comming with a freſh ſupply, preſſed him to death. *Niſus* graſping with *Amphialus*, was with a ſhort dagger ſlaine. And for *Policrates*, while hee ſhunned as much as hee could, keeping onely his place for feare of puniſhment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow ſtrake off his head: where, with the conuulſions of death ſetting his ſpurres to his horſe, he gaue ſo braue a charge vpon the enemie, as it grew a prouerbe, that *Policrates* was onely valiant after his head was off. But no man eſcaped ſo well his handes as *Phebilus* did: for he hauing long loued *Philoclea*, though for the meanneſſe of his eſtate he neuer durſt reueale it, now knowing *Amphialus*, ſetting the edge of a riuall vpon the ſword of an enemy, he held ſtrong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the dangerouſeſt places diſarmed him, and was lifting vp his ſword to ſend him away from himſelfe; when hee thinking indeede to die, O *Philoclea* (ſaid hee) yet this ioyes me, that I die for thy ſake. The name of *Philoclea* firſt ſtayed his ſword: & he heard him out, though he abhord him much worſe then before, yet could he not vouchſafe him the honour of dying for *Philoclea*, but turned his ſword another way doing him no hurt for ouer-much hatred. But what good did that to poore *Phebilus*, if eſcaping a valiant hand, he was ſlaine by a baſe ſouldier, who ſeeing him ſo diſarmed, thruſt him through?

But thus with the well-followed valure of *Amphialus* were the other almoſt ouerthrowne, when *Philanax* (who was the marſhall of the armie) came in, with new force renuing the almoſt decayed courage of his ſouldiers. For crying to them (and asking them whether their backes or their armes were better fighters) hee himſelfe thruſt iuſt into the preſſe, and making force and furie waite vpon diſcretion and gouernment, hee might ſeeme a braue Lion, who taught his yong Lioners, how in taking of a pray, to ioyne courage with cunning. Then Fortune (as if ſhe had made chaſes inow of the one ſide of that bloudy Teniſcourt) went of the other ſide the line, making as many fall downe of *Amphialus* followers, as before had done of *Philanaxis*, they looſing the ground, as faſt as before they had won it, only leauing them to keepe it, who had loſt themſelues in keeping it. Then thoſe that had killed, inherited the lot of thoſe that had beene killed; & cruell deathes made them lie quietly together, who moſt in their liues had ſought to diſquiet each other; & many of thoſe firſt ouerthrown, had the cõfort to ſee their murtherers ouerrun thẽ to *Charons* ferry.

Cedrus,

Codrus, *Cteſiphon*, and *Milo*, loſt their liues vpon *Philanax* ſword: but no bodies caſe was more pitied, then of a young ſquire of *Amphialus*, called *Iſmenus*, who neuer abandoning his Maiſter, and making his tender age aſpire to actes of the ſtrongeſt manhood, in this time that his ſide was put to the worſt, and that *Amphialus* valure was the onely ſtay of them from deliuering themſelues ouer to a moſt ſhamefull flight, hee ſaw his maiſters horſe killed vnder him. Whereupon asking aduiſe of no other thought, but of faithfulneſſe and courage, hee preſently lighted from his owne horſe, and with the helpe of ſome choiſe and faithfull ſeruants, gat his maiſter vp. But in the multitude that came of either ſide, ſome to ſuccour, ſome to ſaue *Amphialus*, hee came vnder the hand of *Philanax*: and the youth perceiuing hee was the man that did moſt hurt to his partie (deſirous euen to change his life for glorie) ſtrake at him, as hee rode by him, and gaue him a hurt vpon the leg, that made *Philanax* turne towards him; but ſeeing him ſo young, and of a moſt louely preſence, hee rather tooke pittie of him; meaning to take him priſoner, and then to giue him to his brother *Agenor* to bee his companion, becauſe they were not much vnlike, neither in yeares, nor countenance. But as hee looked downe vpon him with that thought, hee eſpied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Leontius* by him, euen almoſt vnder the ſquiers feete. Then ſorrowing not onely his owne ſorrow, but the paſt-comfort ſorrow which hee foreknew his mother would take (who with many teares, and miſgiuing ſighs had ſuffered him to go with his elder brother *Philanax*) blotted out all figures of pitty out of his minde, & putting forth his horſe (while *Iſmenus* doubled two or three more valiant, then well ſet blowes) ſaying to himſelfe; Let other mothers bewaile an vntimely death as well as mine: he thruſt him through. And the boy fierce though beautifull; and beautifull, though dying, not able to keepe his falling feete, fell downe to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as he could reſiſting death, which might ſeeme vnwilling too; ſo long he was in taking away his young ſtruggling ſoule.

Philanax himſelfe could haue wiſhed the blow vngiuen, when he ſaw him fal like a faire apple, which ſome vncurteous body (breaking his bough) ſhould throw down before it were ripe. But the caſe of his brother made him forget both that, and himſelfe: ſo as ouerhaſtily preſſing vpon the retiring enemies, he was (ere he was aware) further engaged then his owne ſouldiers could relieue him; where being ouerthrowne by *Amphialus*, *Amphialus* glad of him, kept head againſt his enemies, while ſome of his men caried away *Philanax*.

But *Philanax* men, as if with the loſſe of *Philanax* they had loſt the fountaine of their valure, had their courages ſo dried vp in feare; that they began to ſet honour at their backs, and to vſe the vertue of patience in an vntimely time: when into the preſſe comes (as hard as his horſe, more affraide of the ſpurre, then the ſworde, could carie him) a knight in armour as darke as blackeneſſe could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing; ſo farre without authoritie that hee was without knowledge. But vertue quickly made him knowne, and admiration bred him ſuch authoritie, that though they of whoſe ſide he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him: & while he was followed by the valianteſt, hee made way for the vileſt. For, taking part with the beſiegers, hee made the *Amphialians* bloud ſerue for a capariſon to his horſe, and a decking to his armour. His arme no ofter gaue blowes, then the blowes gaue wounds, then the wounds gaue deathes: ſo terrible was his force, & yet was his quickneſſe more forcible then his force, and his iudgement more quicke then his quickeneſſe. For though his ſworde went faſter then

eye-ſight could follow it, yet his owne iudgement went ſtill before it. There died of his hand *Sarpedon*, *Pliſtonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of great proofe in warres, and who had that day vndertaken the guard of *Amphialus*. But while they ſought to ſaue him, they loſt the fortreſſes that Nature had placed them in. Then ſlew he *Megalus*, who was a little before proud, to ſee himſelfe ſtained in the bloud of his enemies: but when his owne bloud came to bee married to theirs, hee then felt, that crueltie doth neuer enioy a good cheape glory. After him ſent he *Palemon*, who had that day vowed (with fooliſh brauery) to be the death of ten: & nine already he had killed, and was carefull to performe his (almoſt performed) vow, when the blacke knight helpt him to make vp the tenth himſelfe.

And now the often changing Fortune began alſo to change the hew of the battels. For at the firſt, though it were terrible, yet Terror was deckt ſo brauely with rich furniture, gilt-ſwords, ſhining armours, pleaſant penſils, that the eye with delight had ſcarce leaſure to be affraide: But now all vniuerſally defiled with duſt, bloud, broken armour, mangled bodies, tooke away the maske, and ſet foorth Horror in his owne horrible manner. But neither could danger bee dreadfull to *Amphialus* his vndiſmayable courage, nor yet ſeeme ougly to him whoſe truely-affected minde, did ſtill paint it ouer with the beautie of *Philoclea*. And therefore hee, rather enflamed then troubled with the increaſe of dangers, and glad to finde a worthy ſubiect to exerciſe his courage, ſought out this new knight whom hee might eaſily finde: for hee, like a wanton rich man, that throwes downe his neighbours houſe, to make himſelfe the better proſpect, ſo had his ſworde made him ſo ſpacious a roome, that *Amphialus* had more cauſe to wonder at the finding, then labour for the ſeeking: which if it ſtirred hate in him, to ſee how much harme hee did to the one ſide, it prouoked as much emulation in him, to perceiue how much good he did to the other ſide. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautifull folkes, Loue naturally ſtirres a deſire of ioyning, ſo in their two courages Hate ſtirred a deſire of triall. Then began there a combate betweene them, worthy to haue had more large liſtes, and more quiet beholders: for with the ſpurre of Courage, and the bitte of Reſpect, each ſo guided himſelfe, that one might well ſee, the deſire to ouercome, made them not forget how to ouercome: in ſuch time and proportion they did employ their blowes, that none of *Ceres* ſeruants could more cunningly place his flayle: while the left foote ſpurre ſet forward his owne horſe, the right let backeward the contrarie horſe, euen ſometimes by the aduantage of the enemies legge, while the left hand (like him that held the ſterne) guided the horſes obedient courage: All done in ſuch order, that it might ſeeme, the minde was a right Prince indeede, who ſent wiſe and diligent Lieutenants into each of thoſe well gouerned partes. But the more they fought, the more they deſired to fight; and the more they ſmarted, the leſſe they felt the ſmart: and now were like to make a quicke proofe, to whome Fortune or Valour would ſeeme moſt friendly, when in comes an olde Gouernour of *Amphialus*, alwayes a good Knight, and carefull of his charge; who giuing a ſore wound to the Blacke Knights thigh, while hee thought not of him, with another blow ſlewe his horſe vnder him. *Amphialus* cried to him, that hee diſhonoured him: You ſay well (anſwered the olde Knight) to ſtand now like a priuate ſouldier, ſetting your credit vpon particular fighting, while you may ſee *Baſilius* with all his hoſte, is getting betweene you and your Towne. Hee looked that way, and found that true indeede, that the enemie was beginning to encompaſſe him about, and ſtoppe his returne: and therefore cauſing the

the retreate to be ſounded, his Gouernour ledde his men homeward, while hee kept himſelfe ſtill hindmoſt, as if hee had ſtood at the gate of a ſluce, to let the ſtreame goe, with ſuch proportion, as ſhould ſeeme good vnto him: and with ſo manfull diſcretion performed it, that (though with loſſe of many of his men) hee returned himſelfe ſafe, and content, that his enemies had felt, how ſharpe the ſworde could bite of *Philocleas* Louer. The other partie being ſorie for the loſſe of *Philanax*, was yet ſorier when the Blacke Knight could not bee found: For hee hauing gotten a horſe, whom his dying Maiſter had bequeathed to the world, finding himſelfe ſore hurt, and not deſirous to bee knowne, had in the time of the enemies retyring, retyred away alſo: his thigh not bleeding blood ſo faſt, as his heart bledde reuenge. But *Baſilius* hauing attempted in vaine to barre the ſafe returne of *Amphialus*, encamped himſelfe as ſtrongly as hee could, while hee (to his griefe) might heare the ioy was made in the towne by his owne ſubiects, that hee had that day ſpedde no better. For *Amphialus* (being well beloued of that people) when they ſaw him not vanquiſhed, they eſteemed him as victorious, his youth ſetting a flouriſhing ſhew vpon his worthineſſe, and his great nobilitie ennobling his dangers.

But the firſt thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to viſite *Philoclea*, and firſt preſuming to cauſe his dreame to be ſung vnto her (which he had ſeene the night before he fell in loue with her) making a fine boy he had, accord a pretty dolefulnes vnto it. The ſong was this:

Now was our heau'nly vault depriued of the light
With Sunnes depart: and now the darkeneſſe of the night
Did light thoſe beamy ſtars, which greater light did darke:
Now each thing that enioy'd that firie quickning ſparke
(Which life is cald) were mou'd their ſpirits to repoſe,
And wanting vſe of eyes, their eyes began to cloſe:
A ſilence ſweet each where with one conſent embrac't
(A muſique ſweet to one in carefull muſing plac't)
And mother earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did breath
A dull deſire to kiſſe the image of our death:
When I, diſgraced wretch, not wretched then, did giue
My ſenſes ſuch reliefe, as they which quiet liue,
Whoſe braines broyle not in woes, nor breaſts with beatings ake,
With natures praiſe are wont in ſafeſt home to take.
Far from my thoughts was ought, whereto their minds aſpire,
Who vnder courtly pompes doe hatch a baſe deſire.
Free all my powers were from thoſe captiuing ſnares,
Which heau'nly pureſt gifts defile with muddie cares.
Ne could my ſoule it ſelfe accuſe of ſuch a fault,
As tender conſcience might with furious pangs aſſault.
But like the feeble flower (whoſe ſtalke cannot ſuſtaine
His weightie top) his top downeward doth drooping leane:
Or as the ſilly bird in well acquainted neſt
Doth hide his head with cares but onely how to reſt:
So I in ſimple courſe, and vnentangled minde,
Did ſuffer drowſie lids mine eyes, then cleare, to blinde;
And laying downe my head, did natures rule obſerue,

They firſt their vſe forgot, then fancies loſt their force;
Till deadly ſleepe at length poſſeſt my liuing corſe.
A liuing corſe I lay: but, ah, my wakefull minde
(Which made of heau'nly ſtuffe no mortall change doth blind)
Flew vp with freer wings of fleſhly bondage free;
And hauing plac't my thoughts, my thoughts thus placed me.
Me thought, nay ſure I was, I was in faireſt wood
Of Samothea land; a land which whilom ſtood
An honour to the world, while Honour was their end,
And while their line of yeares they did in vertue ſpend.
But there I was, and there my calmie thoughts I fed
On Natures ſweete repaſt, as healthfull ſenſes led.
Her gifts my ſtudy was, her beauties were my ſport:
My worke her workes to know, her dwelling my reſort.
Thoſe lamps of heau'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
The euer-turning ſpheres, the neuer-moving ground;
What eſſence deſt'nie hath; if fortune be or no;
Whence our immortall ſoules to mortall earth do ſtow:
What life it is, and how that all theſe liues do gather,
With outward makers force, or like an inward father.
Such thoughts, me thought, I thought, and ſtrainde my ſingle mind,
Then void of neerer cares, the depth of things to find;
When lo with hugeſt noiſe (ſuch noiſe a tower makes
When it blowne downe with wind a fall of ruine takes)
(Or ſuch a noiſe it was, as higheſt thunders ſend.
Or cannons thunder-like, all ſhot together, lend)
The Moone aſunder rent; whereout with ſudden fall
(More ſwift then falcons ſtoope to feeding Falconers call)
There came a chariot faire by doues and ſparrowes guided,
Whoſe ſtormelike courſe ſtaid not till hard by me it bided.
I wretch aſtoniſht was, and thought the deathfull doome
Of heauen, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.
But ſtreight there iſſued forth two Ladies (Ladies ſure
They ſeemed to me) on whom did waite a Virgin pure.
Strange were the Ladies weedes; yet more vnfit then ſtrange.
The firſt with cloth's tuckt vp, as Nymphes in woods do range;
Tuckt vp euen with the knees, with bowe and arrowes preſt:
Her right arme naked was, diſcouered was her breſt.
But heauy was her paſe, and ſuch a meagre cheere,
As little hunting mind (God knowes) did there appeere.
The other had with Arte (more then our women know,
As ſtuffe meant for the ſale ſet out to glaring ſhow)
A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twin'd
Her haire, which by the helpe of painters cunning ſhin'd.
When I ſuch gueſts did ſee come out of ſuch a houſe,
The mountaines great with child I thought brought forth a mouſe.
But walking forth, the firſt thus to the ſecond ſaid,
Venus come on: ſaid ſhe, Diane you are obaid.
Thoſe names abaſht me much, when thoſe great names I heard:

Althou-

Although their fame (me seemed) from truth had greatly iard.
As I thus musing stood, Diane cald to her
The waiting Nymph, a Nymph that did excell as farre
All things that earst I saw, as orient pearles exceede
That which their mother hight, or else their silly seede.
Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a sweete consent
Of all those Graces gifts the heauens haue euer lent.
And so she was attir'd, as one that did not prize
Too much her peereles parts, nor yet could them despise.
But cald, she came a pace: a pase wherein did moue
The band of beauties all, the little world of Loue.
And bending humble eyes (o eyes the Summe of sight)
She waited mistresse will: who thus disclos'd her spright;
Sweet Mira mine (quoth she) the pleasure of my mind,
In whom of all my rules the perfect proofe I find,
To only thee thou seest we graunt this speciall grace
Vs to attend, in this most priuate time and place.
Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still
Of that thou seest: close up in secret knot thy will.
She answer'd was with looke, and well perform'd behest:
And Mira I admirde: her shape sunke in my brest.
But thus with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with spite
Diana did begin. What mou'd me to inuite
Your presence (sister deare) first to my Moony spheare,
And hither now, vouchsafe to take with willing eare.
I know full well you know, what discord long hath raign'd
Betwixt vs two; how much that discord foule hath stain'd
Both our estates, while each the other did deprane,
Proofe speakes too much to vs, that feeling triall haue.
Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd:
Our offrings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are displac'd.
Is this the fruite of strife? those thousand Churches hie,
Those thousand altars faire now in the dust to lie?
In mortall mindes our mindes but planets names preserue:
No knees once bowed, forsooth, for them they say we serue.
Are we their seruants growne? no doubt a noble stay:
Celestiall powers to wormes, Ioues children serue to clay.
But such they say we be: this praise our discord bred,
While we for mutuall spite, a striuing passion fed.
But let vs wiser be; and what foule discord brake,
So much more strong againe let fastest concord make.
Our yeares do it require; you see we both do feele
The weakning worke of times for euer whirling wheele.
Although we be diuine, our grandsire Saturne is
With ages force decay'd, yet once the heauen was his.
And now before we seeke by wise Apollos skill,
Our young yeares to renew (for so he saith he will)
Let vs a perfect peace betweene vs two resolue:
Which least the ruinous want of gouernment dissolue,

Let one the Princesse be, to her the other yeeld:
For vaine equalitie is but Contentions field.
And let her haue the gifts that should in both remaine:
In her let beautie both, and chastnesse fully raigne.
So as if I preuaile, you giue your gifts to me:
If you, on you I lay what in my office be.
Now resteth only this, which of vs two is she,
To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.
For that (so that you like) hereby doth lie a youth
(She beckned vnto me) as yet of spotlesse truth,
Who may this doubt discerne: for better wit, then lot
Becommeth vs: in vs fortune determines not.
This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne she held)
To worthiest let him giue, when both he hath beheld:
And be it as he saith. Venus *was glad to heare*
Such proffer made, which she well shewed with smiling cheare.
As though she were the same, as when by Paris *doome*
She had chiefe Goddesses in beautie ouercome.
And smirkly thus gan say, I neuer sought debate
Diana *deare; my minde to loue and not to hate*
Was euer apt: but you my pastimes did despise.
I neuer spited you, but thought you ouerwise.
Now kindnesse proferd is, none kinder is then I:
And so most ready am thus meane of peace to trie.
And let him be our iudge: the lad doth please me well.
Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell
(For both together spake, each loth to be behinde)
That they by solemne oath their Deities would binde,
To stand vnto my will: their will they made me know.
I that was first agast, when first I saw their show,
Now bolder waxt, waxt proude, that I such sway must beare:
For neare acquaintaince doth diminish reuerent feare.
And hauing bound them fast by Styx, *they should obay*
To all that I decreede, did thus my verdict say.
How ill both you can rule, well hath your discord taught:
Ne yet for ought I see, your beauties merit ought.
To yonder Nymph therefore (to Mira *I did paint)*
The crowne aboue you both for euer I appoint.
I would haue spoken out: but out they both did crie;
Fie, fie, what haue we done? vngodly rebell fie.
But now we needes must yeelde, to that our oathes require.
Yet thou shalt not go free (quoth Venus*) such a fire*
Her beautie kindle shall within thy foolish minde,
That thou full oft shalt wish thy iudging eyes were blinde.
*Nay then (*Diana *said) the chastnesse I will giue,*
In ashes of despaire (though burnt) shall make thee liue.
Nay thou (said both) shalt see such beames shine in her face,
That thou shalt neuer dare seeke helpe of wretched ease.
And with that cursed curse away to heauen they fled,

Firſt hauing all their gifts vpon faire Mira *ſpred.*
The reſt I cannot tell, for there withall I wak'd,
And found with deadly feare that all my ſinewes ſhak'd.
Was it a dreame? O dreame, how haſt thou wrought in mee,
That I things erſt vnſeene ſhould firſt in dreaming ſee?
And thou O traytour Sleepe, made for to be our reſt,
How haſt thou framde the paine wherewith I am oppreſt?
O coward Cupid *thus dooſt thou thy honour keepe,*
Vnarmde (alas) vnwarn'd to take a man aſleepe?

Laying not onely the conqueſts, but the heart of the conquerour at her feete. But ſhee receiuing him after her wonted ſorrowfull (but otherwiſe vnmoued) manner, it made him thinke, his good ſucceſſe was but as a pleaſant monument of a dolefull buriall: Ioy it ſelfe ſeeming bitter vnto him, ſince it agreed not to her taſte.

Therefore, ſtill crauing his mothers helpe to perſwade her, hee himſelfe ſent for *Philanax* vnto him, whom hee had not onely long hated, but now had his hate greatly encreaſed by the death of his Squire *Iſmenus*. Beſides hee had made him as one of the chiefe cauſes that moued him to this rebellion, and therefore was enclined (to colour the better his action, and the more to embrewe the handes of his accomplices by making them guiltie of ſuch a treſpaſſe) in ſome formall ſort to cauſe him to bee executed: being alſo greatly egged thereunto by his mother, and ſome other, who long had hated *Philanax*, onely becauſe he was more worthy, then they to be loued.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour then the reaſon of each ſpeaker, *Philoclea* comming to the knowledge of the hard plight wherein *Philanax* ſtood, ſhee deſired one of the gentlewomen appointed to waite vpon her, to go in her name, and beſeech *Amphialus*, that if the loue of her had any power of perſwaſion in his mind, he would lay no further puniſhment, then impriſonment vpon *Philanax*. This meſſage was deliuered euen as *Philanax* was entring to the preſence of *Amphialus*, comming (according to the warning was giuen him) to receiue iudgement of death. But when he with manfull reſolution attended the fruite of ſuch a tyrannicall ſentence, thinking it wrong, but no harme to him that ſhould die in ſo good a cauſe; *Amphialus* turned quite the forme of his pretended ſpeech, and yeelded him humble thankes, that by his meanes hee had come to that happineſſe, as to receiue a commaundement of his Ladie: and therefore he willingly gaue him libertie to returne in ſafetie, whither he would, quitting him, not onely of all former grudge, but aſſuring him that hee would bee willing to doe him any friendſhip and ſeruice: onely deſiring thus much of him, that hee would let him know the diſcourſe and intent of *Baſilius* his proceeding.

Truely my Lord (anſwered *Philanax*) if there were any ſuch, knowne to mee, ſecret in my maiſters counſell, as that the reuealing thereof might hinder his good ſucceſſe, I ſhould loath the keeping of my bloud, with the loſſe of my faith, and would thinke the iuſt name of a traytor a hard purchaſe of a few yeares liuing. But ſince it is ſo, that my maiſter hath indeede no way of priuie practiſe, but meanes openly and forcibly to deale againſt you, I will not ſticke in few words to make your required declaration. Then told he him in what amaze of amazement, both *Baſilius* & *Gynecia* were, when they miſt their children & *Zelmane*. Sometimes apt to ſuſpect ſome practiſe of *Zelmane*, becauſe ſhee was a ſtranger; ſometimes doubting ſome reliks of the late mutiny, which doubt was rather increaſed, then any way ſatisfied,

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by *Miſo*: who (being found almoſt dead for hunger, by certaine countrey people) brought home word, with what cunning they were trayned out, & with what violence they were caried away. But that within a few dayes they came to knowledge where they were, by *Amphialus* his owne letters ſent abrode to procure confederates in his attempts. That *Baſilius* his purpoſe was neuer to leaue the ſiege of this Towne, till he had taken it, & reuenged the iniury done vnto him. That he meant rather to win it by time, & famine, then by force of aſſault; knowing how valiant men he had to deale withall in the towne: that he had ſent order, that ſupplies of ſouldiers, pioners, and all things elſe neceſſarie, ſhould daily be brought vnto him: ſo as my Lord (ſaid *Philanax*) let me now, hauing receiued my life by your grace, let me giue you your life and honour by my couſell; proteſting vnto you, that I cannot chuſe but loue you, being my maiſter his Nephew; and that I wiſh you well in all cauſes but this. You know his nature is as apt to forgiue, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault paſſed is excuſable, in that loue perſwaded, and youth was perſwaded. Doe not vrge the effects of angrie victorie, but rather ſeeke to obtaine that conſtantly by curteſie, which you can neuer aſſuredly enioy by violence. One might eaſily haue ſeene in the cheare of *Amphialus*, that diſdainfull choler would faine haue made the anſwere for him, but the remembrance of *Philoclea* ſerued for forcible barriers betweene anger, and angrie effects: ſo as he ſaid no more, but that hee would not put him to the trouble to giue him any further counſell: but that he might returne, if he liſted, preſently. *Philanax* glad to receiue an vncorrupted libertie, humbly accepted his fauourable conuoy out of the towne; and ſo departed, not viſiting the Princeſſes, thinking it might be offenſiue to *Amphialus*, & no way fruitefull to them who were no way but by force to bee reſcued.

The poore Ladies indeed, not ſuffered either to meete together, or to haue conference with any other, but ſuch as *Cecropia* had already framed to ſing all their ſongs to her tune, ſhee her ſelfe omitting no day, and catching hold of euery occaſion to moue forward her ſonnes deſire, and remoue their owne reſolutions: vſing the ſame arguments to the one ſiſter, as to the other; determining that whom ſhe could winne firſt, the other ſhould (without her ſonnes knowledge) by poiſon be made away. But though the reaſons were the ſame to both, yet the handling was diuers, according as ſhe ſaw their humors to prepare a more or leſſe aptneſſe of apprehenſion. This day hauing long ſpeech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a little the great dutifulneſſe her ſon had ſhewed in deliuering *Philanax*: of whom ſhee could get no anſwer, but a ſilence ſealed vp in vertue, & ſo ſweetly graced, as that in one inſtant it caried with it both reſiſtance, and humbleneſſe: *Cecropia* threatning in her ſelfe to runne a more rugged race with her, went to her ſiſter *Pamela*: who that day hauing wearied her ſelfe with reading, & with the height of her hart diſdaining to keepe company with any of the Gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom ſhe accounted her iaylors, was working vpon a purſe certaine roſes & lillies, as by the fineneſſe of the worke, one might ſee ſhee had borowed her wits of the ſorrow that then owed them, and lent them wholy to that exerciſe. For the flowers ſhee had wrought, caried ſuch life in them, that the cunningeſt painter might haue learned of her needle: which with ſo pretty a maner made his careers to & fro through the cloth, as if the needle it ſelfe would haue beene loth to haue gone fromward ſuch a miſtreſſe, but that it hoped to returne thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes vpon her, & louingly embracing the wounds ſhe gaue it: the ſheares alſo were at hand to behead the ſilke, that was growne too ſhort. And if at any time ſhee put her mouth to bite it off, it ſeemed, that where ſhe had beene long in making of a roſe with her hands, ſhe would

would in an inſtant make roſes with her lips; as the lillies ſeemed to haue their whitneſſe, rather of the hand that made them, thē of the matter wherof they were made; & that they grew there by the Suns of her eyes, & were refreſhed by the moſt (in diſcomfort) cōfortable ayre, which an vnawares ſigh might beſtow vpon them. But the colours for the ground were ſo well choſen, neither ſullenly darke, nor glaringly lightſome, & ſo well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to ſerue for an ornament of the principall worke; that it was not without maruell to ſee, how a minde which could caſt a careleſſe ſemblant vpon the greateſt conflicts of Fortune, could commaund it ſelfe to take care for ſo ſmall matters. Neither had ſhe neglected the dainty dreſſing of her ſelfe: but as if it had beene her marriage time to Affliction, ſhe rather ſeemed to remember her owne worthineſſe then the vnworthineſſe of her husband. For well one might perceiue ſhe had not reiected the counſell of a glaſſe, and that her hands had pleaſed themſelues, in paying the tribute of vndeceiuing skill, to ſo high perfections of nature.

The ſight whereof ſo diuers from her ſiſter (who rather ſuffered ſorrow to dreſſe it ſelfe in her beautie, then that ſhee would beſtow any entertainement of ſo vnwelcome a gueſt, made *Cecropia* take a ſudden aſſuredneſſe of hope, that ſhee ſhould obtaine ſomewhat of *Pamela*: thinking (according to the ſquaring out of her owne good nature) that beautie, carefully ſet foorth, would ſoone proue a ſigne of an vnrefuſing harborough. Animated therewith, ſhee ſate downe by *Pamela*, and taking the purſe, and with affected curioſitie looking vpon the worke, Full happie is he (ſaid ſhee) at leaſt if he knew his owne happineſſe, to whom a purſe in this manner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he ſhall haue cauſe to account it, not as a purſe for treaſure, but as a treaſure it ſelfe, worthy to bee purſed vp in the purſe of his owne heart. And thinke you ſo indeede (ſaid *Pamela* halfe ſmiling) I promiſe you I wrought it, but to make ſome tedious houres beleeue, that I thought not of them: for elſe I valued it but euen as a very purſe. It is the right nature (ſaid *Cecropia*) of Beautie, to worke vnwitting effects of wonder. Truely (ſaid *Pamela*) I neuer thought till now, that this outward gloſſe, intitled Beautie, which it pleaſeth you to lay to my (as I thinke) vnguiltie charge, was but a pleaſant mixture of naturall colours, delightfull to the eye, as muſicke is to the eare, without any further conſequence: ſince it is a thing, which not onely beaſts haue, but euen ſtones and trees many of them doe greatly excell in it. That other things (anſwered *Cecropia*) haue ſome portion of it, takes not away the excellencie of it, where indeede it doth excell: ſince we ſee, that euen thoſe beaſts, trees, & ſtones are in the name of Beauty onely highly prayſed. But that the beautie of humaine perſons is beyond all other things, there is great likelihood of reaſon; ſince to them onely is giuen the iudgement to diſcerne Beautie: and among reaſonable wights, as it ſeemes, that our ſexe hath the preheminence, ſo that in that preheminence, Nature counteruailes al other liberalities, wherein ſhee may bee thought to haue dealt more fauourably toward mankind. How doe men crowne (thinke you) themſelues with glory, for hauing either by force brought others to yeeld to their minde, or with long ſtudie, and premeditated orations, perſwaded what they would haue perſwaded? and ſee, a faire woman ſhall not onely commaund without authoritie, but perſwade without ſpeaking. She ſhall not neede to procure attention, for their owne eyes will chaine their eares vnto it. Men venture liues to conquer; ſhee conquers liues without venturing. She is ſerued, and obeyed, which is the moſt notable, not becauſe the lawes ſo commaund it, but becauſe they become lawes themſelues to obey her; not for her parents ſake, but for her owne ſake. She need not diſpute, whether to gouerne by Feare

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of Loue, ſince without her thinking thereof, their loue will bring forth feare, and their feare will fortifie their loue: and ſhe need not ſeeke offenſiue, or defenſiue force, ſince her onely lips may ſtand for ten thouſand ſhields, and ten thouſand vneuitable ſhot go from her eyes. Beautie, Beautie (deare Neece) is the crowne of the feminine greatneſſe; which gift, on whom ſoeuer the heauens (therein moſt niggardly) do beſtow, without queſtion, ſhee is bound to vſe it to the noble purpoſe, for which it is created: not only winning, but preſeruing; ſince that indeed is the right happineſſe which is not onely in it ſelfe happy, but can alſo deriue the happineſſe to another. Certainely Aunt (ſaid *Pamela*) I feare me you will make me not onely thinke my ſelfe fairer then euer I did, but thinke my faireneſſe a matter of greater valew then heretofore I could imagine it. For I euer (till now) conceiued theſe conqueſts you ſpeake of, rather to proceed from the weakeneſſe of the conquered, then from the ſtrength of the conquering power: as they ſay, the Cranes ouerthrow whole battels of *Pygmees*, not ſo much of their Craniſh courage, as becauſe the other are *Pygmees*, and that wee ſee yong babes thinke babies of wonderfull excellencie, and yet the babies are but babies. But ſince your elder yeares, & abler iudgement, find Beautie to bee worthy of ſo incomparable eſtimation, certainely me thinkes it ought to be held in deareneſſe, according to the excellencie, and (no more then we would do of things which wee account precious) euer to ſuffer it to bee defiled.

Defiled? (ſaid *Cecropia*) Mary God forbid that my ſpeech ſhould tend to any ſuch purpoſe, as ſhould deſerue ſo foule a tittle. My meaning is to ioyne your beautie to loue, your youth to delight. For truely, as colours ſhould bee as good as nothing if there were no eyes to behold them: ſo is Beautie nothing, without the eye of Loue behold it: & therefore ſo far is it from defiling it, that it is the only honouring of it, the onely preſeruing of it: for Beautie goes away, deuoured by Time; but where remaines it euer flouriſhing, but in the heart of a true louer? And ſuch a one (if euer there were any) is my ſonne: whoſe loue is ſo ſubiected vnto you, that rather then breed any offence vnto you, it will not delight it ſelfe in beholding you. There is no effect of his loue (anſwered *Pamela*) better pleaſeth me then that: but as I haue often anſwered you, ſo, reſolutely I ſay vnto you, that he muſt get my parents conſent, & then he ſhall know further of my mind; for, without that, I know I ſhould offend God. O ſweete youth (ſaid *Cecropia*) how vntimely ſubiect it is to deuotion? No, no ſweet neece, let vs old folkes thinke of ſuch preciſe conſiderations; do you enioy the heauen of your age, whereof you are ſure: & like good houſholders, which ſpend thoſe things that would not be kept, ſo do you pleaſantly enioy that, which elſe wil bring an ouerlate repentance, when your glaſſe ſhall accuſe you to your face, what a change there is in you. Do you ſee how the ſpring-time is full of flowers, decking it ſelfe with them, and not aſpiring to the fruites of *Autumn*? what leſſon is that vnto you, but that in the April of your age, you ſhould be like *April*? Let not ſome of them for whom already the graue gapeth, and perhaps enuy the felicitie in you, which themſelues cannot enioy, perſwade you to looſe the hold of occaſion; while it may not onely be taken, but offers, nay ſues to be taken: which if it be not now taken, will neuer hereafter be ouertaken. Your ſelfe know how your father hath refuſed all offers made by the greateſt Princes about you, & will you ſuffer your beauty to bee hidden in the wrinkles of his peeuiſh thoughts? If he be peeuiſh (ſaid *Pamela*) yet is he my father, and how beautifull ſoeuer I be, I am his daughter: ſo as God claymes at my hands obedience, and makes me no iudge of his imperfections.

Theſe often replies vpon conſcience in *Pamela*; made *Cecropia* thinke, that there was no righter way for her, then as ſhee had (in her opinion) ſet her in liking of Beautie

Beautie, with perſwaſion not to ſuffer it to be void of purpoſe, ſo if ſhee could make her leſſe feeling of thoſe heauenly conceits, that then ſhee might eaſily wind her to her crooked byas. Therefore, employing the vttermoſt of her miſchieuous wit, and ſpeaking the more earneſtly, becauſe ſhee ſpake as ſhee thought, ſhee thus dealt with her, Deare neece, or rather, deare daughter, if my affection and wiſh might preuaile therein, how much doth it increaſe (trow you) the earneſt deſire I haue of this bleſſed match, to ſee theſe vertues of yours knit faſt with ſuch zeale of Deuotion (indeede the beſt bond) which the moſt politike wits haue found, to hold mans wit in well doing? For, as children muſt firſt by feare be induced to know that, which after (when they doe know) they are moſt glad of: So are theſe bug-beares of opinions brought by great Clearkes into the world, to ſerue as ſhewelles to keepe them from thoſe faults, whereto elſe the vanitie of the world, and weakeneſſe of ſenſes might pull them. But in you (Neece) whoſe excellencie is ſuch, as it needs not to be held vp by the ſtaffe of vulgar opinions, I would not you ſhould loue Vertue ſeruilly, for feare of I know not what, which you ſee not: but euen for the good effects of vertue which you ſee. Feare, and indeede, fooliſh feare, and fearefull ignorance, was the firſt inuenter of thoſe conceits. For when they heard it thunder, not knowing the naturall cauſe, they thought there was ſome angrie bodie aboue, that ſpake ſo loude: and euer the leſſe they did perceiue, the more they did conceiue. Whereof they knew no cauſe, that grew ſtreight a miracle: fooliſh folkes, not marking that the alterations be but vpon particular accidents, the vniuerſality being alwayes one. Yeſterday was but as to day, and to morrow will tread the ſame footeſteps of his foregoers: ſo as it is manifeſt inough, that all things follow but the courſe of their owne nature, ſauing onely Man, who while by the pregnancie of his imagination he ſtriues to things ſupernaturall, meane-while he loſeth his owne naturall felicity. Be wiſe, and that wiſedome ſhall be a God vnto thee; be contented, and that is thy heauen: for elſe to thinke that thoſe powers (if there be any ſuch) aboue are moued either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chafe at the folly of our actions; caries as much reaſon as if flies ſhould thinke, that men take great care which of them hums ſweeteſt, and which of them flies nimbleſt.

She would haue ſpoken further to haue enlarged and confirmed her diſcourſe; when *Pamela* (whoſe cheeks were dyed in the beautifulleſt graine of vertuous anger; with eyes which gliſtred foorth beames of diſdaine) thus interrupted her. Peace (wicked woman) peace, vnworthy to breath, that doeſt not acknowledge the breath-giuer; moſt vnworthy to haue a tongue, which ſpeakeſt againſt him, through whom thou ſpeakeſt: keepe your affection to your ſelfe, which like a bemyred dog, would defile with fauning. You ſay yeſterday was as to day. O fooliſh woman, and moſt miſerably fooliſh, ſince wit makes you fooliſh; What doth that argue, but that there is a conſtancie in the euerlaſting gouernour? Would you haue an inconſtant God, ſince we count a man fooliſh that is inconſtant? Hee is not ſeene you ſay, and would you thinke him a God, who might bee ſeene by ſo wicked eyes, as yours? which yet might ſee inough if they were not like ſuch, who for ſport-ſake willingly hood-winke themſelues to receiue blowes the eaſier. But though I ſpeake to you without any hope of fruite in ſo rotten a heart, and there bee no body elſe heere to iudge of my ſpeeches, yet be thou my witneſſe, ô captiuity, that my eares ſhall not be willingly guilty of my creators blaſphemy. You ſay, becauſe we know not the cauſes of things; therefore feare was the mother of ſuperſtition: nay, becauſe we know that each effect hath a cauſe, that hath engendred a true & liuely deuotion. For this goodly worke of which wee are, & in which wee liue, hath not his being by Chance; on which

which opinion it is beyond meruaile by what Chance any braine could ſtumble. For if it be eternall (as you would ſeeme to conceiue of it) Eternitie & Chance are things vnſufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; & if it happen, there was a time before it happened, when it might haue not happened; or elſe it did not happen; & ſo if chanceable, not eternall. And as abſurd it is to thinke that if it had a beginning, his beginning was deriued from Chance: for Chance could neuer make all things of nothing: and if there were ſubſtances before, which by chance ſhould meete to make vp this worke, thereon followes another bottomleſſe pitte of abſurdities. For then thoſe ſubſtances muſt needes haue beene from euer, and ſo eternall: and that eternall cauſes ſhould bring forth chanceable effects, is as ſenſible, as that the Sun ſhould be the author of darkenes. Againe, if it were chanceable, then was it not neceſſary; whereby you take away all conſequents. But we ſee in all things, in ſome reſpect or other, neceſſitie of conſequence: therefore in reaſon we muſt needes know that the cauſes were neceſſarie.

Laſtly, Chance is variable, or elſe it is not to be called Chance: but wee ſee this worke is ſteady and permanent. If nothing but Chance had glewed thoſe peeces of this All, the heauy parts would haue gone infinitely downeward- the light infinitely vpward, and ſo neuer haue met to haue made vp this goodly body. For before there was a heauen, or earth, there was neither a heauen to ſtay the height of the ring, or an earth, which (in reſpect of the round walles of heauen) ſhould become a center. Laſtly, perfect order, perfect beautie, perfect conſtancie, if theſe be the children of Chance, let wiſedome be counted the roote of wickednes. But you will ſay, it is ſo by nature, as much as if you ſaid, it is ſo, becauſe it is ſo: if you meane of many natures conſpiring together, as in a popular gouernment to eſtabliſh this faire eſtate; as if the Elementiſh and etheteall parts ſhould in their towne-houſe ſet downe the bounds of each ones office; then conſider what followes: that there muſt needes haue been a wiſedome which made them concurre: for their natures being abſolutly contrary, in nature rather would haue ſought each others ruine, then haue ſerued as well conſorted partes to ſuch an vnexpreſſible harmonie. For that contrarie things ſhould meete to make vp a perfection without force and Wiſedome aboue their powers, is abſolutely impoſſible; vnleſſe you will flie to that hiſſed-out opinion of Chance againe. But you may perhaps affirme, that one vniuerſall Nature (which hath beene for euer) is the knitting together of theſe many parts to ſuch an excellent vnitie. If you meane a Nature of wiſedome, goodneſſe, & prouidence, which knowes what it doth, then ſay you that, which I ſeeke of you, & cannot conclude thoſe blaſphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, and mine eares. But if you meane a Nature, as we ſpeake of the fire, which goeth vpward, it knowes not why: and of the nature of the Sea which in ebbing & flowing ſeemes to obſerue ſo iuſt a daunce and yet vnderſtands no muſicke, it is but ſtill the ſame abſurditie ſuperſcribed with another title. For this word, one, being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a leſſe matter when we ſay one kingdome which containes many cities; or one citie which containes many perſons, wherein the vnder ones (if there be not a ſuperiour power and wiſedome) cannot by nature regard to any preſeruation but of themſelues: no more we ſee they doe, ſince the water willingly quenches the fire, and drownes the earth; ſo farre are they from a conſpired vnitie: but that a right heauenly Nature indeede, as it were vnnaturing them, doth ſo bridle them.

Againe, it is as abſurd in nature, that from an vnitie many contraries ſhould proceed ſtill kept in an vnitie: as that from the number of contrarieties an vnitie ſhould

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ariſe. I ſay ſtill, if you baniſh both a ſingularitie, and pluralitie of iudgement from among them, then (if ſo earthly a minde can lift it ſelfe vp ſo high) doe but conceiue, how a thing whereto you giue the higheſt, and moſt excellent kind of being (which is eternitie) can be of a baſe and vileſt degree of being, and next to a not-being; which is ſo to bee, as not to enioy his owne being? I will not heere call all your ſenſes to witneſſe, which can heare, nor ſee nothing, which yeelds not moſt euident euidence of the vnſpeakeableneſſe of that Wiſedome: each thing being directed to an end, and an end of preſeruation: ſo proper effects of iudgement, as ſpeaking, and laughing are of mankind.

But what mad furie can euer ſo inueagle any conceit, as to ſee our mortall and corruptible ſelues to haue a reaſon, and that this vniuerſalitie (whereof we are but the leaſt peeces) ſhould be vtterly deuoide thereof? as if one ſhould ſay, that ones foote might bee wiſe, and himſelfe fooliſh. This heard I once alledged againſt ſuch a godleſſe minde as yours, who being driuen to acknowledge this beaſtly abſurditie, that our bodies ſhould bee better then the whole world, if it had the knowledge, whereof the other were voide; hee ſought (not able to anſwere directly) to ſhift it off in this ſort: that if that reaſon were true, then muſt it follow alſo, that the world muſt haue in it a ſpirit, that could write and reade too, and bee learned; ſince that was in vs commendable: wretched foole, not conſidering that Bookes be but ſupplies of defects; and ſo are prayſed, becauſe they helpe our want, and therefore cannot be incident to the eternall intelligence, which needes no recording of opinions to confirme his knowledge, no more then the Sunne wants waxe to bee the fewell of his glorious lightfulneſſe. This world therfore cannot otherwiſe conſiſt but by a minde of Wiſedome, which gouerns it, which whether you will allow to bee the Creator thereof, as vndoubtedly hee is, or the ſoule and gouernour thereof, moſt certaine it is that whether hee gouerne all, or make all, his power is aboue either his creatures, or his gouernement. And if his power bee aboue all things, then conſequently it muſt needes bee infinite, ſince there is nothing aboue it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, muſt needes bee boundleſſe, and infinite: if his power bee infinite, then likewiſe muſt his knowledge bee infinite: for elſe there ſhould bee an infinite proportion of power which hee ſhould not know how to vſe, the vnſenſibleneſſe whereof I thinke euen you can conceiue: and if infinite, then muſt nothing, no not the eſtate of flies (which you with ſo vnſauorie ſcorne did ieſt at) be vnknowne vnto him. For if there were, then there were his knowledge bounded, & ſo not infinite: if his knowledge and power be infinite, then muſt needs his goodneſſe and iuſtice march in the ſame ranke: for infiniteneſſe of power, and knowledge, without like meaſure of goodneſſe, muſt neceſſarily bring forth deſtruction and ruine, and not ornament and preſeruation. Since then there is a God, and an all-knowing God, ſo as hee ſeeth into the darkeſt of all naturall ſecretes, which is the heart of Man; and ſees therein the deepeſt diſſembled thoughts, nay ſees the thoughts before they be thought: ſince hee is iuſt to exerciſe his might, and mightie to performe his iuſtice, aſſure thy ſelfe, moſt wicked woman (that haſt ſo plaguyly a corrupted minde, as thou canſt not keepe thy ſickneſſe to thy ſelfe, but muſt moſt wickedly infect others) aſſure thy ſelfe, I ſay (for what I ſay depends of euerlaſting and vnremoueable cauſes) that the time will come, when thou ſhalt know that power by feeling it, when thou ſhalt ſee his wiſedome in the manifeſting thy ougly ſhamefulneſſe, and ſhalt onely perceiue him to haue beene a Creator in thy deſtruction.

Thus ſhee ſaid, thus ſhee ended, with ſo faire a maieſtie of vnconquered vertue,

that captiuitie might ſeeme to haue authoritie ouer tyrannie: ſo fowle was the filthineſſe of impietie diſcouered by the ſhining of her vnſtained goodneſſe, ſo farre, as either *Cecropia* ſaw indeed, or elſe the guiltie amazement of a ſelfe-accuſing conſcience made her eyes vntrue iudges of their naturall obiect, that there was a light more then humaine, which gaue a luſtre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a Batte (which though it haue eyes to diſcerne that there is a Sunne, yet hath ſo euill eyes that it cannot delight in the Sunne) found a trueth, but could not loue it. But as great perſons are wont to make the wrong they haue done, to bee a cauſe to doe the more wrong, her knowledge roſe to no higher point, but to enuie a worthier, and her will was no otherwiſe bent, but the more to hate, the more ſhee found her enemie prouided againſt her. Yet all the while ſhe ſpake (though with eies caſt like a horſe that would ſtrike at the ſtirrop, and with colour which bluſhed through yellowneſſe, ſhee ſate rather ſtill then quiet, and after her ſpeech rather muttered, then replied: for the warre of wickedneſſe in her ſelfe, brought forth diſdaineful pride to reſiſt cunning diſſimulation; ſo as, ſaying little more vnto her, but that ſhee ſhould haue leyſure enough better to bethinke her ſelfe; ſhe went away repining, but not repenting: condemning greatly (as ſhe thought) her ſons ouer-feeble humbleneſſe, and purpoſing to egge him forward to a courſe of violence. For her ſelfe, determining to deale with neither of them both any more in maner of a ſuter: for what maieſtie of vertue did in the one, that did ſilent humbleneſſe in the other. But finding her ſonne ouer-apt to lay both condemnation, and execution of ſorrow vpon himſelfe, ſhe ſought to mitigate his minde with feigned delayes of comfort, who (hauing this inward ouerthrow in himſelfe) was the more vexed, that he could not vtter the rage thereof vpon his outward enemies.

For *Baſilius* taught by the laſt dayes trial, what dangerous effects choſen courages can bring forth, rather vſed the ſpade, then the ſword; or the ſword, but to defend the ſpade; girding about the whole towne with trenches; which beginning a good way off from the towne, with a number of well directed Pioners, hee ſtill caried before him till they came to a neere diſtance, where hee builded Fortes, one anſwering the other, in ſuch ſort, as it was a pretie conſideration in the diſcipline of warre, to ſee building vſed for the inſtrument of ruine, and the aſſayler entrenched as if hee were beſieged. But many ſallies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exerciſing more melancholy, then choler in their reſolution) made him find, that if by the aduantage of the place, few are able to defend themſelues from many, that many muſt needes haue power (making themſelues ſtrong in ſeate) to repell few, referring the reuenge rather to the end, then to a preſent requitall. Yet oftentimes they dealt ſome blowes in light skirmiſhes, each ſide hauing a ſtrong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarums, to vexe the enemie, then for any hope of great ſucceſſe.

Which euery way was a tedious combet to the impatient courage of *Amphialus*: till the fame of this warre, bringing thither diuerſe, both ſtrangers, and ſubiects, as well of Princely, as noble houſes, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his ſportfull delights as then, to ſerue *Baſilius* (whom he honored for receiued honors) when he had ſpent ſome time in conſidering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping, and fighting, and had learned in what points of gouernment, and obedience their diſcipline differed from others, & ſo had ſatisfied his minde in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helps, and furniſhing ones ſelfe, which *Baſilius* orders could deliuer vnto him, his yong ſpirits (wearie of wanting cauſe to be wearie) deſired to keepe his valure in knowledge, by ſome priuate acte, ſince the

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publike policie reſtrained him; the rather becauſe his old miſtreſſe *Arteſia* might ſee, whom ſhe had ſo lightly forſaken: & therfore demanding & obtaining leaue of *Baſilius*, hee cauſed a Herauld to be furniſhed with apparell of his office, & tokens of a peaceble meſſage, and ſo ſent him to the gate of the towne to demaund audience of *Amphialus*: who vnderſtanding therof, cauſed him both ſafely & courteouſly to be brought into his preſence: who making lowly reuerence vnto him, preſented his Letters, deſiring *Amphialus*, that whatſoeuer they contayned, he would conſider that he was onely the bearer, & not the enditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentleneſſe aſſured him, both by honourable ſpeeches, and a demeanure which anſwered for him, that his reuenge, whenſoeuer, ſhould ſort vnto it ſelfe a higher ſubiect. But opening the letters, he found them to ſpeake in this manner.

PHalantus of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, ſendeth the greeting of a hateleſſe enemie. The liking of martiall matters without any diſlike of your perſon, hath brought me rather to the company, then to the minde of your beſiegers: where languiſhing in idleneſſe, I deſire to refreſh my mind with ſome exerciſe of armes, which might make knowne the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore if there be any Gentleman in your Towne, that either for the loue of Honour, or honour of his Loue, will armed on horſebacke, with Launce, & ſword, winne another, or looſe himſelfe, to bee a priſoner at diſcretion of the conquerour, I will to morrow morning by Sunne-riſing, with a trumpet and a Squire onely, attend him in like order furniſhed. The place I thinke fitteſt, the Iland within the Lake, becauſe it ſtands ſo well in the view of your Caſtell, as that the Ladies may haue the pleaſure of ſeeing the combat: which though it be within the commandement of your Caſtell, I deſire no better ſecuritie, then the promiſe I make to my ſelfe of your vertue. I attend your anſwere, & wiſh you ſuch ſucceſſe as may be to your honour, rather in yeelding to that which is iuſt, then in maintayning wrong by violence.

AMphialus reade it with cheerefull countenance, and thinking but a little with himſelfe, called for inke and paper, and wrote this anſwer.

AMphialus of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, wiſheth all his own wiſhes, ſauing thoſe which may be hurtfull to another. The matter of your letters ſo fit for a worthy mind, & the maner ſo ſutable to the nobleneſſe of the matter, giue me cauſe to thinke how happy I might account my ſelfe, if I could get ſuch a friend, who eſteeme it no ſmal happineſſ to haue met with ſo noble an enemy. Your challenge ſhalbe anſwered, & both time, place, & weapon accepted. For your ſecuritie from any treachery (hauing no hoſtage worthy to coūtertaile you) take my word, which I eſteeme aboue al reſpects. Prepare therfore your armes to fight, but not your heart to malice, ſince true valure needes no other whetſtone, then deſire of honour.

HAuing writte and ſealed his letter, hee deliuered it to the Herauld, and withall tooke a faire chaine from off his owne necke, and gaue it him. And ſo with ſafe conuoy ſent him away from out his Citie: and hee being gone, *Amphialus* ſhewed vnto his mother, and ſome other of his chiefe Counſellours, what hee had receiued, and how hee had anſwered: telling them withall, that hee was determined to aunſwere the challenge in his owne perſon. His mother with prayers authorized by motherly commaundement; his olde gouernour with perſwaſions mingled with reprehenſions (that hee would rather affect the glorie of a priuate

fighter, then of a wiſe Generall) *Clinias* with falling downe at his feete, and beſeeching him to remember, that all their liues depended vpon his ſafetie, ſought all to diſſwade him. But *Amphialus* (whoſe heart was enflamed with courage, & courage enflamed with affection) made an imperious reſolution cut off the tediouſneſſe of replies, giuing them in charge what they ſhould doe vpon all occaſions, and particularly to deliuer the Ladies, if otherwiſe then well happened vnto him: onely deſiring his mother, that ſhee would bring *Philoclea* to a window, whence ſhe might with eaſe perfectly diſcerne the combat. And ſo as ſoone as the morning began to draw dew from the faireſt greenes to waſh her face withall, againſt the approach of the burning Sunne, hee went to his ſtable, where himſelfe choſe out a horſe, whom (though he was neere twentie yeares olde) hee preferred for a peece of ſure ſeruice, before a great number of younger. His colour was of a browne bay, dapled thicke with blacke ſpots; his forehead marked with a white ſtarre; to which, in all his bodie there was no part ſutable, but the left foote before; his mane and tayle blacke and thicke, of goodly, and well proportioned greatneſſe. Hee cauſed him to bee trimmed with a ſumptuous ſaddle of tawnie, and gold ennamell, enriched with precious ſtones: his furniture was made into the faſhion of the branches of a tree, from which the leaues were falling: and ſo artificially were the leaues made, that as the horſe moued, it ſeemed indeede that the leaues wagged, as when the wind playes with them; and being made of a pale cloth of gold, they did beare the ſtraw-coloured liuerie of ruine. His armour was alſo of tawnie and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkned, as when they newly brake the priſon of a ſmokie fornace. In his ſhield hee had painted the *Torpedo* fiſh. And ſo appointed, hee cauſed himſelfe with his trumpet and ſquire (whom hee had taken ſince the death of *Iſmenus*) to bee ferried ouer into the Iland: a place well choſen for ſuch a purpoſe. For, it was ſo plaine, as there was ſcarcely any buſh, or hillocke, either to vnleuell, or ſhadow it: of length and breath enough, to trie the vttermoſt both of Launce and ſword, and the one end of it facing the Caſtle, the other extending it ſelfe toward the campe, and no acceſſe to it, but by water; there could no ſecret treacherie be wrought, and for manifeſt violence, either ſide might haue time enough to ſuccour their partie.

But there he found *Phalantus*, already waiting for him vpon a horſe, milk white but that vpon his ſhoulder and withers, hee was freckled with red ſtaines, as when a few ſtrawberies are ſcattered into a diſh of creame. Hee had cauſed his mane and tayle to be dyed in carnation, his reynes were vine branches, which ingendring one with the other, at the end, when it came to the bit, there for the boſſe brought forth a cluſter of grapes, by the workeman made ſo liuely, that it ſeemed, as the horſe champed on his bit, he chopped for them, & that it did make his mouth water, to ſee the grapes ſo neere him. His furniture behinde was of vines, ſo artificially made, as it ſeemed the horſe ſtood in the ſhadow of the vine, ſo pretily were cluſters of rubie grapes diſperſed among the trappers which imbraced his ſides. His armour was blew, like the heauen, which a Sunne did with his rayes (proportionately deliuered) gild in moſt places. His ſhield was beautified with this deuice; A greyhound, which ouerrunning his fellow, and taking the hare, yet hurts it not when it takes it. The word was, *The glory, not the pray.*

But as ſoone as *Amphialus* landed, he ſent his ſquire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the knight, ready to know whether he had any thing to ſay to him. *Phalantus* anſwered, that his anſwere now muſt bee in the language of Launces; and ſo each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to ſound at the appointment

appointment of foure iudges, who with conſideration of the ſame, had diuided the ground *Phalantus* his horſe yong, & feeling the youth of his maiſter, ſtood coruetting, which being well gouerned by *Phalantus*, gaue ſuch a glittering grace, as when the Sun in a cleere day ſhines vpon a wauing water. *Amphialus* horſe ſtood pawing vpon the ground, with his further foote before, as if he would for his maiſters cauſe begin to make himſelfe angrie: till the trumpet ſounding together, Together they ſet ſpurres to their horſes, together tooke their Launces from their thighes, conueyed them vp into the reſt together, together let them ſinke downward, ſo as it was a delectable ſight, in a dangerous effect; and a pleaſant conſideration, that there was ſo perfect agreement, in ſo mortall diſagreement: like a muſicke made of cunning diſcords. But their horſes keeping an euen line their maiſters had skilfully allotted vnto them, paſſed one by another without encountring, although either might feele the angrie breath of the other. But the ſtaues being come to a iuſt deſcent, euen when the marke was readie to meete them, *Amphialus* was runne through the vamplate, & vnder the arme: ſo as the ſtaffe appearing behind him, it ſeemed to the beholders he had been in danger. But he ſtrake *Phalantus* iuſt vpon the gorget, ſo as he hatred the lamms thereof, and made his head almoſt touch the backe of his horſe. But either ſide hauing ſtayed the ſpur, & vſed the bit to ſtop their horſes fury, caſting away the troncheons of their ſtaues, & drawing their ſwords they attended the ſecond ſummons of the death-threatning trumpet, which quickely followed; and they aſſoone making their horſes anſwere their hands, with a gentle gallop, ſet one toward the other, till they being come to the neereneſſe of little more then a ſtaues length. *Amphialus* truſting more to the ſtrength, then to the nimblenes of his horſe, put him foorth with ſpeedy violence, & making his head ioyne to the others flanke, guiding his blow with diſcretion, and ſtrengthning it with the courſe of his horſe, ſtrake *Phalantus* vpon the head, in ſuch ſort, that his feeling ſenſe did both dazell his ſight, and aſtoniſh his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not accuſtomed to bee vngratefull to ſuch benefits) ſtrake him vpon the ſide of his face, with ſuch force, that hee thought his iaw had beene cut a ſunder: though the faithfulneſſe of his armour indeede guarded him from further damage. And ſo remained they awhile, rather angry with fighting, then fighting for anger, till *Amphialus* horſe, leaning hard vpon the other, & winning ground, the other horſe feeling himſelfe preſt, began to riſe a little before, as hee was wont to doe in his coruet: which aduantage *Amphialus* taking, ſet forward his owne horſe with the further ſpurre, ſo as *Phalantus* horſe came ouer with his maiſter vnder him. Which *Amphialus* ſeeing, lighted, with intention to helpe *Phalantus*. But his horſe that had faulted, rather with vntimely Arte, then want of force, gat vp from burdning his burden, ſo as *Phalantus* (in the fall hauing gotten his feete free off the ſtirrop) could (though ſomething bruiſed) ariſe, and ſeeing *Amphialus* neer him, he asked him, Whether he had giuen him any helpe in remouing his horſe. *Amphialus* ſaid No. Truely ſaid *Phalantus*, I asked it, becauſe I would not willingly haue fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now (ſaid *Phalantus*) before we proceed further, let me know who you are, becauſe neuer yet did any man bring to me the like fortune. *Amphialus* liſting to keepe himſelfe vnknowne, told him he was a Gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had giuen armour and horſe to trie his valour, hauing neuer before beene in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah (ſaid *Phalantus* in a rage) And muſt I be the exerciſe of your prentice-age? & with that, choler tooke away either the bruſe, or the feeling of the bruſe, ſo as he entred a freſh into the combat, & boiling into his armes the diſdain of his heart, ſtrake ſo thick vpon *Amphialus*, as if euery blow would faine

haue beene formoſt. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, great ſpending to leaue ſmall remnants) let paſſe the ſtorme with ſtrong wards, and nimble anoydings: till ſeeing his time fit, both for diſtance and nakednesſe, he ſtrake him ſo cruell a blow on the knee, that the poore Gentleman fell downe withall in a ſwone.

But *Amphialus*, pittying approued valour, made precious by naturall curteſie, went to him, & taking off his head-peece to giue him ayre, the yong knight (diſdayning to buy life with yeelding) bad him vſe his fortune; for he was reſolued neuer to yeeld. No more you ſhall (ſaid *Amphialus*) if it be not to my requeſt, that you will account your ſelfe to haue great intereſt in mee. *Phalantus* more ouercome by his kindneſſe, then by his fortune, deſired yet once againe to know his name, who in his firſt beginning had ſhewed ſuch fury in his force, & yet ſuch ſtay in his fury. *Amphialus* then named himſelfe, telling him withall, he would thinke his name much bettred, if it might be honoured by the title of his friend. But no Baulme could be more comfortable to his wound, then the knowledge thereof was to his minde, when hee knew his miſhap ſhould be excuſed by the renowmed valour of the other. And ſo promiſing each to other aſſuredneſſe of good will, *Phalantus* (of whom *Amphialus* would haue no other ranſome but his word of friendſhip) was conueyed into the campe, were hee would but little remaine among the enemies of *Amphialus*: but went to ſeeke his aduentures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, hee was receiued with triumph into the Caſtle; although one might ſee by his eyes (humbly lifted vp to the window where *Philoclea* ſtood) that he was rather ſuppliant then victorious: which occaſion *Cecropia* taking (who as then ſtood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another roome, whence alſo ſhee might ſee the combat) Sweet Lady (ſaid ſhe) now you may ſee, whether you haue cauſe to loue my ſonne, who then lies vnder your feete, when hee ſtands vpon the neeke of his braueſt enemies. Alas ſaid *Philoclea*, a ſimple ſeruice to mee, me thinkes it is, to haue thoſe who come to ſuccour me, deſtroyed: if it bee my duty to call it loue, be it ſo: but the effects it brings forth, I confeſſe I account hatefull. *Cecropia* grew ſo angrie with this vnkind anſwere, that ſhee could not abſtaine from telling her, that ſhee was like them that could not ſleepe, when they were ſoftly layed: but that if her ſonne would follow her counſell, hee ſhould take another courſe with her: and ſo flang away from her.

Yet (knowing the deſperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like caſes) framed to him a very thankefull meſſage, powdring it with ſome hope-giuing phraſes; which were of ſuch ioy to *Amphialus*, that he (though againſt publike reſpect, and importunitie of diſſwaders) preſently cauſed it to bee made knowne to the campe, that whatſoeuer Knight would trie the like fortune as *Phalantus* did; hee ſhould in like ſort be anſwered: ſo as diuers of the valianteſt, partly of themſelues, partly at the inſtigation of *Baſilius*, attempted the combat with him: & according to euery ones humour, ſo were the cauſes of the challenge grounded: one laying treaſon to his charge; another preferring himſelfe in the worthineſſe to ſerue *Philoclea*, a third, exalting ſome Ladies beautie beyond either of the ſiſters; a fourth laying diſgraces to loue it ſelfe, naming it the bewitcher of the witte, the rebell to Reaſon, the betrayer of reſolution, the defiler of thoughts, the vnderminer of magnanimitie, the flatterer of vice, the ſlaue to weakeneſſe, the infection of youth, the madneſſe of age, the curſe of life, & reproch of death; a fifth diſdaining to caſt at leſſe then at all, would make the cauſe of his quarrell the cauſers of loue, and proclaime his blaſphemies againſt womankind; that namely that ſexe was the ouerſight of Nature, the diſgrace of reaſonableneſſe, the obſtinate cowards, the ſlaue-borne tyrants, the ſhops of vanities,

vanities, the gilded wether-cocks, in whom conscience is but peeuishnesse, chastitie waywardnesse, and gratefulnesse a miracle. But all these challenges (how well soeuer ordred) were so well answered, that some by death raught others, though past learning themselues: and some by yeelding gaue themselues the lie for hauing blasphemed, to the great griefe of *Basilius*, so to see his Rebell preuaile, and in his owne sight to crowne himselfe with deserued honour.

Whereupon shifting for reuenge, & else not hoping to preuaile, the best of his campe being already ouerthrown, he sent a messenger to *Argalus*, in whose approued courage & force, he had (& had cause) so haue great confidence, with a letter, requiring him to take this quarrell in hand, from which he had hitherto spared him in respect of his late mariage. But now his honour, & (as he esteemed it) felicitie standing vpon it, he could no longer forbeare to challenge of him his faithfull seruice.

The messenger made speed, & found *Argalus* at a Castle of his owne, sitting in a parler with the faire *Parthenia*, he reading in a booke the stories of *Hercules*, shee by him, as to heare him reade, but while his eyes looked on the booke, shee looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him, with some prettie question, not so much to be resolued of the doubt, as to giue him occasion to looke vpon her. A happie couple, he ioying in her, shee ioying in her selfe, but in her selfe, because she enioyed him: both increased their riches by giuing to each other, each making pun life double, because they made a double life one: where desire neuer wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction euer bred satietie, he ruling, because shee would obey: or rather because shee would obey, she therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand, and hast in his countenance, though she knew not what to feare, yet she feared, because shee knew not, but she rose, and went aside, while he deliuered his letters and message; yet a farre off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband: the same feare which made her loth to haue cause of feare, yet making her seeke cause to nourish her feare. And well she found there was some serious matter, for her husbands countenance figured some resolution betweene lothsomnesse and necessitie: & once his eye cast vpon her, and finding hers vpon him, hee blushed and then blushed, because hee blushed, and yet streight grew pale, because shee knew not why he had blushed. But when he had reade, & heard and dispatched away the messenger (like a man in whom Honour could not be rocked asleepe by affection) with promise quickly to follow; hee came to *Parthenia*, and as sorie as might bee for parting, and yet more sorie for her sorow, he gaue her the letter to reade. She with fearefull slownesse tooke it and with fearefull quicknesse reade it, & hauing reade it, Ah my *Argalus* (said she) & haue you made such hast to answer? & are you so soone resolued to leaue me? But he discoursing vnto her, how much it imported his honour (which since it was deare to him, he knew it would be deare vnto her) her reason ouerclouded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to teares, and sighes, which he not able to heare, left her alone, and went to giue order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed & ready to go, shee had recouered a little strength of spirit againe, and comming out, and seeing him armed and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, shee ran to him, tooke him by the arme, and kneeling downe without regard, who either heard her speech, or saw her demeanour, My *Argalus*, my *Argalus* (said she) do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas, Remember that I haue interest in you, which I will neuer yeeld shall be thus aduentured. Your valour is already sufficiently knowne: sufficiently haue you already done for your country: ennow, ennow there are beside you to loose lesse worthy liues. Woe is me, what shall

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become of me, if you thus abandon me? Then was it time for you to follow these aduentures, when you aduentured no bodie but your selfe, and were no bodies but your owne. But now pardon me, that now, or neuer, I claime mine owne; mine you are, and without me you can vndertake no danger: & will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* shall be in the battell of your fight: *Parthenia* shall smart in your paine, & your bloud must be bled by *Parthenia*. Deare *Parthenia* (said he) this is the first time, that euer you resisted my will: I thanke you for it; but persеuer not in it; and let not the teares of those most beloued eyes be a presage vnto me of that, which you would not should happen. I shall liue, doubt not: for so great a blessing, as you are was not giuen vnto me, so soone to be depriued of it. Looke for me therefore shortly, and victorious; & prepare a ioyfull welcome, & I will wish for no other triumph. Shee answered not, but stood as it were thunder-striken with amazement: for true Loue made obedience stand vp against all other passions. But when hee tooke her in his armes, and sought to print his heart in her sweete lippes, she fell in a sound, so as hee was faine to leaue her to her Gentlewomen: and caried away by the tyranny of Honour, though with many a backe-cast looke, and hartie grone, went to the campe. Where vnderstanding the notable victories of *Amphialus*, hee thought to giue him some daies respite of rest, because hee would not haue his victory disgraced by the others wearinesse. In which dayes, hee sought by all meanes (hauing leane to parly with him) to diswade him frō his enterprise: & then imparting his mind to *Basilius*, because he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his defie vnto him in this maner.

RIght famous *Amphialus*, if my perswasion in reason, or prayer in good will, might preuaile with you, you should by better meanes bee like to obtaine your desire. You should make many braue enemies become your faithfull seruants, and make your honour flie vp to heauen, being caried vp by both wings of valure & iustice, whereof now it wants the latter. But since my suite nor counsell can get no place in you, disdaine not to receiue a mortall challenge, from a man so far inferiour vnto you in vertue, that I do not so much mislike of the deede, as I haue the doer in admiration. Prepare therfore your selfe, according to the noble manner you haue vsed, & thinke not lightly of neuer so weake an arme, which striks with the sword of iustice.

To this he quickely receiued this answer.

MVch more famous *Argalus*, I whom neuer threatnings could make affraid, am now terrified by your noble curtesie. For wel I know, from what height of vertue it doth proceed, and what cause I haue to doubt such vertue bent to my ruine: but Loue, which iustifieth the vniustice you lay vnto mee, doth also animate mee against all dangers, since I come full of him by whom your selfe haue been (if I be not deceiued) sometimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in the Ile, carying this aduantage with me, that as it shall be a singular honour, if I get the victorie, so there can be no dishonour in being ouercome by *Argalus*.

The challenge thus denounced, & accepted, *Argalus* was armed in a white armour, which was all guilded ouer with knots of womans haire, which came downe from the crest of his head-peece, and so spred it selfe in rich quantitie ouer all his armour: his furniture was cut out into the fashion of an Egle, whereof the beake (made into a rich iewell) was fastened to the saddle, the tayle couered the crooper of the horse, and the wings serued for trappers; which falling of each side, as the horse stirred, the bird seemed to flie. His pettell and raines, were embrodered with feathers sutable

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vnto it: vpon his right arme he ware a ſleeue, which his deare *Parthenia* had made for him, to bee worne in a iuſtes, in the time that ſucceſſe was vngratefull to their well-deſerued loue: it was full of bleeding hearts, though neuer intended to any bloudy enterpriſe. In his ſhield (as his owne deuice) hee had two Palme-trees, neere one another, with a word ſignifying, *In that ſort flouriſhing*. His horſe was of a firie ſorrell, with blacke feete, and blacke liſt on his backe, who with open noſtrels breathed warre, before hee could ſee an enemie: and now vp with one legge, and then with another, ſeemed to complaine of Nature, that ſhee had made him any whit earthie.

But he had ſcarcely viewed the ground of the Iland, and conſidered the aduantages (if any were) thereof, before the Caſtle boate had deliuered *Amphialus*, in all points prouided to giue a hard entertainment. And then ſending each to other their Squires in honourable maner, to know whether they ſhould attend any further ceremonie, the trumpets ſounding, the horſes with ſmooth running, the ſtaues with vnſhaked motion, obediently performed their cholericke commaundements. But when they drew neere, *Argalus* horſe being hot, preſt in with his head: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, knowing if he gaue him his ſide, it ſhould be to his diſaduantage, preſt in alſo with him, ſo as both the horſes and men met ſhoulder to ſhoulder, ſo as the horſes (hurt as much with the ſtriking, as being ſtriken) tumbled downe to the earth, dangerouſly to their maiſters, but that they by ſtrength nimble, and by vſe skilfull in the falling ſhunned the harme of the fall, and without more reſpite, drew out their ſwords with a gallant brauerie, each ſtriuing to ſhew himſelfe the leſſe endamaged, and to make knowne that they were glad, they had now nothing elſe to truſt to, but their owne vertue. True it is, that *Amphialus* was the ſooner vp, but *Argalus* had his ſword out the ſooner: and then fell they to the cruelleſt combat, that any preſent eye had ſeene. Their ſwords firſt, like Canons, battering downe the wals of their armour, making breaches almoſt in euery place for troupes of wounds to enter. Among the reſt, *Argalus* gaue a great wound to *Amphialus* diſarmed face; though part of the force of it *Amphialus* warded vpon his ſhield, and withall (firſt caſting his eye vp to *Philocleas* Window, as if hee had fetched his courage thence) feyning to entend the ſame ſort of blow, turned his ſword, & with a mighty reuerſe, gaue a cruell wound to the right arme of *Argalus*, the vnfaithfull armour yeelding to the ſwords ſtrong guided ſharpneſſe. But though the bloud accuſed the hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his confeſſe it: but keeping himſelfe in a lower ward, ſtood watching with timely thruſtes to repaire his loſſe, which quickly he did. For *Amphialus* (following his fawning fortune) layd on ſo thicke vpon *Argalus*, that his ſhield had almoſt fallen peece-meale to the earth, when *Argalus* comming in with his right foote, & ſomething ſtowping to come vnder his armour, thruſt him into the belly dangerouſly; & mortally it would haue beene, but that with the blow before *Amphialus* had ouer ſtriken himſelfe ſo, as he fell ſide-ward downe, and with falling ſaued himſelfe from ruine. The ſword by that meanes ſlipping aſide, & not piercing more deepely. *Argalus* ſeeing him fall, threatning with voice & ſword bad him yeeld. But he ſtriuing without anſwere to riſe, *Argalus* ſtrake with all his might vpon his head. But his hurt arme not able to maiſter ſo ſound a force, let the ſword fall ſo, as *Amphialus*, though aſtoniſhed with the blow, could ariſe: which *Argalus* conſidering ran in to graſp with him, & ſo cloſed together; falling ſo to the ground, now one getting aboue, and then the other; at length, both wearie of ſo vnlouely embracements, with a diſſenting conſent gate vp, and went to their ſwords: but happened, each of his enemies: where *Argalus* finding his foes ſword garniſhed in bloud, his heart raſe with the ſame ſword to reuenge it, and on that blade to allie

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their blouds together. But his minde was euill wayted-on by his lamed force, ſo as he receiued ſtill more and more wounds: which made all his armour ſeeme to bluſh, that it had defended his maiſter no better. But *Amphialus* perceiuing it, and waying the ſmall hatefulneſſe of their quarrell, with the worthineſſe of the Knight, deſired him to take pittie of himſelfe. But *Argalus*, the more repining, the more hee found himſelfe in diſaduantage, filling his veines with ſpite in ſtead of bloud, and making courage ariſe againſt faintneſſe (like a Candell, which a little before it goes out, giues then the greateſt blaze) ſo did he vnite all his force, that caſting away the little remnant of his ſhield, and taking his ſword in both hands, hee ſtroke ſuch a notable blow, that hee cleft his ſhield, armour, and arme almoſt to the bone.

But then *Amphialus* forgat all ceremonies, & with cruell blowes made more of his beſt bloud ſucceed the reſt; till his hand being ſtayed by his eare, his eare filled with a pitifull crie, the crie guided his ſight to an excellent faire Lady, who came running as faſt as ſhe could, & yet becauſe ſhe could not as faſt as ſhe would, ſhe ſent her lamentable voice before her: & being come, and being knowne to them both to be the beautifull *Parthenia* (who had that night dreamed ſhee ſaw her husband in ſuch eſtate, as ſhee then found him, which made her make ſuch haſt thither) they both maruailed. But *Parthenia* ran betweene them (feare of loue making her forget the feare of Nature) and then fell downe at their feete, determining ſo to part them, till ſhee could get breath to ſigh out her dolefull ſpeeches: and when her breath (which running had ſpent, and diſmayednesſe made ſlow to returne) had by ſobs gotten into her ſorow-cloſed breaſt, for a while ſhee could ſay nothing, but, ô wretched eyes of mine, ô wailefull ſight, ô day of darkeneſſe: at length turning her eyes (wherein ſorrow ſwamme) to *Amphialus*, My Lord (ſaid ſhe) it is ſaid you loue; in the power of that loue, I beſeech you to leaue off this combat, as euer your heart may find comfort in his affection, euen for her ſake, I craue it: or if you be mortally determined, bee ſo pitifull vnto me, as firſt to kill me, that I may not ſee the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to haue anſwered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his Fortune, but moſt vexed that ſhe ſhould ſee him in that fortune; Ah *Parthenia* (ſaid hee) neuer till now vnwelcome vnto me, do you come to get my life by requeſt? And cannot *Argalus* liue but by requeſt? Is that a life? With that he went aſide, for feare of hurting her, & would haue begun the combat a freſh. But *Amphialus* not onely coniured by that which held the Monarchie of his minde, but euen in his noble heart melting with compaſſion at ſo paſſionate a ſight, deſired him to withhold his hands, for that he ſhould ſtrike one who ſought his fauour, & would not make reſiſtance. A notable example of the wonderfull effects of Vertue, where the conquerour ſought for friendſhip of the conquered, & the conquered would not pardon the conquerour: both indeede being of that minde to loue each other for accepting, but not for giuing mercy, & neither affected to ouer-liue a diſhonour: ſo that *Argalus* not ſo much ſtriuing with *Amphialus* (for if he had had him in the like ſort, in like ſort he would haue dealt with him) as labouring againſt his owne power (which he chiefly deſpiſed) ſet himſelfe forward, ſtretching his ſtrength to the vttermoſt. But the fire of that ſtriſe, blowne with his inward rage, boyled out his bloud in ſuch abundance, that he was driuen to reſt him vpon the pommell of his ſword: & then each thing beginning to turne round in the dance of death before his eies, his ſight both dazled & dimmed, til (thinking to ſit down) he fell in a ſound. *Parthenia*, and *Amphialus* both haſtily went vnto him *Amphialus* tooke off his helmet, & *Parthenia* layd his head in her lap, tearing off her linnen ſleeues & parlet, to ſerue about his wounds: to bind which ſhe took off her hair-lace, & would haue cut off her faire hairher ſelfe,

but

but that the ſquires and iudges came in with fitter things for the purpoſe: while ſhee bewayled her ſelfe with ſo lamentable ſweetneſſe, as was enough to haue taught ſorrow to the gladeſt thoughts, & haue engraued it in the minds of hardeſt metall.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia* (ſaid ſhe) What art thou? what ſeeſt thou? how is thy bliſſe in a moment fallen? how wert thou euen-now before all Ladies the example of perfect happineſſe, and now the gaſing ſtocke of endleſſe miſerie? O God, what hath beene my deſert to be thus puniſhed? or if ſuch haue beene my deſert, why was I not in my ſelfe puniſhed? O wandring life, to what wilderneſſe wouldeſt thou lead me? But Sorrow, I hope thou art ſharp inough to ſaue my labour from other remedies. *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his ſound, and lifting vp his languiſhing eyes (which a painefull reſt and iron ſleepe did ſeeke to locke vp) ſeeing her, in whome (euen dying) he liued, and himſelfe ſeated in ſo beloued a place, it ſeemed a little cheerefull bloud came vp to his cheekes, like a burning cole, almoſt dead, if ſome breath a little reuiue it: and forcing vp (the beſt hee could) his feeble voyce, My deare, my better halfe (ſaid he) I find I muſt now leaue thee: & by that ſweete hand, & faire eyes of thine I ſweare, that Death brings nothing with it to grieue me, but that I muſt leaue thee, & cannot remaine to anſwere part of thy infinite deſerts, with being ſome comfort vnto thee. But ſince ſo it pleaſeth him, whoſe wiſedome & goodneſſe guideth all, put thy confidence in him, & one day wee ſhall bleſſedly meet again, neuer to depart: meane while liue happily, deare *Parthenia*, & I perſwade my ſelfe, it will encreaſe the bleſſedneſſe of my ſoule, ſo to ſee thee. Loue well the remembrance of thy louing, & truly louing *Argalus*: and let not (with that word he ſighed) this diſgrace of mine, make thee one day thinke, thou hadſt an vnworthie husband. They could ſcarcely vnderſtand the laſt words: for Death began to ſeaze himſelfe of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make anſwere, ſo full was her breaſt of anguiſh. But while the other ſought to ſtanch his remedileſſe wounds, ſhee with her kiſſes made him happie: for his laſt breath was deliuered into her mouth.

But when indeede ſhee found his ghoſt was gone, then Sorrow loſt the witte of vtterance, and grew ragefull, and madde, ſo that ſhee tare her beautifull face, and rent her haire, as though they could ſerue for nothing, ſince *Argalus* was gone; till *Amphialus* (ſo moued with pittie of that ſight, as that he honoured his aduerſaries death with teares) cauſed her (with the help of her woman that came with her) partly by force to be conueyed into the boate, with the dead bodie of *Argalus* from which ſhe would not depart. And being come of the other ſide, there ſhee was receiued by *Baſilius* himſelfe, with all the funerall pompe of militarie diſcipline, trayling all their Enſignes vpon the ground, making their warlike inſtruments ſound doleſull notes, & *Baſilius* (with comfort in his mouth, & woe in his face) ſought to perſwade ſome eaſe into *Parthenias* minde: but all was as eaſefull to her, as the handling of ſore wounds: all the honour done, being to her but the triumph of her ruine, ſhee finding no comfort, but in deſperate yeelding to Sorrow: & rather determined to hate her ſelfe, if euer ſhe ſhould find eaſe thereof. And well might ſhe heare as ſhe paſt through the campe, the great praiſes ſpoken of her husband, which all were recordes of her loſſe. But the more excellent he was (being indeed accounted ſecond to none in all Greece) the more did the breath of thoſe praiſes beare vp the wings of *Amphialus* fame: to whom yet (ſuch was was his caſe) that Trophe vpon Trophe, ſtill did but build vp the monument of his thraldome; hee euer finding himſelfe in ſuch fauour of *Philoclea*, that ſhee was moſt abſent, when hee was preſent with her; and euer ſorieſt, when hee had beſt ſucceſſe: which would haue made him renounce

all

all comfort, but that his mother, with diuerſitie of deuiſes, kept vp his heart.

But while hee allayed thus his outward glorie, with inward diſcomfort, hee was like to haue beene ouertaken with a notable treaſon, the beginning wherof (though meerely ridiculous) had like to haue brought forth vnto him a weeping effect.

Among other that attended *Baſilius* in this expedition, *Dametas* was one; whether to be preſent with him, or abſent from *Miſo*: once, certaine it was without any minde to make his ſword curſed by any widow. Now being in the campe, while each talke ſeemed iniurious, which did not acknowledge ſome duty to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out ſometimes in communication, that as the ſpeech of heauen doth often beget the mention of hell, ſo the admirable proweſſe of *Amphialus* (by a contrarie) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardiſe of *Clinias*: in ſo much, as it grew almoſt to a prouerbe, *As very a coward, as Clinias*. Deſcribing him in ſuch ſort, that in the end *Dametas* began to thinke with himſelfe, that if hee made a challenge vnto him, he would neuer anſwere it; and that then he ſhould greatly encreaſe the fauourable conceit of *Baſilius*. This fancie of his he vttered to a young Gentleman, that waited vpon *Philanax*, in whoſe friendſhip hee had eſpeciall confidence, becauſe he haunted his company, laughing often merily at his ſpeeches, and not a little extolling the goodly *dotes* of *Mopſa*. The yong Gentleman as glad as if he had found a Hare ſitting, egd him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then (for feare the humour ſhould quaile in him) wrote a challenge himſelfe for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* reade it, putting his head on his ſhoulder, and ſomewhat ſmiling; hee ſaid, it was pretie indeede; but that it had not a loftie ſtile enough: and ſo would needes endite it in this ſort.

O Clinias, *thou* Clinias, *the wickedeſt worme that euer went vpon two legs; the very fritter of fraud, & ſeething pot of iniquitie: I* Dametas, *chiefe gouernour of all the royall cattell, and alſo of* Pamela *(whom thy Maiſter moſt perniciouſly hath ſuggeſted out of my dominion) doe defie thee, in a mortall affray from the bodkin to the pike vpward. Which if thou dooſt preſume to take in hand, I will out of that ſuperfluous bodie of thine make thy ſoule to bee euacuated.*

The young Gentleman ſeemed dumbe-ſtriken with admiration, and preſently tooke vpon him to bee the bearer thereof, while the heat of the fit laſted, and hauing gotten leaue of *Baſilius* (euery bodie helping on, to eaſe his minde ouercharged with melancholy) he went into the towne according to the manner before time vſed, and in the preſence of *Amphialus* deliuered this letter to *Clinias*; deſiring to haue an anſwere, which might be fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, reade it, & in the reading, his bloud not daring to be in ſo dangerous a place, went out of his face, and hid it ſelfe more inwardly: and his very words (as if they were affraide of blowes) came very ſlowly out of his mouth: but, aſwell as his panting breath would vtter it, he bad him tell the lowt that ſent him, that hee diſdained to haue any thing to doe with him. But *Amphialus*, perceiuing the matter, tooke him aſide, and very earneſtly dealt with him not to ſhame himſelfe; *Amphialus* only deſirous to bring it to paſſe to make ſome ſport to *Philoclea*: but not being able to perſwade with him, *Amphialus* licenced the gentleman, telling him, that by next morning hee ſhould haue anſwere.

The yong Gentleman (ſory he had ſped no better) returned to *Dametas*, who had fetched many a ſower-breathed ſigh, for feare *Clinias* would accept the challenge. But when he perceiued by his truſty meſſenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no diſpoſition in him to accept, it then lo, *Dametas* began to ſpeake his

loud

loud voice, to looke big, to march vp and downe, and in his march to lift his legs higher then he was wont, swearing by no meane deuotions, that the walles should not keepe the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his cunny-berry, & then was hotter then euer to prouide himselfe of horse and armour, saying, hee would go to the Iland brauely addoubed, and shew himselfe to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpose many willing hands were about him, letting him haue reynes, pettrell, with the rest of the furniture, and very braue bases; but all comming from diuerse houses, neither in colour nor fashion, shewing any kinred one with another; but that liked *Dametas* the better: for that hee thought would argue, that hee was maister of many braue furnitures. Then gaue he order to a painter for his deuise; which was, a plowe with the oxen loosed from it, a sword with a great number of armes and legges cut off, and lastly a great armie of penn and incke-hornes and bookes. Neither did hee sticke to tell the secret of his intent, which was, that hee had left off the plough, to doe such bloudy deedes with his sword, as many incke-hornes and bookes should bee imployed about the historifying of them: and being asked, why hee set no word vnto it, hee said, that was indeede like the painter, that saieth in his picture, Here is the dog, and there is the Hare: and with that he laughed so perfectly, as was great consolation to the beholders. Yet remembring, that *Miso* would not take it well at his returne, if hee forgat his duetie to her, he caused in a border about to bee written.

Miso *mine owne pigsnie, thou shalt heare newes of* Dametas.

Thus all things being condignely ordered, with an il-fauoured impatience he waited, vntil the next morning, that hee might make a muster of himselfe in the Iland, often asking them that very diligently waited vpon him, whether it were not pitie, that such a coward as *Clinias*, should set his run-away feet vpon the face of the earth. But as he was by diuerse principall yong Gentlemen, to his no small glorie, lifted vp on horseback, comes mee a page of *Amphialus*, who with humble smiling reuerence deliuered a letter vnto him, from *Clinias*: whom *Amphialus* had brought to this, first with perswasions (that for certaine, if he did accept the combat, *Dametas* would neuer dare to appeare, and that then the honour should bee his) but principally threatning him, that if he refused it, he would turne him out of the towne to be put to death for a traytor by *Basilius*: so as the present feare (euer to a coward most terrible) of being turned out of the towne, made him, though full vnwillingly, vndertake the other feare, wherein hee had some shew of hope, that *Dametas* might hap either to be sicke, or not to haue the courage to performe the matter. But when *Dametas* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly suspecting what the matter might be, he bad the page carie backe his letter, like a naughtie boy as hee was: for hee was in no humor, hee told him, of reading letters. But *Damoetas* his friend, first perswading him, that for certaine it was some submission, tooke vpon him so much boldnesse, as to open his letter, and to reade it aloud in this sort.

Filthy driuell, vnworthy to haue thy name set in any letter by a souldiers hand written: could thy wretched heart thinke it was timerousnesse, that made Clinias *suspend a while his answere? No faitiffe, no: it was but as a Ram, which goes backe to returne with the greater force. Know therefore that thou shalt no sooner appeare (appeare now if thou dareſt) I say thou shalt no sooner appeare in the Iland (o happy thou, if thou do not appeare) but that I will come vpon thee with all my force, and cut thee in peeces (marke what I say)*

ioynt after ioynt, to the eternall terrour of all preſumptuous villaynes. Therefore looke what thou doſt: for I tell thee, horrible ſmart, and paines ſhall be thy lot, if thou wilt needes bee ſo fooliſh (I hauing giuen thee no ſuch cauſe) as to meete with mee.

Theſe terrible words *Clinias* vſed, hoping they would giue a cooling to the heat of *Dametas* courage: and ſo indeede they did, that he did grone to heare the thundring of thoſe threatnings. And when the Gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* tould them, that in his opinion he thought this anſwere came too late, and that therfore he might very well goe and diſarme himſelfe: eſpecially conſidering, the other had in courteous manner warned him not to come. But they (hauing him now on horſebacke, led him into the ferry, and ſo into the Iland; the claſhing of his owne armour ſtriking miſerable feare into him, & in his mind thinking great vnkindneſſe in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter ſo contrary to his complexion. There ſtayed he but a little, (the Gentleman that came with him teaching him how to vſe his ſword and launce, while he caſt his eye about, to ſee which way he might run away, curſing all Ilands for being euill ſituated) when *Clinias* with a braue ſound of trumpets landed at the other end who came all the way debating with himſelfe, what he had deſerued of *Amphialus* to driue him to thoſe inconueniences. Sometimes his wit made him bethinke himſelfe what was beſt to be done: but feare did ſo corrupt his wit, that whatſoeuer he thought was beſt, he ſtill found danger therein; fearefulnes (contrary to all other vices) making him think the better of another, the worſe hee found himſelfe, rather imagining in himſelfe, what words he would vſe (if he were ouercome) to get his life of *Dametas*, then how to ouercome, whereof hee could thinke with no patience. But oftentimes looking to the earth pitifully complayning, that a man of ſuch ſufficiencie (as hee thought himſelfe) ſhould in his beſt yeares bee ſwallowed vp by ſo baſe an element; faine hee would haue prayed, but hee had not heart inough to haue confidence in prayer, the glittering of the armour, and ſounding of the trumpets giuing ſuch an aſſault to the weake-breach of his falſe ſenſes, that hee grew from the degree of feare to an amazement, not almoſt to know what hee did, till two iudges (choſen for the purpoſe) making the trumpets ceaſe, and taking the oath of thoſe champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, ſet them at wonted diſtance one from the other.

Then the trumpets ſounding, *Dametas* horſe (vſed to ſuch cauſes) when hee thought leſt of the matter, ſtarted out ſo luſtily, that *Dametas* was iogd backe with head and bodie, and pulling withall his bridle-hand, the horſe (that was tender of mouth) made halfe a ſtop, and fell to bounding, ſo that *Dametas* threw away his Launce, and with both his hands held by the pummell; the horſe, halfe running, halfe leaping, till hee met with *Clinias*: who fearing hee ſhould miſſe his reſt, had put his ſtaffe therein, before hee began his careere: neither would hee then haue begun, but that at the trumpets warning, one (that ſtood behind) ſtrake on his horſe, who running ſwiftly, the wind tooke ſuch hold of his ſtaffe, that it role quite ouer his breaſt, and in that ſort gaue a flat baſtonado to *Dametas*: who, halfe out of his ſadle, went neere to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the creſt of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was paſt him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing leaſt *Dametas* were at his backe, turned with a wide turne, & ſeeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or neuer to treade him vnder his horſes feete, & withall (if hee could) hurt him with his Launce, which had not broken, the encounter was ſo eaſie. But putting forth his horſe, what with the falling of the ſtaffe too low

before

before the legs of the horse, & the comming vpon *Dametas*, who was then scrambling vp, the horse fell ouer & ouet, & lay vpon *Clinias*. Which *Dametas* (who was gotten vp) perceiuing, drew out his sword, prying which way he might best come to kill *Clinias* behind. But the horse that lay vpon him, kept such a pawing with his feete, that *Dametas* durst not approch, but very leysurely, so as the horse (being lusty) gat vp, & withall fell to strike, & leape, that *Dametas* started backe a good way, and gaue *Clinias* time to rise, but so brused in body, & broken in heart, that he meant to yeelde himselfe to mercie: & with that intent drew out his sword, intending when he came neerer, to present the pommell of it to *Dametas*. But *Dametas*, when he saw him come with his sword drawne, nothing conceiuing any such intent, went backe as fast as his backe and heeles could leade him. But as *Clinias* found that, he began to thinke a possibilitie in the victorie, and therefore followed with the cruell hast of a preuailing coward; laying vpon *Dametas*, who did nothing but cry out to him to hold his hand: sometimes that he was dead, sometimes that he would complaine to *Basilius*: but still bare the blowes vngratefully, going backe, till at length he came into the water with one of his feete.

But then a new feare of drowning tooke him, so that not daring to goe backe, nor to deliberate (the blowes still so lighted on him) nor to yeeld (because of the cruell threatnings of *Clinias*) feare being come to the extremitie, fell to a madnesse of despaire: so that winking as hard as euer he could) hee began to deale some blowes, and his arme (being vsed to a flaile in his youth) layd them on so thicke, that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to see his owne bloud come out in many places; and before he had lost halfe an ounce finding in himselfe that hee fainted, cryed out aloud to *Dametas*, that he yeelded. Throw away thy sword then (said *Dametas*) and I will saue thee: but still laying on as fast as hee could. *Clinias* straight obeyed and humbly craued mercy; telling him, his sword was gone. Then *Dametas* first opened his eyes, & seeing him indeed vnweaponed made him stand a good way off from it; and then willed him [illegible] downe vpon the earth as flat as he could. *Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametas* (neuer could thinke himselfe safe, till *Clinias* were dead) began to thinke with himselfe, that if he strake at him with his sword, if he did not kill him at the first blow, that then *Clinias* might happe to rise, and reuenge himselfe. Therefore hee thought best to kneele downe vpon him, and with a great whittle hee had (hauing disarmed his head to cut his throate) which hee had vsed so with Calues, as he had no small dexteritie in it. But while he sought for his knife, which vnder his armour hee could not well finde out, & that *Clinias* lay with so sheepish a quietnesse, as if hee would haue beene glad to haue his throate cut for feare of more paine, the Iudges came in, and tooke *Dametas* from off him, telling him hee did against the law of Armes, hauing promised life, if he threw away his sword. *Dametas* was loath to consent, till they sware, they would not suffer him to fight any more, when he was vp: and then more forced, then perswaded, he let him rise, crowing ouer him, and warning him to take heede how he dealt any more with any that came of his fathers kinred. But thus this *combat of cowards* being finished, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melodie receiued into the campe as victorious, neuer a Page there failing to waite vpon his Triumph.

But *Clinias* though he wanted heart to preuent shame, yet hee wanted not wit to feele shame; not so much repining at it for the abhoring of shame; as for the discommodities, that to them that are shamed, ensue. For well he deemed, it would bee a great barre to his practise, and a pulling on of iniuries, when men needed not care how they vsed him. In so much, that *Clinias* (finding himselfe the scorning-stocke of

euery companie) fell with repining to hate the cauſe thereof; and hate in a cowards heart, could ſet it ſelfe no other limits, but death. Which purpoſe was well egged on by repreſenting vnto himſelfe, what danger he lately was in; which ſtill kept no leſſe ougly figure in his minde, then when it was preſent: and quickely (euen in his diſſembling countenance) might be diſcerned a concealed grudge. For though hee forced himſelfe a farre more diligent officiouſneſſe toward *Amphialus*, then euer before, yet a leering eye vpon the one ſide at him, a countenance ſtill framed no ſmiling before him (how little cauſe ſoeuer there was of ſmiling) & grombling behinde him, at any of his commandements, with an vncertaine manner of behauiour: his words comming out, though full of flattery, yet ſlowly, and hoarcely pronounced, might well haue blazed, what armes his falſe heart bare. But deſpiſed, becauſe of his cowardlineſſe, and not marked becauſe deſpiſed, hee had the freer ſcope of practiſe. Which he did the more deſperately enter into, becauſe the daily dangers *Amphialus* did ſubmitte himſelfe vnto, made *Clinias* aſſuredly looke for his ouerthrowe, and for his owne conſequently, if he did not redeeme his former treaſon to *Baſilius*, with a more treaſonable falſhood toward *Amphialus*. His chiefe care therefore was, to finde out among all ſorts of the *Amphilians*, whom either like feare, tediouſneſſe of the ſiege, or diſcontent of ſome vnſatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the ſame mine that he did: and ſome alreadie of wealthy weary folkes, and vnconſtant youths (who had not found ſuch ſudden ſucceſſe as they had promiſed themſelues) he had made ſtoupe to his lure. But of none he made ſo good account as of *Arteſia*, ſiſter to the late ſlaine *Iſmenus*, and the chiefe of the ſixe maydes, who had trained out the Princeſſes to their banket of miſerie: ſo much did the ſharpeneſſe of her wit counteruaile (as he thought) any other defects of her ſexe: for ſhe had vndertaken that dangerous practiſe by the perſwaſion of *Cecropia*, who aſſured her that the two Princeſſes ſhould be made away; and then *Amphialus* would marry her: which ſhee was the apter to beleeue, by ſome falſe perſwaſion her glaſſe had giuen her of her owne incomparable excellencies, & by the great fauour ſhe knew he bare to her brother *Iſmenus*, which (like a ſelfe-flattering woman) ſhe conceiued was done for her ſake. But when ſhe had atchieued her attempt, & that ſhe found the Princeſſes were ſo farre from their intended death, as that the one of them was like to bee her ſoueraigne, & that neither her ſeruice had won of *Amphialus* much more then ordinarie fauor, nor her ouer large offring her ſelfe to a mind otherwiſe owed, had obtained a looked-for acceptation, diſdain to be diſdained, ſpite of a fruſtrate hope, & perchance vnquenched luſt-growne rage, made her vnquiet thoughts finde no other reſt, but malice: which was increaſed by the death of her brother, whom ſhee iudged neither ſuccoured againſt *Philanax*, nor reuenged vpon *Philanax*. But all theſe coles were well blowne by the company ſhee eſpecially kept with *Zelmane* all this time of her impriſonment. For finding her preſence vncheerfull to the mourning *Philoclea*, and condemned of the hie hearted *Pamela*, ſhe ſpent her time moſt with *Zelmane*. Who though at the firſt hardly brooking the inſtrument of their miſery, learning cunning in the ſchoole of aduerſitie, in time framed her ſelfe to yeeld her acceptable entertainment. For *Zelmane*, when ſhee had by that vnexpected miſchiefe her body impriſoned, her valure ouermaiſtred, her wit beguiled, her deſires barred, her loue eclipſed; aſſured of euill, fearing worſe, able to know *Philocleas* misfortune, & not able to ſuccour her, ſhe was a great while, before the greatneſſe of her hart could deſcend to ſorrow, but rather roſe boyling vp in ſpite & diſdain; Reaſon hardly making Courage beleeue, that it was diſtreſſed: but as if the walles would be affraid of her, ſo would her lookes ſhoote out threatning vpon them. But the fetters of ſeruitude

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(growing heauier with wearing) made her feele her ease, and the little preuailing of repining: and then griefe gat a seate in her softned minde, making sweetenesse of passed comforts by due title claime teares of present discomforts: and since her fortune made her able to helpe as little as any bodie, yet to be able to waile as much as any bodie; solitarie Sorrow, with a continuall circle in her selfe, going out at her owne mouth, to come in againe at her owne eares. Then was the name of *Philoclea* graued in the glasse windowes, and by the foolish idolatrie of affection, no sooner written, then adored; and no sooner adored, then pitied: all the wonted prayses (shee was wont to giue vnto her) being now but figures of Rhetorike to amplifie the injuries of misfortune; against which being alone, she would often make inuective declamations, methodized onely by raging sorrow.

But when *Artesia* did insinuate her selfe into her acquaintance, shee gaue the gouernment of her courage to wit, & was content to familiarize her selfe with her: so much the rather, as that she perceiued in her certaine flawes of ill-concealed discontentment. In somuch that when *Zelmane* would sweeten her mouth with the praises of the sisters, especially setting forth their noble gratefulnes in neuer forgetting well-intended seruices, & inuoking the iustice of the gods, not to suffer such treasures to be wrongfully hidden, & sometimes with a kind vnkindnesse, charging *Artesia* that she had beene abused to abuse so worthy persons: *Artesia* (though falsly) would protest, that she had beene beguiled in it, neuer meaning other matter then recreation: & yet withall (by alleaging how vngratefully she was dealt with) it was easie to be seen, it was the vnrewarding, & not the euill imploying her seruice, which grieued her. But *Zelmane* (vsing her own byas to bowl neer the mistresse of her owne thoughts) was content to lend her beleefe, and withall, to magnifie her desert, if willingly shee would deliuer, whom vnwillingly she had imprisoned; leauing no argument which might tickle ambition, or flatter reuenge So that *Artesia* (pusht forward ~~forward~~ by *Clinias* and drawne onward by *Zelmane*) bound her selfe to that practise; wherein *Zelmane* (for her part) desired no more, but to haue armour & weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to performe any thing, how impossible soeuer, which longing Loue can perswade, and inuincible Valour dare promise.

But *Clinias* (whose faith could neuer comprehend the mysteries of courage) perswaded *Artesia*, while hee by corruption had drawne the guard of one gate, to open it (when he would appoint the time) to the enemie, that she should impoyson *Amphialus*, which she might the easier doe, because shee her selfe had vsed to make the broaths, when *Amphialus* (either wearied or wounded) did vse such diet. And all things already were readie to be put in execution, when they thought best to breake the matter with the two excellent sisters, not doubting of their consent in a thing so behoofefull to themselues: their reasons being, that the Princesses knowing their seruice, might be sure to preserue them from the furie of the entring souldiers: whereof *Clinias* (euen so) could scarcely be sufficiently certaine: and withall making them priuie to their action, to binde them afterwards to a promised gratefulnesse towards them. They went therefore at one time, when they knew them to be alone, *Clinias* to *Philoclea*, and *Artesia* to *Pamela*: and *Clinias*, with no few words, did set forth what an exploit was intended for her seruice. But *Philoclea* (in whose cleere minde treason could finde no hiding place) told him, that she would bee glad, if he could perswade her cousin to deliuer her, and that she would neuer forget his seruice therein: but that she desired him to lay downe any such way of mischiefe, for that (for her part) shee would rather yeelde to perpetuall imprisonment, then consent to the destroying her cousin, who (shee knew) loued her, though wronged her. This

vnlooked for anſwere amazed *Clinias*, ſo that he had no other remedie in his minde, but to kneele downe to *Philoclea*, and beſeech her to keepe it ſecret, conſidering that the intention was for her ſeruice: & vowing (ſince ſhe miſliked it) to proceed no further therein, ſhe comforted him with promiſe of ſilence, which ſhe performed.

But that little auayled: for *Arteſia* hauing in like ſort opened this deuice to *Pamela*, ſhe (in whoſe minde Vertue gouerned with the ſcepter of Knowledge) hating ſo horrible a wickedneſſe, and ſtreight iudging what was fit to doe; Wicked woman (ſaid ſhee) whoſe vnrepenting heart can finde no way to amend treaſon, but by treaſon: now the time is come, that thy wretched wiles haue caught thy ſelfe in thine owne nette: as for me, let the Gods diſpoſe of mee as ſhall pleaſe them; but ſure it ſhall bee no ſuch way, nor way-leader, by which I will come to libertie. This ſhee ſpake ſomething with a louder voice then ſhee was wont to vſe, ſo as *Cecropia* heard the noyſe; who was (ſooner then *Arteſia* imagined ſhee would) come vp, to bring *Pamela* to a window, where ſhe might ſee a notable skirmiſh happened in the Campe, as ſhe thought, among themſelues: and being a cunning fiſher in troubled waters, ſtreight found by their voices and geſtures, there was ſome matter of conſequence, which ſhe deſired *Pamela* to tell her. Aske of her (ſaid *Pamela*) and learne to know, that who do falſhood to their ſuperiours, teach falſhood to their inferiours. More ſhe would not ſay. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Arteſia* with feare of torture, gat of her the whole practiſe: ſo as *Zelmane* was the more cloſely impriſoned, and *Clinias* (with the reſt of his corrupted mates according to their merits) executed: For, as for *Arteſia*, ſhee was but lockt vp in her chamber, *Amphialus* not conſenting (for the loue he bare to *Iſmenus*) that further puniſhment ſhould be layd vpon her.

But the noiſe they heard in the campe, was by occaſion of the famous Prince *Anaxius* nephew to the Gyant *Euardes* whom *Pyrocles* ſlue: A Prince, of body exceedingly ſtrong; in armes ſo skilful & fortunate, as no man was thought to excell him; of courage that knew not how to feare: of parts worthy praiſe, if they had not beene guided by pride, and followed by vniuſtice. For by a ſtrange compoſition of minde, there was no man more tenderly ſenſible in any thing offered to himſelfe, which in the fartheſt-fet conſtruction, might be wreſted to the name of wrong; no man, that in his owne actions could worſe diſtinguiſh betweene Valour and Violence: So proude, as he could not abſtaine from a *Thraſo*-like boaſting, and yet (ſo vnluckie a lodging his vertues had gotten) hee would neuer boaſt more then he would accompliſh: falſly accounting an vnflexible anger, a couragious conſtancie: eſteeming feare, and aſtoniſhment, righter cauſes of admiration, then Loue and Honour. This man had foure ſundry times fought with *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had beene ſo vnpartiall an arbiter, that neither ſide gate aduantage of the other. But in the end it happened, that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus* (vnknowne) in a great danger, and ſaued his life: whereupon (louing his owne benefit) began to fauour him, ſo much the more as thinking ſo well of himſelfe, he could not chooſe but like him, whom he found a match for himſelfe: which at laſt grew to as much friendſhip towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceiued. So as in this trauell (ſeeking *Pyrocles* to be reuenged of his vncles death) hearing of this ſiege, neuer taking paines to examine the quarrell (like a man whoſe will was his God, and his hand his law, taking with him his two brothers (men accounted little inferiour to himſelfe in martiall matters) and two hundred choſen horſemen (with whom hee thought himſelfe able to conquer the world) yet commaunding the reſt of his forces to follow, hee himſelfe vpon ſuch an vnexpected ſuddeneſſe entered in vpon the backe of *Baſilius*, that many

with

with great vnkindneſſe tooke their death, not knowing why, nor how they were ſo murthered. There if euer, did hee make knowne the wonderfulneſſe of his force. But the valiant, and faithfull *Philanax*, with well gouerned ſpeede made ſuch head againſt him, as would haue ſhewed, how ſoone courage falles in the ditch which hath not the eye of Wiſedome: but that *Amphialus* at the ſame time iſſued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the ſconſes, which *Baſilius* had builded, made way for his friend *Anaxius* with great loſſe of both ſides, but eſpecially of the *Baſilians*; ſuch notable monuments had thoſe two ſwords eſpecially left of their Maiſters redoubted worthineſſe.

There with the reſpect fit to his eſtate, the honour due to his worthineſſe, and the kindneſſe which accompanies friendſhip (made faſt by enterchanged benefits) did *Amphialus* enforce himſelfe (as much as in a beſieged towne he could) to make *Anaxius* know, that his ſuccour was not ſo needefull, as his preſence gratefull. For cauſing the ſtreetes and houſes of the towne to witneſſe his welcome (making both ſouldiers and Magiſtrates in their countenances to ſhew their gladneſſe of him) he led him to his mother, whom he beſought to entertaine him, with no leſſe loue and kindneſſe, then as one, who once had ſaued her ſonnes life, and now came to ſaue both life and honour. Tuſh (ſaid *Anaxius*, ſpeaking aloude, looking vpon his brothers) I am onely ſorie there are not halfe a dozen Kings more about you: that what *Anaxius* can do might be the better manifeſted. His brothers ſmiled, as though he had ouer modeſtly ſpoken farre vnderneath the pitch of his power. Then was he diſarmed at the earneſt requeſt of *Amphialus*: for *Anaxius* boyled with deſire to iſſue out vpon the enemeis, perſwading himſelfe, that the Sunne ſhould not be ſet, before he had ouerthrowne them. And hauing repoſed himſelfe, *Amphialus* asked him whether he would viſite the young Princeſſes. But *Anaxius* whiſpered him in the eare: In trueth (ſaid he) deare friend *Amphialus*, though I am none of thoſe, that loue to ſpeake of themſelues, I neuer came yet in any company of Ladies, but that they fell in loue with me. And I that in my heart ſcorne them as a peeuiſh paltry ſex, not worthy to communicate with my vertues, would not doe you the wrong: ſince (as I heare) you doe debaſe your ſelfe ſo much as to affect them. The curteous *Amphialus* could haue beene angry with him for thoſe words; but knowing his humor, ſuffered him to daunce to his owne muſicke: and gaue himſelfe to entertaine both him and his brothers, with as cheerefull a maner, as could iſſue from a minde whom vnluckie loue had filled with melancholy. For to *Anaxius* he yeelded the direction of all. He gaue the watchword, and if any grace were graunted, the meanes were to bee made to *Anaxius*. And that night when ſupper was ended, wherein *Amphialus* would needes himſelfe waite vpon him, he cauſed in Boates vpon the Lake an excellent muſicke to be ordered: which, though *Anaxius* might conceiue was for his honour, yet indeede hee was but the Bricke-wall to conuey it to the eares of the beloued *Philoclea*.

The muſicke was of Cornets, whereof one anſwering the other, with a ſweet emulation, ſtriuing for the glory of muſicke, & ſtriking vpon the ſmooth face of the quiet Lake, was then deliuered vp to the caſtle walles, which with a proud reuerberation, ſpreading it into the ayre, it ſeemed before the harmonie came to the eare, that it had enriched it ſelfe in trauaile, the nature of thoſe places adding melodie to that melodious inſtrument. And when a while that inſtrument had made a braue proclamation to all vnpoſſeſſed mindes, of attention, an excellent conſort ſtreight followed of fiue Violles, & as many voices; which all being but Oratours of their maiſters paſſions, beſtowed this ſong vpon her, that thought vpon another matter.

THe Fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth:
The Ayre in raine for my affliction weepeth:
The Sea to ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth:
The Earth with pittie dull his center keepeth:
Fame is with wonder blazed:
Time runnes away for sorrow:
Place standeth still amazed,
To see my night of euils, which hath no morrow.
Alas alonely she no pittie taketh
To know my miseries, but chaste and cruell
My fall her glory maketh;
Yet still her eyes giue to my flames their fuell.
Fire, burne me quite till sense of burning leaue me:
Ayre, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish:
Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereaue me:
Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish.
Fame, say I was not borne:
Time, hast my dying hower:
Place, see my graue vpborne:
Fire, ayre, sea, earth, fame, time, place shew your power.
Alas from all their helps I am exiled:
For hers am I, and Death feares her displeasure.
Fie Death thou art beguiled:
Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.

But *Anaxius* (seeming a wearie before it was ended) told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no musicke, but the neighing of horses, the sound of trumpets, & the cries of yeelding persons: and therefore desired, that the next morning they should issue vpon the same place, where they had entred that day, not doubting to make thē quickly a wearie of being the besiegers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit lesse courage, though nothing blowne vp with pride, willingly condiscended, & so the next morning (giuing false alarum to the other side of the campe) *Amphialus* at *Anaxius* earnest request, staying within the towne to see it guarded, *Anaxius* and his brethren *Lycurgus* and *Zoilus*, sallied out with the best chosen men. But *Basilius* (hauing bin the last day somewhat vnprouided) now had better fortified the ouerthrowne sconse; and so well had prepared euery thing for defence, that it was impossible for any valour from within, to preuaile. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credite of the credulous. For thrise (valiantly followed by his brothers) did he set vp his banner vpon the rampire of the enemie: though thrise againe by the multitude, and aduantage of the place, but especially by the comming of three valiant Knights, hee were driuen downe againe. Numbers there were that day, whose deathes and ouerthrowes were excused by the well knowne sword of *Anaxius*: but the rest by the length of time and iniurie of Historians haue beene wrapped vp in darke forgetfulnesse: onely *Tressennius* is spoken of, because when all abandoned the place, he onely made head to *Anaxius*; till hauing lost one of his legs, yet not lost the heart of fighting, *Lycurgus* (second brother to *Anaxius*) cruelly murthered him; *Anaxius* himselfe disdaining any further to deale with him.

But so farre had *Anaxius* at the third time preuailed, that now the *Basilians* began to let their courage descend to their feete; *Basilius*, and *Philanax* in vaine striuing with

with reuerence of authority to bridle the flight of aſtoniſhment, and to teach Feare, diſcretion: ſo that *Amphialus*, ſeeing Victory ſhew ſuch a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force; hoping that day to end the ſiege.

But that fancie altered quickely by the ſudden comming to the other ſide of three Knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in greene, and the third by his blacke armour & deuice, ſtreight knowne to be the notable knight, who the firſt day had giuen Fortune ſo ſhort a ſtoppe with his notable deedes fighting hand to hand the deemed inuincible *Amphialus*. For the very cowards no ſooner ſaw him, but as borrowing ſome of his ſpirit, they went like young Eagles to the prey, vnder the wing of their damme. For the three aduenturers, not content to keepe them from their rampire, leapt downe among them, & entered into a braue combate with the three valiant brothers. But to whether ſide Fortune would haue beene partiall, could not be determined. For the *Baſilians*, lightned with the beames of theſe ſtrangers valure, followed ſo thicke, that the *Amphialians* were glad with ſome haſt to retire to the walles-ward: though *Anaxius* neither reaſon, feare, nor example, could make him aſſwage the fury of his fight: vntill one of the *Baſilians* (vnworthy to haue his name regiſtred, ſince he did it cowardly, ſideward, when he leaſt looked that way) almoſt cut off one of his legs: ſo as he fell downe, blaſpheming heauen, that all the influences thereof had power to ouerthrow him: and there death would haue ſeazed of his proud heart, but that *Amphialus* tooke in hand the blacke knight, while ſome of his ſouldiers conueyed away *Anaxius*, ſo requiting life for life vnto him.

And for the loue and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a new fitte of heate: when *Baſilius* (that thought inough to be done for that day) cauſed retreate to bee ſounded; fearing leaſt his men following ouer-earneſtly, might bee the loſſe of thoſe excellent Knights whom he deſired to know. The knights as ſoone as they heard the retreate (though they were eagerly ſet, knowing that courage without diſcipline is neerer beaſtlineſſe then manhood) drew backe their ſwords, though hungry of more bloud: eſpecially the blacke knight, who knowing *Amphialus* could not refraine to tell him, that this was the ſecond time he eſcaped out of his hands, but that he would ſhortly bring him a bill of all the former accounts. *Amphialus* ſeeing it fit to retire alſo (moſt of his people being hurt, both in bodies and hearts) withdrew himſelfe, with ſo well ſeated a reſolution, that it was as farre from anger, as from diſmayednes; anſwering no other to the blacke knights threats, but that when he brought him his account, he ſhould finde a good pay-maiſter.

The fight being ceaſed, and each ſide withdrawne within their ſtrengths, *Baſilius* ſent *Philanax* to entertaine the ſtrange knights, and to bring them vnto him, that he might acknowledge what honor was due to their vertue. But they excuſed themſelues, deſiring to be knowne firſt by their deedes, before their names ſhould accuſe their vnworthineſſe: and though the other replied according as they deſerued, yet (finding that vnwelcome curteſie is a degree of iniurie) hee ſuffered them to retire themſelues to a tent of their owne without the campe, where they kept themſelues ſecret: *Philanax* himſelfe being called away to another ſtrange knight; ſtrange not onely by the vnlookedforneſſe of his comming, but by the ſtrange manner of his comming.

For he had before him foure damoſels, & ſo many behind him, all vpon palfrayes & all apparelled in mourning weeds; each of them a ſeruant of each ſide, with like liueries of ſorrow. Himſelfe in an armour, all painted ouer with ſuch a cunning of ſhadow, that it repreſented a gaping ſepulchre, the furniture of his horſe was all of Cypreſſe branches: wherewith in olde time they were wont to dreſſe graues. His

Baſes

Baſes (which he ware ſo long, as they came almoſt to his ankle) were embrodered onely with blacke wormes, which ſeemed to crawle vp and downe, as readie alreadie to deuoure him. In his ſhield for *Impreſa*, hee had a beautifull childe, but hauing two heads; whereon the one ſhewed, that it was already dead: the other aliue, but in that caſe, neceſſarily looking for death. The word was, *No way to bee rid from death, but by death.*

This knight of the tombe (for ſo the ſouldiers termed him) ſent to *Baſilius* to demaund leaue to ſend in a damoſell into the towne, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time ſome others haue done. Which being graunted (as glad any would vndertake the charge, which no body elſe in that campe was knowne willing to do) the damoſell went in, & hauing with teares ſobbed out a braue challenge to *Amphialus*, from the knight of the Tombe, *Amphialus*, honourably entertayning the Gentlewoman, & deſiring to know the knights name (which the dolefull Gentlewoman would not diſcouer) accepted the challenge, onely deſiring the Gentlewoman to ſay thus much to the ſtrange knight from him, that if his minde were like to his title, there were more cauſe of affinitie, then enmity betweene them. And therefore preſently (according as he was wont) as ſoone as he perceiued the knight of the Tombe. with his Damoſels and Iudge, was come into the Iland, hee alſo went ouer in accuſtomed maner: and yet for the curteſie of his nature, deſired to ſpeake with him.

But the knight of the Tombe, with ſilence, and drawing his horſe backe, ſhewed no will to heare, nor ſpeake: but with Launce on thigh, made him know, it was fit for him to go to the other end of the Career, whence wayting the ſtart of the vnknowne Knight, hee likewiſe made his ſputres claime haſt of his horſe. But when his ſtaffe was in his reſt, comming downe to meete with the knight, now verie neere him, he perceiued the knight had miſt his reſt: wherefore the curteous *Amphialus* would not let his Launce deſcend; but with a gallant grace, ran ouer the head of his therein friended enemie: and hauing ſtopped his horſe, and with running of him, bleſſed his ſight with the Window where he thought *Philoclea* might ſtand, he perceiued the knight had lighted from his horſe, and throwne away his ſtaffe, angrie with his misfortune, as of hauing miſt his reſt, and drawne his ſword to make that ſupply his fellowes fault. He alſo lighted, and drew his ſword, eſteeming victorie with aduantage, rather robbed then purchaſed: & ſo the other comming eagerly toward him; he with his ſhield out, and ſword aloft, with more brauery then anger, drew vnto him, and ſtraight made their ſwords ſpeake for them a pretty while with equall fiercenеſſe. But *Amphialus* (to whom the earth brought foorth few matches) hauing both much more skill to chooſe the places, and more force to worke vpon the choſen, had already made many windowes in his armour for death to come in at, when in the nobleneſſe of his nature abhorring to make the puniſhment ouergoe the offence, he ſtept a little backe, and withall, Sir knight (ſaid he) you may eaſily ſee, that it pleaſeth God to fauour my cauſe: employ your valour againſt them that wiſh you hurt: for my part I haue not deſerued hate of you. Thou lyeſt falſe traytor, ſaid the other, with an angry, but weake voice. But *Amphialus*, in whom abuſed kindneſſe became ſpitefull rage. Ah barbarous wretch (ſaid he) onely couragious in diſcurteſie; thou ſhalt ſoone ſee whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart, or no: and with that redoubling his blowes, gaue him a great wound vpon his necke, and cloſing with him ouerthrew him, and in the fall thruſt him mortally into the bodie: & with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to make him giue himſelfe the lie, for hauing ſo ſaid, or to cut off his head.

But the head-peece was no ſooner off, but that there fell about the ſhoulders of the

the ouercome knight the treasure of faire golden haire, which with the face (soone known by the badge of excellency) witnessed that it was *Parthenia*, the vnfortunately vertuous wife of *Argalus*; her beautie then euen in despight of the passed sorrow, or comming death, assuring all beholders, that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes, hauing with continuall weeping gotten a little redness about them; her roundy sweetly swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kist their neighbour death; in her cheekes the whiteness striuing by little and little to get vpon the rosinesse of them, her necke, a necke indeede of Alablaster, displaying the wound, which with most dainty bloud laboured to drowne his owne beauties; so as here was a riuer of purest red, there an Iland of perfittest white, each giuing lustre to the other; with the sweet countenance (God knowes) full of an vnaffected languishing: though these things to a grosly conceiuing sense might seeme disgraces, yet indeede were they but apparelling beautie in a new fashion, which all looked vpon thorough the spectacles of pittie, did euen increase the lines of her naturall faireness, so as *Amphialus* was astonished with griefe compassion, and shame, detesting his fortune, that made him vnfortunate in victorie.

Therefore, putting off his headpeece and gauntlet, kneeling downe vnto her, and with teares testifying his sorrow, hee offred his (by himselfe accursed) hands to help her: protesting his life & power to be readie to doe her honour. But *Parthenia* (who had inward messengers of the desired deaths approch) looking vpon him and streight turning away her feeble sight, as from a delightlesse obiect, drawing out her words, which her breath (loth to depart from so sweete a body) did faintly deliuer, Sir (said she) I pray you (if prayers haue place in enemies) to let my maydes take my bodie vntouched by you: the onely honour I now desire by your meanes, is, that I haue no honour of you. *Argalus* made no such bargaine with you, that the hands which killed him, should helpe me. I haue of them (and I doe not onely pardon you, but thanke you for it) the seruice which I desired. There rests nothing now, but that I go liue with him, since whose death I haue done nothing but die. Then pawsing, and a little fainting, and againe comming to her selfe, ô sweete life, welcome (said shee) now feele I the bands vntied of the cruell death, which so long hath held mee. And ô life, ô death, answer for me, that my thoughts haue not so much as in a dreame tasted any comfort, since they were deprriued of *Argalus*. I come my *Argalus*, I come; And, O God hide my faults in thy mercies, and graunt (as I feele thou dost graunt) that in thy eternall loue, wee may loue each other eternally. And this ô Lord: But there *Atropos* cut off her sentence: for with that, casting vp both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soule departed (one might well assure himselfe) to heauen, which left the bodie in so heauenly a demeanure.

But *Amphialus* (with a heart oppressed with griefe, because of her request) withdrew himselfe, but the Iudges, as full of pitie, had beene all this while disarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries, labouring to stanch the remediless wounds: and a while shee was dead before they perceiued it; death being able to diuide the soule, but not the beauty from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death assured them of their losse, one of the women would haue killed her selfe, but that the squire of *Amphialus* perceiuing, by force held her. Others that had as strong passion, though weaker resolution, fell to cast dust vpon their heads, to teare their garments: all falling vpon the earth & crying vpon their sweete mistres; as if their cries could perswade the soule to leaue the celestiall happinesse, to come againe into the elements of sorrow: one time calling to remembrance her vertue, chastnesse, sweetnesse, goodnesse to them: another time accursing themselues, that they had

obeyed

obeyed her; being deceiued by her words, who aſſured them, that it was reuealed vnto her, that ſhee ſhould haue her hearts deſire in the battell againſt *Amphialus*, which they wrongly vnderſtood. Then kiſſing her cold hands & feete, weary of the world, ſince ſhee was gone, who was their world, the very heauens ſeemed with a cloudie countenance, to loure at the loſſe, and Fame it ſelfe (though by nature glad to tell ſuch rare accidents) yet could not chooſe but deliuer it in lamentable accents, and in ſuch ſort went it quickely all ouer the Campe: and, as if the ayre had beene infected with ſorrow, no heart was ſo hard, but was ſubiect to that contagion; the rareneſſe of the accident, matching together (the rarely matched together) pittie with admiration: *Baſilius* himſelfe came forth, and brought the faire *Gynecia* with him, who was come into the campe vnder colour of viſiting her husband, and hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmane* was the Sainct, to which her pilgrimage was intended: curſing, enuying, bleſſing, and in her heart kiſſing the walles which impriſoned her. But both they with *Philanax*, and the reſt of the principall Nobilitie, went out, to make Honour triumph ouer Death, conueying that excellent bodie (whereto *Baſilius* himſelfe would needes lend his ſhoulder) to a Church a mile from the Campe, where the valiant *Argalus* lay intombed; recommending to that ſepulchre the bleſſed reliques of a faithfull and vertuous Loue, giuing order for the making of two marble images, to repreſent them, and each way enriching the tombe; vpon which *Baſilius* himſelfe cauſed this Epitaph to bee written.

THE EPITAPH.

HIs being was in her alone:
And he not being, ſhe was none.

They ioy'd one ioy, one griefe they griev'd,
One loue they lou'd, one life they liu'd.
The hand was one, one was the ſword
That did his death, her death afford.

As all the reſt, ſo now the ſtone
That tombes the two, is iuſtly one.

ARGALVS & PARTHENIA.

Then with eyes full of teares, and mouthes full of her prayſes, returned they to the campe, with more and more hate againſt *Amphialus*: who (poore Gentleman) had therefore greater portion of woe then any of them. For that curteous heart, which would haue grieued but to haue heard the like aduenture, was rent with remembring himſelfe to be the author: ſo that his wiſedome could not ſo farre temper his paſſion, but that he tooke his ſword, counted the beſt in the world (which with much bloud hee had once conquered of a mightie Gyant (and brake it into many peeces

peeces (which afterwards hee had good cauſe to repent) ſaying, that neither it was worthy to ſerue the noble exerciſe of chiualrie, nor any other worthy to feele that ſword, which had ſtroken ſo excellent a Lady: and withall, baniſhing all cheerefulneſſe of his countenance, he returned home. Where hee gate himto his bed, not ſo much to reſt his reſtleſſe mind, as to auoid all company, the ſight whereof was tedious vnto him. And then melancholy (only rich in vnfortunate remembrances) brought before him all the miſhaps, with which his life had wreſtled: taking this, not onely as a confirming of the former, but a preſage of following miſerie; and to his heart (already ouercome by ſorrowfulneſſe) euen trifling misfortunes came, to fill vp the rolle of a grieued memorie, labouring only his wits to pierce farther & farther into his owne wretchedneſſe. So as all that night in deſpight of darknes) he held his eyes open; and in the morning, when the light began to reſtore to each body his colour, then with curtaines bard he himſelfe from the enioying of it: neither willing to feele the comfort of the day, nor the eaſe of the night: vntil his mother (who neuer knew what loue meant, but onely to himward) came to his bed-ſide, and beginning with louing earneſtnes to lay a kind chiding vpon him, becauſe he would ſuffer the weakneſſe of ſorrow, to conquer the ſtrength of his vertues; hee did with a broken peece-meale ſpeech (as if the tempeſt of paſſion vnorderly blew out his words) remember the miſhaps of his youth, the euils he had beene cauſe of, his rebelling with ſhame, & that ſhame increaſed with ſhamefull accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* & *Parthenia*, wherein he found himſelfe hated of the euer-ruling powers, but eſpecially (& ſo eſpecially, as the reſt ſeemed nothing when he came to that) his fatall loue to *Philoclea*: to whom he had ſo gouerned himſelfe, as one that could neither conquer, nor yeelde; being of the one ſide a ſlaue, and of the other a taylor: and withall, almoſt vpbrayding vnto his mother the little ſucceſſe of her large hoping promiſes, hee in effect finding *Philoclea* nothing mollified, and now himſelfe ſo caſt downe, as hee thought him vnworthy of better. But his mother (as ſhe had plentifull cauſe) making him ſee, that of his other griefes there was little or no fault in himſelfe, & therfore there ought to be little or no griefe in him; when ſhee came to the head of the ſore, indeed ſeeing that ſhe could no longer patch vp her former promiſes (he taking a deſperate deafneſſe to all delaying hopes) ſhe confeſt plainly, that ſhe could preuaile nothing: but the fault was his owne, who had marred the yong Girle by ſeeking to haue that by prayer, which hee ſhould haue taken by authoritie. Thus as it were an abſurd cunning to make hie ladders to go in a plaine way; ſo was it an vntimely & fooliſh flattery, there to beſeech, where one might commaund, puffing them vp by being beſought, with ſuch a ſelfe-pride of ſuperiority, that it was not (forſooth) to be held out but by a deniall. O God (ſaid *Amphialus*) how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labours? aſſure your ſelfe, mother, I will ſoone pull out theſe eyes, then they ſhould looke vpon the heauenly *Philoclea*, but as vpon a heauen, whence they haue their light, and to which they are ſubiect; if they will powre downe any influences of comfort, ô happy I: but if by the ſacrifice of a faithfull heart, they will not bee called vnto mee, let mee languiſh, and wither with languiſhing, and grieue with withering, but neuer ſo much as repine with neuer ſo much grieuing. Mother, ô Mother, luſt may well be a tyrant, but true loue where it is indeed, it is a ſeruant. Accurſed more then I am, may I bee, if euer I did approch her, but that I freezed as much in a fearefull reuerence, as I burned in a vehement deſire. Did euer mans eye looke thorough loue vpon the maieſtie of vertue, ſhining thorough beautie, but that hee became (as it well became him) a captiue; and is it the ſtile of a captiue to write, *Our will and pleaſure?*

Tush, tush, sonne (said *Cecropia*) you say you loue, but withall you feare, you feare least you should offend; Offend? & how know you, that you should offend? because she doth deny. Deny? now by my truth, if your sadnesse would let me laugh, I could laugh hartily, to see that yet you are ignorant, that No is no negatiue in a womans mouth. My sonne, beleeue mee, a woman speaking of women: a louers modestie among vs is much more praysed, then liked: or if we like it, so well we like it, that for marring of his modesty, he shall neuer proceed further. Each vertue hath his time: if you command your souldier to march formost, & hee for curtesie put others before him, would you prayse his modesty? loue is your generall: he bids you dare: & will *Amphialus* be a dastard? Let example serue: do you thinke *Theseus* should euer haue gotten *Antiope* with sighing and crossing his armes? hee rauished her, and rauished her that was an *Amazon*, & therefore had gotten a habite of stoutnesse aboue the nature of a woman; but hauing rauished her, he got a child of her. And I say no more, but that (they say) is not gotten without consent of both sides. *Iole* had her own father killed by *Hercules*, and her selfe rauished, by force rauished, and yet ere long this rauished, & vnfathered Lady could sportfully put on the Lions skin vpon her own faire shoulders, & play with the club with her owne delicate hands: so easily had she pardoned the rauisher, that she could not but delight in those weapons of rauishing. But aboue all, marke *Helen* daughter to *Iupiter*, who could neuer brooke her manerly-wooing *Menelaus*, but disdained his humblenesse, and lothed his softnesse. But so well she could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him she could abide what might be abidden. But what? *Menelaus* takes heart, he recouers her by force, by force caries her home, by force enioyes her; & she, who would neuer like him for seruiceablenes, euer after loued him for violence. For what can be more agreable, then vpon force to lay the fault of desire, & in one instant to ioine a deare delight with a iust excuse: or rather the true cause is (pardon me ô woman-kind for reuealing to mine own son the truth of this mystery) we think there wants fire, where we find no sparkles at least of fury. Truly I haue known a great Lady, long sought by most great, most wise, most beautifull, most valiant persons; neuer won, because they did ouer-superstiously solicite her: the same Lady brought vnder by another, inferiour to all them in all those qualities, only because he could vse that imperious maisterfulnes, which nature giues to men aboue women. For indeed (son, I confesse vnto you) in our very creation we are seruants: and who prayeth his seruants shall neuer bee well obeyed: but as a ready horse streight yeelds, when he finds one that will haue him yeeld, the same fals to bounds when hee feeles a fearefull horseman. Awake thy spirits (good *Amphialus*) & assure thy selfe, that though she refuseth, she refuseth but to endeer the obtayning. If shee weepe, & chide, and protest before it be gotten, she can but weepe, and chide, and protest, when it is gotten. Thinke, shee would not striue, but that shee meanes to try thy force: and my *Amphialus*, know thy selfe a man, and shew thy selfe a man; and (beleeue me vpon my word) a woman is a woman.

Amphialus was about to answer her, when a Gentleman of his made him vnderstand, that there was a messenger come, who had brought a letter vnto him from out of the Campe: whom hee presently calling for, tooke, opened, and reade the letter, importing this.

TO thee Amphialus *of* Arcadia, *the forsaken Knight wisheth health, and courage, that by my hand thou mayest receiue punishment for thy treason, according to thine owne offer, which wickedly occasioned, thou hast proudly begun, & accursedly maintained. I will presently (if thy minde faint thee not for his owne guiltinesse) meete thee in thy Iland,*

Iland, in ſuch order, as hath by the former beene vſed: or if thou liked not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thine owne reaſonable choiſe in any of them; ſo as thou doe performe the ſubſtance. Make me ſuch anſwere as may ſhew that thou haſt ſome taſte of honour: and ſo I leaue thee, to liue till I meete thee.

Amphialus reade it, and with a deepe ſigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) ſeemed euen to condemne himſelfe, as though indeede his reproches were true. But howſoeuer the dulneſſe of Melancholy would haue languiſhingly yeelded thereunto, his Courage (vnuſed to ſuch iniuries) deſired helpe of Anger to make him this anſwer.

Forſaken Knight, though your nameleſſe challenge might carrie in it ſelfe excuſe for a man of my birth & eſtate, yet herein ſet your hart at reſt, you ſhall not be forſaken. I will without ſtay anſwer you in the wonted maner, and come both armed in your fooliſh threatnings, & yet the more feareleſſe, expecting weake blowes, where I finde ſo ſtrong wordes. You ſhall not therefore long attend mee in the Iland, before proofe teach you, that of my life you haue made your ſelfe too large a promiſe. In the meane time, Farewell.

This being written, & deliuered, the meſſenger told him that his Lord would (if he liked the ſame) bring two knights with him to be his Patrons. Which *Amphialus* accepted, & withall ſhaking off (with reſolution) his mothers importunate diſſwaſions, hee furniſhed himſelfe for the fight, but not in his wonted furniture. For now (as if hee would turne his inſide outward) hee would needes appeare all in blacke; his decking both for himſelfe, and horſe, being cut out into the faſhion of very ragges: yet all ſo daintily ioyned together with precious ſtones, as it was a braue raggednеſſe, and a rich pouertie: and ſo cunningly had a workeman followed his humour in his armour, that hee had giuen it a ruſty ſhew, and yet ſo, as any man might perceiue was by arte, and not negligence; caryng at one inſtant a diſgraced handſomneſſe, and a new oldneſſe. In his ſhield hee bare for his deuiſe, a Night, by an excellent painter excellently painted, with a Sunne with a ſhadow, and vpon the ſhadow a ſpeech ſignifying, that it *only* was *barred from inioyning that, whereof it had his life?* or, *From whoſe I am, baniſhed.* In his creſt he carried *Philoclea's* knives, the onely token of her forced fauour.

So paſt hee ouer into the Iland, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxius*; where hee found the forſaken Knight, attired in his owne liuerie, as blacke as ſorrow it ſelfe could ſee it ſelfe in the blackeſt glaſſe: his ornaments of the ſame hew, but formed into the figure of Rauens, which ſeemed to gape for carrion: onely his raynes were ſnakes, which finely wrapping themſelues one within the other, their heads came together to the cheekes and boſſes of the bit, where they might ſeeme to bite at the horſe, and the horſe (as hee champt the bit) to bite at them, and that the white foame was ingendred by the poyſonous furie of the combate. His *Impreſa* was a *Catoblepta* which ſo long lies dead, as the Moone (whereto it hath ſo naturall a ſympathie) wants her light. The word ſignified that *The Moone wanted not the light, but the poore beaſt wanted the Moones light.* Hee had in his head-peece, a whippe, to witneſſe a ſelfe-puniſhing repentance. Their verie horſes were cole-blacke too, not hauing ſo much as one ſtarre to giue light to their night of blackneſſe: ſo as one would haue thought they had beene the two ſonnes of Sorrow, and were come thither to fight for their birth-right in that ſorie inheritance.

Which alliance of passions so moued *Amphialus* (already tender minded by the afflictions of Loue) that without staffe or sword drawne, hee trotted fairely to the forsaken Knight, willing to haue put off this combat, to which his melancholy heart did (more then euer in like occasion) misgiue him: and therefore saluting him, Good Knight (said he) because we are men, and should know reason why wee doe things; tell me the cause, that makes you thus eager to fight with mee. Because I affirme (answered the forsaken Knight) that thou dost most rebellious iniurie to those Ladies to whom all men owe seruice. You shall not fight with mee (said *Amphialus*) vpon the quarrell: for I confesse the same too: but it proceeds from their owne beauty, to enforce Loue to offer this force. I maintaine then (said the forsaken Knight) that thou art not worthy so to loue. And that I confesse too (said *Amphialus*) since the world is not so richly blessed, as to bring forth any thing worthy thereof. But no more vnworthy then any other, since in none can be a more worthy loue. Yes, more vnworthy then my selfe (said the forsaken Knight) for though I deserue contempt, thou deseruest both contempt, and hatred.

But *Amphialus* by that thinking (though wrongly, each indeed mistaking other) that he was his riuall, forgat all minde of reconciliation, & hauing all his thoughts bonnd vp in choller, neuer staying either iudge, trumpet, or his owne launce, drew out his sword, and saying, Thou lyest false villaine vnto him; his words and blowes came so quicke together, as the one seemed a lightning of the others thunder. But he found, no barren ground of such seede: for it yeelded him his owne with such increase, that though Reason and Amazement go rarely together, yet the most reasonable eyes that saw it, found reason to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Neuer game of death better played; neuer fury set it selfe forth in greater bravery. The curteous *Vulcan*, when he wrought at his more curteous wiues request *Aeneas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater sound, then the swordes of those noble knights did: they needed no fire to their forge, for they made the fire to shine at the meeting of their swords, & armours, each side fetching still new spirit from the castle window, and carefull of keeping their sight that way as a matter of greater consideration in their combat, then either the aduantage of Sunne or winde: which Sunne and winde (if the astonished eyes of the beholders were not by the astonishment deceiued) did both stand still to be beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eyes discerne motion of the Sunne, and no breath of winde stirred, as if either for feare it would not come among such blowes, or with delight had eyes so busie, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruell, since that Loue and Hatred conspired to sharpen their humours, that hard it was to say, whether Loue with one trumpet, or Hatred with another, gaue the louder alarum to their courages. Spite, rage, disdaine, shame, reuenge, came wayting vpon Hatred: of the other side came with loue-longing Desire, both inuincible Hope, and feareless Despaire, with riualike Iealousie, which (although brought vp within doores in the schoole of *Cupid*) would shew themselues no lesse forward, then the other dusty band of *Mars*, to make themselues notable in the notableness of this combat. Of either side Confidence, vnacquainted with Losse, but assuring trust to ouercome, and good experience how to ouercome: now seconding their terrible blowes with cunning labouring their horses, to winne ground of the enemy; now vnlooked-for parting one from the other, to winne aduantage by an aduantageous returne. But force against force, skill against skill, so enterchangeably encountred, that it was not easie to determine, whether enterprising, or preuenting came former: both, sometimes at one instant, doing and

suffring

suffring wrong, and choler no lesse rising of the doing, then of the suffring. But as the fire, the more fuel is put to it, the more hungrie still it is to deuoure more: so the more they strake, the more vnsatisfied they were with striking. Their very armour by peece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse sensible of smart, then the senslesse armour: their bloud in most places staining their blacke colour, as if it would giue a more liuely colour of mourning, then blacke can doe. And so a long space they fought, while neither vertue nor fortune seemed partiall of either side: which so tormented the vnquiet heart of *Amphialus*, that hee resolued to see a quicke end: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding strength to his blow, hee strake in such wise vpon the side of the others head, that his remembrance left that battered lodging: so as hee was quite from himselfe, casting his armes abroad, and ready to fall downe; his sword likewise went out of his hand; but that being fast by a chaine to his arme, hee could not loose. And *Amphialus* vsed the fauour of occasion, redoubling his blowes: but the horse (weary to be beaten, as well as the maister) carried his maister away, till he came to himselfe. But then who could haue seene him, might well haue discerned shame in his cheekes, and reuenge in his eyes: so as setting his teeth together with rage, he came running vpon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arme, which had gathered vp his sword, meaning with that blow to haue cleaued *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* seeing the blow comming, shunned it with nimble turning his horse aside; wherewith the forsaken Knight ouer-strake himselfe so, as almost hee came downe with his owne strength; but the more hungrie of his purpose, the more hee was bard the foode of it: disdaining the resistance, both of force and fortune, hee returned vpon the spurre againe, and ranne with such violence vpon *Amphialus*, that his horse with the force of the shocke rose vp before, almost ouerturned: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, with rayne and spurre put forth his horse, and withall gaue a mighty blow in the descent of his horse, vpon the shoulder of the forsaken knight; from whence sliding, it fell vpon the necke of his horse, so as horse and man fell to the ground: but hee was scarce downe before hee was vp on his feete againe, with braue gesture shewing rising of courage, in the falling of fortune. But the curteous *Amphialus* excused himselfe, for hauing (against his will) kild his horse. Excuse thy selfe for vyler faults (answered the forsaken Knight) and vse this poore aduantage the best thou canst; for thou shalt quickely finde thou hast neede of more. Thy folly (said *Amphialus*) shall not make me forget my selfe: and therewith (trotting a little aside) alighted from his horse, because hee would not haue fortune come to clayme any part of the victory. Which curteous act would haue mollified the noble heart of the forsaken Knight, if any other had done it, besides the Iaylor of his mistresse: but that was a sufficient defeazaunce for the firmest bond of good nature; and therefore hee was no sooner alighted, but that hee ranne vnto him, reentring into as cruell a fight, as eye did euer see, or thought could reasonably imagine; farre beyond the reach of weake words to be able to expresse it. For what they had done on horseback, was but as a morsell to keepe their stomackes in appetite, in comparison of that, which now (being themselues) they did. Nor euer glutton by the change of dainty diet could be brought to fresh feeding (when he might haue beene satisfied before) with more earnestnesse, then those (by the change of this manner of fight) fell cleane to a new fight, though any else would haue thought they had had their fil already. *Amphialus* being the taller man for the most part stood with his right legge before, his shield at the vttermost length of his arme, his sword hie, but with the point toward his enemy. But when he strake,

which came so thicke, as if euery blow would striue to be foremost, his arme seemed still a position of death. The forsaken knight shewed with like skill, vnlike gesture, keeping himselfe in continuall motion, proportioning the distance betweene them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted; his eye guided his foote, and his foote conueighed his hand; and since nature had made him something the lower of the two, he made arte follow, and not striue with nature: shunning rather then warding his blowes; like a cunning mastiffe, who knowes the sharpnesse of the horne & strength of the Bull; fights low to get his proper aduantage; answering mightines with nimblenesse, and yet at times imploying his wonderfull force, wherein he was second to none. In summe, the blowes were strong, the thrusts thicke, and the auoydings cunning. But the forsaken Knight (that thought it a degree of being conquered to be long in conquering) strake him so mighty a blow, that hee made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humblenesse. But when hee felt himselfe striken downe, and saw himselfe striken downe by his riuall, then shame seemed one arme, and disdaine another; fury in his eyes, and reuenge in his heart; skill and force gaue place, & they tooke the place of skill and force, with so vnwearable a manner, that the forsaken knight also was driuen to leaue the sterne of cunning, & giue himselfe wholly to be guided by the storme of fury: there being in both (because hate would not suffer admiration) extreme disdaine to finde themselues so matched.

What (said *Amphialus* to himselfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom so many monsters and Gyants haue falne dead, when I onely fought causelesse aduentures? and can one knight now withstand me in the presence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*? or since I lost my liberty, haue I lost my coutage? haue I gotten the heart of a slaue as well as the fortune? If an army were against mee in the sight of *Philoclea*, could it resist me? O beast, one man resists thee: thy riuall resists thee; or am I indeede *Amphialus*? haue not passions kild him, and wretched I (I know not how) succeeded into this place? Of the other side the forsaken knight with no lesse spite, fell out with himselfe; Hast thou broken (said he to himselfe) the commaundement of thy onely Princesse, to come now into her presence, and in her presence to proue thy selfe a coward? Doth *Asia* and *Egypt* set vp Trophies vnto thee, to be matched heere by a traytor? O noble *Barsanes*, how shamefull will thy soule bee, that hee that slew thee, should bee resisted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieued wilt thou bee with thy friends shame, then with thine owne imprisonment, when thou shalt know how little I haue bin able to do for the deliuery of thee, & those heauenly Princesses. Am I worthy to be friend to the most valourous Prince that euer was entituled valourous, and shew my selfe so weake a wretch? No, shamed *Musidorus*, worthy for nothing, but to keepe sheepe, get thee a sheepehooke againe, since thou canst vse a sword no better.

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, sharpen their ouer-sharpe humors; like the Lion that beates himselfe with his owne taile, to make himselfe the more angry. These thoughes indeede not staying, but whetting their angry swordes, which now had put on the apparell of Crueltie: they bleeding so aboundantly, that euery bodie that saw them, fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themselues: their smart being more sensible to others eyes, then to their owne feeling. Wrath and Courage barring the common sense from bringing any message of their case to the mind: Paine, Wearinesse, & Weakenesse, not daring to make known their case (though already in the limits of death) in the presence of so violent fury: which filling the veines with rage, in steede of bloud, and making the minde minister spirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow

shotte

ſhotte vpward by the force of the bow, though by his owne nature hee would goe downeward. The forſaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the ſorer; which the other (watching time and place) had cunningly giuen vnto him. Who euer ſaw a wel-mand Galley fight with a tall ſhippe, might make vnto himſelfe ſome kind of compariſon of the difference of theſe two Knights; a better couple then which the world could not bragge of. *Amphialus* ſeemed to excell in ſtrength, the forſaken knight in nimbleneſſe: & yet did the ones ſtrength excell in nimbleneſſe, & the others nimbleneſſe excell in ſtrength: but now ſtrength and nimbleneſſe were both gone, and exceſſe of courage onely maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mightie blowes driuen the forſaken Knight to goe ſtaggering backward, but euery one of thoſe times hee requited paine with ſmart and ſhame with repulſe. And now, whether hee had cauſe, or that ouer-much confidence (an ouer-forward ſcholer of vnconquered Courage) made him thinke he had cauſe, he began to perſwade himſelfe hee had the aduantage of the combat, though the aduantage he tooke himſelfe to haue, was onely that he ſhould be the latter to die: which hope, Hate (as vnſecret as Loue) could not conceale, but drawing himſelfe a little backe from him, brake out into theſe manner of words.

Ah *Amphialus* (ſaid the forſaken knight) this third time thou ſhalt not eſcape me, but thy death ſhall ſatisfie thy iniury and my malice, and pay for the cruelty thou ſhewedſt in killing the noble *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia*. In troth (ſaid *Amphialus*) thou art the beſt knight that euer I fought withall, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage; (that beſides other follies) layeſt that to my charge, which moſt againſt my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee; and vpon the word wayted a blow, which parted his ſhield into two peeces; and deſpiſing the weake reſiſtance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart ſide, as if he would make a paſſage for his loue to get out at.

But paine rather ſeemed to increaſe life, then to weaken life in thoſe champions. For the forſaken knight comming in with his right leg, & making it guide the force of the blow, ſtrake *Amphialus* vpon the belly ſo horrible a wound, that his guts came out withall. Which *Amphialus* perceiuing (fearing death, onely becauſe it ſhould come with ouerthrow) hee ſeemed to coniure all his ſtrength for one moments ſeruice; & ſo, lifting vp his ſword with both hands, hit the forſaken knight vpon the head, a blow, wherwith his ſword brake. But (as if it would do a notable ſeruice before it died) it preuailed ſo, euen in the inſtant of breaking, that the forſaken knight fell to the ground, quite for that inſtant forgetting both loue and hatred: & *Amphialus* (finding himſelfe alſo in ſuch weakneſſe, as he looked for ſpeedy death) glad of the victory, though little hoping to enioy it, puld vp his viſar, meaning with his dagger to giue him death; but in ſteede of death, he gaue him life: for, the ayre ſo reuiued his ſpirits, that comming to himſelfe, and ſeeing his preſent danger, with a life conquering death, he tooke *Amphialus* by the thigh, & together roſe himſelfe & ouerturned him. But *Amphialus* ſcrambled vp againe, both now ſo weake indeede, as their motions rather ſeemed the after drops to a ſtorme, then any matter of great furie.

But *Amphialus* might repent himſelfe of his wilfull breaking his good ſword: for, the forſaken knight (hauing with the extremitie of iuſtly-conceiued hate, and the vnpitifulneſſe of his owne neare-threatning death, blotted out all complements of curteſie) let flie at him ſo cruelly, that though the blowes were weake, yet weakeneſſe vpon a weakened ſubiect, proued ſuch ſtrength, that *Amphialus* hauing attempted in vaine, once or twiſe to cloſe with him, receiuing wound vpon wound, ſent his whole

whole burthen to ſtrike the earth with falling, ſince he could ſtrike his foe no better in ſtanding: giuing no other tokens of himſelfe, then as of a man euen ready to take his oath to be deaths true ſeruant.

Which when the hardie brothers of *Anaxius* perceiued, not recking law of armes, nor vſe of chiualrie, they flew in to defend their friend, or reuenge their loſſe of him. But they were forthwith encountred with the two braue companions of the forſaken knight, whereof the one being all in greene, both armour and furniture, it ſeemed a pleaſant Garden, wherein grew Orange trees; which with their golden fruites, cunningly beaten in and embroydered, greatly enriched the eye-pleaſing colour of greene. In his ſhield was a ſheep feeding in a pleaſant field, with this word *Without feare or enuy*. And therefore was called the Knight of the ſheepe. The other knight was all in milke white, his attiring elſe all cut in ſtars, which made of cloth of ſiluer, and ſiluer ſpangles, each way ſeemed to caſt many aſpects. His deuice was the verie Pole it ſelfe, about which many ſtarres ſtirring, but the place it ſelfe left voyde. The word was, *The beſt place yet reſerued*. But theſe foure Knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a moſt fierce combat: the forſaken Knight himſelfe not able to helpe his ſide, but was driuen to ſit him downe, with the extreame faintneſſe of his more and more fainting bodie. But thoſe valiant couples ſeeking honour by diſhonouring, and to build ſafetie vpon ruine, gaue new appetites to the almoſt glutted eyes of the beholders: and now bloud began to put ſweate from the full poſſeſſion of their outſides, no aduantage being yet to be ſeene; onely the Knight of the ſheepe ſeeming moſt deliuer, and affecting moſt of all that viewed him, when a companie of ſouldiers ſent by *Cecropia*, came out in boats to the Iſland; and all came running to the deſtruction of the three Knights, whereof one was vtterly vnable to defend himſelfe.

But then did the other two Knights ſhew their wonderfull courage and fidelitie. For turning back to backe, and both beſtriding the black forſaken knight (who had fainted ſo long til he had loſt the feeling of faintneſſe) they held play againſt the reſt, though the two brothers vnknightly helped them; till *Philanax* (who watchfully attended ſuch trayterous practiſes) ſent likewiſe ouer, both by boat and ſwimming, ſo choice a number, as did put moſt of the other to the ſword. Onely the two brothers, with ſom of the braueſt of them, carrying away the body of *Amphialus*, which they would rather haue dyed, then haue left behinde them.

So was the forſaken Knight (laid vpon clokes) carried home to the campe. But his two friends knowing his earneſt deſire not to be knowne, couering him from anie bodies eyes, conueyed him to their owne tent: *Baſilius* himſelfe conquering his earneſt deſire to ſee him, with feare to diſpleaſe him, who had fought ſo notably in his quarell. But Fame ſet the honour vpon his backe, which he would not ſuffer to ſhine in his face: no mans mouth being barraine of praiſes to the noble knight, that had battered the moſt eſteemed knight in the world: euery bodie praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themſelues. But he himſelfe, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applyed cunning of Surgeons, hee came to renew againe the league betweene his minde and body; then fell he to a freſh warre with his owne thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardiſe to himſelfe, whom the impudenteſt backbiter would not ſo haue wronged. For his courage (vſed to vſe victorie as an inheritance) could brooke no reſiſtance at any time: but now that he had promiſed himſelfe not only the conqueſt of him, but the ſcaling of the walles, and deliuerie of *Pamela*, though hee had done beyond all others expectation, yet ſo ſhort was he of his owne, that he hated to looke vpon the Sunne,

Sunne, that had ſeene him do ſo weakely: & ſo much abhorred all viſitation or honour, wherof he thought himſelfe vnworthy, that he beſought his two noble friends to cary him away to a caſtle not far off, where hee might cure his wounds, & neuer be known till he made ſucceſſe excuſe this (as he thought) wāt in him. They louingly obeyed him, leauing *Baſilius* & all the campe very ſory for the parting of theſe three vnknown knights, in whoſe prowes they had repoſed greateſt truſt of victory.

But they being gone, *Baſilius* and *Philanax* gaue good order to the ſtrengthning of the ſiege, fortifying themſelues, ſo as they feared no more any ſuch ſodaine onſet, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reaſon of *Anaxius* hurt, but eſpecially of *Amphialus* is) gaue themſelues onely to a diligent watch & ward, making no ſallies out, but committing the principall truſt to *Zoilus* & *Lycurgus*. For *Anaxius* was yet forced to keepe his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his body had ſuch wounds, and he gaue ſuch wounds to his minde, as eaſily it could not bee determined, whether death or he made the greater haſt one to the other: for when the diligent care of cunning Chirurgians had brought life to the poſſeſſion of his own right, Sorrow & Shame (like two corrupted ſeruants) came waiting of it, perſwading nothing but the giuing ouer of it ſelfe to deſtruction. They layd before his eyes his preſent caſe, painting euery peece of it in moſt vgly colours: they ſhewed him his loue wrapped in deſpaire, his fame blotted by ouerthrow; ſo that if before he languiſhed, becauſe he could not obtaine his deſiring, hee now lamented, becauſe hee durſt not deſire the obtayning. Recreant *Amphialus* (would he ſay to himſelfe) how dareſt thou entitle thy ſelfe the louer of *Philoclea*, that haſt neither ſhewed thy ſelfe a faithfull coward, nor a valiant rebell, but both rebellious and cowardly, which no law can quite, nor grace haue pittie of? Alas life, what little pleaſure thou doeſt mee, to giue me nothing but ſenſe of reproch, and exerciſe of ruine? I would (ſweete *Philoclea*) I had died, before thy eyes had ſeene my weakeneſſe: and then perchance with ſome ſigh thou wouldeſt haue confeſſed, thou hadſt loſt a worthy ſeruant. But now, caytife that I am, what euer I haue done, ſerues but to build vp my riuals glorie. To theſe ſpeeches he would couple ſuch geſtures of vexation, and would fortifie the geſtures with ſuch effects of furie, as ſometimes offering to teare vp his wounds, ſomtimes to refuſe the ſuſtenance of meat, and counſell of Phyſitions, that his perplexed mother was driuen to make him by force to be tended, with extreame corſey to her ſelfe, and annoyance to him: till in the end he was contented to promiſe her, hee would attempt no violence vpon himſelfe, vpon condition he might be troubled by no bodie but onely his Phyſitions: his melancholy deteſting all companie, ſo as not the verie Chirurgians nor ſeruants durſt ſpeake vnto him in doing him ſeruice: only he had prayed his mother, as ſhe tendred his life, ſhe would procure him grace, and that without that ſhe would neuer come at him more.

His mother, who had confined all her loue onely vnto him, ſet onely ſuch about him, as were abſolutely at her commaundement, whom ſhe forbad to let him know any thing that paſſed in the caſtle, till his wounds were cured, but as ſhe from time to time ſhould inſtruct them: ſhe (for her ſelfe) being reſolued, now ſhe had the gouernement of all things in her owne hands, to ſatisfie her ſonnes loue by their yeelding, or ſatisfie her owne reuenge in their puniſhment. Yet firſt, becauſe ſhee would be the freer from outward force, ſhee ſent a meſſenger to the campe to denounce vnto *Baſilius*, that if hee did not preſently raiſe his ſiege, ſhee would cauſe the heads of the three Ladies, priſoners, to bee cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more feare a preſent performance, ſhee cauſed his two daughters and *Zelmane* to bee led vnto the walles, where ſhee had made a ſcaffold, eaſie to bee ſeene by *Baſilius*: and

there

there cauſed them to be kept, as ready for the ſlaughter, till anſwer came from *Baſilius*. A ſight full of pity it was, to ſee thoſe three (all excelling in all thoſe excellencies, wherewith Nature can beautifie any body: *Pamela* giuing ſweetneſſe to maieſtie, *Philoclea* enriching nobleneſſe with humbleneſſe, *Zelmane* ſetting in womanly beautie manlike valour) to be thus ſubiected to the baſeſt iniurie of vniuſt fortune. One might ſee in *Pamela* a willingnes to die, rather then to haue life at others diſcretion, though ſometimes a Princely diſdaine would ſparkle out of her Princely eyes, that it ſhould be in others power to force her to die. In *Philocla* a pretty feare came vp, to endamaske her roſie cheekes: but it was ſuch a feare, as rather ſeemed a kindly child to her innate humbleneſſe, then any other diſmayednesſe: or if ſhee were diſmayed, it was more for *Zelmane*, then for her ſelfe; or if more for her ſelfe, it was becauſe *Zelmane* ſhould loſe her. As for *Zelmane*, as ſhee went with her hands bound (for they durſt not aduenture on her well knowne valour, eſpecially among a people, which perchance might bee moued by ſuch a ſpectacle to ſome reuolt) ſhee was the true image of ouermaiſtred courage, and of ſpite, that ſees no remedie. For her breaſt ſwelled withall, the bloud burſt out at her noſe, and ſhee looked paler then accuſtomed, with her eyes caſt on the ground, with ſuch a grace, as if ſhee were fallen out with the heauens, for ſuffering ſuch an iniurie. The lookers on were ſo moued withall, as they miſliked what themſelues did, and yet ſtill did what themſelues miſliked. For ſome glad to rid themſelues of the dangerous annoyance of this ſiege, ſome willing to ſhotten the way to *Amphialus* ſucceſſion (whereon they were dependants) ſome and the greateſt ſome, doing becauſe others did, and ſuffering becauſe none durſt begin to hinder, did in this ſort ſet their hands to this (in their owne conſcience) wicked enterpriſe.

But when this meſſage was brought to *Baſilius*, and that this pitifull preparation was a ſufficient letter of credite for him to beleeue it, hee called vnto him his chiefe Counſellours: among which, thoſe he chiefly truſted were *Philanax*, and *Kalander* lately come to the campe at *Baſilius* commandement, and in himſelfe wearie of his ſolitarie life, wanting his ſonnes preſence, and neuer hauing heard from his beloued gueſts ſince they parted from him. Now in this doubt what he ſhould do, he willed *Kalander* to giue him his aduiſe: who ſpake much to this purpoſe. You command me ſir (ſaid he) to ſpeake rather becauſe you will keepe your wonted graue and noble maner, to do nothing of importance without counſel, then that in this cauſe (which indeed hath but one way) your mind needs to haue any counſel: ſo as my ſpeech ſhal rather be to confirme what you haue already determined, then to argue againſt any poſſibility of other determination. For what ſophiſticall ſcholer can find any queſtion in this, whether you will haue your incõparable daughters liue, or die? whether ſince you be here to cauſe their deliuerance, you wil make your being here the cauſe of their deſtruction? for nothing can be more vnſenſible, then to thinke what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Do therefore as I am ſure you meane to doe, remoue the ſiege, & after ſeeke by practiſe, or other gentle meanes, to recouer that which by force you cannot: & thereof is indeed (when it pleaſeth you) more counſel to be taken. Once, in extremities the winning of time is the purchaſe of life, & worſe by no meanes thẽ their deaths can be fall vnto you. A man might vſe more words, if it were to any purpoſe to gild gold, or that I had any cauſe to doubt of your mind: but you are wiſe, and are a father. He ſaid no more, for he durſt not attempt to perſwade the marying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another conſultation. But *Baſilius* made ſigne to *Philanax*, who ſtanding a while in amaze as inwardly perplexed, at laſt thus deliuered his opinion.

If

If euer I could wiſh my faith vntried, & my counſell vntruſted, it ſhould be at this time, when in truth I muſt confeſſe I would be content to purchaſe ſilence with diſcredit. But ſince you command, I obey: only let me ſay thus much, that I obey not to theſe excellent Ladies father, but to my Prince: & a Prince it is to whom I giue counſell. Therfore as to a Prince I ſay, that the graue & (I wel know) true-minded counſel of my Lord *Kalander* had come in good time when you firſt tooke armes, before all your ſubiects gat notice of your intention, before ſo much bloud was ſpent, and before they were driuen to ſeeke this ſhift for their laſt remedie. But if now, this force you away, why did you take armes? ſince you might be ſure when euer they were in extremitie they would haue recourſe to this threatning? And for a wiſe man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word ouerthrow, hath in my cõceit great incongruity, & as great, ſo to forethinke what his enemy in reaſon will do. But they threaten they wil kil your daughters. What if they promiſed you if you remoued your ſiege, they would honorably ſend home your daughters? would you bee angled by their promiſes? truly no more ought you be terrified by their threatnings. For yet of the two, promiſe binds faith more then threatning. Bnt indeede a Prince of iudgement ought not to conſider what his enemies promiſe, or threaten, but what the promiſers & threatners in reaſon will doe: & the neareſt coniecture thereunto, is what is beſt for their owne behoofe to doe. They threaten if you remoue not they will kill your daughters: & if you do remoue, what ſuertie haue you but that they will kill them? ſince if the purpoſe be to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus* ambition, the ſame cauſe will continue when you are away; & ſo much the more encouraged, as the reuenging power is abſent, & they haue the more opportunitie to draw their factious friends about them: but if it be for their ſecuritie only, the ſame cauſe will bring forth the ſame effect: and for their ſecuritie they will preſerue them. But it may be ſaid, No man knowes what deſperate folks will do: it is true, & as true that no reaſon nor policie can preuent what deſperate folkes will do: and therefore they are among thoſe dangers, which wiſedome is not to recken. Only let it ſuffice to take away their deſpaire, which may bee by graunting pardon for what is paſt; ſo as the Ladies may be freely deliuered. And let them that are your ſubiectes truſt you that are their Prince, do not you ſubiect your ſelfe to truſt them, who are ſo vntruſtie as to be manifeſt traytors. For if they find you ſo baſe-minded, as by their threatning to remoue your force, what indignitie is it, that they would not bring you vnto ſtill by the ſame threatning? ſince then if loue ſtirre them, loue will keepe them from murthering what they loue; and if ambition prouoke them, ambitious they will be when you are away, as well as while you are here: take not away your force, which bars not the one, and bridles the other. For as for their ſhewes & words, they are but ſeare babes, not worthy once to moue a worthy mans conceit, which muſt ſtill conſider what in reaſon they are like to doe. Their deſpaire, I graunt, you ſhall do well to preuent: which as it is the laſt of all reſolutions, ſo no man fals into it while ſo good a way as you may offer, is open vnto them. In ſumme, you are a Prince, and a father of people, who ought with the eye of wiſedome, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of iuſtice, to ſet downe all priuate conceits, in compariſon of what for the publike is profitable.

Hee would haue proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmane*: and falling at *Baſilius* feete, beſought him to make no delay; vſing ſuch geſtures of compaſſion in ſteed of ſtopped words, that *Baſilius*, otherwiſe enough tender minded, eaſily graunted to raiſe the ſiege, which hee ſaw dangerous to his daughters; but indeede more carefull for *Zelmane*, by whoſe

beſieged

beſieged perſon, the poore old man was ſtraightly beſieged: ſo as to rid him of the famine of his minde, he went in ſpeed away, diſcharging his ſouldiers: only leauing the authoritie, as before, in *Philanaxis* hands, hee himſelfe went with *Gynecia* to a ſtrong Caſtle of his, where hee tooke counſell how firſt to deliuer *Zelmane*, whome he called the poore ſtranger, as though onely Law of hoſpitalitie moued him, and for that purpoſe ſent diuerſe meſſengers to trafficke with *Cecropia*.

But ſhe by this meanes rid of the preſent danger of the ſiege (deſiring *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus* to take the care, till their brother recouered) of reuictualling & furniſhing the citie, both with men, and what elſe wanted, againſt any new occaſion ſhould vrge them, ſhe herſelfe diſdayning to hearken to *Baſilius*, without hee would graunt his daughter in mariage to her ſon (which by no meanes he would be brought vnto) bent all the ſharpneſſe of her malicious wit, how to bring a comfortable graunt to her ſonne, whereupon ſhe well found no leſſe then his life depended. Therefore for a while ſhe attempted all meanes of eloquent praying, and flattering perſwaſion, mingling ſometimes gifts, ſometimes threatnings, as ſhe had cauſe to hope, that eyther open force, or vndermining, would beſt win the caſtle of their reſolution. And euer as much as ſhee did to *Philoclea*, ſo much did ſhe to *Pamela*, though in manner ſometimes differing, as ſhee found fit to leuell at the ones noble height, and the others ſweete lowlineſſe. For though ſhee knew her ſonnes heart had wholly giuen it ſelfe to *Philoclea*, yet ſeeing the equall gifts in *Pamela*, ſhee hoped, a faire graunt would recouer the ſorrow of a faire refuſall: cruelly intending the preſent impoyſoning the one, as ſoone as the others affection were purchaſed.

But in vaine was all her vaine oratorie imployed. *Pamelas* determination was built vpon ſo braue a rocke, that no ſhot of hers could reach vnto it: and *Philoclea* (though humbly ſeated) was ſo inuironed with ſweete riuers of cleere vertue, as could neither be battered, nor vndermined: her witty perſwaſions had wiſe anſwers; her eloquence recompenced with ſweetneſſe; her threatnings repelled with diſdaine in the one, and patience in the other; her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as *Cecropia* in nature violent, cruell, becauſe ambitious; hatefull, for old rooted grudge to their mother, & now ſpitefull, becauſe ſhee could not preuaile with girles, as ſhe counted them, laſtly, drawn on by her loue to her ſon, & held vp by a tyrannicall authority, forthwith followed the byas of her own crooked diſpoſition, & doubling and redoubling her threatnings fell, to confirme ſome of her threatned effects: firſt withdrawing all comfort, both of ſeruants & ſeruice from them. But that thoſe excellent Ladies had beene vſed vnto, euen at home, and then found in themſelues how much good the hardneſſe of education doth to the reſiſtance of miſerie. Then diſhonourably vſing them both in diet, and lodging, by a contempt to pul down their thoughts to yeelding. But as before, the cõſideration of a priſon had diſgraced all ornaments, ſo now the ſame cõſideration made them attẽd all diſeaſefulneſſe. Then ſtill as ſhe found thoſe not preuaile, would ſhee go forward with giuing them terrours, ſometimes with noiſe of horror, ſometimes with ſuddaine frightings in the night, when the ſolitarie darkeneſſe therof might eaſier aſtoniſh th[e] diſarmed ſenſes. But to all Vertue and Loue reſiſted, ſtrengthned one by the other, when each found it ſelfe ouer-vehemently aſſaulted. *Cecropia* ſtill ſweetning her fierceneſſes with faire promiſes, if they would promiſe faire; that feeling euill, and ſeeing a way farre better, their mindes might the ſooner bee mollified. But they that could not taſte her behauiour, when it was pleaſing indeede, could worſe now, when they had loſt all taſte by her iniuries.

She reſoluing all extremities, rather then faile of conqueſt, purſued on her rugged way,

way: letting no day passe, without new and new perplexing the poore Ladies mindes, and troubling their bodies; and still swelling, the more shee was stopped, and growing hot with her owne doings; at length abhominable rage carryed her to absolute tyrannies, so that taking with her certaine old women (of wicked dispositions, and apt for enuy-sake to be cruell to youth and beautie) with a countenance impoysoned with malice, flew to the sweete *Philoclea*, as if so many Kites should come about a white Doue, and matching violent gestures, with mischieuous threatnings, she hauing a rod in her hand (like a Fury that should carry wood to the burning of *Dianas* temple) fell to scourge that most beautifull bodie: Loue in vaine holding the shield of Beautie against her blind crueltie. The Sunne drew clouds vp to hide his face from so pitifull a sight; and the very stone walles did yeeld drops of sweat for agonie of such a mischiefe: each senseless thing had sense of pitty; onely they that had sense, were senseless. Vertue rarely found her worldly weakenesse more, then by the oppression of that day: and weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he was sory he was not deafe, as well as blind, that hee might neuer know so lamentable a worke. *Philoclea*, with tearefull eyes, and sobbing breast (as soone as her wearinesse rather then compassion, gaue her respite) kneeled downe to *Cecropia*, and making pittie in her face honourable, and torment delightfull, besought her, since she hated her (for what cause she tooke God to witnesse she knew not) that shee would at once take away her life, and not please her selfe with the tormenting of a poore Gentlewoman. If (said shee) the common course of humanitie cannot moue you, nor the hauing me in your own wals, cannot claime pitty: nor womanly mercie, nor neere alliance, nor remembrance (how miserable soeuer how) that I am a Princes daughter, yet let the loue (you haue often told me) your sonne beares mee, so much procure, that for his sake one death may be thought enough for me; I haue not liued so many yeares, but that one death may be able to conclude them: neither haue my faults (I hope) beene so many but that one death may satisfie them. It is no great suite to an enemie, when but death is desired. I craue but that, as for the granting your request, know for a certaine you lose your labours, being euery day further off minded from becomming his wife, who weth me like a slaue. But that in stead of getting grace, renued againe *Cecropias* fury: so that (excellent creature) shee was newly againe tormented by those hellish monsters: *Cecropia* vsing no other words but that shee was a proud and vngratefull wench: & that she would teach her to know her owne good, since of her selfe she would not conceiue it. So that with silence and patience (like a faire gorgeous armour, hammered vpon by an il-fauoured Smith) she abode their pittilesse dealing with her: till, rather reseruing her for more, then meaning to end, they left her to an vncomfortable leysure, to consider with her selfe her fortune; both helpelesse her selfe, being a prisoner, and hopelesse, since *Zelmane* was a prisoner: who therein onely was short of the bottome of miserie, that she knew not how vnworthily her Angel, by those diuels was abused: but wanted (God wot) no stings of griefe, when those words did but strike vpon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a captiue, and shee not able to succour her. For well shee knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, & well shee knew, *Philoclea* had cause to haue confidence: and all troden vnder foote by the wheele of senseless Fortune. Yet if there be that impetious power in the soule, as it can deliuer knowledge to another, without bodily organs; so vehement were the working of their spirits, as one met with other, though themselues perceiued it not, but onely thought it to be the doubling of their owne louing fancies. And that was the onely worldly thing, whereon *Philoclea* rested her minde, that shee knew shee should die beloued of *Zelmane*, and

would die, rather then to bee false to *Zelmane*. And so this most dainty Nymph, easing the paine of her minde with thinking of anothers paine; and almost forgetting the paine of her bodie, through the paine of her minde, shee wasted, euen longing for the conclusion of her tedious tragedie.

But for a while she was vnuisited, *Cecropia* employing her time in vsing the like crueltie vpon *Pamela*, her heart growing not onely to desire the fruite of punishing them, but euen to delight in the punishing them. But if euer the beames of perfection shined through the clouds of affliction, if euer Vertue tooke a bodie to shew his (else vnconceiuable) beautie, it was in *Pamela*. For when Reason taught her there was no resistance, (for to iust resistance first her heart was inclined) then with so heauenly a quietnesse, and so gracefull a calmnesse, did shee suffer the diuerse kindes of torments they vsed to her, that while they vexed her faire bodie, it seemed, that she rather directed, then obeyed the vexation. And when *Cecropia* ended, and asked whether her heart would yeelde: shee a little smiled, but such a smiling as shewed no loue, and yet could not but bee louely. And then, Beastly woman (said shee) follow on, doe what thou wilt, and canst vpon mee: for I know thy power is not vnlimitted. Thou maist well wracke this silly bodie, but thou canst neuer ouerthrow. For my part, I will not doe thee the pleasure to desire death of thee: but assure thy selfe, both my life and death, shall triumph with honour, laying shame vpon thy detestable tyrannie.

And so, in effect, conquering their doing with her suffering, while *Cecropia* tried as many sorts of paines, as might rather vexe them, then spoile them (for that shee would not doe while shee were in any hope to winne either of them for her sonne) *Pamela* remained almost as much content with triall in her selfe, what vertue could doe, as grieued with the miserie wherein shee found her selfe plunged, onely sometimes her thoughts softned in her, whom with open wings they flewe to *Musidorus*. For then she would thinke, with her selfe, how grieuously *Musidorus* would take this her miserie; and shee, that wept not for her selfe, wept yet *Musidorus* teares, which hee would weepe for her. For gentle Loue did earlier yeeld to lamentation, then the constancie of vertue would else admitte. Then would shee remember the case wherein shee had left her poore shepheard, and shee that wished death for her selfe, feared death for him; and she that condemned in her selfe the feeblenesse of sorrow, yet thought it great reason to be sory for his sorrow: and she that long had prayed for the vertuous ioyning themselues together, now thinking to die her selfe, hartily prayed, that long time their fortunes might be separated. Liue long my *Musidorus* (would she say) and let my name liue in thy mouth, in thy heart my memory. Liue long, that thou maist loue long the chaste loue of thy dead *Pamela*. Then would she wish to her selfe, that no other woman might euer possesse his heart: and yet scarcely the wish was made a wish, when her selfe would finde fault with it, as being too vniust, that so excellent a man should bee banished from the comfort of life. Then would she fortifie her resolution, with bethinking the worst, taking the counsell of vertue, and comfort of loue.

So these Diamonds of the world whom Nature had made to be preciously set in the eyes of men, to be the chiefe workes of her workemanship, the chiefe ornaments of the world, & Princesses of felicitie, by rebellious iniury were brought to the vttermost distresse that an enemies heart could wish, or a womans spite inuent: *Cecropia* daily in one or other sort punishing them, still with her euill torments giuing them feare of worse, making the feare it selfe the forest torment of all, that in the end weary of their bodies, they should bee content to bestow them at her appointment.

But

But as in labour, the more one doth exercise it, the more by the doing one is enabled to doe; strength growing vpon the worke, so as what at first would haue seemed impossible, after growes easie: so these Princesses second to none, and farre from any second, onely to be matched by themselues, with the vse of suffering, their mindes gat the habit of suffering so, as all feares and terrors were to them but summons to a battaile, whereof they knew before hand they should be victorious, & which in the suffering was painefull, being suffered, was a trophee to it selfe: whereby *Cecropia* found her selfe still further off: for where at first shee might perchance haue perswaded them to haue visited her sonne, and haue giuen him some comfort in his sicknesse, drawing neere to the confines of Deaths kingdome, now they protested, that they would neuer otherwise speake to him, then as to their enemie, of most vnkinde cruelties towards them, that any time or place could euer make them know.

This made the poison swell in her cankred breast, perceiuing that (as in water) the more she grasped the lesse she held: but yet now hauing runne so long the way of rigor, it was too late in reason, & too contrarie to her passion, to returne to a course of meekenesse. And therefore, taking counsell of one of her old associats (who so farre excelled in wickednesse, as that she had not only lost all feeling of conscience, but had gotten a very glorie in euill) in the end they determined, that beating, & other such sharp dealing did not so much pull downe a womans heart, as it bred anger, and that nothing was more enemie to yeelding, then anger; making their tender hearts take on the armour of obstinacie: (for thus did their wicked mindes blind to the light of vertue, and owly eyed in the night of wickednesse, interprete it) and that therefore that was no more to bee tried. And for feare of death (which no question would doe most with them) they had beene so often threatned, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to esteeme threatning words to be but words. Therefore the last, but best way now was, that the one seeing indeede the others death, should perceiue, there was no dallying meant: and then there was no doubt, that a womans soule would doe so much, rather then leaue so beautifull a body.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philoclea* and told her, that now she was to come to the last part of the play: for her part, though she found her hard-hearted obstinacie such, that neither the sweetnesse of louing meanes, nor the force of hard meanes could preuaile with her, yet before shee would passe to a further degree of extremitie, shee had sought to win her sister; in hope that her sonne might bee in time satisfied with the loue of so faire a Lady; but finding her also rather more then lesse wilfull, she was now minded that one of their deaths should serue for an example to the other, that despising worthy folkes was more hurtfull to the despiser, then the despised: that yet because her sonne especially affected her, and that in her owne selfe she was more inclinable to pittie her, then shee had deserued, shee would begin with her sister; who that afternoone should haue her head cut off before her face; if in the meane time one of them did not pull out their ill-wrought stiches of vnkindnesse, she bad her looke for no other, nor longer time then shee told her. There was no assault giuen to the sweete *Philocleas* mind, that entred so farre, as this: for where to all paines and dangers of her selfe, fore-sight (with his Lieutenant Resolution) had made ready defence, now with the loue shee bare her sister, she was driuen to a stay, before she determined: but long shee stayed not, before this reason did shine vnto her, that since in her selfe shee preferred death before such a base seruitude, loue did teach her to wish the same to her sister. Therefore crossing her armes, and looking side-ward vpon the ground, Doe what you will (said shee) with vs: for my part heauen shall melt before I be remoued. But if you will follow

my counsell, for your owne sake (for as for prayers for my sake I haue felt how little they preuaile) let my death first serue for example to winne her, who perchance is not so resolued against *Amphialus*, and so shall you not onely iustly punish mee, (who indeede doe hate both you and your sonne) but, if that may moue you, you shall doe more vertuously in preseruing one most worthy of life, and killing another most desirous of death: lastly, in winning her, in steede of peeuish vnhappie creature, that I am, your shall blesse you sonne with the most excellent woman in all praise worthy things, that the world holdeth. But *Cecropia*, (who had already set downe to her selfe what shee would doe) with bitter both termes, and countenance, told her, that shee should not neede to woo death ouer-eagerly: for if her sister going before her did not teach her wit, her selfe should quickely follow. For since they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her sonnes quiet, but to know that they were past getting. And so since no intreating, nor threatning might preuaile, she bad her prepare her eyes for a new play, which shee should see within few houres in the hall of that castle.

A place indeede ouer fit for so vnfit a matter: for being so stately made, that the bottome of it being euen with the ground, the roofe reached as hie as any part of the castle, at either end it had conuenient lodgings. In the one end was (one storie from the ground) *Philoclea's* abode, in the other of euen height, *Pamelas*, & *Zelmanes* in a chamber aboue her: but all so vaulted of strong and thickly built stone, as one could no way heare the other: each of these chambers had a little windowe to looke into the hall, but because the sisters should not haue so much comfort, as to looke one to another, there was (of the outsides) curtaines drawne, which they could not reach with their hands, so barring the reach of their sight. But then the houre came that the Tragedie should begin, and curtaines were withdrawne from before the windowes of *Zelmane*, and of *Philoclea*: a sufficient challenge to call their eyes to defend themselues in such an incounter. And by and by came in at one end of the hall, with about a dozen armed souldiers a Lady, led by a couple, with her hands bound before her: from aboue her eyes to her lippes mussled with a faire kerchiefe, but from her mouth to the shoulders all bare: and so was led on to a scaffold raised a good deale from the floore, and all couered with crimsin veluet. But neither *Zelmane*, nor *Philoclea* neeeded to bee told who shee was: for the apparell she ware, made them too well assured, that it was the admirable *Pamela*. Whereunto the rare whitenesse of her naked necke gaue sufficient testimonie to their astonished senses. But the faire Lady being come to the scaffold, & then made to kneele downe, and so left by her vnkinde supporters, as it seemed that shee was about to speake somewhat (whereunto *Philoclea*, poore soule, earnestly listned, according to her speech euen minding to frame her minde, her heart neuer till then almost wauering to saue her sisters life) before the vnfortunate Lady could pronounce three wordes, the executioner cut off the ones speech, and the others attention, with making his sword doe his cruell office vpon that beautifull necke. Yet the pittilesse sword had such pittie of so precious an obiect, that at first it did but hit flatlong. But little auailed that, since the Lady falling downe astonished withall, the cruell villaine forced the sword with another blow to diuorce the faire marriage of the head and body.

And this was done so in an instant, that the very act did ouerrunne *Philocleas* sorrow (sorrow not being able so quickely to thunderbolt her heart thorough her senses, but first onely oppresst her with a storme of amazement) but when her eyes saw that they did see, as condemning themselues to haue seene it, they became

wearie

wearie of their owne power of seeing: and her soule then drinking vp woe with great draughts, shee fell downe to deadly traunces: but her waying taylors with cruell pittie brought lothed life vnto her, which yet many times cooke his leaue as though he would indeed depart: but when he was stayed by force, he kept with him deadly Sorrow, which thus exercised her mourning speech: *Pamela* my sister, my sister *Pamela*, woe is me for thee, I would I had died for thee. *Pamela* neuer more shall I see thee: neuer more shall I enioy thy sweete company, and wise counsell. Alas, thou art gone to a beautified heauen, & hast left me here, who haue nothing good in me, but that I did euer loue thee, and euer will lament thee. Let this day be noted of all vertuous folkes for most vnfortunate: let it neuer be mentioned but among curses; and cursed be they that did this mischiefe, and most accursed be mine eyes that beheld it. Sweete *Pamela*, that head is striken off, where onely wisdome might be spoken withall; that body is destroyed, which was the liuing booke of vertue. Deare *Pamela* how hast thou left mee to all wretchednesse and misorie? Yet while thou liuedst, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellencie honour thee, more then my mother, and loue thee more then my selfe? Neuer more shall I lie with thee: neuer more shall we bathe in the pleasant riuer together: neuer more shall I see thee in thy shepheard apparell. But thou art gone, and where am I? *Pamela* is dead; and liue I? O my God. And with that she fell againe, in a swone, so as it was a great while before they could bring her to her selfe againe; but being come to her selfe, Alas (said shee) vnkinde women, since you haue giuen me so many deaths, torment me not now with life: for Gods sake let mee goe, and excuse your hands of more bloud. Let me follow my *Pamela*, whom euer I sought to follow. Alas *Pamela*, they will not let me come to thee. But if they keepe promise, I shall tread thine owne steppes after thee. For to what am I borne (miserable soule) but to be most vnhappy in my selfe, and yet more vnhappy in others? But o that a thousand more miseries had chanced vnto me, so thou haddest not died *Pamela*, my sister *Pamela*. And so like a lamentable *Philomela* complained she the horrible wrong done to her sister, which if it stird not in the wickedly closed mindes of her tormentors, a pitie of her sorrow, yet bred it a wearinesse of her sorrow: so as onely leauing one to preuent any harme shee should doe her selfe, the rest went away, consulting againe with *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloudy act.

In the end, that woman that vsed most to keepe companie with *Zelmane*, tolde *Cecropia*, that shee found by many most sensible proofes in *Zelmane*, that there was neuer woman so loued another, as she loued *Philoclea*: which was the cause that she (further then the commandement of *Cecropia*) had caused *Zelmanes* curtaines to be also drawne: because hauing the same spectacle that *Philoclea* had, she might stand in the greater feare for her, whom she loued so well: and that indeede she had his the needle in that deuise: for neuer saw shee creature so astonished as *Zelmane*, exceedingly sory for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceeding nesse in feare for *Philoclea*. Therfore her aduise was, she should cause *Zelmane* to come & speake with *Philoclea*. For there being such vehemency of friendship between them, it was most likely both to moue *Zelmane* to perswade, & *Philoclea* to be perswaded. *Cecropia* liked well of the counsell, & gaue order to the same woman to goe deale therin with *Zelmane*, and to assure her with oth, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* should passe the same way that *Pamela* had done, without shee did yeeld to satisfie the extremitie of her sons affection: which the woman did, adding thereunto many (as she thought) good reasons to make *Zelmane* thinke *Amphialus* a fit match for *Philoclea*.

But *Zelmane* (who had from time to time vnderstood the cruell dealing they had

vsed to the sisters, & now had her owne eyes wounded with the sight of (in effect) death) was so confused withall (her courage still rebelling against her wit, desiring still with force to doe impossible matters) that as her desire was stopped with power, so her conceit was darkned with a mist of desire. For blinde Loue, and inuincible valure still would eny out, that it could not be, *Philoclea* should be in so miserable estate, and she not relieue her: and so while she haled her wit to her courage, shee drew it from his owne limits. But now *Philocleas* death (a word able to marshall all his thoughts in order) being come to so short a point either with small delay to be suffered, or by the giuing her selfe to another to be preuented, she was driuen to thinke & to desire some leasure of thinking: which the woman granted for that night vnto her. A night that was not halfe so blacke, as her minde; not halfe so silent, as was fit for her musing thoughts. At last, hee that would faine haue desperately lost a thousand liues for her sake, could not find in his heart, that she should loose any life for her owne sake; and he that despised his owne death in respect of honour, yet could wel-nie dispence with honour it selfe in respect of *Philocleas* death: for once the thought could not enter into his heart, nor the breath issue out of his mouth, which could consent to *Philocleas* death for any bargaine. Then how to preuent the next degree to death (which was her being possest by another) was the point of his mindes labour: and in that hee found no other way, but that *Philoclea* should pretend a yeelding vnto *Cecropias* request; and so by speaking with *Amphialus*, and making faire (but delaying) promises, procure libertie for *Zelmane*; who onely wisht but to come by a sword, not doubting then to destroy them all, and deliuer *Philoclea*: so little did both the men, and their forces seeme in her eyes, looking downe vpon them from the high top of affections tower.

With that minde therefore (but first well bound) she was brought to *Philoclea*, hauing already plotted out in her conceit, how shee would deale with her: and so came she with heart & eyes, which did each sacrifice either to Loue vpon the altar of Sorrow: and there had she the pleasing displeasing sight of *Philoclea*: *Philoclea*, whom already the extreme sense of sorow had brought to a dulnesse therin, her face not without tokens that beautie had beene by many miseries cruelly battered, and yet shewed it most the perfection of that beautie, which could remaine vnouerthrowne by such enemies. But when *Zelmane* was set downe by her, & the women gone away (because she might bee the better perswaded when no body was by, that had heard her say she would not bee perswaded) then began first the eyes to speake, and the hearts to crie out: Sorrow a while would needes speake his owne language without vsing their tongues to be his interpreters. At last *Zelmane* brake silence, but spake with the onely eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited onely by such kinde of speeches. Deare Ladie, in extreame necessities wee must not. But alas vnfortunate wretch that I am, that I liue to see this day. And I take heauen and earth to witnesse, that nothing: & with that her breast swelled so with spite and griefe, that her breath had no leasure to turne it selfe into words. But the sweete *Philoclea* that had already dyed in *Pamela*, & of the other side had the heauinesse of her heart something quickned in the most beloued sight of *Zelmane*, ghessed somewhat at *Zelmanes* mind, and therefore spake vnto her in this sort: My *Pyrocles* (said shee) I know this exceeding comfort of your presence, is not brought vnto me for any good will that is owed vnto me: but (as I suppose) to make you perswade me to saue my life with the ransome of mine honour: although no body should bee so vnfit a pleader in that cause as your selfe, yet perchance you would haue mee liue. Your honour? God forbid (said *Zelmane*) that euer, for any

cause,

cause, I should yeeld to any touch of it. But a while to pretend some affection, till time, or my libertie might worke something for your seruice: this if my astonished senses would giue me leaue, I would faine haue perswaded you.

To what purpose my *Pyrocles?* (said *Philoclea*) of a miserable time what gaine is there? Hath *Pamelas* example wrought no more in mee? is a captiue life so much worth? can euer it goe out of these lips, that I loue any other but *Pyrocles?* shall my tongue be so false a traytor to my heart, as to say I loue any other but *Pyrocles?* And why should I doe all this? to liue? O *Pamela*, sister *Pamela*, why should I liue? onely for thy sake *Pyrocles*, I would liue: but to thee I know too well I shall not liue; and if not to thee, hath thy loue so base allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wish me to liue? For dissimulation, my *Pyrocles*, my simplicitie is such, that I haue hardly beene able to keepe a straight way, what shall I doe in a crooked? But in this case there is no meane of dissimulation, not for the cunningest: present answere is required, and present performance vpon the answer. Art thou so terrible ô death? No my *Pyrocles*; and for that I doe thanke thee, and in my soule thanke thee; for I confesse the loue of thee is herein my chiefest vertue. Trouble me not therefore deare *Pyrocles*, nor double not my death by tormenting my resolution: since I cannot liue with thee, I will die for thee. Onely remember me, deare *Pyrocles*, and loue the remembrance of me: and if I may craue so much of thee, let me be thy last loue; for though I be not worthy of thee (who indeede art the worthiest creature liuing) yet remember that my loue was a worthy loue. But *Pyrocles* was so ouercome with sorrow (which wisedome & vertue made iust in so excellent a Ladies case, full of excellent kindnesse) that wordes were ashamed to come forth, knowing how weake they were to expresse his minde, and her merit: and therefore so stayed in a deadly silence, forsaken of hope and forsaking comfort: till the appointed guardians came in, to see the fruites of *Zelmanes* labour: and then *Zelmane* warned by their presence, fell againe to perswade, although scarcely her selfe could tell what; but in summe, desirous of delayes. But *Philoclea*, sweetely continuing constant, and in the end punishing her importunitie with silence, *Zelmane* was faine to end. Yet crauing another times conference, shee obtayned it, and diuerse others; till at the last *Cecropia* found it was to no purpose, & therefore determined to follow her owne way. *Zelmane* yet still desirous to win (by any meanes) respite, euen wasted with sorrow, and vncertainty, whether in worse case in her presence, or absence, being able to doe nothing for *Philocleas* succour, but by submitting the greatest courage of the earth to fall at the feete of *Cecropia*, & craue stay of their sentence till the vttermost was seene, what her perswasions might doe.

Cecropia seemed much to be moued by her importunitie, so as diuers dayes were wonne of paines full life to the excellent *Philoclea*: while *Zelmane* suffered some hope to sherish her minde, especially trusting vpon the helpe of *Musidorus*, who (shee knew) would not be idle in this matter, till one morning anoyse awaked *Zelmane*, from whose euer watchful mind, the tired bodie had stolne a little sleepe: & straight with the first opening of her eyes, Care taking his wonted place, she ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noise guided her) & there might shee see (the curtaine being left open euer since the last execution) seuen or eight persons, in a cluster vpon the scaffold: who by and by retyring themselues, nothing was to be seene thereupon, but a base of gold pitifully enamelled with bloud, and in the midst of it, the head of the most beautifull *Philoclea*. The horriblenesse of the mischiefe was such, as *Pyrocles* could not at first beleeue his owne senses, but bent his woefull eyes to discerne it better: where too well he might see it was *Philoclea* selfe, hauing no veile, but beautie ouer her face, which still appeared to be about;

so

so did those eyes shine, euen as they were wont, and they were wont more then any other: and sometimes as they moued, it might well make the beholder thinke, that death therein had borrowed her beautie, and not they any way disgraced by death, so sweete and piercing a grace they carried with them.

It was not a pitie, it was not an amazement, it was not a sorrow which then layd hold on *Pyrocles*, but a wilde furie of desperate agonie: so that he cried out, O tyrant heauen, traytor earth, blind prouidence, no iustice, how is this done? how is this suffered? hath this world a gouernment? If it haue let it powre out all his mischiefs vpon me, & see whether it haue power to make me more wretched then I am. Did she excell for this? haue I prayed for this? abhominable hand that did it, detestable diuel that commanded it, cursed light that beheld it: and if the light be cursed, what are then mine eyes that haue seene it? And haue I seene *Philoclea* dead, and doe I liue? and haue I liued not to helpe her, but to talke of her? and stand I still talking? And with that (caried by the madnesse of anguish, not hauing a readier way to kill himselfe) he ranne as hard as euer he could with his head against the wall, with intention to braine himselfe: but the hast to doo it made the doing the slower. For as he came to giue the blow, his foote tript, so as it came not with the full force: yet forcible enough to strike him downe, & withall to depriue him of his sense, so that he lay a while comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his discomfort.

And when he came againe to himselfe, he heard, or he thought he heard a voyce which cryed, Reuenge, Reuenge, vnto him; whether indeede it were his good Angell, which vsed that voyce to stay him from vnnaturall murdering of himselfe, or that his wandering spirits lighted vpon that conceit, and by their weakenesse (subiect to apprehensions) supposed they heard it. But that indeede, helped with Vertue, & her valiant seruant Anger, stopped him from present destroying of himselfe: yeelding in reason and manhood, first to destroy man, woman and childe, that were any way of kinne to them that were accessarie to this cruelties, then to raze the Castle, and to build a sumptuous monument for her sister, and a most sumptuous for her selfe, and then himselfe to die vpon her tombe. This determining in himselfe to doe, & to seeke all meanes how (for that purpose) to get out of prison: he was content a while to beare the thirst of death: & yet went he againe to the window, to kisse the beloued head with his eyes; but there saw hee nothing but the scaffold, all couered ouer with scarlet, and nothing but solitarie silence to mourne this mischiefe. But then, Sorrow hauing dispersed it selfe from his heart, into all his noble parts, it proclaimed his authoritie, in cries and teares, not with a more gentle dolefulnesse could powre out his inward euill.

Alas (said he) and is that head taken away too, so soone from mine eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they enuie the excellencie of your sorrow? Indeede, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankinde, but teares: and woe bee to me, if any exceede mee in wofulnesse. I doe coniure you all my senses, to accept no obiect but of sorrow, be ashamed, nay, abhorre to thinke of comfort. Vnhappy eyes your haue seene too much, that euer the light should bee welcome to you: vnhappy eares, you shall neuer heare the musicke of musicke in her voice: vnhappy heart that hast liued to feele these pangs. Thou hast done thy worst, World, and cursed be thou, and cursed art thou, since to thine owne selfe thou hast done the worst thou couldst doe. Exiled Beautie, let onely now thy beautie bee blubbered faces. Widowed Musicke, let now thy tunes be rorings, and lamentations. Orphane Vertue, get thee wings, and flie after her into heauen: here is no dwelling place for thee. Why liued I, alas? Alas why loued I? To die wretched, and to be the example

of

of the heauens hate? And hate and spare not, for your worst blow is striken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, and hast carried with thee my loue; and hast left thy loue in me, and I wretched man doe liue; I liue, to die continually, till thy reuenge do giue me leaue to die: and then die I will, my *Philoclea*, my heart willingly makes this promise to it selfe. Surely he did not looke vpon thee, that gaue the cruell blow, for no eye could haue abidden to see such beautie ouerthrowne by such mischiefe. Alas, why should they diuide such a head from such a body? no other body is worthy of that head; no other head is worthy of that body: O yet, if I had taken my last leaue, if I might haue taken a holy kisse from that dying mouth. Where art thou Hope, which promisest neuer to leaue a man while he liueth? tel me, what canst thou hope for? nay tell mee, what is there that I would willingly hope after? Wishing power (which is accounted infinite) what now is left to wish for? Shee is gone, and gone with her all my hope, all my wishing. Loue, bee ashamed to bee called loue: cruell Hate, vnspeakeable Hate is victorious ouer thee. Who is there now left, that can iustifie thy tyrannie, and giue reason to thy passion? O cruell diuorce of the sweetest mariage that euer was in Nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead is with her all goodnesse, all sweetenesse, all excellencie. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not ashamed to continue vpon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: ô deadly word, which contayneth in it selfe the vttermost of all misfortunes. But happy word when thou shalt be said of me, and long it shall not be, before it be said.

Then stopping his words with sighes, drowning his sighes in teares, and drying againe his teares in rage, hee would sit a while in a wandring muse, which represented nothing but vexations vnto him: then throwing himselfe sometime vpon the floore, and sometimes vpon the bed: then vp againe, till walking was wearisome and rest loathsome: & so neither suffering food, nor sleepe to helpe his afflicted nature, all that day and night hee did nothing but weepe *Philoclea*, sigh *Philoclea*, and crie out *Philoclea*; till as it happened (at that time vpon his bed) toward the dawning of the day he heard one stirre in his chamber, by the motion of garments; and with an angrie voice asked, Who was there. A poore Gentlewoman (answered the party) that wish long life vnto you. And I soone death vnto you (said he) for the horrible curse you haue giuen me. Certainely (said she) an vnkind answer, and farre vnworthy the excellencie of your minde, but not vnsutable to the rest of your behauiour. For most part of this night I haue heard you (being let into your chamber, you neuer perceiuing it; so was your mind estranged from your senses) and haue heard nothing of *Zelmane*, in *Zelmane*, nothing but weake waylings, fitter for some nurse of a village, then so famous a creature as you are. O God (cried out *Pyrocles*, that thou wert a man that vsest these words vnto me! I tell thee I am sorie, I tell thee I will be sory in despite of the, & all them that would haue me ioyfull. And yet (replied shee) perchance *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you so much bemone, I would wee were both dead on that condition, said *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your passion (said she) as though you should be nearer to her, you being dead, and shee aliue, then shee being dead, and you aliue: and if shee be dead, was shee not borne to die? what then doe you crie out for? not for her, who must haue died one time or other; but for some few yeates: so as it is time & this world, that seeme so loudly things, and not *Philoclea* vnto you. O noble sisters (cried *Pyrocles*) now you bee gone (who were the onely exalters of all womankinde) what is left in that sex, but babling & businesse? And truely (said shee) I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I pray you doe (said *Pyrocles*) for I wish for nothing in my short life but mischiefes & cumbers: and I am content you shall be one of them. In truth (said she) you would thinke your selfe a

greatly

greatly priuiledged person, if since the strongest building, and lastingest monarchies are subiect to end, onely your *Philoclea* (because she is yours) should bee exempted. But indeede you bemone your selfe, who haue lost a friend; you cannot her, who hath in one act both preserued her honour, and left the miseries of this world. O womans philosophy, childish folly (said *Pyrocles*) as though I do bemone my selfe: I haue not reason so to doe, hauing lost more then any monarchy, nay then my life can be worth vnto me. Alas (said she) comfort your selfe, Nature did not forget her skill, when she made them: you shall find many their superiours, & perchance such, as (when your eyes shall looke abroade) your selfe will like better.

But that speech put all good manners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*; in so much, that leaping out of his bed, he ran to haue striken her: but comming neare her (the morning then winning the field of darknesse) he saw, or he thought he saw, indeede, the very face of *Philoclea*; the same sweetenesse, the same grace, the same beautie: with which carried into a diuine astonishment, he fell downe at her feete. Most blessed Angel (said he) well hast thou done to take that shape, since thou wouldest submit thy selfe to mortall sense; for a more Angelicall forme could not haue bin created for thee. Alas, euen by that excellent beautie, so beloued of me, let it be lawfull for mee to aske of thee, what is the cause that thee, that heauenly creature, whose forme you haue taken, should by the heauens be destined to so vnripe an end? Why should vniustice so preuaile? Why was she seene to the world so soone to be rauished from vs? Why was she not suffered to liue, to teach the world perfection? Doe not deceiue thy selfe (answered shee) I am no Angel; I am *Philoclea*, the same *Philoclea*, so truly louing you, so truly beloued of you. If it bee so (said hee) that you are indeede the soule of *Philoclea*, you haue done well to keepe your owne figure: for no heauen could haue giuen you a better. Then alas why haue you taken the paines to leaue your blissefull seate to come to this place most wretched, to me, who am wretchednesse it selfe, and not rather obtaine for mee, that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold, and eternally to loue your beauties? You know (I know) that I desire nothing but death, which I onely stay to be iustly reuenged of your vniust murtheters. Deare *Pyrocles* (said she) I am thy *Philoclea*, & as yet liuing: not murdered, as you supposed, and therefore bee comforted. And with that gaue him her hand. But the sweete touch of that hand seemed to his estrayed powers so heauenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former beliefe: till she with vehement protestations (and desire that it might be so, helping to perswade that it was so) brought him to yeeld; yet doubtfully to yeelde to this height of all comfort, that *Philoclea* liued: which witnessing with teares of ioy, Alas (said hee) how shall I beleeue mine eyes any more? or doe you yet but appeare thus vnto me, to stay me from some desperate end? For alas I saw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded: I saw your head (the head indeede, and chiefe part of all Natures workes) standing in a dish of gold, too meane a shrine (God wot) for such a relike. How can this bee, my onely deare, and you liue? or if this be not so, how can I beleeue mine owne senses? and if I cannot beleeue them, why should I beleeue these blessed tidings they bring me?

The truth is (said she) my *Pyrocles*, that neither I (as you finde) nor yet my deare sister is dead: although the mischieuously suttle *Cecropia* vsed sleights to make either of vs thinke so of other. For, hauing in vaine attempted the farthest of her wicked eloquence to make either of vs yeeld to her sonne: & seeing that neither it, accompanied with great flatteries, and rich presents, could get any ground of vs, nor yet the violent way she fell into of cruelly tormenting our bodies, could preuaile with

vs,

vs, at laſt, ſhee made either of vs thinke the other dead, and ſo hoped to haue wreſted our minds to the forgetting of vertue: and firſt ſhe gaue to mine eyes the miſerable ſpectacle of my ſiſters (as I thought) death: but indeede it was not my ſiſter: it was only *Arteſia*, ſhee who ſo cunningly brought vs to this miſerie. Truely I am ſory for the poore Gentlewoman, though iuſtly ſhee bee puniſhed for her double falſhood: but *Arteſia* muffled ſo, as you could not eaſily diſcerne her, and in my ſiſters apparell (which they had taken from her vnder colour of giuing her other) did they execute. And when I (for thy ſake eſpecially deare *Pyrocles*) could by no force, nore feare be won, they aſſaied the like with my ſiſter, by bringing me downe vnder the ſcaffold & (making me thruſt my head vp through a hole they had made therein) they did put about my poore necke a diſh of gold, whereout they had beaten the bottome, ſo as hauing ſet bloud in it, you ſaw how I played the part of death (God knowes euen willing to haue done it in earneſt) and ſo had they ſet me, that I reached but on tiptoes to the ground, ſo as ſcarcely I could breathe, much leſſe ſpeake: And truely if they had kept mee there any whit longer, they had ſtrangled mee, in ſteed of beheading me: but then they tooke me away, and ſeeking to ſee their iſſue of this practiſe they found my noble ſiſter (for the deare loue ſhe vouchſafeth to beare mee) ſo greued withall, that ſhee willed them to doe their vttermoſt crueltie vnto her: for ſhee vowed neuer to receiue ſuſtenance of them that had beene the cauſers of my murther: and finding both of vs, euen giuen ouer, not like to liue many houres longer, and my ſiſter *Pamela*, rather worſe then my ſelfe, (the ſtrength of her heart worſe bearing thoſe indignities) the good woman *Cecropia* (with the ſame pitie as folkes keepe foule, when they are not fatte enough for their eating) made vs know her deceipt, and let vs come one to another; with what ioy you can well imagine, who I know feele the like; ſauing that we onely thought our ſelues reſerued to miſeries, & therefore fitter for condoling, then congratulating. For my part, I am fully perſwaded, it is but with a little reſpite, to haue a more feeling ſenſe of the toments ſhee prepares for vs. True it is, that of one of my guardians would haue mee to beleeue, that this proceeds of my gentle couſin *Amphialus*: who hauing heard ſome inkling that wee were euill intreated, had called his mother to his bedſide, from whence hee neuer roſe ſince his laſt combate, and beſought, and charged her vpon all the loue ſhe bare him, to vſe vs withall kindneſſe: vowing withall the imprecations he could imagine, that if euer hee vnderſtood, for his ſake that I receiued further hurt then the want of my libertie, hee would not liue an houre longer. And the good woman ſware to me that he would kill his mother, if he knew how I had beene deale with; but that *Cecropia* keepes him from vnderſtanding things how they paſſe, onely hauing heard a whiſpering, and my ſelfe named, hee had (of aboundance, forſoth, of honourable loue) giuen this charge for vs; whereupon this enlargement of mine was growne: for my part I know too well their cunning (who leaue no money vnoffered that may buy mine honour) to beleeue any word they ſay, but (my deare *Pyrocles*) euen looke for the worſt, and prepare thy ſelfe for the ſame. Yet I muſt confeſſe, I was content to robbe from death, and borrow of my miſerie the ſweete comfort of ſeeing my ſweete ſiſter, and moſt ſweete comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*! And ſo hauing leaue, I came ſtealing into your chamber: where (O Lord) what a ioy it was vnto me, to heare you ſolemnize the funerals of the poore *Philoclea*. That I my ſelfe might liue to heare my death bewailed? and by whom? by my deare *Pyrocles*. That I ſaw death was not ſtrong enough to diuide thy loue from me? O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well payed for my paines I haue ſuffered: ioyfull is my woe for ſo noble a cauſe; and welcome bee all miſeries, ſince to thee I am ſo welcome.

Alas

Alas how I pitied to heare thy pittie of mee; and yet a great while I could not find in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had euen pleaſure to weepe with thee: and ſo kindly came forth thy lamentations, that they inforced mee to lament too, as if indeede I had beene a looker on, to ſee poore *Philoclea* die. Till at laſt I ſpake with you, to trie whether I could remoue thee from ſorrow, till I had almoſt procured my ſelfe a beating. And with that ſhe pretily ſmiled: which mingled with her teares, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or a delightfull ſorrow: but like when a few Aprill drops are ſcattered by a gentle *Zephyrus* among fine coloured flowers. But *Pyrocles*, who had felt (with ſo ſmall diſtance of time) in himſelfe the ouerthrow both of hope and deſpaire, knew not to what key he ſhould tune his minde, either of ioy or ſorrow. But finding perfite reaſon in neither, ſuffred himſelfe to be carried by the tide of his imagination, and his imaginations to be raiſed euen by the ſway, which hearing or ſeeing, might giue vnto them: hee ſaw her aliue, hee was glad to ſee her aliue: he ſaw her weepe, hee was ſory to ſee her weepe: he heard her comfortable ſpeeches, nothing more gladſome: he heard her prognoſticating her owne deſtruction, nothing more dolefull. But when hee had a little taken breath from the panting motion of ſuch contrarieties in paſſions, he fell to conſider with her of her preſent eſtate, both comforting her, that certainely the worſt of this ſtorme was paſt, ſince already they had done the worſt, which mans wit could imagine: and that if they had determined to haue killed her, now they would haue done it: and alſo earneſtly counſelling her, and enabling his counſels with vehement prayers; that ſhee would ſo farre ſecond the hopes of *Amphialus*, as that ſhee might but procure him libertie; promiſing then as much to her, as the liberalitie of louing courage durſt promiſe to himſelfe.

But who could liuely deſcribe the manner of theſe ſpeeches, ſhould paint out the lightſome colours of affection, ſhaded with the deepeſt ſhadowes of ſorrow, finding then betweene hope and feare, a kinde of ſweeteneſſe in teares: till *Philoclea* content to receiue a kiſſe, and but a kiſſe of *Pyrocles*, ſealed vp his moning lips, and cloſed them vp in comfort: and her-ſelfe (for the paſſage was left betweene them open) went to her ſiſter: with whom ſhe ſtayed but a while, fortifying one another (while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamelas* iuſt diſdaine, and *Pamela* ennobled *Philocleas* ſweete humbleneſſe) when *Amphialus* came vnto them: who neuer ſince hee had heard *Philoclea* named, could be quiet in himſelfe, although none of them about him (fearing more his mothers violence then his power) would diſcouer what had paſſed: and many meſſengers hee ſent to know her eſtate, which brought anſwers backe, according as it pleaſed *Cecropia* to endite them, till his heart full of vnfortunate affection, more and more miſgiuing him, hauing impatiently borne the delay of the nights vnfitneſſe, this morning hee gat vp, and though full of wounds (which not without danger could ſuffer ſuch exerciſe) hee apparelled himſelfe, and with a countenance, that ſhewed ſtrength in nothing but in griefe, hee came where the ſiſters were; and weakely kneeling downe, he beſought them to pardon him, if they had not beene vſed in that caſtle according to their worthineſſe, and his duetie; beginning to excuſe ſmall matters, poore Gentleman, not knowing in what ſort they had beene handled.

But *Pamelas* high heart (hauing conceiued mortall hate for the iniury offered to her and her ſiſter) could ſcarcely abide his ſight, much leſſe heare out his excuſes but interrupted him with theſe wordes. Traytor (ſaid ſhee) to thine owne bloud, & falſe to the profeſſion of ſo much loue as thou haſt vowed, doe not defile our eares with thy excuſes; but purſue on thy crueltie, that thou and thy godly mother haue

vſed

vſed towards vs: for my part, aſſure thy ſelfe, and ſo do I anſwer for my ſiſter (whoſe minde I know) I do not more deſire mine owne ſafetie then thy deſtruction. Amazed with this ſpeech, he turned his eye, full of humble ſorrowfulneſſe, to *Philoclea*. And is this (moſt excellent Lady) your doome of me alſo? She, ſweet Lady, ſate weeping: for as her moſt noble kinſman ſhee had euer fauoured him, and loued his loue, though ſhee could not be in loue with his perſon: and now partly vnkindneſſe of his wrong, partly pity of his caſe, made her ſweete mind yeeld ſome teares, before ſhee could anſwer; and her anſwer was no other, but that ſhee had the ſame cauſe as her ſiſter had. Hee replied no further, but deliuering from his heart two or three (vntaught) ſighes, roſe, and with moſt low reuerence, went out of their chamber: and ſtraight by threatning torture, learned of one of the women, in what terrible manner thoſe Princeſſes had beene vſed. But when he heard it, crying out, O God; and then not able to ſay any more (for his ſpeech went backe to rebound woe vpon his heart) hee needed no iudge to go vpon him: for no man could euer thinke any other worthy of greater puniſhment, then hee thought himſelfe. Full therefore of the horribleſt deſpaire, which a moſt guiltie conſcience could breed, with wild looks promiſing ſome terrible iſſue, vnderſtanding his mother was vpon the top of the leads, hee caught one of his ſeruants ſwordes from him, and none of them daring to ſtay him, hee went vp, carried by fury, in ſteed of ſtrength; where ſhe was at that time, muſing how to goe thorough with this matter, and reſoluing to make much of her Neeces in ſhew, and ſecretly to impoyſon them; thinking ſince they were not to be wonne, her ſonnes loue would no otherwiſe bee mitigated.

But when ſhe ſaw him come in with a ſword drawne, and a looke more terrible then the ſword, ſhee ſtreight was ſtriken with the guiltineſſe of her owne conſcience: yet the well knowne humbleneſſe of her ſonne ſomewhat animated her, till hee comming neerer her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, onely fit to bring forth ſuch a monſter of vnhappineſſe as I am; ſhe fearing he would haue ſtriken her (though indeede he meant it not, but onely intended to kill himſelfe in her preſence) went backe ſo far, till ere ſhe were aware, ſhe ouerthrew her ſelfe from ouer the Leads, to receiue her deaths kiſſe at the ground: and yet was ſhee not ſo happie as preſently to die, but that ſhee had time with helliſh agonie to ſee her ſonnes miſchiefe (whom ſhe loued ſo well) before her end, when ſhee confeſt (with moſt deſperate, but not repenting minde) the purpoſe ſhe had to impoyſon the Princeſſes, and would then haue had them murdered. But euery body ſeeing, & glad to ſee her end, had left obedience to her tyrannie.

And (if it could be) her ruine increaſed woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*, who when he ſaw her fall, had his owne rage ſtayed a little with the ſodaineſſe of her deſtruction. And was I not enough miſerable before (ſaid he) but that before my end I muſt be the death of my mother? who how wicked ſoeuer, yet I would ſhee had receiued her puniſhment by ſome other. O *Amphialus*, wretched *Amphialus*, thou haſt liued to bee the death of thy moſt deare companion and friend *Philoxenus*, and of his father, thy moſt careful foſter-father. Thou haſt liued to kill a Lady with thine owne hands, and ſo excellent and vertuous a Lady as the faire *Parthenia* was: thou haſt liued to ſee thy faithfull *Iſmenus* ſlaine in ſuccouring thee, and thou not able to defend him: thou haſt liued to ſhew thy ſelfe ſuch a coward, as that one vnknowne knight could ouercome thee in thy Ladies preſence: to haſt liued to beare armes againſt thy rightfull Prince, thine own vncle: thou haſt liued to be accounted, & iuſtly accounted a traytor, by the moſt excellent perſons that this world holdeth:

thou hast liued to be the death of her, that gaue thee life. But ah wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast liued, for thy sake, and by thy authoritie, to haue *Philoclea* tormented, O heauens, in *Amphialus* castle, where *Amphialus* commaunded; tormented, tormented? Torment of my soule, *Philoclea* tormented, and thou hast had such comfort in thy life, as to liue all this while. Perchance this hand (vsed onely to mischieuous actes) thinks it were too good a deede to kill me; or else filthy hand, only worthy to kil women, thou art affraid to strike a man. Feare not cowardly hand, for thou shalt kill but a cowardly traytor: and do it gladly, for thou shalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiously he tare open his doublet, and setting the pommel of the sword to the ground, and the point to his breast, he fel vpon it. But the sword more mercifull then he to himselfe, with the sliping of the pommel, the point swarued, and razed him but vpon the side: yet with the fall, his other wounds opened so, as he bled in such extremitie, that *Charons* boate might very well bee carried in that floud: which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet & fel, there fell out *Philocleas* kniues, which *Cecropia* at the first had taken from her, & deliuered to her sonne; & he had euer worne them next his heart, as the onely relike he had of his Saint: now seeing them by him (his sword being so, as weakenesse could not well draw it out from his doublet) he tooke the kniues, and pulling one of them out, and many times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindnesse and vnkindnesse melting in teares: O deare kniues, you are come in good time, to reuenge the wrong I haue done you all this while, in keeping you from her blessed side, and wearing you without your mistresse leaue. Alas, be witnesse with me, yet before I dy (and well you may for you haue laine next my heart) that by my consent, your excellent mistresse should haue had as much honour as this poore place could haue brought forth for so high an excellencie; and now I am condemned to die by her mouth. Alas, other, farre other hope would my desire often haue giuen mee: but other euent it hath pleased her to lay vpon me. Ah *Philoclea* (with that his teares gushed out, as though they would striue to ouerflow his bloud) I would yet thou knewest how I loue thee. Vnworthy I am, vnhappy I am, false I am; but to thee alas, I am not false. But what a traytor am I, any way to excuse him, whom she condemneth? Since there is nothing left me, wherein I may doe her seruice, but in punishing him, who hath so offended her. Deare knife, then doe your noble mistresses commandement. With that, hee stabbed himselfe into diuerse places of his breast and throate, vntill those wounds (with the old, freshly bleeding) brought him to the senselesse gate of death. By which time, his seruants hauing (with feare of his fury) abstained a while from comming vnto him, one of them (preferring dutifull affection before feareful duty) came in, and there found him swimming in his owne bloud, giuing a pitifull spectacle, where the conquest was the conquerours ouerthrow, & selfe-ruine the onely triumph of a battaile, fought betweene him and himselfe. The time full of danger, the person full of worthinesse, the manner full of horror, did greatly astonish all the beholders: so as by and by, all the towne was full of it, and then of all ages came running vp to see the beloued body, euery bodie thinking their safety bled in his wounds, and their honour died in his destruction.

But when it came (& quickely it came) to the eares of his proude friend *Anaxius*, (who by that time was growne well of his wound, but neuer had come abroade, disdaining to abase himselfe to the company of any other but of *Amphialus*) hee was exceedingly vexed either with kindnesse, or (if a proude heart bee not capable thereof) with disdaine, that he, who had the honour to be called the freind of *Anaxius*, should come to such an vnexpected ruine. Therefore then comming abroad, with

a face

a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with lidds raised, and eyes levelling from top to toe of them that met him, treading as though he thought to make the earth shake vnder him, with his hand vpon his sword; short speeches, and disdainefull answers, giuing streight order to his two brothers, to goe take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the souldiers, and Citizens in the towne: and withall, to sweare them to reuenge the death of *Amphialus*; vpon *Basilius*: hee himselfe went to see him, calling for all the surgeons and physicions there; spending some time in viewing the body, and threatning them all to be hanged, if they did not heale him. But they (taking view of his wounds, and falling downe at *Anaxius* feete) assured him, that they were mortall, and no possible meanes to keepe him aboue two dayes aliue: and hee stood partly in doubt, to kill, or saue them, betweene his owne furie, and their humblenesse. But vowing with his owne hands to kill the two sisters, as causers of his friends death: when his brothers came to him, and told him they had done his commandement, in hauing receiued the oath of allegeance, with no great difficultie, the most part terrified by their valure, and force of their seruants, and many that had beene forward actors in the rebellion, willing to do any thing, rather then come vnder the subiection of *Basilius* againe; and such few as durst gainesay, being cut off by present slaughter.

But withall (as the chiefe matter of their comming to him) they told *Anaxius*, that the faire Queene *Helen* was come, with an honourable retinue, to the towne: humbly desiring leaue to see *Amphialus*, whom she had sought in many places of the world; and lastly, being returned into her owne countrie, she heard together of the late siege, and of his combat with the strange knight, who had dangerously hurt him. Whereupon, full of louing care (which she was content euen to publish to the world, how vngratefully soeuer he dealt with her) she had gotten leaue of *Basilius*, to come by his frontiers, to carry away *Amphialus* with her, to the excellentest Surgeon then knowne, whom she had in her countrey, but so old, as not able to trauaile: but had giuen her soueraigne anoyntments, to preserue his bodie withall, till hee might bee brought vnto him: and that *Basilius* had granted leaue; either naturall kindnesse preuailing ouer all the offences done, or rather glad to make any passage, which might lead him out of his countrey, and from his daughters. This discourse *Lycurgus* vnderstanding of *Helen*, deliuered to his brother, with her vehement desire to see the body, and take her last farewell of him. *Anaxius*, though hee were fallen out with all womankind (in respect of the hate he bare the sisters, whom hee accounted murtherers of *Amphialus*) yet at his brothers request, graunted her leaue. And shee (poore Lady) with grieuous expectation, and languishing desire, carried her faint legs to the place where hee lay; either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which piteous plight when shee saw him, though Sorrow had set before her minde the pitifullest conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the present sight went beyond all the former apprehensions: so that beginning to kneele by the body, her sight ranne from her seruice, rather then abide such a sight; and shee fell in a swone vpon him, as if shee could not choose but die of his wounds. But when her breath (aweary to bee closed vp in woe) broke the prison of her faire lips, and brought memory (with his seruant senses) to his naturall office, shee yet made the breath conuey these dolefull wordes with it. Alas (said shee) *Amphialus*, what strange disasters be these, that hauing sought thee so long, I should bee now sorie to finde thee? that these eyes should looke vpon *Amphialus*, and bee grieued withall? that I should haue thee in my power without glorie, and embrace thee without comfort?

How often haue I blest the meanes that might bring mee neere thee? Now, woe worth the cause that brings me so neere thee. Often, alas, often hast thou disdained my teares: but now, my deare *Amphialus*, receiue them: these eyes can serue for nothing else, but to weepe for thee; since thou wouldest neuer vouchsafe them thy comfort, yet disdaine not them thy sorrow. I would they had beene more deare vnto thee; for then hadst thou liued. Woe is mee that thy noble heart could loue who hated thee, and hate who loued thee. Alas, why should not my faith to thee couer my other defectes, who only sought to make my Crown thy foot-stoole, my selfe thy seruant? that was all my ambition; and alas thou disdainedst it, to serue them, by whom thy incomparable selfe were disdained. Yet (ô *Philoclea*) where-soeuer you are, pardon me, if I speake in the bitternesse of my soule, excellent may you be in all other things (and excellent sure you are since he loued you) your want of pitie, where the fault onely was infinitnesse of desert, cannot bee excused. I would, ô God, I would that you had granted his deserued suite of marrying you, and that I had beene your seruing mayde, to haue made my estate the foile of your felicitie, so hee had liued. How many weary steps haue I trodden after thee, while my onely complaint was, that thou wert vnkinde? Alas I would now thou wert to be vnkinde. Alas why wouldest thou not commaund my seruice, in perswading *Philoclea* to loue thee? Who could, or (if euery one could) who would haue recounted thy perfection so well as I? who with such kindly passions could haue stirred pittie for thee as I? who should haue deliuered not onely the wordes, but the teares I had of thee? and so shouldest thou haue exercised thy disdaine in me, and yet vsed my seruice for thee.

With that the body mouing somewhat, & giuing a grone full of deaths musick, she fell vpon his face, and kist him, and withall cryed out; O miserable I, that haue onely fauour by misetie: and then would shee haue returned to a fresh careere of complaints, when an aged and wise Gentleman came to her, and besought her, to remember what was fit for her greatnesse, wisedome and honour: and withall, that it was fitter to shew her loue, in carying the body to her excellent Surgeon, first applying such excellent medicines as she had receiued of him for that purpose, rather then onely shew her selfe a woman-louer in fruitelesse lamentations. She was streight warned with the obedience of an ouerthrowne minde, and therefore leauing some surgeons of her owne to dresse the bodie, went her selfe to *Anaxius*; and humbling her selfe to him, as lowe as his owne pride could wish, besought him, that since the surgeons there had vtterly giuen him ouer, that he would let her carrie him away in her litter with her, since the worst he could haue should be to die, and to die in her armes that loued him aboue all things; and where he should haue such monuments erected ouer him, as were fit for her loue, and his worthinesse: beseeching him withall, since she was in a countrey of enemies (where shee trusted more to *Anaxius* valour, then *Basilius* promise) that he would conuey them safely out of those territores. Her reasons something moued him, but nothing throughly perswaded him, but the last requeſt of his helpe: which he straight promised, warranting all securitie, as long as that sword had his master aliue. She as happy therein as vnhappinesse could be (hauing receiued as small comfort of her owne surgeons as of the others) caused yet the body to be easily conueyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roare and cry, as though neuer till then they had lost their Lord. And if the terrour of *Anaxius* had not kept them vnder, they would haue mutinied, rather then suffered his body to be carried away.

But *Anaxius* himselfe riding before the litter, with the choice men of that place, they

they were affraid euen to crie, though they were ready to crie for feare: but (becauſe that they might doe) euery body forced (euen with harme to themſelues) to doe honour to him: ſome throwing themſelues vpon the ground, ſome tearing their clothes, and caſting duſt vpon their heads, and ſome euen wounding themſelues, and ſprinkling their owne bloud in the ayre.

The generall conſort of whoſe mourning performed ſo the naturall tunes of ſorrow, that euen to them (if any ſuch were, that felt not the loſſe, yet others griefe taught them griefe, hauing before both their ſo paſſionat ſenſe ſo paſſionat a ſpectacle of a yong man, of great beaute, beautified with great honor, honoured by great valure, made of ineſtimable value by the noble vſing of it, to lie there languiſhing vnder the arreſt of death, & a death where the maner could bee no comfort to the diſcomfortableneſſe of the matter. But when the body was caried through the gate & the people (ſauing ſuch as were appointed) not ſuffred to goe further, then was ſuch a vniuerſall cry, as if they had all had but one life, and all receiued but one blow.

Which ſo moued *Anaxius* to conſider the loſſe of his friend, that his minde (apter to reuenge, then tenderneſſe) he preſently giuing order to his brother to keepe the priſoners ſafe, and vnuiſited till his returne from conueying *Helen*, he ſent a meſſenger to the ſiſters, to tell them this curteous meſſage: that at his returne, with his owne hands, hee would cut off their heads, and ſend them for tokens to their father.

This meſſage was brought vnto the ſiſters, as they ſate at that time together with *Zelmane*, conferring how to cary themſelues, hauing heard of the death of *Amphialus*. And as no expectation of death is ſo painfull, as where the reſolution is hindred by the intermixing of hopes, ſo did this new alarum, though not remoue, yet moue ſomwhat the conſtancy of their minds, which were ſo vnconſtantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Pamela* had brought her minde againe to his olde acquaintance; and then as carefull for her ſiſter (whom ſhe moſt dearely loued) Siſter (ſaid ſhe) you ſee how many acts our Tragedie hath: Fortune is not yet aweary of vexing vs: but what? A ſhip is not counted ſtrong by byding one ſtorme: It is but the ſame trumpet of death, which now perhaps giues the laſt ſound: & let vs make that profit of our former miſeries, that in them we learned to die willingly. Truely ſaid *Philoclea*, dear ſiſter, I was ſo beaten with the euils of life, that though I had not vertue enough to deſpiſe the ſweetneſſe of it, yet my weakenes bredde that ſtrength, to be wearie of the paines of it: only I muſt confeſſe, that little hope, which by the late accidents was awaked in me, was at the firſt angry with ill. But euen in the darkneſſe of that horrour, I ſee a light of comfort appeare; and how can I tread amiſſe, that ſee *Pamelas* ſteps? I would onely (O that my wiſh might take place) that my ſchoole-Miſtreſſe might liue, to ſee me ſay my leſſon truly. Were that a life, my *Philoclea*? ſaid *Pamela*. No, no (ſaid ſhe) let it come, and put on his worſt face: for at the worſt it is but a bug-beare. Ioy is it to me to ſee you ſo well reſolued, and ſince the world will not haue vs, let it loſe vs. Onely (with that ſhe ſtayed a little, and ſighed) onely my *Philoclea* (then ſhee bowed down, and whiſpered in her eare) only *Muſidorus*, my ſhepheard, comes betweene me and death, and makes me thinke I ſhould not die, becauſe I know he would not I ſhould die. With that *Philoclea* ſighed alſo, ſaying no more but looking vpon *Zelmane*: who was walking vp and downe the chamber, hauing heard this meſſage from *Anaxius*, & hauing in time paſt heard of his nature, thought him like enough to performe it, which winded her againe into the former maze of perplexitie. Yet debating with her ſelfe of the manner how to preuent it, ſhee continued her muſing humour, little ſaying, or indeede, little finding in her heart to ſay, in a caſe of ſuch extremitie, where peremptorily death was

threatned: and so stayed they, hauing yet that comfort, that they might tarry together. *Pamela* nobly, *Philoclea* sweetely, and *Zelmane* sadly and desperately; none of them entertayning sleepe, which they thought should shortly begin neuer to awake.

But *Anaxius* came home, hauing safely conducted *Helen*, and safely hee might well do it: For though many of *Basilius* Knights would haue attempted something vpon *Anaxius*, by that meanes to deliuer the Ladies, yet *Philanax*, hauing receiued his maisters commandement, and knowing his word was giuen, would not consent vnto it. And the blacke-knight (who by then was able to carry abroad his wounds) did not know thereof; but was bringing force, by force to deliuer his Lady. So as *Anaxius*, interpreting it rather feare, then faith, and making euen chance an argument of his vertue, returned: and as soone as he was returned, with a felon heart calling his brothers vp with him, he went into the chamber where they were all three together; with still intention to kill the sisters with his owne hands, and send their heads for tokens to their father. Though his brothers (who were otherwise enclined) disswaded him: but his reuerence stayed their perswasions. But when hee was come into the chamber, with the very wordes of cholericke threatning climing vp his throate, his eyes first lighted vpon *Pamela*, who hearing hee was comming, and looking for death, thought she would keepe her owne maiestie in welcomming it; but the beames thereof so strake his eyes, with such a counterbuffe vpon his pride, that if his anger could not so quickely loute, nor his pride so easily honour, yet both were forced to finde a worthy meane.

Which while it bred a pause in him, *Zelmane* (who had already in her mind both what & how to say) stept out vnto him, and with a resolute staiednesse (void either of anger, kindnesse, disdaine, or humblenesse) spake in this sort. *Anaxius* (said shee) if *Fame* haue not beene ouer partiall to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee euen before that vertue, & will make it the iudge betweene vs. And now I do affirme, that to the eternall blot of all the faire actes that thou hast done, thou doest weakely, in seeking without danger to reuenge his death, whose life with danger thou mightest perhaps haue preserued: thou doest cowardly in going about by the death of these excellent Ladies, to preuent the iust punishment that hereafter they by the powers, which they better then their father, or any other could make, might lay vpon thee, and dost most basely, in once presenting thy selfe as an executioner, a vile office vpon men, and in a iust cause: beyond the degree of any vile word, in so vniust a cause, and vpon Ladies, and such Ladies. And therefore, as a hangman, I say, thou art vnworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the company of knights. Neither for what I say, will I alleadge other reasons of wisedome, or iustice, to proue my speech, because I know thou dost disdaine to be tied to their rules, but euen in thine owne Vertue (whereof thou so much glorieſt) I will make my triall: and therefore defie thee, by the death of one of vs two to proue or disproue these reproches. Chuse thee what armes thou likest: I only demaund, that these Ladies (whom I defend) may in libertie see the combat.

When *Zelmane* began her speech, the excellencie of her beautie and grace made him a little content to heare. Besides that, a new lesson he had read in *Pamela*, had already taught him some regard. But when shee entred into brauerie of speech, he thought at first, a mad and rayling humour possest her: till finding the speeches hold well together, and at length come to flat challenge of combat, he stood leaning backe with his body and head, sometimes with bent browes looking vpon the one side of her, sometimes of the other, beyond maruell maruelling, that hee, who had neuer

heard

heard such speeches from any knight, should be thus rebuffed by a woman; and that maruel made him heare out her speech: which ended, hee turned his head to his brother *Zoilus*, and said nothing, but onely lifting vp his eyes, smiled. But *Zelmane* finding his minde, *Anaxius* (said she) perchaunce thou disdainest to answer mee, because (as a woman) thou thinkest me not fit to be fought withall. But I tell thee, that I haue bin trayned vp in martiall matters, with so good successe, that I haue many times ouercome brauer knights then thy selfe: & am well known to bee equall in feates of armes, to the famous *Pyrocles*: who slue thy valiant vncle, the gyant *Euardes*. The remembrance of his Vncles death something nettled him, so as hee answered thus.

Indeede (said hee) any woman may be as valiant as that coward, and trayterly boy, who slue my Vncle trayterously, and after ranne from me in the plaine field. Fiue thousand such could not haue ouercome *Euardes*, but by falshood. But I sought him all ouer *Asia*, following him still from one of his cony holes to another, till comming into this Countrie, I heard of my friends being besieged, and so came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But whersoeuer the miserable boy flie, heauen, nor hell, shall keepe his heart from being torne by these hands. Thou lyest in thy throate (said *Zelmane*) that boy, where euer he went, did so noble acts, as thy heart (as proud as it is) dares not thinke of, much lesse performe. But to please thee the better with my presence, I tel thee, no creature can be neerer of kinn to him, then my selfe: and so well we loue, that he would not be sorier for his owne death then for mine: I being begotten by his father, of an Amazon Lady. And therefore, thou canst not deuise to reuenge thy selfe more vpon him, then by killing mee: which if thou darest doe, manfully doe it, otherwise, if thou harme these incomparable Ladies, or my selfe without daring to fight with me, I protest before these knights, and before heauen and earth (that will reueale thy shame) that thou art the beggerliest dastardly villaine that dishonoureth the earth with his steps: and if thou letteſt me ouerliue them, so will I blaze thee. But all this could not moue *Anaxius*, but that hee onely said, Euill should it become the terrour of the world to fight, much worse to scold with thee.

But (said he) for the death of these same (pointing to the Princesses) of my grace I giue them life. And withall, going to *Pamela*, and offering to take her by the chin, And as for you, Minion (said he) yeeld but gently to my will, and you shall not only liue, but liue so happily: Hee would haue said further, when *Pamela*, displeased both with words, matter and manner, putting him away with her faire hand, Proud beast (said shee) yet thou playest worse thy Comedie, then thy Tragedie. For my part, assure thy selfe, since my destinie is such, that each moment my life and death stand in equall balance, I had rather haue thee, and thinke thee farre fitter to be my hangman, then my husband. Pride and anger would faine haue cruelly reuenged so bitter an answer, but already *Cupid* had begun to make it his sport, to pull his plumes: so that, vnused to a way of curtesie, and put out of his byas of pride, hee hastily went away, grumbling to himselfe; betweene threatning and wishing; leauing his brothers with them: the elder of whom *Lycurgus*, liked *Philoclea*, and *Zoilus* would needes loue *Zelmane*, or at least, entertaine themselues with making them beleeue so. *Lycurgus* more braggard, and neere his brothers humour, began, with setting forth their bloud, their deedes, how many they had despised of most excellent women; how much they were bound to them, that would seeke that of them. In summe, in all his speeches, more like the bestower then the desirer of felicitie. Whom it was an excellent pastime (to those

those that would delight in the play of vertue) to see with what a wittie ignorance she would not vnderstand: & how, acknowledging his perfections, she would make that one of his perfections, not to be iniurious to Ladies. But when hee knew not how to reply, then would he fall to touching and toying, still viewing his graces in no glasse but selfe-liking. To which *Philoclea's* shamefastnesse and humblenesse, were as strong resisters as choler and disdaine: for though shee yeelded not, hee thought shee was to bee ouercome: and that thought a while stayed him from further violence. But *Zelmane* had eye to his behauiour, and set it in her memory vpon the score of reuenge, while shee her selfe was no lesse attempted by *Zoilus*; who lesse full of bragges was forwardest in offring (indeede) dishonourable violence.

But when after their fruitlesse labours they had gone away called by their brother, (who began to be perplexed betweene new conceiued desires, and disdaine to be disdained) *Zelmane* (who with most assured quietnesse of iudgement looked into their present estate) earnestly perswaded the two sisters, that to auoide the mischiefes of proude outrage, they would onely so farre sute their behauiour to their estates, as they might winne time; which as it could not bring them to worse case then they were, so it might bring forth vnexpected reliefe. And why (said *Pamela*) shall wee any longer flatter aduersitie? Why should wee delight to make our selues any longer balles to iniurious Fortune, since our owne parents are content to be tyrants ouer vs, since our owne kinne are content trayterously to abuse vs? Certainely in mishap it may be some comfort to vs that we are lighted in these fellows hands, who yet will keepe vs from hauing cause of being miserable by our friends meanes. Nothing grieues me more, then that you, noble Ladie *Zelmane*, (to whom the world might haue made vs able to doe honour) should receiue onely hurt by the contagion of our miserie. As for me and my sister, vndoubtedly it becomes our birth to thinke of dying nobly, while we haue done or suffered nothing, which might make our soule ashamed at the parture from these bodies. Hope is the fawning traytor of the minde, while vnder colour of friendship, it robs it of his chiefe force of resolution. Vertuous and faire Lady (said *Zelmane*) what you say is true, and that truth may well make vp a part in the harmonie of your noble thoughts. But yet the time (which ought alwayes to be one) is not tuned for it; while that may bring forth any good, doe not barre your selfe thereof: for then will be the time to die nobly, when you cannot liue nobly. Then so earnestly shee perswaded with them both, to referre themselues to their fathers consent (in obtayning whereof they knew some while would be spent) and by that meanes to temper the mindes of their proude woers; that in the end *Pamela* yeelded to her because shee spake reason; and *Philoclea* yeelded to her reason because shee spake it.

And so when they were againe solicited in that little pleasing petition, *Pamela* forced her selfe to make answer to *Anaxius*, that if her father gaue his consent she would make her selfe beleeue, that such was the heauenly determination, since shee had no meanes to auoide it. *Anaxius* (who was the most franke promiser to himselfe of successe) nothing doubted of *Basilius* consent, but rather assured himselfe, hee would bee his Orator in that matter: and therefore hee chose out an officious seruant (whom hee esteemed very wise, because hee neuer found him but iust of his opinion) and willed him to be his Embassadour to *Basilius*, and to make him know, that if he meant to haue his daughter both safe and happy and desired himselfe to haue such a sonne in lawe, as would not onely protect him in his quiet course, but (if he listed to accept it) would giue him the Monarchie of the world, that then he should receiue *Anaxius*, who neuer before knew what it was to pray any thing.

That

That if he did not, hee would make him know, that the power of *Anaxius* was in euery thing beyond his will, and yet his will not to be resisted by any other power. His seruant with smiling and cast-vp looke, desired God to make his memory able to containe the treasure of that wise speech; and therefore besought him to repeate it againe, that by the often hearing it, his minde might bee the better acquainted with the diuineness thereof, and that being graciously granted, he then doubted not by carrying with him in his conceit, the grace wherewith *Anaxius* spake it, to perswade rocky mindes to their owne harme: so little doubted hee to winne *Basilius* to that, which he thought would make him thinke the heauens opened, when he heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* gravely allowed the probabilitie of his coniecture, and therefore sent him away, promising him he should haue the bringing vp of his second sonne by *Pamela*.

The messenger with speede performed his Lords commandement to *Basilius*; who by nature quiet, and by superstition made doubtfull, was loth to take any matter of armes in hand, wherein already he had found so lowe successe; though *Philanax* vehemently vrged him therevnto, making him see that his retiring backe did encourage iniuries. But *Basilius* betwixt the feare of *Anaxius* might, the passion of his loue, and iealousie of his estate, was so perplexed, that not able to determine, hee tooke the common course of men, to flie onely then to deuotion, when they want resolution: therefore detayning the messenger with delayes, hee deferred the directing of his course to the counsell of *Apollo*, which because himselfe at that time could not well go to require, he entrusted the matter to his best trusted *Philanax*: who (as one in whom obedience was a sufficient reason vnto him) went with diligence to *Delphos*, where being entred into the secret place of the Temple, & hauing performed the sacrifices vsuall, the spirit that possest the prophecying woman, with a sacred fury attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulitie, told him, not in darke worded speeches, but plainely to bee vnderstood, what he came for, and that hee should returne to *Basilius*, and will him to deale his daughters to *Anaxius* & his brothers, for that they were reserued for such as were better beloued of the goddes. That he should not doubt, for they should returne vnto him safely and speedily. And that he should keepe on his solitarie course, till both *Philanax* and *Basilius* fully agreed in the vnderstanding of the former prophecie: withall commanding *Philanax* from thenceforward to giue tribute, but not oblation to humaine wisedome.

Philanax then finding that reason cannot shew it selfe more reasonable, then to leaue reasoning in things aboue reason, returnes to his Lord, and like one that preferred truth before the maintayning of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durst any more dissuade him from that which hee found by the celestiall prouidence directed; but he himselfe looking to repaire the gouernement as much as in so broken an estate by ciuill dissention he might, and fortifying with notable arte, both the Lodges, so as they were almost made vnapprochable, hee left *Basilius* to bemone the absence of his daughters, and to bewaile the imprisonment of *Zelmane*: yet wholly giuen holily to obey the Oracle, he gaue a resolute negatiue vnto the messenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had wayted for it, yet in good termes desiring him to shew himselfe, in respect of his birth and profession, so Princely a knight, as without forcing him to seeke the way of force, to deliuer in noble sort those Ladies vnto him, and so should the iniurie haue beene by *Amphialus*, and the benefit in him.

The messenger went backe with this answere, yet hauing euer vsed to suger any thing

thing which his Master was to receiue, hee told him, that when *Basilius* first vnderstood his desires, it did ouer-reach so farre all his most hopefull expectations, that he thought it were to great a boldnesse to hearken to such a man, in whom the heauens had such interest, without asking the goddes counsell, and therefore had sent his principall Counseller to *Delphos*, who although hee kept the matter neuer so secret, yet his diligence, inspired by *Anaxius* priuiledge ouer all worldly things, had found out the secret, which was, that hee should not presume to marry his daughter to one, who already was enrolled among the demie-goddes, and yet much lesse he should dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

Anaxius, who till then had made Fortune his creator, and force his God, now began to finde another wisedome to be aboue, that iudged so rightly of him: and where in this time of his seruants wayting for *Basilius* resolution, hee and his brothers had courted their Ladies, as whom they vouchsafed to haue for their wiues, he resolued now to dally no longer in delayes, but to make violence his Oratour, since he had found perswasions had gotten nothing but answers. Which intention hee opened to his brothers, who hauing all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authoritie, gaue spurres to his runnings; and (worthy men) neither feeling vertue in themselues, nor tendering it in others, they went headlong to make that euill consort of loue and force, when *Anaxius* had word, that from the Tower there were descried some companies of armed men, marching towards the Towne; wherefore hee gaue present order to his seruants and souldiers, to goe to the gates and walles, leauing none within but himselfe and his brothers: his thoughts then so full of their intended prey, that *Mars* his lowdest trumpet could scarcely haue awaked him.

But while hee was directing what hee would haue done, his yongest brother *Zoilus* glad that he had the commission, went in the name of *Anaxius*, to tell the sisters, that since he had answere from their father, that hee and his brother *Lycurgus* should haue them in what sort it pleased them, that they would now graunt them no longer time, but presently to determine, whether they thought it more honourable comfort to be compelled, or perswaded. *Pamela* made him answere, that in a matter whereon the whole state of her life depended, and wherein shee had euer answered she would not lead, but follow her parents pleasure, she thought it reason she should either, by letter, or particular messenger vnderstand something from themselues and not haue their beliefe bound to the report of their partiall seruant, & therfore as to their words, she & her sister had euer a simple & true resolution, so against their vniust force, God they hoped, would either arme their liues, or take away their liues. Well Ladies (said hee) I will leaue my brothers, who by and by will come vnto you, to be their owne Ambassadors: for my part, I must now doe my selfe seruice. And with that turning vp his mustachoes, & marching as if he would begin a pauen, he went toward *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* (hauing had all this while of the messengers being with *Basilius*, much to do to keepe those excellent Ladies from seeking by the pasport of death, to escape those base dangers, whereunto they found themselues subiect) still hoping that *Musidorus* would finde some meanes to deliuer them; and therefore had often both by her owne example, and comfortable reasons, perswaded them to ouerpasse many insolent indignities of their proude suters, who thought it was a sufficient fauour not to do the vttermost iniurie, now come againe to the streight shee most feared for them, either of death or dishonour, if heroicall courage would haue let her, shee had bin beyond her selfe amazed: but that yet held vp her wit, to attend the vttermost occasion, which euen then brought his hayrie

forehead

forehead vnto her: for *Zoilus* smacking his lippes, as for the Prologue of a kisse, and something aduancing himselfe, Darling (said he) let thy heart be full of ioy, and let thy faire eyes be of counsell with it, for this day thou shalt haue *Zoilus*, whom many haue longed for; but none shall haue him, but *Zelmane*. And oh! how much glorie I haue to thinke what a race will be betweene vs! The world, by the heauens, the world will be too little for them. And with that, hee would haue put his arme about her necke; but she withdrawing her selfe from him, My Lord (said she) much good may your thoughts doe you: but that I may not dissemble with you, my natiuitie being cast by one that neuer fayled in any of his prognostications, I haue beene assured, that I should neuer bee apt to beare children. But since you will honour mee with so high fauour, I must onely desire that I may performe a vow which I made among my countrey-women, the famous *Amazons*, that I would neuer marry none, but such one as was able to withstand mee in armes: therefore, before I make mine owne desire seruiceable to yours, you must vouchsafe to lend mee armour and weapons, that at least, with a blow or two of the sword, I may not find my selfe perilled to my selfe. But *Zoilus* (laughing with a hearty loudnesse) went by force to embrace her, making no other answere, but since shee had a minde to trie his Knighthood, she should quickely know what a man of armes he was: and so, without reuerence to the Ladies, began to struggle with her.

But in *Zelmane* then Disdaine became wisedome, and Anger gaue occasion. For abiding no longer aboad in the matter, she that had not put off, though she had disguised *Pyrocles*, being farre fuller of strong nimblenesse, tript vp his heeles, so that hee fell downe at hers. And withall (meaning to pursue what shee had begun) pulled out his sword which hee ware about him: but before shee could strike him withall, hee got vp, and ranne to a faire chamber, where hee had left his two brethren, preparing themselues to come downe to their Mistresses. But she followed at his heeles, and euen as he came to throw himself into their armes for succour, she hit him with his owne sword, such a blow vpon the waste, that she almost cut him a sunder: once she sundered his soule from his body, sending it to *Proserpina*, an angry goddesse against rauishers. But *Anaxius*, seeing before his eyes the miserable end of his brother, fuller of despite then wrath, and yet fuller of wrath then sorrow, looking with a wofull eye vpon his brother *Lycurgus*, Brother, said hee, chastise this vile creature, while I goe downe, and take order least further mischiefe arise: and so went downe to the Ladies, whom he visited, doubting there had bin some further practise then yet hee conceiued. But finding them onely strong in patience, hee went and lockt a great Iron gate, by which onely any body might mount to that part of the Castle, ratcher to conceale the shame of his brother, slaine by a woman, then for dout of any other annoyance: & then went vp to receiue some comfort of the execution, hee was sure his brother had done of *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* no sooner saw these brothers, of whom Reason assured her she was to expect reuenge, but that she leapt to a Target, as one that well knew the first marke of valour to be defence. And then accepting the opportunitie of *Anaxius* going away, shee wayted not the pleasure of *Lycurgus*, but without any words (which she euer thought vaine, when resolution tooke the place of perswasion) gaue her owne heart the contentment to be the assailer. *Lycurgus*, who was in the disposition of his nature hazardous, & by the lucky passing through many dangers, growne confident in himselfe, went to wand her, rather as to a spoile then to a fight; so farre from feare, that his assurednesse disdained to hope. But when her sword made demonstrations aboue all flatterie of argoments, and that hee found she preast so vpon him, as shewed that her courage sprang not from

blinde

blinde despaire, but was guarded both with cunning and strength: selfe-loue then first in him diuided it selfe from vaine-glory, and made him finde that the world of worthinesse had not his whole Globe comprised in his breast, but that it was necessarie to haue strong resistance against so strong assailing. And so between them, for a few blowes, *Mars* himselfe might haue beene delighted to looke on. But *Zelmane*, who knew that in her case slowenesse of victorie was little better then ruine, with the bellowes of hate, blew the fire of courage; and hee striking a maine blow at her head, shee warded it with the shield, but so warded, that the shield was cut in two peeces while it protected her: and withall shee ranne into him, and thrusting at his breast, which hee put by with his Target, as hee was lifting vp his sword to strike againe, shee let fall the piece of her shield, and with her left hand catching his sword of the inside of the pommell, with nimble and strong sleight, shee had gotten his sword out of his hand, before his sense could conuey to his imagination what was to bee doubted. And hauing now two swords against one shield, meaning not foolishly to bee vngratefull to good fortune, while hee was no more amazed with his being vnweaponed, then with the suddenesse thereof, shee gaue him such a wound vpon his head, in despite of the shields ouer-weake resistance, that withall hee fell to the ground, astonished with the paine, and agast with feare. But seeing *Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing vp his head to her, with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough excellent Lady, said hee, the honour is yours: whereof you shall want the best witnesse, if you kill mee. As you haue taken from men the glory of manhood, returne so now againe to your owne sex, for mercie. I will redeem my life of you with no small seruices; for I will vndertake to make my brother obey all your commandements. Grant life, I beseech you, for your owne honour, and for the persons sake that you loue best. *Zelmane* repressed a while her great heart, either disdaining to bee cruell or pitifull, & therefore not cruell: & now the image of the humane condition, began to bee an Orator vnto her of compassion, when shee saw, as if hee lifted vp his armes with a suppliants grace, about one of them, vnhappily tied, a garter with a iewell, which (giuen to *Pyrocles* by his aunt of *Thessalia*, & greatly esteemed by him) he had presented to *Philoclea*, & with inward rage promising extreame hatred, had seene *Lycurgus* with a proude force, & not without some hurt vnto her, pull away from *Philoclea*, because at intreaty she would not giue it him. But the sight of that was like a cypher, signifying all the iniuries which *Philoclea* had of him suffred, and that remembrance feeding vpon wrath, trod downe all conceits of mercie. And therefore saying no more, but, No villaine, die: it is *Philoclea* that sends thee this token for thy loue. With that shee made her sword drinke the bloud of his heart, though he wresting his bodie, and with a countenance prepared to excuse, would faine haue delayed the receiuing of deathes Ambassadours. But neither that stayed *Zelmanes* hand, nor yet *Anaxius* cries vnto her; who hauing made fast the iron gate, euen then came to the toppe of the staires, when contrarie to all his imaginations, he saw his brother lie at *Zelmanes* mercy. Therefore crying, promising, & threatning to her to hold her hand: the last grone of his brother was the only answer he could get to his vnrespected eloquence. But then Pitie would faine haue drawne teares, which Fury in their spring dryed; and Anger would faine haue spoken, but that Disdaine sealed vp his lips: but in his heart hee blasphemed heauen, that it could haue such a power ouer him; no lesse ashamed of the victory he should haue of her, then of his brothers ouerthrow: and no more spited that it was yet vnreuenged, then that the reuenge should be no greater then a womans destruction. Therefore with no speech, but such a groning crie

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as often is the language of sorowfull anger, he came running at *Zelmane*, vse of fighting then seruing in stead of patient consideration what to doe. Guided therewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, pressing vpon *Zelmane* in such a well defended manner, that in all the combates that euer shee had fought, she had neuer more needs of quicke senses, and ready vertue. For being one of the greatest men of stature then liuing, as he did fully answere that stature in greatnesse of might: so did he exceede both in greatnesse of courage, which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his minde and body, to an almost horrible fiercenesse, was able to haue carried feare to any minde, that was not priuie to it selfe of a true and constant worthinesse. But *Pyrocles*, whose soule might well be separated from his bodie, but neuer alienated from the remembring of what was comely, if at the first he did a little apprehend the dangerousnesse of his aduersarie, whom once before hee had something tried, and now perfectly saw, as the verie picture of forcible furie: yet was that apprehension quickly stayed in him, rather strengthning then weakning his vertue by that wrestling, like wine growing the stronger by being moued. So that they both, prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour solitarinesse there with such a combat, as might haue demaunded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where man-hood blew the Trumpet, and satisfaction did whet as much as glorie. There was strength against nimblenesse, rage against resolution, furie against vertue, confidence against courage, pride against nobleneſſe: loue in both, breeding mutuall hatred, and desire of reuenging, the iniuries of his brothers slaughter, to *Anaxius*, being like *Philoclea* captiuitie to *Pyrocles*. Who had seene the one, would haue thought nothing could haue resisted: who had marke the other, would haue maruelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrary tides, eyther of which are able to carry worlds of ships, & men vpon them, with such swiftnesse, as nothing seemes able to withstand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their warrie forces, & strugling together, it is long to say whether streame gets the victorie: so betweene these, if *Pallas* had beene there, shee could scarcely haue told, whether shee had nursed better in the feates of armes. The Irish Greyhound against the English Mastiffe: the Sword-fish against the Whale: the Rhinoceros against the Elephant, might bee models, and but models of this combat. *Anaxius* was better armed defensiuely: for (beside a strong caske brauely couered, wherewith hee couered his head) he had a huge shield, such perchance, as *Achilles* shewed to the pale walles of Troy, where with all that great body was couered. But *Pyrocles*, vtterly vnarmed for defence, to offend had the aduantage: for, in either hand he had a sword, & with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diuersly furnished, so did they differ in the manner of fighting: for *Anaxius* most by warding, and *Pyrocles* of most by auoiding, assisted the aduersaries assault. Both hasty to end, yet both often staying for aduantage. Time, distance, and motion, custome made them so perfect in, that as if they had bin fellow Counsellers, and not enemies, each knew the others minde, and knew how to preuent it. So as their strength fayled them sooner then their skill, and yet their breath fayled them sooner then their strength. And breathlesse indeede they grew, before either could complaine of any losse of bloud.

So that consenting by the mediation of necessitie, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawn a little one from the other, *Anaxius* stood leaning vpon his sword with his grimme eye so setled vpon *Zelmane*, as is wont to be the looke of an earnest thought. Which *Zelmane* marking, and according to the *Pyrocleian* nature, fuller

of gay brauerie in the midst, then in the beginning of danger: What is it (said she) *Anaxius*, that thou so deepely musest on? Doth thy brothers example make thee thinke of thy fault past, or of thy comming punishment? I think (said he) what spitefull god it should be, who enuying my glory, hath brought me to such a wayward case, that neither thy death can be a reuenge, nor thy ouerthrowe a victorie. Thou doest well indeede (said *Zelmane*) to impute thy case to the heauenly prouidence, which will haue thy pride finde it selfe (euen in that whereof thou art most proud) punished by the weake sexe which thou most contemnest.

But then, hauing sufficiently rested themselues, they renewed againe their combat, farre more terrible then before: like nimble vaulters, who at the first and second leape doe but stirre, and (as it were) awake the fiery and ayrie parts, which after in the other leaps they doe with more excellencie exercise. For in this pausing, each had brought to his thoughts the maner of the others fighting, and the aduantages, which by that, and by the qualitie of their weapons they might worke themselues; and so againe repeated the lesson they had said before, more perfectly, by the vsing of it. *Anaxius* ofter vsed blowes, his huge force (as it were) more delighting therein, and the large protection of his shield animating him vnto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine and deliuer strength, watching his time, when to giue fit thrusts, as, with the quicke obeying of his body, to his eyes quicke commandement, bee shunned any harme *Anaxius* could do to him: so would he soone haue made an end of *Anaxius*, if he had not found him a man of wonderfull, & almost matchlesse excellencie in matters of armes. *Pyrocles* vsed diuers faynings to bring *Anaxius* on into some inconuenience: but *Anaxius* keeping a sound manner of fighting, neuer offered but seeing faire cause, and then followed it with well gouerned violence. Thus spent they a great time, striuing to doe, and with striuing to doe, wearying themselues more then with the very doing: *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* so neere vnto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his strength together, at that time manly foyned at her face. But *Zelmane* strongly putting it by with her right hand sword, comming in with her left foote and hand, would haue giuen a sharpe visitation to his right side, but that he was faine to leape away. Whereat ashamed, (as hauing neuer done so much before in his life)

THus far the worthy Author had reuised or inlarged that first written Arcadia of his, which only passed from hand to hand, & was neuer printed; hauing a purpose likewise to haue new ordred, augmented, & concluded the rest, had he not been preuented by vntimely death. So that all which followeth here of this Worke, remained as it was done & sent away in seuerall loose sheets (being neuer after reuiewed, not so much as seene altogether by himselfe) without any certaine disposition or perfect order. Yet for that it was his, howsoeuer depriued of the iust grace it should haue had, was held to good to be lost: & therefore with much labour were the best coherencies, that could be gathered out of those scattered papers, made, and afterwards printed as now it is, onely by her Noble care to whose deare hand they were first committed, and for whose delight and intertaynement onely vndertaken.

What conclusion it should haue had, or how farre the Worke haue beene extended (had it had his last hand thereunto) was onely knowne to his owne spirit, where onely those admirable Images were (and no where else) to be cast.

And here we are likewise vtterly deprived of the relation how this combat ended, and how the Ladies by discouery of the approching forces were deliuered and restored to *Basilius*: how *Dorus* returned to his old master *Dametas*: all which vnfortunate mayme we must be content to suffer with the rest.

Thus the fire of rage then burning contempt out of his breſt, did burſt forth in flames through his eye, & in ſmoake from his mouth: ſo that hee was returning with a terrible madneſſe (all the ſtrength of his whole body transferred to the hand for a ſingular ſeruice) which the reſolute *Zelmane* did earneſtly obſerue a prouidently all-deſpiſing courage, whileſt the eares of *Annaxius* were ſuddenly arreſted by a ſound; whereof they were onely capable, which (ſince in contort with his owne humour) could onely of him with authoritie haue challenged a due attendance: ſtraight a martiall noyſe (rayſed by the violence of Inuaders, and diſtractedneſſe of others, dreadfully tumultuous) giuing him intelligence what a bloudy Scene was acting without in the Court of the Caſtle, where he was expected as a ſpeciall Actor. Though his eye (as harbinger of his blow) had already marked the roome where his bended arme threatned to lodge it; yet his feet did ſo ſuddenly rauiſh away the reſt of his body, that euen his own thoughts (much more *Zelmanes*) were preuented by the ſuddennes of his flight: a flight indeed, not from the fighting with one, but to the fighting with many; where he did looke for an obiect worthy of the wrath of *Annaxius*. So that vaniſhing away, as carried in a cloud of whirle-wind, *Zelmane* either could not, or elſe would not, reach him: as diſdaining the baſe aduantage of thoſe diſhonourable wounds; which, though greateſt ſhame to the flying receiuer, can giue no glorie to the vnreſiſted giuer.

Here this Story, left vnperfect by the Authour, is continued by Sr. *W. A.*

The impetuous ſtorme that tranſported the ſpirit of *Annaxius*, had quickly blowne him downe the ſtaires, and vp the doore: his ſword vſhering his way, till his eyes were encountred with the beames of the lightning weapons of a ſmall number; which rather ſeemed ſurpriſed within the Caſtle, then to haue ſurpriſed the Caſtle. Yet they had ſpeedily purchaſed a great roome for ſo ſmall a companie, challenging as their owne all the bounds that their ſwords could compaſſe: and in effect their enemies prooued their fewneſſe many; reckoning the blacke Knight and his ſeconds (as ciphers are eſteemed when valued by others, ouer which they are rayſed) not for the number which indeed they were, but for the number which they were worth. Thoſe three were quickly knowne by their wonted armes, but more by their wonted valour. The Court had beene a fitter liſts for two, then a field for ſo many: where the narrownes of the place, not giuing place to ſlight, there was no way but by plaine force; ſo that the greateſt cowards were as forward as the moſt couragious, feare making them bold, who ſaw no refuge but by fighting: which made the conflict exceeding cruel, either of the parties hauing more ſpurres then one to draw bloud.

The Amphialians, beſides their rage for being abuſed by an vnexpected ſtratagem, and their deſire to defend the place, being bound both by priuat intereſt and publike vowes: they had added further, to make vp the accompliſhment of a iuſt wrath, the meanes of reuenge (as they thought) on their Maſters murtherers, looking no other wiſe on the blacke knight, then as on him who had buried al their hopes in the ruine of *Amphialus*, whereof, to their further griefe, they had beene idle witneſſes. All this made them deſperately endeuour, that the eyes of *Annaxius* might be entertained with their victorie, before his eares could be burdened with their error. Chiefly at his comming, thoſe of his own train kindled their courage at the Torches of his eyes, prodigious Comets of a deluge of bloud. As for the purſued purſuers, like thoſe, who landing to make warre in an Iland, burn the ſhips which brought them thither, by the impoſſibilitie of their returne, to

ſhew the deſperate neceſſitie of their victorie; they were aſſured they could neither aduance nor retire, but ouer the bellies of their enemies. Yet were they not ſo deſperate of their retreat, as confident of their victorie. The blacke Knight, though all the Giants that fought againſt the gods had beene there, hee thought they could not hinder him from going where his heart was alreadie, nor from preuailing where the prize was, the deliuerie of his Lady, and Friend, the double treaſures of his ſoule; whereof any was valued aboue his life, yea both were ballanced with his honour; ſo that he did ſhew, not only the height of valour, but a rauiſhing of his ſoule, and a tranſportation of magnanimitie, farre from the leuell of ordinarie aymes, and euen ſcarce within the proſpect of more loftie thoughts. Yet neither loue nor courage could blinde his iudgement, in ſeeing his aduantage: marching with his companie euer next the wall, to preuent the being compaſſed; though ſometimes making braue ſallies. Which *Anpaxius* at his firſt approch eſpying, vpbraided his owne troupe, as vnworthy of his attendance, and all as traytors in receiuing, or daſtards in not expelling that (in his eyes) contemned crue: oftentimes vrging them by their retiring to make way for him; and hee alone would either beat them ouer the walles, or in the walles. For the truth is, they ſeemed all too ſmall a ſacrifice to appeaſe his high indignation. It was a ſuperfluous labour for *Alecto* to inflame his ſoule with poyſonous inſpirations: for his ſoule might haue furniſhed all the infernall furies with furie, and yet haue continued the moſt furious of all it ſelfe. Rage and diſdaine, burning his boſome, made him vtter a roring voice, as if his breath had beene able to haue blowne away the world; which, for the ſound that his ſword made, could not diſtinctly be vnderſtood.

The firſt whom he encountred, lifting his hand to ſtrike, and withall opening his mouth, as if intending ſome ſpeech: his propoſition was preuented by an actiue anſwer; cutting him from the lips to the eares, ſo by opening his mouth reſtraining his ſpeech. The Knight of the Sheepe ſucceeding in his place (a vindictiue heire) was exchanging blows with *Annaxius* with no diſaduantage: when ſuddenly a dart (none knew to whoſe hand the honour of it was due) did wound him in the thigh; which hee (doubtfull to whom hee ſtood debtor) did pay backe to many (an extraordinary intereſt) with the death of ſome one ſtriuing to defray euery drop of his bloud.

The blacke Knight, blacke indeede to all his aduerſaries, when viewing the wonderfull valour of *Annaxius* (with whom then riualls in fame he entertained a terrible emulation) what bred terrour in others, bred him contentment; that his conqueſt, whereof he neuer doubted, might be endeered by the difficultie, and his victorie be honoured by ſo honourable an enemie; with whom, aboue all others, he laboured to meete; by the ruine of many, making a roome where they might fight.

But in the meane time the torrent of the violence of *Annaxius* was interrupted by a ſudden tumult; ſeeming to proceed from an ambuſhment broken forth from the houſes behind them. And no wonder though all thought ſo: the two ſwords of *Zelmane* being riotous in their charges, were ſo couetous to extend their confines. Shee following, or rather as a Faulcon, in an earneſt chaſe flying downe the ſtayres after him, did not ouertake *Annaxius* but with her eyes, till he was walled about with the armed multitude: and then, like a Lioneſſe lately enlarged, that had beene long famiſhed in priſon, ſhee ranged ouer all for her prey.

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But yet like a cunning Hound, that out of a whole heard of Deere doth only ſingle him out, with whom ſhee had entred firſt in hoſtilitie (a little droppe of his bloud hauing betraied all the reſt) ſhee diſdained to fight with any other; but would bee reſiſted by none, till ſhee might vnbend all her forces on *Annaxius*. Whoſe ſight as ſoone as her eies had greedily ſwallowed, ſhe burſt forth: Baſe daſtard, who haſt abuſed the world with ſhaddowes of worth, yet art void of all valour, hauing doubly forfeited thy vſurped title of honour, in offering iniurious violence to a woman, and yet flying the iuſt violence of a woman, to hide thy ſelfe (being protected by anothers ſhield) where the ſufficiencie of others may conceale thy cowardice. But all this ſhall not defraud my wrath, nor preuent thy puniſhment.

Annaxius, more troubled with thoſe words, then if all the ſwords of the enemies had lighted vpon him (who for the higheſt of all his wiſhes, would haue but wiſhed her a man, yea an army of men) looked ouer his ſhoulder with an eye burning with diſdaine, as if one of his lookes might haue ſerued to conſume a woman: and at the ſame inſtant (vttering his rage another way) with a blow worthie of his arme, hee did cleaue one before him through the helmet to the ſhoulders; making him ſo, by being two-headed, headles. But ſeeing *Zelmane* preaſe neere him: though he hoped for no honour from her, yet to preuent diſhonor from her, he commanded *Armagines* his Nephew (a youth of great valour) to take thoſe fooliſh fellowes priſoners, who durſt aduenture within that Caſtle without his leaue, and to ſhut all the gates, that none of them might eſcape; and therewith whirling about, and caſting a ſideward looke on *Zelmane*, made an imperious ſigne with a threatning allurement (a diſinuiting inuiting of her) to follow: which ſhe performed with a countenance witneſſing as great contentment, as euer *Venus* did to meet with *Mars*; *Mars* & *Venus* at that ſame time hauing met within her minde, to make, though a leſſe louing, yet a more martiall meeting.

The clouds of people in their way, were quickly diſperſed by the tempeſtuous breath of *Annaxius*, ſo that they had no hinderance: he being feared of all, and ſhe hated of none. Neither was their ſolitarie retiring, in reſpect of their different ſeeming ſex, ſuſpitiouſly cenſured by any: the diſdainfulneſſe of their countenance bearing witneſſe, that they were led by hate to honour, and not by loue to the contrary.

The place appointed by fortune to be famous by the famouſnes of this combat, was a backe court: which they found out at that time emptied of Inhabitants; the ſtronger being gone to purſue others, and the weaker run to hide themſelues: mediocritie being no more a vertue, where all was at height, to make excellencie eminent in extremitie.

They two came here alone, for they would haue no ſeconds, or rather were ſo farre firſt as they could haue no ſeconds: and euery one of them being confident in his owne worth, could not miſtruſt anothers. As if words had been too weake Meſſengers of their wrath, and ſwords onely worthy to vtter their mindes; they began with that wherewith they hoped to end; none of them now could flatter himſelfe ſo farre againſt the proofe of his owne experienced knowledge, as to contemne his fellow.

Annaxius at the firſt, rioting in rage, and burning with a voluptuous appetite of bloud, did abandon his hands to their accuſtomed prodigalitie, which, contrarie to the nature of that vice, was preiudiciall to the receiuer, and profitable

for the ſpender. But *Zelmane* well weighing with whom ſhee had to deale, was more warie in her charges: and circumſpectly mannaging the treaſure of her ſtrength, would not idlely beſtow it, but was liberall when occaſion offred. It was hard to ſay, whether the one was more franke, or the other more thankfull: the guerdon neuer deferred; oft preuenting the gift aboue the deſire of the receiuer, yet ſhort of the giuers minde. Their thought, eye, hand, and foot ſeemed chained to one motion; as all being tuned by violence, to make vp a harmonie in horror. Neuer was courage better ſupported by skill and ſtrength, nor skill and ſtrength better accompanied by courage: the blowes of euery one of them ſeemed not onely to ſtriue with the others, but euen amongſt themſelues, for ſingularitie; the latter ſtill, by being more obſeruable, ſeeking to burie the remembrance of the former.

It ſeemed that thoſe two were not retired from the battel, but that the battell was transferred where they were. The eie might wel haue taken them to be two: but the eare would neuer haue beene perſwaded, that ſo mightie ſounds could be ſent but from the weapons of a number: the enuironing windowes with a ſad ſolitarineſſe ſeemed to bewaile their want of eyes, which defrauded them the entertainment of that delectable terror and tranſporting ſport.

Annaxius more angry with himſelfe, then with his enemie, that he ſhould bee ſo long in vanquiſhing, where (when victorious) he would be but aſhamed of the victorie, all his actiue powers being highly bended both by choller and courage, he thus diſcharged his tongue: What ſpightfull god, iealous of my greatneſſe, or enuying my glory, hath ſent this Diuell in a womans ſhape (as a clowd for *Iuno* to *Ixion*) to mocke me? But all this is one: though thou be a Diuel in a woman, or all the Diuels in one Diuell, I ſweare by this blow, I will beat thee hence to the Hels, to the eternall terrour of all the darke Region: and with that lighted on *Zelmane* with ſuch a hugh force, that all ſhee could procure by the mediation of one of her ſwords was, that what was intended wholly at her head, by the wrying of her body, did but wound her a little on the ſhoulder. This was ſo far from diſmaying her, that it did confirme (increaſe it could not) her reſolution alreadie at a height: Yea though not more courage, ſhe pretended more furie, compaſſing him about to ſpie aduantages: and oft giuing him fained alarmes, as bragging to make a breach in his breſt, aduanced her right-hand ſword, which *Annaxius* beat downe, and withall encroached to vſurpe a roome in her right ſide; but *Zelmane* ſuddenly inclining to the left, gaue him a flat blow with that hands ſword, which returned back clad with the ſpoiles of that part of the body which it had forced.

Both thus being already allied by bloud, yet did ſtriue for a more ſtrict affinitie: wounds (in regard of their frequencie) being no more reſpected, then blowes were before. Though they met in diuers colours, now both were clad in one liuery, as moſt ſuteable to their preſent eſtate: being both ſeruants to one Maſter, and riuals in preferment. Neither could ſhowres of bloud quench the windes of their wrath, which did blow it forth in great abundance: till faintneſſe would haue faine perſwaded both that they were mortall; and though neither of them by another, yet both ouercomeable by death. Then deſpaire came to re-inforce the fight, ioyning with courage, not as a companion, but as a ſeruant: for courage neuer grew deſperate, but deſpaire grew couragious; both being reſolued, if not conquering, none of them ſhould ſuruiue the others conqueſt, nor owe trophee but to death.

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The greateſt griefe of the one, was to die by a woman; and of the other, to die as a woman: both in reſpect of her apparrel, & (as ſhe thought) action; being matched by one man, who had ore-matched multitudes of men. At laſt the great ſtorme of blowes being paſt, ſhe reſted one of her ſwords on the earth, either forced by faintnes, or intending art, offering a thruſt with the other: which *Annaxius* perceiuing, did ſpeedily repell; and with that (gathering his diſtreſſed ſtrength together, as ready to remoue, but firſt bent to giue a gallant farewell) ranne forward with ſuch a violent violence on *Zelmane* (nought being able to reſiſt his vnreſiſtable force) that ſhe preſently interpoſing her repoſed ſword, though it ran him thorow the heart (or rather hee his heart vpon it) it could not hinder him from running her through the body, and both to the earth, a braue flaſh of a dying light! a mightie thunder of a quenched lightning! Thus did he ouerthrow his ouerthrower; not falling till none was able to ſtand before him: whileſt, though he were vanquiſhed, none could vaunt of the victorie. His breſt fell aboue the hand with the ſword, as if he would needes die embracing it, euen after death adoring that Idoll of his life; and his dead weight ſtriuing with *Zelmanes* weake life, whileſt ſhe ſtruggled to riſe, did break the ſword, a part remaining vnder him, and the reſt within her: thus hard it was to force *Annaxius*, though he was dead, and impoſſible while he liued.

Zelmane after her riſing, did draw the other ſword out of him, as bent to returne not intereſted in any thing. She was ſtepping forward with a ſword in euerie hand, and a part of one in her breſt: A trophie of victorie, yet a badge of ruine; neuer better weaponed, neuer more vnfit for fighting; when lo, all the followers of *Annaxius*, diſcomforted by his abſence, but more by the black Knights preſence, *Armagines* hauing his death honoured by his hand, the reſt were quickly diſcomfited, and (deſpairing to ſaue the Caſtle) ſought to ſaue themſelues.

The blacke Knight committed the following of their flight to others, as a dangerleſſe action, and therefore not worthy of him, then fearing that elſewhere for another, which he could no more finde there for himſelfe: He went by the direction of his eyes, and the information of his eares, to ſeeke out the two retired Champions, when ſuddenly hee encountred his other-ſelfe, marching like *Pallas* from the Giants ouerthrow.

As ſoone as the eyes of *Pirocles*, no, his ſoule, was rauiſhed with the ſight of *Muſidorus*, it hauing infuſed a freſh vigour in his feeble members, and that Phyſicke applyed to his minde, triumphing ouer the infirmitie of his body, hee threw away his ſwords (onely conquerable by kindneſſe) and pulled out that which was in his body, that nothing might hinder him from embracing the Image of his ſoule, which reflected his owne thoughts. Their ſoules by a diuine ſympathie did firſt ioyne, preuenting the elementall maſſes of the bodies: but ah, whileſt they were claſped in others armes (like two graffes grafted in one ſtocke) the high tide of ouer-flowing affection reſtraining their tongues with aſtoniſhment, as vnable to expreſſe an vnexpreſſable paſſion.

Pirocles weakned with loſſe of bloud (the effects of hate) and in that weakeneſſe ſurcharged with kindneſſe, the fruits of loue; not able to abide the interchoaking of ſuch extremities: The paleneſſe of his face witneſſed the parting of his ſpirits: ſo that not able to ſtand, *Muſidorus* was forced to fall with him, or elſe would not ſtand after him. And at the ſuddennes of this vnexpected aduenture, or vehemently reſpectable miſaduenture: like one, who vnawares ſlipping from

a great

a great height, is choaked betwixt the height and the lowneſſe, ere he can conſider, either whence he fell, or where he falls. Being throwne from the top of contentment, to be drowned in the depths of miſery, hee had his reaſonable parts ſo haſtily ouerwhelmed with confuſion, that he remained dead aliue, as the other was liuing in death. At laſt re-aſſembling his confounded ſenſes from the rockes of ruine, griefe had gathered ſo much ſtrength through weakneſſe, as to attempt an impoſſibilitie in manifeſting it ſelfe.

O what a monſter of miſerie am I? Euen when moſt fortunate, moſt infortunate; who neuer had a lightning of comfort, but that it was ſuddenly followed with a thunder of confuſion. Twice was my felicitie by land (that it might bee waſhed for euer away) made a prey to the inexorable waues, whileſt the relenting deſtinies pittying the rigour of their own decrees, to preuent their threatned effects, would haue drowned me in (reſpecting the Ocean of ſorrow prepared to ſwallow me) that little drop of the Sea. And O thrice happy I, If I had periſhed whileſt I was altogether vnhappy: then, when a dejected Shepheard, offenſiue to the perfection of the world, I could hardly (being oppreſſed by contempt) make my ſelfe worthy to be diſdained: diſdaine to the deſpiſed, being a degree of grace. O would to God that I had died obſcurely, whileſt my life might ſtil haue liued famous with others, and my death haue dyed with my ſelfe; whileſt my not being known, might haue kept my diſhonor vnknown, euen then when matched, matched by one, & in the preſence of many fighting for one, who was more deare to me then all the world. Ah me moſt miſerable, in not being more miſerable. Such a peſtilentious influence poyſoned the time of my nativitie, that I haue had a ſparke of happineſſe, to cleere me the way to deſtruction. I was carried high, to bee fit for a precipice: and that from that height I might behold, how low the dungeons were wherein I was to fall. Euen now I was ſo farre from feare, as I was higher then hope, being in imagination Maſter of all my wiſhes: yet at an inſtant, as if all that could be inflicted on my ſelfe, was not ſufficient to afflict me; being armed with reſolution, both to braue the terrors of death, and to contemne the flatteries of life, I am tormented in another, whoſe ſufferings could onely make me tenderly ſenſible. And with that, ſorrow, as it were ſorry to be interrupted by vtterance, did damme it ſelfe vp to ſwel higher, feeding on the contemplation of it ſelfe within; where, vvhen abſolute tyrant of the breſt, it might rather burſt him, then burſt out.

Then he vvas lying downe ſenſeleſly on his ſenſeleſſe friend, as in all eſtates ſtriuing to be ſtill like him, vvhen lo, he felt his breſt beate, and thereafter ſaw his vnclowded eyes vveakly ſtriue to ſhine againe; thus firſt re-ſaluting the light, O vvhere am I? *Muſidorus* replied: With him vvho is haſting to die vvith you. No, ſaid he, I haue haſted to liue vvith you. Death or life, ſaid *Muſidorus*; either of them muſt ioyne vs, but neither of them is able to part vs. With that *Pirocles* vveakly riſing, entruſted his feet vvith their owne burden: but *Muſidorus*, iealous of the carriage of ſo precious a treaſure, vvould needes aide them vvith his arme; his ſtrength ſtrengthning *Pirocles*, and the vveakneſſe of *Pirocles* vveakening him.

Thus whileſt (guided by one who vvas acquainted with the Caſtle) they were ſeeking out a roome, vvhere *Pirocles* repoſing, might cauſe take a trial of the eſtate of his body, & repaire the bloudy breaches of the late batterie, it being, though euill fortified, yet vvell defended: As they vvere vvalking alongſt a Gallerie, they heard from a Chamber neighbouring the ſide of it, a dolorous ſound, but ſo heauily

uily deliuered with a diſordered conuoy, that choaked with ſobbes, elſe drowned with teares, the paine of the bearer had ſo ſpoyled the birth, that it could not be known: yet a ſecret ſimpathy, by an vnexpreſſeable working, did more wound the minde of *Pirocles*, then it was wounded by all the wounds of the body; hee pitty-ing the complaint, though not knowing from whom, nor for what. O how the ſoule, apt for al impreſſions tranſcending reaſon, can comprehend vn-apprehenſi-ble things! this was the lamentation of the lamentable *Philoclea*.

The Ladies, after the departure of *Zelmane*, by the inundation in their eares of horrible ſounds, were violently inuited to come tearefully to a window, ouerlo-oking the Court, where they beheld the bloudy effects of that whereof they were the innocent cauſes. At firſt the Lillies of their cheekes, ouergrowing the Ro-ſes, paleneſſe had almoſt diſplaced beautie; had not beautie beene ſo powerfull as to make paleneſſe beautifull: yet thereafter trauelled memorie inſtructed their iudgement; that miſery being at a height, could not but of force either worke the end of it ſelfe, or a beginning of comfort, and they could expect no worſe e-ſtate then that in which they were.

Pamela would faine haue flattered her ſelfe, to thinke that it was *Muſidorus* come to deliuer her: but ſhe had rather haue remained ſtill captiue, then to haue drawn him to ſuch a danger for her deliuerie: and hauing once apprehended that he was there, neuer a blow was giuen but ſhee was wounded with it, being euer ſorrie for the ouerthrowne, neuer glad for the ouerthrower; either pittie preuai-ling with the tenderneſſe of her ſex, or becauſe ſhe knew no danger could come by ouercomming.

As for *Philoclea*, ſhe, who through the gentlenes of her own nature, would haue ſmarted for any other, who had beene in danger: when ſhe remembred the ha-zard of her treaſure *Zelmane*, who (as ſhee knew) did not vſe to be an idle ſpecta-tour of ſo earneſt a game, a multitude of thoughts did paint feare in her face, and engraue griefe in her boſome. Whileſt they continued thus, *Pamela* in vaine ſtri-uing to match maieſtie with affection, ſtood with a diſtracted ſtatelineſſe, & with a ſtately aſtoniſhment, where griefe and feare in *Philoclea* made eaſily a conſort in ſorrow, with waterie eyes (like the Sunne ſhining in a ſhowre) weakly clearing a clowdie countenance: when ſuddenly they heard one cry, ſince the Caſtle was won, to ſet the Ladies at libertie: but they who were well acquainted both with the frownes & ſmiles of fortune, as they had euer triumphed ouer the one, would not ſuffer themſelues to be led captiues by the other; neither could this accom-pliſh their contentment, till they had the Lords of that pleaſant bondage, which they did value more then vn-ualuable libertie; the conſtrained captiuitie of the bodie hauing nothing diminiſhed the voluntarie thraldome of the minde.

But ah! this ſmooth calme came onely to make them the more ſenſible of the ſucceeding danger, which the breath of one from below (roring forth the death of *Zelmane*) did thunder vp vpon them. *Pamela* (like a Rocke amidſt the ſea, bea-ten both with the windes and the waues, yet it ſelfe immoueable) did receiue this rigorous charge with a conſtant (though ſad) countenance, and with fixed eyes, witneſſing the mouing of her minde: yet neither vttering word nor teare, as diſ-dayning to imploy their weakneſſe in ſo great a griefe. Such might haue been the geſture of *Niobe*, hearing the newes of her childrens death, ere ſhe was metamor-phoſed into a ſtone; like one (maieſtie triumphing ouer miſery) who would rather burſt ſtrongly within, then be disburdned by burſting out in an abiect manner.

But

But ah me, the confounded *Philoclea*, who being the weaker, had receiued the ſharpeſt aſſault, (an affectionate furie forcing from her an abſolute paſſion, which a dutifull kindneſſe, through compaſſion, onely prouoked in her Siſter) ſhe ſmothered with ſo monſtrous a weight, did ſinke downe vnder it to the earth.

This made *Pamela* forget her other griefe without any comfort: transferring her paſſions, from her friend, to her more then friendly ſiſter, for whom ſhe ſaw at that time her action would be more ſeruiceable; wherwith ſhe brought her to her ſelfe, and ſhe her ſelfe to ſorrow. At firſt, the tongue and the eyes being too feeble inſtruments for ſo violent a paſſion, ſhe vſed her hands; beating that breſt which the moſt barbarous creature elſe in the world could not haue done: offering thoſe torne hayres as oblations to him after death, which had beene the delights of his life; and deforming that face, the regiſter of Natures wonders, confirmed by the admiration of men. Which when *Pamela* (of a Patiẽt, become a Phyſician) ſought to hinder, ſhee thus ſaid, Alas, ſiſter, you doe not know what a treaſure I haue loſt, euen a treaſure more worth then all the world was worthy to enioy. Ah pardon me thou, whom euen death is not able to kill in my ſoule: pardon me, who haue euer concealed thy ſecret, now to diſcouer mine owne. For while my life laſts (ſhort may it bee, and long it ſhall not be) I will ſhew to all the vvorld that, which, whileſt thou liued, I would haue bin aſhamed to haue ſhowne to thy ſelfe; euen thy perfection, and mine affection. Neither doe I regard how the conceits of others cenſure my carriage in this; for there is no eye now, wherein I deſire to appeare precious; nor no opinion, whereof I craue to make a purchaſe: death may end my life, but not my loue, which (as it is infinite) muſt be immortall. I would gladly vſe meanes to diſpatch this miſerable life: but it were a ſhame for mee, if, after ſo great a diſaſter, ſorrow onely were not ſufficient to kill mee. And with that beautie in the heauen of her face (two Sunnes eclipſed) being wrapped vp in paleneſſe, ſhe fell downe groueling on the ground.

Pirocles imagining what report might be made, and not doubting what effect it would worke, bent to furniſh phyſicke for her minde, ere he ſought any for his owne bodie, came in at the doore: whom *Pamela* (her armes and her tongue rituals in kindneſſe) imbracing, ſaid, Neuer more welcome, though euer welcome, *Zelmane*; thou who art euer victorious, haſt thou likewiſe brought thy ſelfe away a trophee from death? Sweet Ladies (replied ſhe) who would faint to fight for ſuch diuine creatures as you are? and who could haue force to fight againſt you?

Philoclea, who at the firſt, either dul through exceſſiue dolor, did not conceiue her ſiſters words; or elſe ſuſpecting (as ſhe thought) her impoſſible deſire to pleaſe her (all being doubtfull to truſt what they doe extremely affect) did miſconceiue her meaning. She was rayſing her eyes to examine her eares: but the moſt truſtie of her ſenſes preuenting both, by a palpable proofe, gaue her an abſolute aſſurance; ſo that ere ſhe could thinke *Zelmane* was at all to be imbraced, finding her ſelfe imbraced by *Zelmane*, ſhe was lifted vp to a heauen of ioy, as before ſhe had beene ſunke downe in a hell of griefe; neuer abſolutely her owne; but either rauiſhed or ruined. Spying the bloud on *Zelmanes* garment, not knowing whether her owne, or her enemies, ſhe grew pale: and then looking on her Siſter, ſhe bluſhed; ſuſpecting that ſhee ſuſpected the cauſe of her paleneſſe (conferring it with her former plaints) to be more then a friendly kindneſſe. But *Zelmane*, fearing what might be the effects of her feare, ſaid, that ſhe expected a cõgratulation

of

of her victorie, and not a condoling of paſſed danger: which was acquited with the ſpeechleſſe anſwer of an affectionante looke; and a paſſionate preſſing of her hand.

Then *Pamela*, inquiring the perilous courſe of her ſhort progreſſe; ſhee told, how fortified with their fortune (truſting more to it than to her owne valour) which like their beautie could not but preuaile, ſhe had firſt fatally ouerthrowne the two brethren of *Annaxius*; and thereafter fighting with himſelfe, it was her chance (God ſtrengthning her weakeneſſe to puniſh his vniuſtice) to kill him, ſhee could not ſay ouercome him: no, ſhee was not aſhamed to affirme, that, though he was killed, ſhe thought him not ouercome, ſeeing he died both in opinion, and in action of victorie; death preuenting the knowledge of his laſt ſucceſſe. A rare happineſſe: his life, and fortune hauing both one bounds.

Both highly praiſing her valour, admiring her modeſtie, and glad of their own deliuerie, whereof they thought her the author (thoughts ſtriuing to expreſſe themſelues the more powerfully without words) they were acknowledging the ſame with a gratefull countenance, and kindly affecting lookes, when *Zelmane* (not complementally hunting that which ſhe fled, but like one who with a glaſſe reflects the force of the Sunne on another) earneſtly proteſted, that ſhee would be loth to vſurpe that which was due to another; ſpecially in the owners preſence. And turning towards the blacke Knight (who all the time ſtood aſide as her attender, though armed, trembling for feare of one vnarmed, who vnarmed would not haue been ſo afraid of an Armie in armes) ſhe freely affirmed, There is the deliuerer of vs all: from whom wee receiue our libertie; to whom wee owe our ſelues, ſince that which makes vs our ſelues.

Then the blacke Knight, inuited by the willing countenance of the Princeſſe (abaſing his helmet) aduanced (more fearefully then to a battell) to kiſſe her hand: when *Zelmane* courteouſly retired *Philoclea* a little diſtance from thence; as glad to conferre with her, as to giue her friend occaſion to conferre with *Pamela*. Who preſently (whileſt the roſes of his lippes made a flowre of affection with the Lillies of her hands) knowing her owne *Dorus*: at the ſuddenneſſe of the aſſault, the mouing of her mind was betraied by the changes of her countenance; the bloud of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tide of affection. Yet borrowing a maske from hate, wherewith to hide loue; ſhee thus charged him; who alreadie had yeelded. How durſt you preſume to preſent your ſelfe in my preſence, being diſcharged it, whē you deſerued the vttermoſt that reaſon could deuiſe, or furie execute? Hath my deiected eſtate emboldned you to exalt your ſelfe againſt me? Then he, gathering courage from the extremitie of deſpaire, thus cleared his intention. True it is, Ladie, of my life; and ſhall bee of my death. I was worthy then to haue been baniſhed from the world. But what of a world of worlds? I was baniſhed from your ſight: and which is worſt of all, deſeruedly. Neither come I now of contempt, but only to teſtifie my obedience: which otherwiſe at this time might haue beene conſtrued to cowardice. Such a loue as mine, wedded to vertue, can neuer be ſo adulterated by any accident, no, nor yet rauiſhed by paſſion, as to bring forth a baſtard-diſobedience, whereof (my very conſcience not being able to accuſe my thoughts) I come to cleare my ſelfe. But now hauing performed all that was within the compaſſe of my power; a part of my bloud witneſſing my affection, which I wiſh were confirmed by the reſt: you may ſee (direct reſſe of my deſtiny) that no force can force me to any thing, much

 leſſe

leſſe from your ſight; ſaue onely your owne will, which is vnto me a law, yea an Oracle. And now when you ſee I doe it not for feare of others, but only out of a reuerence to you: if not for your ſatisfaction, yet for my puniſhment, ſo to perſecute him whom you hate; I will goe waſte the remnant of my wretched daies in ſome remote Wilderneſſe, as not worthy to be ſeene of any, ſince odious in your ſight: hauing (I hope) by many proofes preuailed thus much with your opinion, That after my death you will thinke there was ſome worth in mee; though not worthy of your loue. When he, full of humble affection, was retyring himſelfe with a courteſie as low as his thoughts: ſhe, thinking enough done to trie him, yet without ſeeming to truſt him, whileſt (though guiltie of griefe) her countenance could accuſe her of no care, (as out of a freſh remembrance) ſaid, that ſhe would not haue *Dametas* to loſe a ſeruant, nor *Mopſa* a ſuter, by her meanes; and, if he would needs returne toward the Lodges, that he ſhould firſt expect ſome employment homeward from her. Then he (as one who falne in the bottome of ſome deepe water, comming to floot aboue, in ſight of land, receiueth ſome comfort, though ſtill in danger) began to re-aſſemble his diſperſed ſpirits againe, looking more cheerefully. But ere his thoughts (euery one of them ore-flowing another) could ſettle themſelues: ſhe (preuenting the violence of ſo ſudden a change) did call to her Siſter; by accuſing, excuſing their indiſcretion, in holding thoſe two ſo long by talking with them, from looking to themſelues. Which *Philoclea* allowed; trembling with an earneſt feare, to know in what eſtate *Zelmane* ſtood.

They two iniuried by this courteſie, with an vnwilling obedience accepted of it; more reſpecting the pleaſure of others, then their owne neceſſitie. *Pamela*, as only affecting *Zelmane*, offered her either all, or a part of their chamber: and ſhe (her tongue rebelling againſt her heart) refuſed what ſhe deſired; pretending a lothneſſe to trouble them. Then the ſiſters offered to accompany them: but after they had a while colored true kindneſſe with ordinary complements, *Zelmane* preuailed againſt her ſelfe, to goe accompanied as ſhe came, yet both looking as if they would haue left their eies behind them, as well as their hearts. As ſoone as they were by themſelues in a chamber, *Zelmane* diſapparelling her ſelf, the blacke Knight, though better skilled in giuing then in curing of wounds, yet lately experienced by paſſing the like danger, he would needs proue a Surgeon: and after he had purchaſed things neceſſarie, hauing conſidered his wounds, hee found none, ſaue the laſt that went through the body, dangerous; and it not deadly. Thereafter melting their mindes in diſcourſes, either of them had his owne contentment doubled by hearing of the others.

Then the blacke Knight taking leaue for a while, locking the doore behinde him, went downe to the Court, to trie if any ſparke of the late fire remained as yet to quench. For after the oppoſite party, as if their armes were not ſufficient to arme them, vnleſſe the armes were armed with walls, ranne to fortifie themſelues within houſes, which had no ſtrength ſaue that which men were to afford them: He, who thought his own good fortune no better then a misfortune, till hewas aſſured that his friend had the like, recommending the remnant of the aduerſaries ruines to his two companions, had gone to learne if he were alike happie in all places: and they (feare freezing the courage, and diſſoluing the hearts of their ſcattered enemies) found quickly more throwing thēſelues weaponles at their feet, then they could haue leiſure ſeuerally to raiſe; ſo that they were

more

more wearie (though more contented) with pardoning, then they had beene with puniſhing.

Some more craftie, or more fearefull, cryed out at the windowes, that they would render vpon ſecuritie of pardon. But they, ſcorning to capitulate with fugitiues, who would not haue done it with them when fighters: and diſdaining al that by the moſt large conſtruction could be wreſted to compulſion; they would not equall them with thoſe who were alreadie humbled, till they ſubmitted in a more ſubmiſſe manner, depending only on their free diſpoſition. Which they (either truſting to the vertue of others, or miſtruſting their owne) hauing done: the Knight of the Sheepe was conſtrained (his wound bleeding in great aboundance, which being made by an impoyſoned Dart, had inflamed all his body) to retire. The other, hauing receiued the keyes of the gate, committed the chiefe Captiues to Keepers, till the black Knights comming: who preſently thereafter exacting what conditions he pleaſed, did enlarge them all. Then Sentinels were ſet on the wall, and a companie appointed to watch all night: when ſuddenly one came from their third friend, to deſire them to come and take their laſt farewell of him: a requeſt wonderfully grieuing them, yet quickly granted; yea, performed, ere anſwered.

Being met, and all others retired, he with theſe words deeply wounded their ſoules. Deare friends, whom I may iuſtly call ſo, though none of vs as yet doth know another; I ſee I haue acted my part, and the Curtaine muſt quickely bee drawne. Death, the only period of all reſpects, doth diſpence with a free ſpeech. At a Tilting in Iberia (where I was borne) dedicated to the memorie of the Queene *Andromanes* marriage: a nouice in armes (amongſt others) I ranne in a Paſtoral ſhew againſt the Corinthian Knights, whom the ſucceſſe had preferred in the opinion of the beholders; till the worthily-admirable Princes, *Muſidorus* and *Pirocles*, drawne forth by the yong Prince *Palladius*, brought backe the reputation to our partie, and there did ſuch things as might haue honoured *Mars*, if he had bin in any of their places; and made either of them worthy of his. Thereafter being drawne away from that country by an accident, the report whereof craues a longer time, & a ſtronger breath then the heauens are like to afford me: their glorie, tyrannizing ouer my reſt, did kindle ſuch flames in my boſome, that burning with a generous ardour, I did reſolue, leauing mine own countrie, to try my fortune, where I might either liue famous, or die vnknowne; vowing withall to trauell, till thoſe Princes were either the Subiect or witneſſes of my valour. What paſſed in my way I paſſe: perchance others may remember. At laſt, inuited by fame, I came to this fatall Countrie, the band of my heart was, and now muſt be of my body: where firſt carried with curioſity, the feuer of youth, I went to the Arcadian Paſtoralls for my recreation; but found the ruine of my reſt. There, blinded with beholding, & tormented with delight, my earneſt eies ſurfeited on the excellẽcies of the patterne of perfection, the quinteſſence of worth, euen the moſt diuinely diuine *Philoclea*. Ah too aduenturous eyes! Neither could this content them, but they would needs offer vp her picture on the altar of my heart; where, by my thoughts, their choice might be allowed, yea and idolatrouſly aduanced. For they, ſcorning the ſimple rudeneſſe of the eyes, eaſily defrauded of their too forwardly affected obiect; would ſecurely entreaſure it in a more precious Place; ſinking it in the ſoule for ever. For a time, ſuffered as a ſtranger, and a Shepheard; knowne, (as you know) by the name of *Philiſides*, a-

mongſt the reſt I had the meanes to poure forth my plaints before her; but neuer to her, and (though ore-thrown not rendred) I had concluded neuer to haue throwne the Dice betwixt hope and deſpaire, ſo betraying my eſtate to the tyrannie of anothers will. No, I was reſolued ſhe ſhould neuer know her power in me, till I had known her mind of me: ſo that if ſhe would not raiſe me, ſhe ſhould not haue meanes to inſult ouer me. Thus if I had not procured pittie, I ſhould not haue expoſed my ſelfe to diſdaine.

In the haughtineſſe of my heart (thinking nothing impoſſible) I durſt promiſe my ſelfe, that (my deedes hauing purchaſed reputation) with words, worthy of reſpect, I might venter the proceſſe of my affection. In the meane time I ioyned ioyfully with you in this late warre now ended: though profeſſing a generall deſire of glory, yet for a particular end; and happie end, ſince I end for her. But ſince, whileſt I liued, I had not the meanes (as I wiſhed) to content her, I craue not, by the knowledge of this, after death to diſcontent her. It ſhall ſatisfie me that I die before my hopes: and ſhe cannot grieue for the loſſe of that which ſhe neuer knew to be hers

With this, the other ſliding apart to beare and burie his ſorrow priuately, the blacke Knight weeping imbraced him in his armes, and told him what hee was: ſaying, he was glad that his vow was performed; he being a benefited witneſſe, not the endangered ſubiect of his valour. Then contentment, budding forth in his countenance, flouriſhed in a ſmile: and hauing kiſſed his friends, deſiring to liue in their memorie, wiſhed them as contented liues, as his was a death. He died as ioyfully as he left them ſorrowfull, who had knowne him a mirrour of courage, and courteſie, of learning and armes; ſo that it ſeemed, that *Mars* had begotten him vp on one of the Muſes.

Muſidorus, exceedingly ſorrowful for this irreparable loſſe, was yet more ſorrowfull when he remembred himſelfe to be in danger of a greater: and recommending the direction of all below to the Knight of the Pole, he went himſelfe vp to viſit his Patient; whom he found, though lying, not reſting, & though not ſleepingy et dreaming. As ſoone as he heard *Muſidorus*, ſtarting as one wakened out of a ſlumber, he looked on his face (grieued to ſee the impreſſion of griefe in it, he not knowing the cauſe) with an inquiſitiue amazement. But the other (preuenting that threatned tempeſt) did blow away the clouds that were gathering in his countenance; telling him, That hee had no intereſt in the anguiſh, which then did afflict him. What, ſaid *Pirocles*, (being paſſionately moued) can *Muſidorus* haue any thing wherin I haue no intereſt? I (ſaid he) and for the preſent a greater wonder! my griefe may breed you ioy, I hauing loſt a friend, and you a Riuall. Then he began to diſcourſe vnto him what was paſſed. And beſide that, which was iuſtly deſerued, pittie adorning praiſe, and praiſe augmenting pittie; a generous paſſion ſo conquered the vn-conquerable *Pirocles*, that he lamēted him dead, whom he had not known; no, nor would neuer haue loued aliue, & vndoubtedly would haue wiſhed him no better ſucceſſe then he had. Yea the very thing which before might haue moſt diſcontented him, did then moſt content him; hauing his iudgement confirmed by the like, in one of ſuch worth.

After that, layed down in one bed together (friendſhip making them free, and ſolitarines bold) whilſt their minds began to be deliuered of all, wherwith they had along time trauelled, a maid came to the dore, ſent by the two ſiſters, to viſit *Zelmane*: who hearing two, where ſhe expected but one, & the one by the maner

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of his ſpeech likely to be a man; did preſently returne and reported to the Ladies, who were lying together, that wherof her eares had giuen her ſufficient aſſurance. At which newes *Pamela*, burning within, ſparkled forth theſe words to her Siſter: What wonder though ſtrangers, euer wandring, wander from all things, chiefly thoſe of our ſex: who being borne to be bounded within houſes, when they cannot be bounded within Kingdomes; how can they be bounded by modeſtie? Yet though I hate the deed: the reſpect of the doer, but more of vs whoſe companie ſhe hath haunted (leſt her reproch, by the commentarie of Fame, be too largely extended) bindes me to conceale her ſhame, that wee bluſh not at it. But we muſt either free our ſelues from her: or ſhe her ſelfe from this ſlander.

Oh, but, anſwered the euer (and more now then euer) milde *Philoclea*. Wee muſt not, ſiſter, raſhly condemne them, whom we haue oftentimes conſideratly approued; leſt the change be in our iudgement, and not in them. No doubt, becauſe of the indiſpoſition of her body, it was neceſſary that ſhe ſhould haue ſome one to accompanie her: perchance a woman miſtaken; and if a man, who knows for what end? She, who being ſound would acquaint her ſelfe with none, in this eſtate could not be acquainted with any.

It is an eaſie matter (replied *Pamela*) for one who can deceiue, to diſſemble: neither is this a new acquaintance. You might haue ſeene her vſe that Knight, who did come in with her, rather kindly then courteouſly: a preceding friendſhip ouerpaſſing preſent reſpects. For where a great familiaritie is, no ceremonial dutie can be obſerued. Then *Philoclea* hauing found her, could hardly reſtrain the violence of a iuſt laughter. As for that which you affirme laſt (ſaid ſhe) I cannot denie it: no, I dare aſſure you, and aſſure your ſelf I will aſſure nothing without aſſurance, that Knight is the man of the world, whom *Zelmane* moſt dearely loues; and yet I know, that neither would he offer, nor ſhe ſuffer her honour to be wronged, as you imagine. This laſt wound was too deepe for *Pamela* to ſpeak after it: ſo that ſhe abandoning her heart, to throw it ſelfe of the rock of vnkindneſſe, in danger to be drowned with her owne teares; was thus preuented by *Philoclea*. Deare ſiſter (and if any word can expreſſe more deareneſſe more deare then that) your vſing me not only as a ſiſter, but as a friend in the higheſt degree of truſt, would make me aſhamed to miſtruſt you, or that you ſhould be beholden to any other then to me for my ſecret. So might my ſtrangeneſſe iuſtifie your vnkindneſſe. Though you ſhould diſcouer and condemne that, which I know you will conceale, perchance approue, and further being, by my imparting of it to you, made of the partie, ere the report of others make you a Iudge; be bold, my tongue: for though my cheekes bluſh, yet they couer you. Be not aſhamed, nay, euen glorie, to tell that *Zelmane* is the Prince *Pirocles*; he whom you haue heard ſo oft (yet euer to his honour) named: and, to deſigne him vnto you more particularly, the friend of *Muſidorus*, ouer whom with him you are iealous: they lying in one bedde with no leſſe loue, then I told you. Why hee goes diſguiſed with others, and why I am plaine with you, I need not tell: you may imagine. One God hath metamorphoſed both, the one in a Shepheard, the other in a Woman: and we onely can reſtore them to themſelues, and themſelues to the world; that they may grace it with the glorie of their actions as they were wont to doe.

Then *Philoclea*, exchanging eſtates with her ſiſter (words arreſted by thoughts)

ſhe became ſad, and the other ioyfull: who thinking her ſelfe well reuenged of the paſſed ſcorne, and hauing a ſufficient pledge of her ſiſters ſecrecie, began to complaine of their fathers ſtrict vſing of them, by ſurmizings of his owne minding to marre their fortunes: ſo that where he ſhould reioyce at ſuch an occaſion (if comming to the knowledge thereof) he would not faile to diſappoint it, perchance with the ruine of the Princes: which would not only proue a particular loſſe for them, but (which ſhe lamented more) a generall loſſe for all the world; depriuing it of thoſe patterns of vertue, who in al their actions did but paint out the height of perfection, and encourage others to follow their foot-ſteps in the way of worth. Therefore it behoued them to regard themſelues, and ſeriouſly to conſider a matter of ſo great importance. Then both beginning to muſe; night did caſt the Nets of ſleep ouer their eies, yet could not hinder their earneſt thoughts from proſecuting the courſe of their owne fancies: for what they were thinking when waking, they ſtill dreamed when ſleeping.

But ere the Morning-ſtarre began to retire (as giuing place to a greater light, whoſe comming, it, as a fore-runner, had only warned the world to attend) both awaked complaining of the nights length: and hauing with paſſionate diſcourſes worne away darkeneſſe (as wearie of them) they aroſe and haſtily apparelled themſelues, though not in a curious, yet in a comely manner. Then with a pretended charitie they would needes goe viſite the diſeaſed patient; being themſelues impatient. A little before their comming, *Muſidorus* being gone to giue order for the burial of *Philiſides*, and (at the earneſt deſire of *Pirocles*) of *Annaxius*, whoſe valour now had the full praiſe, from which his owne preſumption had derogated much whileſt he liued: as they approched to his Chamber-doore, they heard *Pirocles* preparing his voice for the conuoy of a ſong, which they reſolued not to interrupt; attending the letter which followed,

More dangerous darts, then Death, Loue throwes I ſpie,
Who by experience now know both their wounds:
Death pierc'd me all, yet could not make me die:
Loue with a thought me in effect confounds.
The power of Death, Art ſometime may reſtraine,
Where Loue (I finde) can neuer Phyſicke finde:
Death onely plagues the bodie but with paine,
Where Loue with pleaſure doth torment the minde:
Death ſtill to all alike none free doth leaue,
Where partiall Loue ſhafts but at ſome doth ſend:
Death with more mercie kils, than Loue doth ſaue;
Deaths end breeds reſt, Loue neuer reſts to end.
Death doth enlarge, where Loue impriſons ſtill:
Death, forc'd by fates; Loue, willingly doth kill.

As ſoone as this ſong was ended, *Pamela* opened the doore, ſaluting him ſtill (ſo to diſguiſe her knowledge) by the name of *Zelmane*; and asked in what eſtate ſhe was with her ſelfe: who returned this anſwere: How can I ſmart, hauing ſuch Angels to giue mee comfort? or how can I feele paine in their preſence, whoſe faces are Heauens of pleaſure? Since (ſaid (*Pamela*) being only infortunate

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by falling in our company, the hazard of your life hath procured our libertie, ſo that accidentally (though farre from our intention) we haue been the cauſes of all your trouble: how can wee thinke of your paine but as of our owne? or haue any delight, whileſt you reſt greeued? Wonders of worth (ſaid *Zelmane*) I ſhall euer, whileſt I liue, reckon for my higheſt happineſſe my being honoured by your company: and as for my trauels in this, they are by the ſucceſſe aboundantly rewarded; ſince I could aſpire to no higher good, than I haue compaſſed, hauing purchaſed you any contentment.

Whileſt that paſſionate *Zelmane*, with an animated feruencie, did incorporate her hand with *Philocleas*, whoſe ſpeaking lookes, how euer ſometime out of modeſtie obliquely mouing, had a continual reuolution about his face: the blacke Knights comming in, drew *Pamela's* ſpirits from her thoughts to her eies. A Gentleman followed him, directed from *Baſilius*: who, after his dutie done to the Ladies, hauing ſhewn them that their Father and Mother were in good health (inuited by their inquiring attendance) told how the firſt, whom prodigall fame had breathed forth with newes, (haſted by himſelfe, as who carried an acceptable meſſage in hope of benefit or thankes) certified the King how the Caſtle was won, and his daughters deliuered by the black Knight, who before had put a period to the victories of *Amphialus*. At this, *Pamela* looking on *Muſidorus*, bluſhed: and he (though by no geſture betraying his Ioy) reioiced, not becauſe hee heard himſelfe praiſed, but becauſe ſhe heard him praiſed; and that *Annaxius* in a ſingle combat was killed by *Zelmane*: ſhe not long ouerliuing the victorie.

The King hearing this, who of his gracious nature would rather ſaue one friēd then deſtroy all his enemies, as if the deliuerie of his daughters had been a matter of ſmall moment, and a gaine too light to counterpoiſe ſo great a loſſe; did abandon his ſoule to the tyranny of ſorrow, euen more then maieſtie in a Prince, or vertue in affliction, in the ballances of reaſon, would haue allowed of ſuch weight. At this, *Zelmanes* ſmile was accompanied with *Philocleas*. But when hee ſpake of *Ginecias* griefes ouergrowing the other, they grew pale: being afraid of the Fountaine from whence her teares did flow, leſt it ſhould drowne them.

But whileſt *Ginecia* (the Meſſenger inſiſted) as runne mad with anguiſh, incloſed in a Chamber, would ſuffer none to come vnto her: all wondred, that her children being ſafe; a Strangers death, or her Husbands griefe, could weaken the known ſtrength of her minde ſo much. The next Meſſenger came, being the latter, and thereby the better informed, who ſugered the firſt newes with the aſſurance of *Zelmanes* ſafetie. Then the Queene comming forth as after a great tempeſt, the Sky of her countenance cleared, looking brighter then before. The King would haue come himſelfe here in perſon: but he was perſwaded to ſend *Philanax* with a number of choſen men to receiue the Caſtle, & the Ladies. Eſtſoones being curious to know who cured *Zelmane*, whē it was told him that the Knight who won the Caſtle would truſt none with that ſaue himſelfe: he was ſorrie that one of his worth ſhould be put to ſuch trouble; and would needs haue an ordinary Surgeon ſought out to vndertake the charge. In the mean time, the Queen came & brought out of a box a ſoueraigne balme, which ſhe hath ſent by me to be applied to your wounds (faire *Zelmane*) not doubting but they will quickly become ſound if her direction be obſerued: which is onely, That you reſt and keepe your ſelfe quiet from company now, and by the way; til ſhe her ſelfe may vſe other remedies. And for this effect ſhe entreats you (Miracles of Nature) her

daughter

daughters to forbeare her companie during this time: that your example (whose authoritie abused might embolden the indiscretion of inferiours) may be a Law for others: and she assured me, that she would by a secret spie learne how shee were obeyed in this. Such a care hath she of this sweet Ladies health.

By the end of this commission well did *Zelmane* and *Philoclea* know, at whom in particular those general Iniunctions did only aime. This enioyned abstinence did giue *Zelmane* a surfet in sorrow: who had rather haue continued still infirme, then to haue recouered by so cruell a Physicke. And yet her miserie was multiplied when she remembred the cause: whereof this (in respect of that which she did expect) was a slender issue, and but a little furie, sent to afflict her out of that hell of *Gineceas* brest; into whose companie she was shortly to enter. Now the black Knight, purposing to depart before *Philanax* arriued, brought his companion the knight of the Pole (as a partner of his victory) to kisse the Ladies hands: extenuating his owne part, and preferring his. Those who haue true worth in themselues, can neuer enuie it in another. Thereafter aduising him priuatly to haue their little companie in readinesse, he went with an vncounterfeited reuerence, humbling himselfe before the Idoll of his soule to know her will: telling her that what he had done, being onely done for her, he would attend thankes from no other: neither would he be knowne till he might be knowne for hers: and she (her countenance rather lightning courtesie then affection) desired him to returne to his old Master, and he should bee restored to the estate which by his fault hee had before iustly forfeited; wishing that he should carrie himselfe more moderatly thereafter, if he would not incurre her indignation, and raze all regard of him out of her memorie.

Then *Musidorus* (as contented as one who had beene brought from Hell to Heauen) with many vehement attestations to win trust with her, and imprecations against himselfe in case of periurie; wished, if euer his minde were so vnhappie, as to be surprised by any purpose tending in the least degree to grieue her, That he might neuer liue till it tooke effect, but die ere it were discouered. And (like a warie gamester, who hauing once aduantage, is loth to aduenter againe) willing to seale vp his eares with the acceptable sounds which they had receiued, he tooke leaue: leauing his heart with her, and taking hers with him. Then went he towards *Pirocles* (the ioy of his heart shining thorow his face) and acquainted him with his vnwilling absenting himselfe: referring all further conference till their meeting at the Arbour. And hauing in a complementall manner craued, but not desired, imployment from *Philoclea* in any seruice: after the funerals were performed, he marched with his Troupe away; the most part thinking that he went to meet *Philanax*: whilest *Pamela* from a window followed with her eies, till clouds of dust did burie their obiect in the Aire.

Soone after their departure from the Castle, about this time, *Philanax* arriued: who immediatly after he had receiued the Castle in the Kings name, sought for the Knight; whose gift (though not giuen by him) he esteemed it to be. For hee being generously iudicious, thought it fitter that Princes should defray obligations by rewards (euery man being inferior to him to whom he stands indebted) then to be behind with any by being beholding; and hearing that he was gone by publike enquirie for him, and praises of him, he witnessed to the world how highly his valour was valued. After he had saluted the Princesses, he visited *Zelmane*; and told her how carefull his master was to haue those wounds cured,

which

which in his ſeruice had beene procured, that thereafter hee might otherwiſe expreſſe his gratefulneſſe. But *Zelmane* affirmed, That though that bloud which was ſhed, had beene followed by all the reſt of her body: with the Kings former courteſies towards her, the deſeruing by the recompence was both preceeded and exceeded. Then *Philanax* (loth to ſtriue with deeds in words) deſired her; if her health might ſerue, to prouide for her remouing with the reſt to morrow: otherwiſe, that ſhould be done for her, which ſhee her ſelfe would direct.

Immediately after his departure *Zelmane* roſe: & hauing apparelled her ſelfe, began to walke, not ſo much to trie how ſhee might comport with the intended iourney, as that ſhee might pretend any meanes which might afford her the ſatisfaction of *Philoclea's* preſence; where (violently carried by her thoughts) ſhe came ſoone, but not ſo ſoone as ſhe wiſhed, and was wiſhed: where (*Pamela* apart entertayning her thoughts) ſhee thus entred with *Philoclea*. Deare loue, Oh in what an Ocean of troubles doth our eſtate continually flote! yet hath neuer ſo much as attayned the ſight of any ſecure Port. I ſee that this freedome will but bring vs to a greater bondage: we are led from captiuitie, onely to become captiues. For, where before thoſe ſenſeleſſe walls were thought ſufficient to guard vs, wee ſhall bee watched now, by one more iealous then *Iuno*, with more eyes then euer *Argus* had. I would willingly conueigh you where I might enioy you, and you a Kingdome: but this, my infirmitie firſt hindred; and the comming of *Philanax* hath altogether preuented. In the meane time, till for performing of that, a longed-for occaſion come, I muſt arme my ſelfe againſt your Fathers folly, and your Mothers furie. The one might eaſily be deluded; but the other cannot be reſiſted, but by a ſhew of yeelding, which I muſt cunningly counterfeit: and therefore truſt no externall ſhew; for who euer haue my countenance, you haue my heart. *Philoclea's* words were, that ſhee cared not where ſhe went, ſo it were with him, nor what ſhe did, ſo it were warranted by his direction, as bent rather to burne her breſt, then to let it lodge any thought which durſt but doubt of the ſufficiencie of his intentions; ſince, what euer circle they made, hauing alwayes for their centre the excellency of his owne worth. So parting, as if they had beene to goe to liue in ſundrie Kingdomes, though going to liue in one companie, Night inuited them to repoſe.

The next morning, being ſaluted by the Trumpets ſounds, and all readie to remoue, they were quickly tranſported ouer the Lake; and as quickly (when landed) mounted by the prouident care of *Philanax*, to finiſh their iourney. But ere they came two or three miles off the Lodges, *Baſilius* met them: who imbraced his Daughters; not that he would goe firſt to them, but that hee would bee laſt with *Zelmane*, whom hee had kiſſed with his eyes, ere his lips were drawne from his Daughters. And as ſoone as he had ſhewen as much affection, encountring her, as his ſtate before ſo many would permit: hee ſaid, that notwithſtanding her countenance was the treaſure in the World, whereof hee was moſt couetous, yet it grieued him that another ſhould bee ſo happy as to haue procured her libertie, rather then himſelfe; and that it was his purpoſe, as a priuate aduenturer, to haue manifeſted his affection, fighting as a Knight, not as a King, for her deliuerie.

Zelmane replying, That it had been againſt all reaſon, that ſo great a Prince, on whom

whom the liues of ſo many did depend, ſhould haue beene hazarded for the life of one, whoſe fall could extend no further then her owne ruine: your ruine (ſaid he) I wiſh that mine were firſt: for it could not but follow after. And doe not thinke that the blacke Knight, or any other durſt doe more for you, then I: yet ſuch is the miſerable eſtate of vs kings, that we cannot proue men; but are compelled to mooue in our owne Sphearc. The iournies end cutting off their diſcourſe, *Ginecia* was waiting on their lighting: and hauing firſt (dutie tyrannizing ouer affection) careleſly kiſſed *Pamela*, diſdainfully *Philoclea*, and vehemently *Zelmane*, thereafter enquiring of her wounds, ſhee was acquited with thankes for her Balme which ſhe ſent; ſhe proteſting that if no other thing could helpe, ſhe would pull out her owne heart, when *Baſilius* interrupted them, comming to haue lightned his heart, by burdening his bodie with his Miſtreſſes lighting.

Dametas came ſtarting and leaping like a giddie Kidde to meet with *Pamela*; and as ſoone as ſhee was lighted, for the firſt ſalutation, told her how much ſhee was beholding to him, hauing ſhewne his man-hood and good will as much as the beſt fellow in thoſe bounds could haue done: ſwearing that hee had ventured more for her, then he would doe for all the world againe, and for his owne life too; I (quoth he) and when my man *Dorus* durſt not bee ſeene, who was thought a braue fellow. Yet he fained a buſineſſe farre from the noiſe of warre, to ſeeke ſheepe, but the truth is, to hide himſelfe, whileſt my deeds made all our Armie laugh for ioy: ſo that during all that time of trouble, which I tremble yet to thinke vpon, I neuer heard of him, till euen now hee ſent mee word by a Shepheard, whom he met on the way, that hee had found the Ewes, which had ſtraied with great difficultie; and was driuing them at leiſure, for feare they ſhould miſcarrie. But when he comes, I promiſe I will make his cowardize bee knowne for leauing me, when I would faine haue left my ſelfe for feare. O but (ſaid *Pamela*) you muſt not be offended. Suppoſe euery man bee not ſo ſtout as you are; though he be an euill ſouldier, hee may be a good Sepheard: and I hope you keepe him that he may keepe ſheepe; not that he may kill men. Now in good faith (ſaid he) I ſee you are not changed: for you were euerwiſe, and ſo doe you continue ſtill. I may well chide the fellow, but I will not beate him.

Then all entering the lodge with *Baſilius*, though the ſupper was readie, *Ginecia* would dreſſe *Zelmanes* wounds firſt, and *Baſilius* would ſee them dreſſed; ſo by his deſpiſed importunateneſſe reſtraining the torrent of *Gineciaes* paſſions, which would but burſt forth more furiouſly thereafter. This freeing *Zelmanes* cares at that time, was but ſuch a reliefe to her, as they find who expell poyſon by counterpoiſon; being as wearie of him, as afraid of the other.

Then ſitting downe to the ſupper, more curious of a furfeit to their eyes, then for ſuſtenance to the reſt of their body: the eyes of *Baſilius* were euer feeding on the face of *Zelmane* with a fearefull earneſtneſſe, ſaue ſometime when they were conſtrained to retire by the violence of his wiues lookes: thinking that they with a iealous anger had vpbraided his errour, which ſhe (otherwiſe buſied) had neuer ſo much as obſerued. The one of her eies was ſettled like a fixed ſtarre on *Zelmane*: the other, like a wandring Comet threatning confuſion where it ſhined, ſtaired betwixt *Zelmane*, and her daughter *Philoclea*; watching and chaſtiſing with a looke her ſtolne lookes. *Zelmanes* languiſhing lights made the Table enuied, whileſt her deiected lookes did onely bleſſe it; as ſcorning to looke

looke on any, ſince ſhe might not looke where ſhe liked. *Philoclea*, chained by thoughts to *Zelmane*, did imitate her being penſiue, becauſe ſhee was penſiue: yet like a cunning Painter, who, hauing fully fed his eyes with the affected obiect, turnes backe within himſelfe, that his imagination may engraue it the more exactly within his memory, ſhe would ſometimes with a theeuiſhly aduentrous looke ſpie *Zelmanes* geſture, that ſhe might the better counterfeit it in her countenance. As for *Pamela*, ſhe kept her accuſtomed Maieſtie, being abſent where ſhe was, and preſent where ſhe was not. Then, the Supper being ended, after ſome ambiguous ſpeeches, which might (for feare of being miſtaken) be taken in two ſenſes, or elſe were altogether eſtranged from the ſpeakers minde; ſpeaking as in a dreame, not what they thought, but what they would bee thought to think: euery one retired to the Lodge where they had vſed before to lie; *Baſilius* hauing firſt inuited them, the next morning to ſee a Paſtorall repreſented by the ordinarie Shepheards, to congratulate their proſperous returne.

S. W. A.

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AFter that *Basilius* (according to the oracles promise) had received home his daughters, & setled himselfe againe in his solitary course & accustomed company, there passed not many dayes ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus* having waited a time of *Zelmanes* walking alone towards her little Arbor, tooke leaue of his master *Dametas* husbandry to follow her. Neere whereunto ouertaking her, and sitting downe together among the sweete flowers whereof that place was verie plentifull, vnder the pleasant shade of a broad-leaued Sycamor, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which open hearted friendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to communicate both ioyes & sorrows, for indeed there is no sweeter tast of friendship, then the coupling of soules in this mutualitie either of condoling, or comforting: where the oppressed minde findes it selfe not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is teelingly sorry for his misery: & the ioyful spends not his ioy, either alone, or there where it may be enuied: but may freely send it to such a well grounded obiect, from whence hee shall bee sure to receiue a sweete reflection of the same ioy, and, as in a cleere mirror of sincere goodwill, see a liuely picture of his owne gladnesse. But after much discourse on either part, *Dorus* (his heart scarce seruing him to come to the point, whereunto his then comming had beene wholly directed, as loth in the kindest sort to discouer to his friend his owne vnkindnesse) at length, one word emboldening another made knowne to *Zelmane*, how *Pamela* vpon his vehement oath to offer no force vnto her, till hee had inuested her in the Dutchie of *Thessalia*, had condiscended to his stealing her away to the next sea port. That besides the strange humors shee saw her father more and more falling into, and vnreasonable restraint of her libertie, whereof shee knew no cause but light grounded ielousies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence shee had in his vertue, the chiefest reason had wonne her to this, was the late danger shee stood in of losing him, the like whereof (not vnlike to fall if this course were continued) she chose rather to die then againe to vndergo. That now they waited for nothing else, but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three lothsome companions, in whom follie ingendred suspicion. And therefore now, said *Dorus*, my deere Cousin, to whom nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, here haue I discouered the very foundation whereupon my life is built: bee you the Iudge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of loue is not vnknowne to you: And I know my case shall neuer want pitty in your consideration. How all the ioyes of my heart doe leaue me, in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternall trueth is witnesse vnto mee, if I knowe I should not so sensibly feele the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restlesse desire hath such authoritie in my selfe aboue my selfe, that I am become a slaue vnto it, I haue no more freedome in mine owne determinations. My thoughts are now all bent how to carry away my burdenous blisse. Yet, most beloued Cousin, rather then you should thinke I doe herein violate that holy band of true friendship, wherein I vnworthy am knit vnto you, commaund mee stay. Perchance the force of your commandement may worke such impression into my heart, that no reason of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the foule

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foule word of abandoning *Pyrocles*, might euer be obiected to the faithful *Musidorus*. But if you can spare my presence, whose presence no way serues you, and by the diuision of these two Lodges is not oft with you: nay if you can thinke my absence may, as it shall, stand you in stead, by bringing such an armie hither, as shall make *Basilius*, willing or vnwilling, to know his owne happe, in granting you *Philoclea*: then I will cheerefully goe about this my most desired enterprise, and shall thinke the better halfe of it already atchieued, being begun in the fortunate houre of my friends contentment. These words, as they were not knit together with such a constant course of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to vse: so was his voice interrupted with sighes, and his countenance with enterchanging colour dismayed. So much his owne heart did finde him faultie to vnbend any way the continuall vse of their deare friendship. But *Zelmane*, who had all this while gladly hearkened to the other tydings of her friends happy successe, when this last determination of *Dorus* strake her attentiue eares, she stayed a great while oppressed with a dead amazement. There came straight before her minde, made tender with woes, the images of her owne fortune. Her tedious longings, her causes to dispaire, the combersome folly of *Basilius*, the enraged iealousie of *Gynecia*, her selfe a Prince without retinue; a man annoyed with the troubles of woman-kind; lothsomely loued, and dangerously louing. And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himselfe, to make the losse the greater by the vnkindnesse. But within a while she resolutely passed ouer all inward obiections, and preferring her friends profit to her owne desire, with a quiet but heartie looke, thus answered him. If I bare thee this Loue vertuous *Musidorus*, for mine owne sake, and that our friendship grew because I for my part, might reioyce to enioy such a friend, I should now so throughly feele mine owne losse, that I should call the heauens and earth to witnesse, how cruelly yee rob me of my greatest comfort, measuring the breach of friendship by mine owne passion. But because indeede I loue thee for thy selfe, and in my iudgement iudge of thy worthinesse to be loued, I am content to build my pleasure vpon thy comfort. And then will I deeme my hap in friendship great, when I shall see thee, whom I loue happy. Let me bee onely sure, thou louest mee still, the onely price of true affection, goe therefore on, worthy *Musidorus*, with the guide of vertue, and seruice of fortune. Let thy loue bee loued, thy desires prosperous, thy escape safe, and thy iourney easie. Let euery thing yeeld his helpe to thy desert: for my part absence shal not take thee from mine eyes, nor affections shall barre mee from gladding in thy good, nor a possessed heart shall keepe thee from the place it hath so long allotted vnto thee. *Dorus* would faine haue replied againe, to haue made a liberall confession that *Zelmane* had of his side the aduantage of well performing friendship: but partly his owne griefe of parting from one he loued so dearely, partly the kinde care in what state he should leaue *Zelmane*, bred such a conflict in his minde, that many times he wished, hee had either neuer attempted, or neuer reuealed this secret enterprise. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the vttermost of it, and established her minde vpon an assured determination, My onely friend said she, since to so good towardnesse, your courteous destinies haue conducted you, let not a ceremoniall consideration of our mutuall loue, bee a barre vnto it. I ioy in your presence, but I ioy more in your good: that friendship brings foorth the fruites of enmitie, which preferres his owne tendernesse, before his friendes damage. For my part, my greatest griefe herein shall bee, I can bee no further seruiceable vnto you. O *Zelmane* said *Dorus* with his eyes euen couered with water, I did not thinke so soone to haue displayed my determination vnto you, but to haue made my way first

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in your louing iudgment. But alas as your sweet disposition drew me so far: so doth it now strengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation giuen, who can conquer me in Loue, and Loue in wisedome. As for mee then shall goodnesse turne to euill, & vngratefulnesse be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrocles* shall not possesse a principall seate in my soule, when the name of *Pyrocles* shall not be held of me in deuout reuerence.

They would neuer haue come to the cruell instant of parting, nor to the il-faring word of farewell, had not *Zelmane* seene a farre off the old *Basilius*, who hauing performed a sacrifice to *Apollo*, for his daughters, but principally for his mistresse happy returne, had since beene euery where to seeke her. And now being come within compasse of discerning her, hee began to frame the loulieſt countenance hee could, stroking vp his legges, setting his beard in due order, and standing bolt vpright. Alas said *Zelmane*, behold an euill fore-token of your sorrowfull departure. Yonder see I one of my furies which doth daily vexe mee; farewell, farewell my *Musidorus*, the Gods make fortune to wayte on thy vertues, and make mee wade through this lake of wretchednesse. *Dorus* burst out into a floud of teares, wringing her fast by the hand. No, no, said he, I go blindfold whither the course of my ill happe carries me: for now too late my heart giues me this our separating can neuer be prosperous. But if I liue, attend me here shortly with an army. Thus both appalled with the grieuous renting of their long combination (hauing first resolued with themselues, that whatsoeuer fell vnto them, they should neuer vpon no occasion vtter their names for the conserning the honour of their royall parentage, but keepe the names of *Daiphantus* & *Palladius*, as before had bin agreed between them) they tooke diuers waies: *Dorus* to the lodge-ward, where his heauy eyes might be something refreshed; *Zelmane* towards *Basilius*: saying to her selfe with a scornful smiling: Yet hath not my friendly fortune depriued me of a pleasant companion. But he hauing with much search come to her presence, *Doubt* and *Desire* bred a great quarrel in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt: & true feeling of Loue made doubts dangerous, but the working of his desire had ere long wonne the field. And therefore with the most submissiue maner his behauiour could yeelde: O Goddesse, said hee, towards whom I haue the greatest feeling of Religion, be not displeased at som shew of deuotion I haue made to *Apollo*: since he (if he know any thing) knowes that my heart beares farre more awfull reuerence to your selfe then to his, or any other the like *Deitie*. You will euer be deceiued in me, answered *Zelmane*: I will make my selfe no competitor with *Apollo*, neither can blasphemies to him bee dueties to mee. With that *Basilius* tooke out of his bosome certaine verses he had written, and kneeling downe, presented them to her. They contained this:

PHœbus *farewell, a sweeter Saint I serue,*
The high conceits thy heav'nly wisedomes breed,
My thoughts forget: my thoughts which neuer swerue
From her in whom is sowne their freedomes seed,
And in whose eyes my daily doome I reede.

Phœbus *farewell, a sweeter Saint I serue,*
Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is aboue:
She heav'n on earth with beauties doth preserue.
Thy beames I like, but her cleare rayes I loue:
Thy force I feare, her force I still doe proue.

Phœbus yeeld vp thy title in my mind:
She doth poſſeſſe thy Image vnchaſte,
But if thy rage ſome braue reuenge will find,
On her, who hath in me thy temple raſte,
Employ thy might, that ſhe my fires may taſte.
And how much more her worth ſurmounteth thee,
Make her as much more baſe by louing me.

This is my Hymne to you, ſaid he, not left me by my anceſtors, but begun in my ſelfe. The temple wherein it is daily ſung, is my ſoule: and the ſacrifice I offer to you withall, is all whatſoeuer I am. *Zelmane*, who euer thought ſhe found in his ſpeeches the ill taſte of a medicine, and the operation of a poyſon, would haue ſuffered a diſdainfull looke to haue bin the only witneſſe of her good acceptation; but that *Baſilius* began afreſh to lay before her many pitifull prayers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was onely the vnfortunatenes of that place that hindred the proſperous courſe of his deſires. And therefore ſince the hatefull influence which made him embrace this ſolitarie life, was now paſt ouer him (as he doubted not the iudgement of *Philanax* would agree with his) & his late miſhaps had taught him how perillous it was to commit a Princes ſtate to a place ſo weakly guarded: he was now inclined to returne to his palace in *Mantinea*, & there he hoped he ſhould be better able to ſhew how much he deſired to make all he had hers: with many other ſuch honny words, which my pen grows almoſt wearie to ſet down. This indeed neerely pierced *Zelmane*: for the good beginning ſhe had there obtayned of *Philoclea* made her deſire to continue the ſame trade, till vnto the more perfecting of her deſires: and to come to any publike place ſhe did deadly feare, leſt her maſk by many eyes might the ſooner be diſcouered, and ſo her hopes ſtopped, and the ſtate of her ioyes endaungered. Therefore a while ſhe reſted, muſing at the dayly chaunging labyrinth of her owne fortune, but in her ſelfe determined it was her only beſt to keep him there: & with fauors to make him loue the place, where the fauors were receiued, as diſgraces had made him apt to change the ſoyle.

Therefore caſting a kinde of corner looke vpon him, It is truely ſaid, (ſaid ſhe) that age cooleth the bloud. How ſoone, good man, you are terrified before you receiue any hurt? Doe you not know that daintineſſe is kindly vnto vs? And that hard obraining, is the excuſe of womans granting? Yet ſpeake I not as though you were like to obtaine, or I to grant. But becauſe I would not haue you imagin, I am to be wonne by courtly vanities, or eſteeme a man the more, becauſe hee hath handſome men to wait of him; when he is affraid to liue without them. You might haue ſeene *Baſilius* humbly ſwell, and with a lowly looke, ſtand vpon his tiptoes; ſuch diuerſitie her words deliuered vnto him. O *Hercules*, anſwered he, *Baſilius* afraid? Or his bloud cold, that boyles in ſuch a furnace? Care I who is with mee, while I enioy your preſence? Or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaſeth you to bleſſe or curſe it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defie whatſoeuer there is or can be againſt me. No, no, your loue is forcible, and my age is not without vigor. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his ſtomack, to receiue a ſurfet of too much fauour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keepe him from any ſodaine remouing, with a certaine gratious bowing downe of her head toward him, ſhe turned away, ſaying, She would leaue him at this time to ſee how temperately he could vſe ſo bountifull a meaſure of her kindneſſe. *Baſilius* that thought euerie drop a floud that bred anie refreſhment, durſt not further preſſe her, but with an

ancient

ancient modeſtie left her to the ſweet repaſt of her owne fancies. *Zelmane* aſſoone as he was departed, went toward *Pamelas* lodge in hope to haue ſeene her friend *Dorus*, to haue pleaſed her ſelfe with another painefull farewell, and further to haue taken ſome aduiſe with him touching her owne eſtate, whereof before ſorrow had not ſuffered her to thinke. But being come euen neere the Lodge, ſhe ſaw the mouth of a caue, made as it ſhould ſeeme by Nature in deſpite of Art: ſo fitly did the rich-growing marble ſerue to beautifie the vault of the firſt entry. Vnderfoot the ground ſeemed minerall, yeelding ſuch a gliſtering ſhew of gold in it, as they ſay the riuer *Tagus* carries in his ſandie bed. The caue framed out into many goodly ſpacious roomes, ſuch as ſelfe-liking men haue with long and learned delicacie found out the moſt eaſefull: there ran through it a little ſweet riuer, which had left the face of the earth to drowne her ſelfe for a ſmall way in this darke, but pleaſant manſion. The very firſt ſhew of the place entiſed the melancholy minde of *Zelmane* to yeelde her ſelfe ouer there to the floud of her owne thoughts. And therefore ſitting downe in the firſt entry of the caues mouth, with a ſong ſhe had lately made, ſhe gaue a doleſull way to her bitter affects, and ſung to this effect:

SInce that the ſtormie rage of paſſions darke
(Of paſſions darke, made darke by beauties light)
With rebell force, hath cloſde in dungeon darke
My minde, ere now led forth by reaſons light.

Since all the things which giue my eyes their light,
Doe foſter ſtill the fruits of fancies darke:
So that the windowes of my inward light
Doe ſerue to make my inward powers darke:

Since, as I ſay, both mind and ſenſes dark
Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light:
While that the light may ſhew the horrors dark,
But cannot make reſolued darkeneſſe light:
I like this place, where at the leaſt the dark
May keepe my thoughts from thought of wonted light.

In ſteed of an inſtrument, her ſong was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the cloſing of her weary eyes, and euen ſometime cut off with the ſwelling of her ſighes, which did not ſuffer the voyce to haue his free and natiue paſſage. But as ſhe was a while muſing vpon her ſong, raiſing vp her ſpirits, which were ſomething falne into the weakeneſſe of lamentation, conſidering ſolitarie complaints do no good to him whoſe help ſtands without himſelfe, ſhe might a farre off, firſt heare a whiſpring ſound, which ſeemed to come from the inmoſt part of the caue, and being kept together with the cloſe hollowneſſe of the place, had, as in a trunke, the more liberall acceſſe to her eares, and by and by ſhe might perceiue the ſame voyce deliuer it ſelfe into muſicall tunes, and with a baſe *Lyra* giue forth this ſong:

HArke plaintfull ghoſts, infernall furies hurke
Vnto my woes the hateſull heauens do ſend,
The heauens conſpir'd, to make my vitall ſparke
A wretched wracke, a glaſſe of Ruines end.

Seeing, Alas, so mightie powers bend
Their irefull shot against so weake a marke,
Come cause, become my graue, come death, and lend
Receit to me, within thy bosome darke.

For what is life to dayly dying mind,
Where drawing breath, I sucke the ayre of woe:
Where too much sight makes all the body blinde,
And highest thoughts downeward most headlong throw?
Thus then my forme, and thus my state I find,
Death wrapt in flesh, to liuing graue assign'd.

And pawsing but a little, with monefull melodie it continued this octaue:

Like those sicke folkes, in whom strange humours flowe,
Can taste no sweets, the sower onely please:
So to my mind, while passions daily growe,
Whose fierie chaines, vpon his freedome seaze,
Ioyes strangers seeme, I cannot bide their show,
Nor brooke ought else but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefes tastes me best, paine is my ease,
Sicke to the death, still louing my disease.

O *Venus*, said *Zelmane*, who is this so well acquainted with me, that can make so liuely a portracture of my miseries? It is surely the spirit appointed to haue care of me, which doth now in this darke place beare part with the complaints of his vnhappie charge. For if it be so, that the heauens haue at all times a measure of their wrathfull harmes, surely so many haue come to my blisselesse lot, that the rest of the world hath too small a portion, to make with cause so wailfull a lamentation. But (said she) whatsoeuer thou be, I will seeke thee out, for thy musicke well assures me we are at least hand fellow prentises to one vngratious master. So rose she & went guiding her selfe by the still playning voice, till she saw vpon a stone a little waxe light set, & vnder it a piece of paper with these verses very lately (as it should seeme) written in it:

How is my Sunne, whose beames are shining bright,
Become the cause of my darke ougly night?
Or how doe I captiu'd in this darke plight,
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight?

My mangled mind huge horrors still doe fright,
With sense possest, and claim'd by reasons right:
Betwixt which two in me I haue this fight,
Where whose winnes, I put my selfe to flight.

Come clowdie feares close vp my dazeled sight,
Sorrowes sucke vp the marrow of my might,
Due sighes blow out all sparkes of ioyfull light,
Tyre on despaire vpon my tyred sprite.
An end, an end, my dull'd pen cannot write,
Nor maz'd head thinke, nor faltring tongue recite.

And

And hard vnderneath the Sonnet, were theſe words written:

This Caue is darke, but it had neuer light.
This waxe doth waſte it ſelfe, yet painleſſe dies.
These words are full of woes, yet feele they none.

I darkned am, who once had cleereſt ſight.
I waſte my heart, which ſtill new torment tries.
I plaine with cauſe, my woes are all mine owne.

No Caue, no waſting waxe, no words of griefe,
Can hold, ſhew, tell my paines without reliefe.

She did not long ſtay to reade the wordes, for not farre off from the ſtone ſhee might diſcerne in a darke corner, a Ladie lying with her face ſo proſtrate vpon the ground, as ſhe could nether know, nor be knowne. But (as the generall nature of man is deſirous of knowledge, and ſorrow eſpecially glad to find fellowes) ſhe went as ſoftly as ſhe could conuey her foot, neare vnto her, where ſhe heard theſe words come with vehement ſobbings from her. O darkeneſſe (ſaid ſhe) which doeſt lightſomly (me thinkes) make me ſee the picture of my inward darkeneſſe: ſince I haue choſen thee to be the ſecret witneſſe of my ſorrowes, let me receiue a ſafe receipt in thee; and eſteeme them not tedious, but if it be poſſible, let the vttering them bee ſome diſcharge to my ouerloden breaſt. Alas ſorrow, now thou haſt the full ſacke of my conquered ſpirits, reſt thy ſelfe a while, and ſet not ſtill new fire to thy owne ſpoyles: O accurſed reaſon, how many eyes thou haſt to ſee thy euils, & how dim, nay blinde thou art in preuenting them? Forlorne creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, ſince wickedneſſe doth preuaile: but the footeſteps of my ouer-trodden vertue lie ſtill as bitter accuſations vnto me. I am diuided in my ſelfe, how can I ſtand? I am ouerthrowne in my ſelfe, who ſhall raiſe mee? Vice is but a nurſe of new agonies, and the vertue I am diuorced from, makes the hatefull compariſon the more manifeſt. No, no, vertue, either I neuer had but a ſhaddow of thee, or thou thy ſelfe art but a ſhadow. For how is my ſoule abandoned? How are all my powers laide waſte? My deſire is pained, becauſe it cannot hope, and if hope came, his beſt ſhould be but miſchiefe. O ſtrange mixture of humane mindes, onely ſo much good left, as to make vs languiſh in our owne euills. Yee infernall Furies (for it is too late for me, to awake my dead vertue, or to place my comfort in the angry Gods) ye infernall Furies, I ſay, ayde one that dedicates her ſelfe vnto you; let my rage be ſatisfied, ſince the effect of it is fit for your ſeruice. Neither be affraide to make me too happy, ſince nothing can come to appeaſe the ſmart of my guilty conſcience. I deſire but to aſſwage the ſweltring of my helliſh longing, deiected *Gynecia*. *Zelmane* no ſooner heard the name of *Gynecia*, but that with a cold ſweate all ouer her, as if ſhe had bin readie to tread vpon a deadly ſtinging Adder, ſhe would haue withdrawne her ſelfe, but her owne paſsion made her yeeld more vnquiet motions, then ſhe had done in comming. So that ſhe was perceiued, and *Gynecia* ſodainely riſen vp, for indeed it was *Gynecia*, gotten into the Caue (the ſame Caue, wherein *Dametas* had ſafely kept *Pamela* in the late vproare) to paſſe her pangs, with change of places. And as her mind ran ſtill vpon *Zelmane*, her piercing louers eye had ſoone found it was ſhee. And ſeeing in her a countenance to flye away, ſhee fell downe at her feete, and catching faſt hold of her: Alas (ſaid ſhee) whither, or from whom

doeſt thou flie away? The ſauageſt beaſts are wonne with ſeruice, and there is no flint but may be mollified: How is *Gynecia* ſo vnworthy in thine eyes? or whom cannot aboundance of loue make worthy? O thinke not that crueltie, or vngratefulneſſe, can flow from a good minde! O weigh, Alas weigh with thy ſelfe the new effects of this mightie paſſion, that I, vnfit for my ſtate, vncomely for my ſexe, muſt become a ſuppliant at thy feet! By the happy woman that bare thee, by all the ioyes of thy heart, and ſucceſſe of thy deſire, I beſeech thee turne thy ſelfe to ſome conſideration of mee, and rather ſhew pittie in now helping mee, then in too late repenting my death, which hourely threatens me. *Zelmane* imputing it to one of her continuall miſhaps, thus to haue met with this Ladie, with a full wearie countenance; Without doubt Madame, ſaid ſhee, where the deſire is ſuch as may be obtayned, and the partie well deſeruing as your ſelfe, it muſt be a great excuſe that may well colour a deniall: but when the firſt motion carries with it a direct impoſſibilitie, then muſt the only anſwer be, comfort without help, and ſorrow to both parties; to you not obtayning, to me not able to graunt. O, ſaid *Gynecia*, how good leiſure you haue to frame theſe ſcornefull anſwers? Is *Gynecia* thus to be deſpiſed? Am I ſo vile a worm in your ſight? No, no, truſt to it hard-hearted Tygre, I wil not be the only Actor of this Tragedie: ſince I muſt fall, I will preſſe down ſom others with my ruines: ſince I muſt burne, my ſpitefull neighbours ſhall feele my fire. Doeſt thou not perceiue that my diligent eyes haue pierced through the clowdie maske of thy diſguiſement? Haue I not told thee, O foole (if I were not much more foole) that I knew thou wouldeſt abuſe vs with thy outward ſhew? Wilt thou ſtill attend the rage of loue in a womans heart? the gyrle thy well choſen miſtreſſe, perchance ſhall defend thee, when *Baſilius* ſhall know how thou haſt ſotted his minde with falſehood, and falſely ſought the diſhonour of his houſe. Beleeue it, beleeue it vnkind creature, I will end my miſeries with a notable example of reuenge, and that accurſed cradle of mine ſhall feele the ſmart of my wound, thou of thy tyrannie, and laſtly (I confeſſe) my ſelfe of mine owne worke. *Zelmane* that had long before doubted her ſelfe to bee diſcouered by her, and now plainely finding it, was, as the prouerb ſaith, like them that hold the Wolfe by the eares, bitten while they hold, and ſlaine if they looſe. If ſhe held her off in theſe wonted termes, ſhe ſaw rage would make her loue work the effects of hate; to grant vnto her, her heart was ſo bound vpon *Philoclea*, it had bin worſe then a thouſand deaths. Yet found ſhe it was neceſſarie for her to come to a reſolution, for *Gynecias* ſore could bide no leaſure, and once diſcouered, beſides the danger of *Philoclea*, her deſires ſhould be for euer vtterly ſtopped. She remembred withal the words of *Baſilius*, how apt he was to leaue this life, & returne to his court, a great bar to her hopes. Laſtly, ſhe conſidered *Dorus* enterpriſe might bring ſome ſtrange alteration of this their well liked fellowſhip. So that encompaſſed with theſe inſtant difficulties, ſhe bent her ſpirits to thinke of a remedie, which might at once both ſaue her from them, & ſerue her to the accompliſhment of her onely purſuit. Laſtly, ſhe determined thus, that there was no way but to yeeld to the violence of their deſires, ſince ſtriuing did the more chaſe them. And that following their owne current, at length of it ſelfe it would bring her to the other ſide of her burning deſires.

Now in the meane while, the diuided *Dorus*, long diuided betweene loue and friendſhip, & now for his loue diuided from his friend, though indeed without preiudice of friendſhips loyaltie, which doth neuer barre the minde from his free ſatisfaction: yet ſtill a cruell iudge ouer himſelfe, thought he was ſome wayes faulty, and applied his minde now to amend it, with a ſpeedie and behoouefull returne. But

then

then was his firſt ſtudy, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamelas* conſent confirmed and concluded vnder the name of *Mopſa* in her owne preſence, *Dorus* taking this way, that whatſoeuer he would haue of *Pamela* he would aske her, whether in ſuch a caſe it were not beſt for *Mopſa* ſo to behaue her ſelfe, in that ſort making *Mopſas* enuie, an inſtrument of that ſhee did enuie. So hauing paſſed ouer his firſt and moſt feared difficultie, hee buſied his ſpirits how to come to the harueſt of his deſires, whereof hee had ſo faire a ſhew. And thereunto (hauing gotten leaue for ſome dayes of his maiſter *Dametas*, who now accounted him as his ſonne in law) he romed round about the deſart, to finde ſome vnknowne way, that might bring him to the next Sea port, as much as might be out of all courſe of other paſſengers: which all very well ſucceeding him, & he hauing hired a Barke for his liues traffeke, and prouided horſes to carry her thither, returned homeward, now come to the laſt point of his care, how to goe beyond the loathſome watchfulneſſe of theſe three vncomely companions, and therein did wiſely conſider, how they were to be taken with whom he had to deale, remembring that in the particularities of euery bodies minde, & fortune, there are particular aduantages, by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of *Dametas*, he found moſt eaſily ſtirred with couetouſneſſe. The curſt miſchieuous heart of *Miſo*, moſt apt to bee tickled with iealouſie, as whoſe rotten braine could thinke well of no body. But yong miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, who could open her eyes vpon nothing, that did not all to bewonder her, hee thought curioſitie the fitteſt baite for her. And firſt for *Dametas*, *Dorus* hauing employed a whole dayes worke, about a ten mile off from the Lodge (quite contrarie way to that he meant to take with *Pamela*) in digging & opening the ground, vnder an auncient oke that ſtood there, in ſuch ſort as hee might longeſt hold *Dametas* greedy hopes, in ſome ſhew of comfort, he came to his maſter, with a countenance mixt betweene chearefulneſſe and haſte, & taking him by the right hand, as if he had a great matter of ſecrecie to reuealo vnto him: Maſter (ſaid he) I did neuer thinke that the Gods had appointed my mind freely brought vp, to haue ſo longing a deſire to ſerue you, but that they minded thereby to bring ſome extraordinary fruite to one ſo beloued of them, as your honeſty makes me thinke you are. This bindes me euen in conſcience, to diſcloſe that which I perſwade my ſelfe is alotted vnto you, that your fortune may bee of equall ballance with your deſerts. He ſaid no further, becauſe he would let *Dametas* play vpon the bit a while, who not vnderſtanding what his words intended, yet well finding they carried no euill news, was ſo much the more deſirous to know the matter, as he had free ſcope to imagine what meaſure of good hap himſelfe would. Therefore putting off his cap to him, which he had neuer done before, and aſſuring him he ſhould haue *Mopſa*, though ſhe had bin all made of cloth of gold, he beſought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that hee found it a thing his heart was not able to beare Maſter, anſwered *Dorus*, you haue ſo ſatisfied me, with promiſing mee the vttermoſt of my deſired bliſſe, that if my dutie bound me not, I were in it ſufficiently rewarded. To you therefore ſhall my good hap be conuerted, and the fruit of all my labor dedicated. Therwith he told him, how vnder an ancient oke (the place he made him eaſily vnderſtand, by ſufficient markes he gaue vnto him) he had found digging but a little depth, ſcatteringly lying a great number of rich Medalles, and that piercing further into the ground, he had met with a great ſtone, which by the hollow ſound it yeelded, ſeemed to bee the couer of ſome greater vault, and vpon it a boxe of Cypreſſe, with the name of the valiant *Ariſtomenes* grauen vpon it: & that within the boxe, hee found certaine verſes, which ſignified that ſome depth againe vnder that all his treaſure lay hidden, what time for the diſcord fell out in *Arcadia*,

he

he liued baniſhed. Therewith he gaue *Dametas* certaine Medalles of gold hee had long kept about him, and asked him becauſe it was a thing much to bee kept ſecret, and a matter one man in twentie houres might eaſily performe, whether hee would haue him go & ſeeke the bottome of it, which he had refrained to do till he knew his mind, promiſing he would faithfully bring him what he found, or elſe that he himſelfe would doe it, and be the firſt beholder of that comfortable ſpectacle. No man need doubt which part *Dametas* would chooſe: whoſe fancie had already deuoured all this great riches, and euen now began to grudge at a partner, before hee ſaw his owne ſhare. Therefore taking a ſtrong iade, laden with ſpades and mattockes, which he meant to bring backe, otherwiſe laden, he went in all ſpeede thitherward, taking leaue of no body, onely deſiring *Dorus* he would looke well to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, promiſing him mountaines of his owne labour, which neuertheleſſe he little meant to performe, like a foole, not conſidering, that no man is to be moued with part, that neglects the whole. Thus away went *Dametas*, hauing alreadie made an image in his fancie, what palaces he would build, how ſumptuouſly he would fare, & among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keepe his money: his ten mile ſeemed twiſe ſo many leagues, and yet contrary to the nature of it, though it ſeemed long, it was not wearieſome. Many times he curſed his horſes want of conſideration, that in ſo important a matter would make no greater ſpeed: many times he wiſhed himſelfe the backe of an aſſe, to helpe to carry away the new fought riches (an vnfortunate wiſher, for if hee had as well wiſhed the head, it had beene graunted him.) At length being come to the tree, which hee hoped ſhould beare ſo golden Acornes, downe went all his inſtruments, and forthwith to the renting vp of the hurtleſſe earth, where by & by he was caught with the lime of a few promiſed Medailles, which was ſo perfect a pawne vnto him of his further expectation, that he deemed a greater number of houres well employed in groping further into it, which with logs and great ſtones was made as cumberſome as might be, till at length with ſweatie browes he came to the great ſtone. A ſtone, God knowes, full vnlike to the couer of a Monument, but yet there was the Cypreſſe box with *Ariſtomenes* grauen vpon it, and theſe verſes written in it.

A Baniſht man, long bard from his deſire
By inward lets, of them his ſtate poſſeſt,
Hid here his hopes, by which he might aſpire
To haue his harmes with wiſedomes helpe redreſt.

Seeke then hand ſee, what man eſteemeth beſt,
All is but this, this is our labours hire:
Of this we liue, in this we finde our reſt,
Who hold this faſt no greater wealth require.
Looke further then, ſo ſhalt thou finde at leaſt,
A bait moſt fit, for hungrie minded gueſt.

He opened the box, and to his great comfort reade them, and with freſh courage went about to lift vp that ſtone. But in the meane time: ere *Dametas* was halfe a mile gone to the treaſure-ward, *Dorus* came to *Miſo*, whom hee found ſitting in the chimneis end, babbling to her ſelfe, and ſhewing by all her geſtures, that ſhee was loathſomely weary of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one good, neither in minde nor bodie, whete out ſhee might nouriſh a quiet thought,

thought, hauing long ſince hated each thing elſe, beganne now to hate her ſelfe. Before this ſweet humoured Dame, *Dorus* ſet himſelfe, and framed towards her ſuch a ſmiling countenance, as might ſeeme to bee mixt betweene a tickled mirth, and a forced pittie. *Miſo*, to whom cheereſulneſſe in others, was euer a ſauce of enuie in her ſelfe, tooke quickly marke of his behauiour, and with a looke full of foreworne ſpite: Now the Deuill, ſaid ſhee, take theſe villaines, that can neuer leaue grenning; becauſe I am not ſo faire as Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, to ſee how this skip-iack lookes at me. *Dorus* that had the occaſion he deſired, Truely miſtreſſe, anſwered hee, my ſmiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and indeed I muſt needes a little accord my countenance with others ſport: And therewithall tooke her in his armes, and rocking her to and fro, In faith miſtreſſe, ſaid hee, it is high time for you, to bid vs good night for euer, ſince others can poſſeſſe your place in your owne time. *Miſo* that was neuer voide of malice enough to ſuſpect the vttermoſt euill, to ſatisfie a further ſhrewdneſſe, tooke on a preſent mildneſſe, and gently deſired him, to tell her what he meant: for, ſaid ſhee, I am like enough to be knauiſhly dealt with, by that churle my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter againe, as if hee had meant no ſuch thing, till by much refuſing her entreatie, and vehemently ſtirring vp her deſire to know, hee had ſtrengthened a credit in her to that he ſhould ſay. And then with a formall countenance, as if the conſcience of the caſe had touched himſelfe: Miſtreſſe, ſaid hee, I am much perplexed in mine owne determination, for my thoughts doe euer will me to doe honeſtly, but my iudgement failes mee what is honeſt, betwixt the generall rule, that entruſted ſecrecies are holily to bee obſerued, and the particular exception, that the diſhoneſt ſecrecies are to be reuealed: eſpecially there, where by reuealing they may eyther be prevented, or at leaſt amended. Yet in this ballance, your iudgement wayes mee downe, becauſe I haue confidence in it, that you will vſe what you know moderately, and rather take ſuch faults as an aduantage to your owne good deſert, then by your bitter vſing it, be contented to be reuenged on others with your own harmes. So it is Miſtreſſe, ſaid hee, that yeſterday driuing my ſheepe vp to the ſtately hill, which lifts his head ouer the faire Citie of *Mantinea*, I happened vpon the ſide of it, in a little falling of the ground which was a rampier againſt the Sunnes rage, to perceiue a young maid, truly of the fineſt ſtamp of beauty, and that which made her beautie the more admirable, there was at all no arte added to the helping of it. For her apparell was but ſuch as Shepheards daughters are wont to weare: and as for her haire, it hong downe at the free libertie of his goodly length, but that ſometimes falling before the cleare ſtars of her ſight, ſhee was forced to put it behinde her eares, and ſo open againe the treaſure of her perfections, which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a Shepheard, ſo wrapped vp in that well-liked place, that I could diſcerne no peece of his face, but as mine eyes were attent in that her Angel-like voyce ſtrake mine eares with this ſong:

MY true loue hath my heart, and I haue his,
By iuſt exchange, one for the other giu'ne.
I hold his deare, and mine he cannot miſſe:
There neuer was a better bargaine driu'ne.

His hart in me, keepes me and him in one,
My hart in him, his thoughts and ſenſes guides:

He

He loues my heart, for once it was his owne:
I cherish his, because in me it bides.

His heart his wound receiued from my sight:
My heart was wounded, with his wounded hart,
For as from me, on him his hurt did light,
So still me thought in me his hurt did smart:
Both equall hurt, in this change sought our blisse:
My true loue hath my heart and I haue his.

But as if the Shepheard that lay before her, had beene organes, which were only to be blowne by her breath, she had no sooner ended with the ioyning her sweete lips together, but that he recorded to her musicke this rurall poesie:

O Words which fall like sommer dew on me,
O breath more sweet, then is the growing beane,
O tongue in which all honyed liquors be,
O voyce that doth the Thrush in shrilnesse staine,
Doe you say still, this is her promise due,
That she is mine, as I to her am true,

Gay haire, more gay then straw when harueſt lies,
Lips red and plump, as cherries ruddie side,
Eyes faire and great, like faire great Oxes eyes,
O breast in which two white sheepe swell in pride:
Ioyne you with me, to seale this promise due,
That she be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou white skin, as white as cruddes well preſt, curds
So smooth as sleekestone, like it smoothes each part,
And thou deare flesh, as soft as woll new dreſt,
And yet as hard as brawne, made hard by art:
First fower but say, next fower their saying seale,
But you muſt pay the gage of promiſt weale.

And with the conclusion of his song, he embraced her about the knees, O sweete *Charita* said he, when shall I enioy the rest of my toyling thoughts? And when shall your blisfull promise now due, be verified with iust performance? with that I drew neerer to them, and saw (for now hee had lifted vp his face to glasse himselfe in her faire eyes) that it was my maister *Dametas*; but here *Misa* interrupted his tale, with rayling at *Dametas*, with all those exquisite termes, which I was neuer good skold enough to imagine. But *Dorus*, as if he had bin much offended with her impatience, would proceed no further till she had vowed more stilnesse. For, said hee, if the first drumme thus chafe you, what will you be when it comes to the blowes? Then hee tolde her, how after many familiar entertainements betwixt them, *Dametas*, laying before her his great credite with the Duke, and withal giuing her very faire presents with promise of much more, had in the end concluded together to meete as that night at *Mantinea*, in the *Oudemian* streete, at *Charitas* vncles house, about tenne of the

the clocke. After which bargaine *Dametas* had spied *Dorus*, and calling him to him, had with great brauerie told him all his good happe, willing him in any cast to returne to the olde witch *Miso* (for so indeede mistresse of liuelinesse, and not of ill will hee termed you) and to make some honest excuse of his absence, for said hee, kissing *Charita*, if thou didst know what a life I lead with that druell, it would make thee euen of pitie, receiue mee into thy onely comfort. Now Mistresse, said hee, exercise your discretion, which if I were well assured of, I would wish you to goe your selfe to *Mantinea*, and (lying secret in some one of your gossips houses, till the time appointed come) so may you finde them together, and vsing mercie, reforme my Master from his euill wayes. There had nothing more enraged *Miso*, then the prayses *Dorus* gaue to *Charitas* beautie, which made her iealousie swell the more, with the poyson of enuy. And that being increased with the presents shee heard *Dametas* had giuen her (which all seemed torne out of her bowells) her hollow eyes, yeelded such wretched lookes, as one might well thinke *Pluto* at that time, might haue had her soule very good cheape. But when the fire of spite had fully caught hold of all her inward parts, then whosoeuer would haue seene the picture of *Alecto*, or with what manner of countenance *Medea* kild her own childrē, needed but take *Miso* for the ful satisfaction of that point of his knowledge. Shee that could before scarce goe, but supported by crutches, now flew about the house, borne vp with the wings of Anger: there was no one sort of mortall reuenge, that had euer come to her eares, but presented it selfe now to her gentle minde. At length with few words, for her wordes were choakt vp with the rising of her reuengfull heart, she ran down, & with her own hands sadled a mare of hers; a mare that seuen yeare before had not beene acquainted with the sadle, & so to *Mantinea* she went, casting with her selfe, how shee might couple shame with the punishment of her accursed husband: but the person is not worthy in whose passion I should too long stand. Therfore now must I tell you that Mistresse *Mopsa* (who was the last party *Dorus* was to practise his cunning withall) was at the parting of her parents, attending vpon the Princesse *Pamela*, whom because she found to be placed in her fathers house, she knew it was for suspicion the Duke had of her. This made *Mopsa* with a right base nature (which ioyes to see any hard hap happen to them they deeme happy) grow proude ouer her, & vse great ostentation of her owne diligence, in prying curiously into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing sooner ouerthrows a weake heart, then opinion of authority; like too strong a liquor for so feeble a glasse, which ioyned it selfe to the humor of enuying *Pamelas* beauty, so far, that oft she would say to her selfe, if shee had bin borne a Princesse as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then should haue been as wel seen as *Pamelas*. With this maner of woman, and placed in these termes, had *Dorus* to play his last part, which hee would quickly haue dispatched in tying her vp in such amaner, that she should little haue hindred his enterprise. But that the vertuous *Pamela* (whē she saw him so minded) by countenance absolutely forbad it, resolutely determining, shee would not leaue behind her any token of wrong, since the wrong done to her selfe was the best excuse of her escape: So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the maner hee first thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* sitting musing at the strange attempt shee had condiscended vnto, and *Mopsa* hard by her, (looking in a glasse with very partiall eyes) *Dorus* put himselfe betweene them, and casting vp his face to the top of the house, shrugging all ouer his body, and stamping sometimes vpon the ground, gaue *Mopsa* occasion (who was as busie as a Bee to know anything) to aske her louer *Dorus* what ayled him, that made him vse so strange a behauiour: he, as if his spirits had beene

beene rauished with some supernaturall contemplation, stood still mute, sometimes rubbing his forehead, sometimes starting in himselfe, that hee set *Mopsa* in such an itch of enquirie, that shee would haue offered her maydenhead, rather then be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet answering to the purpose, still keeping his amazement; O *Hercules*, said he, resolue me in this doubt. A tree to graunt ones wishes? Is this the cause of the Kings solitarie life? Which part shall I take? Happie in eyther, vnhappie because I cannot know which were my best hap. These doubtfull selfe speaches, made *Mopsa* yet in a further longing of knowing the matter: so that the pretie pigge, laying her sweete burden about his necke, My *Dorus*, said shee, tell mee these words, or else I know not what will befall me, honny *Dorus* tell them me. *Dorus* hauing stretched her minde vpon a right iast, extreamely loued *Mopsa*, said hee, the matters be so great, as my heart faile me in the telling them: but since you hold the greatest seate in it, it is reason your desire should adde life vnto it. Therewith he told her a farre-fet tale; how that many millions of yeares before, *Iupiter* fallen out with *Apollo* had throwne him out of heauen, taking from him the priuiledge of a God. So that poore *Apollo* was faine to leade a very miserable life, vnacquainted to worke, and neuer vsed to begge, that in this order hauing in time learned to be *Admetus* heardman, he had vpon occasion of fetching a certaine breede of beasts out of *Arcadia*, come to that very desart, where wearied with trauaile, and resting himselfe in the boughes of a pleasant Ash tree, stood little off from the lodge, hee had with pittifull complaints gotten his father *Iupiters* pardon, and so from that tree was receiued againe to his golden spheare. But hauing that right nature of a God, neuer to be vngratefull, to *Admetus* hee had graunted a double life: and because that tree was the chappell of his prosperous prayers, he had giuen it this qualitie, that whatsoeuer of such estate, and in such maner as he then was, sate downe in that tree, they should obtaine whatsoeuer they wished. This *Basilius* hauing vnderstood by the oracle, was the onely cause which had made him trie, whether framing himselfe to the state of an heardman, hee might haue the priuiledge of wishing onely graunted to that degree; but that hauing often in vaine attempted it, because indeede he was not such, he had now opened the secret to *Dametas*, making him sweare he should wish according to his direction. But because, saide *Dorus*, *Apollo* was at that time with extreame griefe, muffled round about his face, with a skarlet cloake *Admetus* had giuen him, and because they that must wish must be muffled in like sort, and with like stuffe, my master *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to prouide him a skarlet cloake, and to morrow doth appoint to returne with it. My Mistresse I cannot tell how, hauing gotten some inkling of it, is trudged to *Mantinea*, to get her selfe a cloake before him: because shee would haue the first wish. My maister at his parting, of great trust told me this secret, commaunding mee to see no bodie should clime that tree. But now my *Mopsa*, said he, I haue here the like cloak of mine own, and am not so verie a foole, as though I keep his commandement in others, to barre my selfe. I rest onely extreamely perplexed, because hauing nothing in the world I wish for, but the enioying you & your fauour, I thinke it a much pleasanter conquest to come to it by your own consent, then to haue it by such a charming force as this is. Now therefore choose since haue you I will, in what sort I shall haue you. But neuer child was so desirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopsa* was to be in the tree, and therefore without squeamishnesse, promising all he would, shee coniured him by all her precious Loues, that she might haue the first possession of the wishing tree, assuring him that for the enioying her, he should neuer need to clime farre. *Dorus* to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her; but helping her vp to the

top of the tree, from whence likewise she could ill come down without help, he ruffled her round about the face, so truely that she herselfe could not vndoe it. And so he told her the manner was, she should hold her mind in continuall deuotion to *Apollo*, without making at all any noise, till at the farthest within twelue houres space she should heare a voyce call her by name three times, and that till the third time she must in no wise answer; & then you shall not need to doubt your comming downe, for at that time, said he, be sure to wish wisely, & in what shape soeuer he come vnto you, speake boldly vnto him, and your wish shall haue as certaine effect, as I haue a desire to enioy your sweet Loues: in this plight did he leaue *Mopsa*, resolued in her heart, to be the greatest Lady in the world, & neuer after to feed of worse then furmentie. Thus *Dorus* hauing deliuered his hands of his three tormenters, tooke speedily the benefit of his deuise, and mounting the gratious *Pamela* vpon a fair horse he had prouided for her, he thrust himselfe forthwith into the veriest part of the desart, where he had left markes to guide him from place to place to the next sea port, disguising her very fitly with scarfs; although he rested assured he should passe that way with no body, till he came to his barke, into which he meant to enter by night. But *Pamela*, who all this while, transported with desire & troubled with fear had neuer free scope of iudgement to look with perfect consideration into her own enterprise, but euen by the lawes of loue, had bequeathed the care of her selfe vpon him to whom she had giuen her selfe; now that the pang of desire with quicker Hope was quieted, and most part of the feare passed, reason began to renew his shining to her hart, & make her see her self in her self, & weigh with what wings she flew out of her native country; & vpon what ground she built so strange a determination. But loue fortified with her louers presence kept still his own in her heart. So that as they rode together with her hand vpō her faithful seruants shoulder, sodainly casting her bashful eyes to the ground, & yet bending her self towards him (like the client that commits the cause of all his worth to a well trusted aduocate) from a milde spirit said vnto him these sweetly deliuered words: Prince *Musidorus*, (for so my assured hope is I may iustly call you, since with no other my heart would euer haue yeelded to goe; And if so I doe not rightly tearme you, all other wordes are as bootlesse, as my deede miserable, and I as vnfortunate, as you wicked) my Prince *Musidorus* I say now that the vehement shewes of your faithfull Loue towards mee, haue brought my minde to answere it, in so due a proportion, that contrarie to all generall rules of reason, I haue laide in you, my estate, my life, my honour: it is your part to double your former care, and make me see your vertue no lesse in preseruing then in obtayning: and your faith to be a faith as much in freedome, as bondage. Tender now your owne workemanshippe, and so gouerne your loue towards me, as I may still remaine worthy to be loued. Your promise you remember, which here by the eternall giuers of vertue, I coniure you to obserue, let me be your owne as I am, but by no vniust conquest; let not our ioyes which ought euer to last, bee stayned in our owne consciences, let no shadow of repentance steale into the sweete consideration of our mutuall happinesse. I haue yeelded to be your wife, stay then till the time that I may rightly be so; let no other defiled name burden my heart. What should I more say? If I haue chosen well, all doubt is past, since your action onely must determine, whether I haue done vertuously or shamefully in following you. *Musidorus* that had more aboundance of ioy in his heart, then *Vlysses* had what time with his owne industrie he stale the fatall *Palladium*, imagined to be the only relike of *Troyes* safety, taking *Pamelas* hand, & many times kissing it. What I am, said he, the Gods I hope will shortly make your owne eyes Iudges, and of my

mind towards you, the meane time shall be my pledge vnto you, your contentment is dearer to me then mine owne, & therefore doubt not of his mind, whose thoughts are so thralled vnto you, as you are to bend or slack them as it shall seeme best vnto you. You doe wrong to your selfe, to make any doubt that a base estate could euer vndertake so high an enterprise; or a spotted minde be able to behold your vertues. Thus much onely I must confesse, I can neuer doe, to make the world see you haue chosen worthily, since all the world is not worthy of you. In such delightfull discourses, kept they on their iourney, maintayning their hearts in that right harmony of affection, which doth enterchangeably deliuer each to other the secret workings of their soules, till with the vnused trauaile, the Princesse being weary, they lighted downe in a faire thicke wood, which did entise them with the pleasantnesse of it to take their rest there. It was all of Pine trees, whose broad heads, meeting together, yeelded a perfit shade to the ground, where their bodies gaue a spacious and pleasant roome to walke in, they were set in so perfit an order, that euery way the eye being full, yet no way was stopped. And euen in the middest of them, were there many sweete springs, which did loose themselues vpon the face of the earth. Here *Musidorus* drew out such prouision of fruits, and other cates, as hee had brought for that dayes repast, and laid it downe vpon the faire Carpet of the greene grasse. But *Pamela* had much more pleasure to walke vnder those trees, making in their barkes pretty knots, which tyed together the names of *Musidorus* and *Pamela*, sometimes intermixedly changing them, to *Pammedorus* and *Musimela*, with twentie other flowers of her trauailing fancies, which had bound themselues to a greater restraint, then they could without much paine well endure: and to one tree more beholding to her then the rest, she entrusted the treasure of her thoughts in these verses:

DOe not disdaine, O streight vp-raised Pine,
That wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I graue:
Since that my thoughts, as streight as streightnesse thine,
No smaller wound, alas! far deeper haue.

Deeper engrau'd, which salue nor time can saue,
Giu'n to my heart, by my forewounded eyne:
Thus cruell to my selfe, how canst thou craue
My inward hurt should spare thy outward rine?

Yet still faire tree, lift vp thy stately line,
Liue long, and long witnesse my chosen smart,
Which barr'd desires (barr'd by my selfe) impart.

And in this growing barke grow verses myne.
My heart my word, my word hath giu'n my hart.
The giuer giu'n from gift shall neuer part.

Vpon a roote of the tree, that the earth had left something barer then the rest, she wrate this couplet:

SWeete roote say thou, the roote of my desire
Was vertue cladde in constant loues attire.

Musidorus, seeing her fancies drawne vp to such pleasant contemplations, accompanied

companied her in them, and made the trees as well beare badges of his passions; as this song engraued in them did testifie:

YOu goodly pines, which still with braue assent,
In natures pride your heads to heau'nward heaue,
Though you besides such graces earth hath lent,
Of some late grace a greater grace receiue,

By her who was (O blessed you) content
With her faire hand, your tender barkes to cleaue,
And so by you (O blessed you) hath sent,
Such peercing words as no thoughts els conceaue:

To yeeld your graund, a baser hand may leaue
His thoughts in you, where so sweete thoughts were spent,
For how would you the mistresse thoughts bereaue
Of waiting thoughts all to her seruice ment?

Nay higher thoughts (though thralled thoughts) I call
My thoughts then hers, who first your ryne did rent.
Then hers, to whom my thoughts a lonely thrall
Rysing from lowe, are to the highest lent;
Where hers, whom worth makes highest ouer all
Comming from her, cannot but downeward fall.

While *Pamela* sitting her downe vnder one of them, and making a posie of the fayre vndergrowing flowers, filled *Musidorus* eares with the heauenly sound of her musicke, which before he had neuer heard, so that it seemed vnto him a new assault giuen to the castle of his heart, alreadie conquered: which to signifie, and withall replie to her sweete notes, he sang in a kinde of still, but rauishing tune, a few verses: her song was this, and his reply followes.

Pamela. *LIke diuers flowers, whose diuers beauties serue*
To decke the earth with his well colour weede,
Though each of them, his priuate forme preserue,
Yet ioyning formes one sight of beautie breede.

Right so my thoughts, wherein my heart I feede,
Right so my inward parts, and outward glasse,
Though each possesse a diuers working kinde,
Yet all well knit to one faire end do passe:
That he to whom these sundry gifts I binde;
All what I am, still loue, his owne, do finde.

Musidorus. *All what you are still one, his owne to finde,*
You that are borne to be the worldes eye,
What were it els, but to make each thing blinde?
And to the sunne with waxen wings to flie?

No, no, such force with my small force to tryc
Is not my skill, or reach of mortall minde.
Call me but yours, my title is most hye:
Hold me most yours, then my long suite is sign'd.

You none can claime but you your selfe aright,
For you doe passe your selfe in vertues might,
So both are yours: I, bound with gaged hart:
You only yours, too farre beyond desart.

In this vertuous wantonnesse, suffring their minds to descend to ech tender enioying their vnited thoughts, *Pamela* hauing tasted of the fruits, and growing extreme sleepie, hauing bin long kept from it, with the perplexitie of her dangerous attempt, laying her head in his lap, was inuited by him to sleep with these softly vttred verses:

Lock vp, faire liddes, the treasure of my heart,
Preserue those beames, this ages onely light:
To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe some ease impart,
Her sence too weake to beare her spirits might.

And while O sleepe thou closest vp her sight,
(Her sight where loue did forge his fairest dart)
O harbour all her parts in easefull plight:
Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.

But yet O dreame, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare subiect from thy common right:
But wilt thy selfe in such a seate delight,

Then take my shape, and play a louers part:
Kisse her from me, and say vnto her spirit,
Till her eyes shine, I liue in darkest night.

The sweete *Pamela* was brought into a sweete sleepe with this song, which gaue *Musidorus* opportunitie at leisure to behold her excellent beauties. He thought her faire forehead was a field, where all his fancies fought, and euery haire of her head seemed a strong chaine that tyed him. Her fayre liddes then hiding her fayrer eyes, seemed vnto him sweete boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themselues, but contayning in them farre richer Iewels. Her cheekes with their colour most delicately mixed, would haue entertained his eyes some while, but that the roses of her lippes (whose separating was wont to be accompanied with most wise speeches) now by force drew his sight to marke how prettily they lay one ouer the other, vniting their diuided beauties: and thorough them the eye of his fancie deliuered to his memorie the lying (as in ambush) vnder her lippes of those armed rankes, all armed in most pure white, and keeping the most precise order of militarie discipline. And lest this beautie might seeme the picture of some excellent artificer, forth there stale a soft breath carrying good testimonie of her inward sweetenesse: and so stealingly it came out, as it seemed loath to leaue his contentfull mansion, but that it hoped to

be

be drawne in againe to that well closed paradise, which did so tyrannize ouer *Musidorus* affects, that he was compelled to put his face as low to hers, as he could, sucking the breath with such ioy, that he did determine in himselfe, there had beene no life to a *Chameleons*, if he might be suffred to enioy that food. But long he was not suffered, being within a while interrupted by the comming of a company of clownish villaines, armed with diuers sorts of weapons, and for the rest both in face and apparell so forewasted, that they seemed to beare a great conformitie with the sauages; who miserable in themselues, taught to encrease their mischiefes in other bodies harmes, came with such cryes as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Musidorus* turne vnto them full of a most violent rage, with the looke of a shee *Tyger* when her whelpes are stolne away.

But *Zelmane* whom I left in the Caue hardly bestead, hauing both great wittes and stirring passions to deale with, makes me lend her my penne awhile to see with what dexteritie she could put by her dangers. For hauing in one instant both to resist rage and goe beyond wisedome, being to deale with a Ladie that had her wits awake in euerie thing, but in helping her owne hurt, shee saw now no other remedie in her case, but to qualifie her rage with hope, and to satisfie her wit with plainenesse. Yet lest too abrupt falling into it, should yeeld too great aduantage vnto her, shee thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of insinuation. Your wise, but very darke speeches, most excellent Ladie, are wouen vp in so intricate a maner, as I know not how to proportion mine answer vnto them: so are your praiers mixt with threats, and so is the shew of your loue hidden with the name of reuenge, the naturall effect of mortall hatred. You seeme displeased with the opinion you haue of my disguising, and yet if I be not disguised, you must needes be much more displeased. Hope then (the onely succour of perplexed mindes) being quite cut off, you desire my affection, and yet you your selfe thinke my affection alreadie bestowed. You pretend crueltie, before you haue the subiection, and are iealous of keeping that, which as yet you haue not gotten. And that which is strangest in your iealousie, is both the vniustice of it, in being loath that should come to your daughter, which you deeme good; and the vaineneſſe, since you two are in so diuers respects, that there is no necessitie one of you should fall to be a barre to the other. For neyther (if I be such as you fancie) can I marrie you, which must needes be the onely end I can aspire to in her: neither neede the marrying of her keepe me from a gratefull consideration how much you honour me in the loue you vouchsafe to beare me. *Gynecia*, to whom the fearefull agonies shee still liued in, made any small reprieuall sweete, did quickly finde her words falling to a better way of comfort, and therefore with a minde readie to shew nothing could make it rebellious against *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyrannie, she thus said, Alas too much beloued *Zelmane*, the thoghts are but outflowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a seruant of the thoughts, therefore maruaile not that my words suffer contrarieties, since my minde doth hourely suffer in it selfe whole armies of mortall aduersaries. But, alas, if I had the vse of mine owne reason; then should I not neede, for want of it, to finde my selfe in this desperate mischiefe: but because my reason is vanished, so haue I likewise no power to correct my vnreasonableneſſe. Doe you therefore accept the protection of my minde, which hath no other resting place: and driue it not, by being vnregarded, to put it selfe into vnknowne extremities. I desire but to haue my affection answered, and to haue a right reflection of my loue in you. That graunted, assure your selfe mine owne loue will easily teach mee to seeke your contentment, and make mee thinke my daughter a verie meane price to keepe still in mine eyes the foode

of my spirits. But take heede that contempt driue me not into despaire, the most violent cause of that miserable effect. *Zelmane* that alreadie saw some fruite of her last determined fancie (so farre as came to a mollifying of *Gynecias* rage) seeing no other way to satisfie suspicion, which was held open with the continuall prickes of loue, resolued now with plainenesse to winne trust, which trust shee might after deceiue with a greater subtiltie. Therefore looking vpon her with a more relenting grace, then euer she had done before, pretending a great bashfulnesse before she could come to confesse such a fault, she thus said vnto her; Most worthy Lady, I did neuer thinke, till now, that pittie of another could make mee betray my selfe, nor that the sound of words could ouerthrow any wise bodies determination. But your words (I thinke) haue charmed me, and your grace bewitched me. Your compassion makes me open my hart to you, & leaue vnharboured mine own thoughts. For proofe of it, I will disclose my greatest secret, which well you might suspect, but neuer know, and so haue your wandring hope in a more painfull wildernesse, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect resolution. I will, I say, vnwrap my hidden estate, and after make you iudge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will say further to you, I am borne a Prince. And to make vp your minde in a through vnderstanding of mee since I came to this place, I may not denie I haue had some sprinkling of I know not what good liking to my Ladie *Philoclea*. For how could I euer imagine, the heauens would haue rained down so much of your fauour vpon mee, and of that side there was a shew of possible hope, the most comfortable Counsellor of loue. The cause of this my chaunged attyre, was a iourney two yeares agoe I made among the *Amasons*, where hauing fought to trye my vnfortunate valure, I mett not one in all the Countrey but was too hard for mee, till in the end in the presence of their Queene *Marpesia*, I hoping to preuayle against her, challenged an olde woman of fourescore yeares, to fight on horseback to the vttermost with me. Who hauing ouerthrowne me, for the sauing of my life, made me sweare I should goe like an vnarmed *Amazon*, till the comming of my beard did, with the discharge of my oath, deliuer me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not comming to a full conclusion, because shee would see what it wrought in *Gynecias* minde, hauing in her speech sought to winne a beliefe of her, and, if it might be, by disgrace of her selfe to diminish *Gynecias* affection. For the first it had much preuailed: But *Gynecia* whose end of louing her, was not her fighting, neyther could her loue too deepely grounded receiue diminishment; and besides shee had seene, her selfe sufficient proofes of *Zelmanes* admirable prowesse. Therefore sleightly passing ouer that point of her feined dishonour, but taking good hold of the confessing her manly sexe, with the shamefast looke of that suitor, who hauing alreadie obtayned much, is yet forced by want to demaund more, put forth her sorrowfull suite in these wordes: The gods, said shee, reward thee for thy vertuous pittie of my ouerladen soule, who yet hath receiued some breath of comfort, by finding thy confession to maintaine some possibilitie of my languishing hope. But alas! as they who seeke to enrich themselues by minerall industrie, the first labour is to finde the myne, which to their cheerefull comfort being found, if after any vnlooked for stop, or casuall impediment keepe them from getting the desired vre, they are so much the more grieued, as the late conceiued hope addes torment to their former want. So falles it out with mee happy or hap'lesse woman (as it pleaseth you to ordaine) who am now eyther to receiue some guerdon of my most wofull labours, or to returne into a more wretched darkenesse, hauing had some glimmering of my blisfull Sunne. O *Zelmane*

tread

tread not vpon a soule that lyes vnder your foote: let not the abasing of my selfe make me more base in your eyes, but iudge of me according to that I am, and haue beene, and let my errors be made excusable by the immortall name of loue. With that, vnder a fained rage, tearing her clothes, she discouered some parts of her faire bodie, which if *Zelmanes* heart had not been so fully possest as there was no place left for any new gueſt, no doubt it would haue yeelded to that gallant assault. But *Zelmane* so much the more arming her determination, as she saw such force threatned, yet still remembring shee must wade betwixt constancie and curtesie, embracing *Gynecia*, and once or twise kissing her, Deare Lady, said she, he weare a great enemy to himselfe, that would refuse such an offer, in the purchase of which a mans life were blessedly bestowed. Nay, how can I euer yeeld due recompence for so excessiue a fauour? but hauing nothing to giue you but my selfe, take that: I must confesse a small, but a verie free gift: what other affection soeuer I haue had, shall giue place to as great perfection, working besides vpon the bond of gratefulnesse. The gods forbid I should bee so foolish, as not to see, or so wicked as not to remember, how much my small deserts are ouer ballanced by your vnspeakable goodnesse. Nay happy may I well accompt my mishap among the *Amazons*, since that dishonour hath beene so true a path to my greatest honour, and the changing of my outward rayment, hath clothed my minde in such inward contentation. Take therefore noble Lady as much comfort to your heart, as the full commandement of mee can yeeld you: wipe your faire eyes, and keepe them for nobler seruices. And now I wil presume thus much to say vnto you, that you make of your selfe for my sake, that my ioyes of my new obtained riches may be accomplished in you. But let vs leaue this place, least you be too long missed, & henceforward quiet your minde from any further care, for I will now (to my too much ioy) take the charge vpon mee, within few dayes to worke your satisfaction, and my felicitie. Thus much shee said, and withall led *Gynecia* out of the Caue, for well she saw the boyling minde of *Gynecia* did easily apprehend the fitnesse of that lonely place. But indeede this direct promise of a short space, ioyned with the cumbersome familiar of womankinde, I meane modestie, stayed so *Gynecias* minde, that she tooke thus much at that present for good payment: remayning with a painefull ioy, and a wearisome kinde of comfort, not vnlike to the condemned prisoner, whose minde still running vpon the violent arriuall of his cruell death, heares that his pardon is promised, but not yet signed. In this sort they both issued out of that obscure mansion: *Gynecia* already halfe perswaded in her selfe (ô weaknesse of humane conceit) that *Zelmanes* affection was turned towards her. For such alas! wee are all, in such a mould are wee cast, that with the too much loue wee beare our selues, being first our owne flatterers, wee are easily hooked with others flattery, we are easily perswaded of others loue.

But *Zelmane* who had now to play her prize, seeing no way things could long remaine in that state, & now finding her promise had tied her triall to a small compasse of time, began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her inuention, how shee might atchieue her liues enterprise: for well shee knew deceit cannot otherwise bee maintained but by deceit: and how to deceiue such heedfull eyes, and how to satisfie, and yet not satisfie such hopefull desires, it was no small skill. But both their thoughts were called from themselues, with the sight of *Basilius*, who then lying downe by his daughter *Philoclea*, vpon the faire, though naturall, bed of greene grasse, seeing the Sunne what speede he made, to leaue our West to doe his office in the other *Hemisphere*, his inward Muses made him in his best musicke, sing this Madrigall.

Why

WHy doest thou hast away
O Titan faire the giuer of the day?
Is it to carry newes
To Westerne wights, what starres in East appeare?
Or doest thou thinke that here
Is left a Sunne, whose beames thy place may vse?
Yet stay and well peruse,
What be her gifts, that make her equall thee,
Bend all thy light to see
In earthly clothes enclosde a heauenly sparke:
Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.
No, no, thy motions be
Hastened from vs with barre of shadow darke,
Because that thou the author of our sight
Disdain'st we see thee staind with others light.

And hauing ended, Deare *Philoclea*, said hee, sing something that may diuert my thoughts from the continuall taske of their ruinous harbour: Shee obedient to him, and not vnwilling to disburden her secret passion, made her sweete voice be heard in these wordes:

O Stealing time the subiect of delaie,
(Delay, the racke of vnrefrain'd desire)
What strange dissein hast thou my hopes to staie,
My hopes which do but to mine owne aspire?

Mine owne? ô word on whose sweete sound doth pray
My greedy soule, with gripe of inward fire:
Thy title great I iustly challenge may,
Since in such phrase his faith he did attire.

O time, become the chariot of my ioyes:
As thou drawest on, so let my blisse draw neere.
Each moment lost, part of my hap destroyes.

Thou art the father of occasion deare:
Ioyne with thy sonne, to ease my long annoyes,
In speedy helpe, thanke-worthy friends appeare.

Philoclea brake off her song, assoone as her mother with *Zelmane* came neere vnto them, rising vp with a kindly bashfulnesse, being not ignorant of the spite her mother bare her, and striken with the sight of that person, whose loue made all those troubles seeme faire flowers of her deerest garland, nay rather all those troubles made the loue encrease. For as the arriuall of enemies makes a towne so fortifie it selfe, as euer after it remaines stronger, so that a man may say, enemies were no small cause to the townes strength: So to a mind once fixed in a well pleasing determination, who hopes by annoyance to ouerthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all his best grounds, and so perchance of a chanceable purpose, make an vnchangeable resolution. But no more did *Philoclea* see the wonted signes of *Zelmanes* affection towards

towards her: she thought she saw another light in her eyes, with a bold and careless looke vpon her, which was wont to be dazeled with her beautie, and the framing of her curtesies rather ceremonious then affectionate, and that which worst liked her, was, that it proceeded with such quiet setlednesse, as it rather threatned a full purpose, then any sodaine passion. She found her behauiour bent altogether to her mother, and presumed in her selfe, she discerned the well acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another subiect. She saw her mothers worthinesse, & too well knew her affection. These ioyning their diuerse working powers together in her minde, as yet a prentise in the painefull mysteries of passions, brought *Philoclea* into a new trauerse of her thoughts, and made her deepe her carefull looke the more attentiue vpon *Zelmanes* behauiour, who indeede (though with much paine, & condemning her selfe to commit a sacrilege against the sweet Saint that liued in her inmost temple) yet strengthening her selfe in it, being the surest way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baites, did so quite ouer-rule all wonted shewes of loue to *Philoclea*, and conuert them to *Gynecia*, that the part she played did worke in both a full and liuely perswasion: to *Gynecia*, such excessiue comfort, as the being preferred to a riuall doth deliuer to swelling desire. But to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose calme thoughts were vnable to nourish any strong debate, it gaue so stinging a hurt, that fainting vnder the force of her inward torment, she withdrew her selfe from to the Lodge, and there weary of supporting her owne burthen, cast her selfe vpon her bed, suffering her sorrow to melt it selfe into abundance of teares; at length closing her eyes, as if each thing shee saw was a picture of her mishap, and turning vpon her heart side, which with vehement panting, did summon her to consider her fortune, shee thus bemoned her selfe.

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy paines? Is this the reward of thy giuen-way libertie? Hath too much yeelding bred cruelrie? Or can too great acquaintance make mee held for a stranger? Hath the choosing of a companion made mee left alone? Or doth graunting desire, cause the desire to bee neglected? Alas, despised *Philoclea*, why diddest thou not holde thy thoughts in their simple course, and content thy selfe with the loue of thine owne vertue, which would neuer haue betrayed thee? Ah silly foole, didst thou looke for truth in him, that with his owne mouth confest his falshood? for plaine proceeding in him, that still goes disguised? They say the falsest men will yet beare outward shewes of a pure minde. But he that euen outwardly beares the badge of treachery, what hels of wickednesse must needes in the depth bee contained? But ô wicked mouth of mine how dareſt thou thus blaspheme the ornament of the earth, the vessell of all vertue? O wretch that I am that will anger the gods in dispraising their most excellēt work! O no, no, there was no fault but in mee, that could euer thinke so high eyes would looke so low, or so great perfections would staine themselues with my vnworthynesse. Alas, why could I not see, I was too weake a band to tie so heauenly a heart? I was not fit to limit the infinite course of his wonderfull destinies. Was it euer like that vpon onely *Philoclea* his thoughts should rest? Ah fillie soule that couldest please thy selfe with so impossible an imagination! An vniuersall happinesse is to flowe from him. How was I so inueigled to hope, I might be the marke of such a mind? He did thee no wrong, O *Philoclea*, he did thee no wrong, it was thy weakenesse to fancie the beames of the Sunne should giue light to no eyes but to thine! And yet ô Prince *Pyrocles*, for whom I may well begin to hate my selfe, but can neuer leaue to loue thee, what triumph canst thou make of this conquest? What spoils wilt thou carrie away of this my vndeserued ouerthrow? could thy force finde

out

our no fitter field then the feeble minde of a poore mayde, who at the first sight did wish thee all happinesse? Shal it be said the mirror of mankind hath beene employed to destroy a hurtlesse Gentlewoman? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, let mee yet call thee before the iudgement of thine owne vertue, let me be accepted for a plaintiffe in a cause which concerns my life: what need hadst thou to arme thy face with the inchanting maske of thy painted passions? what need hadst thou to fortifie thy excellencies with so exquisite a cunning, in making our owne arts betray vs? what neededst thou descend so far from thy incomparable worthinesse, as to take on the habite of weake womankind? Was all this to winne the vndefended Castle of a friend, which being wonne, thou wouldest after raze? Could so small a cause allure thee? or did not so vniust a cause stop thee? O me, what say I more, this is my case, my Loue hates me, vertue deales wickedly with me, and hee does mee wrong whose doing I can neuer account a wrong. With that the sweete Lady turning herselfe vpon her weary bed, she happely saw a Lute, vpon the belly of which *Gynecia* had written this song, what time *Basilius* imputed her iealous motions to proceed of the doubt she had of his vntimely loues. Vnder which vaile shee contented to couer her neuer ceasing anguish, had made the Lute a monument of her minde, which *Philoclea* had neuer much matked, till now the feare of a competitor more stirred her, then before the care of a mother. The verses were these:

MY Lute within thy selfe thy tunes enclose,
Thy mistresse song is now a sorrow's crie,
Her hand benumb'd with fortunes daily blowes,
Her mind amaz'd can neithers helpe apply.
Weare these my words as mourning weeds of woe,
Blacke inke becomes the state wherein I die.
And though my woes be not in musicke bound,
Of written griefes, yet be the silents ground.

The world doth yeeld such ill consented shewes,
With circled course, which no wise eye can trie,
That childish stuffe which knowes not friends from foes,
(Better despisde) bewonder gasing eye.
Thus noble gold, downe to the bottome goes,
When worthlesse corke, aloft doth floting lie.
Thus in thy selfe, lowst strings are loudest sounde,
And lowest steps do yeeld the highest ground.

Philoclea reade them, and throwing downe the Lute, is this the legacie you haue bequeathed me, ô kinde mother of mine, said shee? did you bestow the light vpon me for this? or did you beare me to be the Author of my buriall? A trim purchase you haue made of your owne shame; robbed your daughter to ruine your selfe? The birds vnreasonable, yet vse so much reason, as to make neastes for their tender yong ones; my cruell mother turnes mee out of mine owne harbour; alas, plaint boötes not, for my case can receiue no helpe, for who should giue mee helpe? shall I flie to my parents? they are my murtherers: shall I goe to him, who alreadie being wonne and lost, must needs haue killed all pitie? Alas, I can bring no new intercessions, hee knowes already what I am is his. Shall I come home againe to my selfe? O me contemned wretch; I haue giuen away my selfe. With that the poore

soule

soule beat her breast, as if that had beene guiltie of her faults, neither thinking of reuenge, nor studying for remedy, but (sweete creature) gaue griefe a free dominion, keeping her chamber a few dayes after, not needing to faine her selfe sicke, feeling euen in her soule the pangs of extreme paine. But little did *Gynecia* reck that, neither when she saw her goe away from them, neither when shee after found that sickenesse made her hide her faire face: so much had fancie preuailed against nature. But ô you that haue euer knowne, how tender to euery motion loue makes the louers heart, how he measures all his ioyes vpon her contentment: & doth with respectful eye hang all his behauiour vpon her eyes: iudge I pray you now of *Zelmanes* troubled thoughts, when she saw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of sorrow, carrie away her sweete presence, and easily found (so happy a coniecture vnhappy affection hath) that her demeanour was guiltie of that trespasse. There was neuer foolish soft hearted mother, that forced to beate her child, did weepe first for his paines, and doing that she was loth to do, did repent before shee began, did find halfe that motion in her weake minde, as *Zelmane* did, now that shee was forced by reason to giue an outward blow to her passions, and for the lending of a small time, to seeke the vsurie of all her desires. The vnkindnesse she conceiued, *Philoclea* might conceiue, did wound her soule, each teare shee doubted she spent, drowned all her comfort: Her sickenesse was a death vnto her. Often would shee speake to the image of *Philoclea* which liued and ruled in the highest of her inward part, and vse vehement othes and protestations vnto her; that nothing should euer falsifie the free chosen vow shee had made. Often would shee desire her that shee would looke well to *Pyrocles* heart, for as for her she had no more interest in it to bestow it any way: Alas would shee say, only *Philoclea* hast thou not so much feeling of thine own force, as to know no new Conquerour can preuaile against thy conquests? Was euer any dazeled with the Moone, that had vsed his eyes to the beames of the Sunne? Is hee caried away with a greedie desire of Acornes, that hath had his senses rauished with a garden of most delightfull fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, be thou but as mercifull a Princesse to my mind, as thou art a true possessour, and I shall haue as much cause of gladnesse as thou hast no cause of misdoubting. O no, no, when a mans own heart is the gage of his debt, when a mans owne thoughts are willing witnesses to his promise, lastly when a man is the Iayler ouer himselfe, there is little doubt of breaking credite, and lesse doubt of such an escape. In this combate of *Zelmanes* doubtfull imaginations, in the end reason well backed with the vehement desire to bring her matter soone to the desired hauen, did ouer-rule the boyling of her inward kindnesse, though as I say with such a manifest strife, that both *Basilius* and *Gynecias* well wayting eyes, had marked her muses had laboured in deeper subiects then ordinary: which she likewise perceiuing they had perceiued, awaking her selfe out of those thoughts, and principally caring how to satisfie *Gynecia* (whose iudgement and passion shee stood most in regard of) bowing her head to her attentiue eares, Madame (said she) with practise of my thoughts, I haue found out a way by which your contentment shall drawe on my happinesse. *Gynecia* deliuering in her face as thankefull a ioyfulnesse as her heart could hold, said, it was then time to retire themselues to their rest, for what with riding abroad the day before, and late sitting vp for Eclogues, their bodies had dearely purchased that nights quiet. So went they home to their Lodge, *Zelmane* framing of both sides bountifull measures of louing countenances to eithers ioy, and neithers iealousie, to the speciall comfort of *Basilius*, whose weaker bowels were straight full with the least liquor of hope. So that still holding her by the hand and sometimes tickling it, hee went by her with the most gay conceits that euer had

entred

entred his braines, growing now so hearted in his resolution, that he little respected *Gynecias* presence. But with a lustier note then wonted, clearing his voice, and cheering his spirits, looking still vpon *Zelmane* (whom now the Moone did beautifie with her shining almost at the full) as if her eyes had beene his song-Booke, he did the message of his minde in singing these verses.

When two Sunnes do appeare,
Some say it doth betoken wonders heare,
As Princes losse or change:
Two steaming Sunnes of splendour like I see,
And seeing feele in me
Of Princes heart quite lost the ruine strange.

But now each where doth range
With vgly cloke the darke enuious night:
Who full of guiltie spite,
Such liuing beames should her blacke seate assaile,
Too weake for them our weaker sight doth vaile.

No sayes faire Moone, my light
Shall barre that wrong, and though it not preuaile
Like to my brother's rayes, yet those I send
Hurt not the face, which nothing can amend.

And by that time being come to the Lodge, and visited the sweete *Philoclea*, with much lesse then naturall care of the parents, & much lesse then wonted kindnesse of *Zelmane*, each party full fraught with diuersly working fancies, made their pillowes weake props of their ouer-loden heads. Yet of all other were *Zelmanes* braines most turmoyled, troubled with loue both active and passiue, and lastly, and especially with care, how to vse her short limited time to the best purpose, by some wise and happie diuerting her two louers vnwelcome desires. *Zelmane* hauing had the night her onely counseller in the busie enterprise she was to vndertake, & hauing all that time mused, and yet not fully resolued, how shee might ioyne preuailing with preuenting, was offended with the dayes bold entrie into her chamber, as if he had now by custome growne an assured bringer of euill newes. Which shee taking a Citterne to her, did lay to *Aurora* charge with these well sung verses:

Aurora now thou shewest thy blushing light,
With oft to hope layes out a guilefull baite,
That trusts in time, to finde the way aright
To ease those paines, which on desire do waite.

Blush on for shame: that still with thee do light
On pensiue soules (in steed of restfull baite)
Care vpon care (in steed of doing right)
To ouer-pressed breasts, more grieuous waight.

Ah! ah! my selfe, whose woes are neuer light,
(Ide to the stake of doubt) strange passions baite,

While

While thy knowne course, obseruing natures right,
Stirres me to thinke what dangers lie in waite.
For mischiefes great, day after day doth show
Make me still feare, thy faire appearing show.

Alas, said she, am not I runne into a strange gulfe, that am faine for loue to hurt her I loue? And because I detest the others, to please them I detest? O onely *Philoclea*, whose beautie is matched with nothing, but with the vnspeakeable beautie of thy fayrest mind, if thou didst see vpon what racke my tormented soule is set, little would you thinke I had any scope now to leape to any new change; with that with hastie hands she got her selfe vp, turning her sight to euery thing, as if chaunge of obiect might help her inuention. So went she againe to the Caue, where forthwith it came into her head, that should be the fittest place to performe her exploit, of which she had now a kind of confused conceit, although she had not set downe in her fancie, the meeting with each particularitie that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the first but shew a rude proportion of the thing he imitates, which after with more curious hand he drawes to the representing each lineament: so had her thoughts beating about it continually, receiued into them a ground plot of her deuise, although she had not in each part shapt it according to a full determination. But in this sort hauing earely visited the mornings beauty, in those pleasant desarts, she came to the King and Queene and told them, that for the performance of certaine her countrey deuotions, which onely were to be exercised in solitarinesse, she did desire their leaue she might for a few dayes lodge her selfe in the Caue, the fresh sweetnesse of which did greatly delight her, in that hote countrey; and that for that small space, they would not otherwise trouble themselues in visiting her, but at such times as she would come to waite vpon them, which should bee euerie day at certaine houres, neyther should it be long, shee would desire this priuiledged absence of them. They whose minds had alreadie taken out that lesson, perfectly to yeeld a willing obedience to all her desires, with consenting countenance made her soone see her pleasure was a law vnto them. Both indeed inwardly glad of it, *Basilius* hoping that het diuiding her selfe from them, might yet giue him some freer occasion of comming in secret vnto her, whose fauourable face had lately strengthened his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other most ioyous, holding her selfe assured that this was but a prologue to the play she had promised her. Thus both flattering themselues with diuersly grounded hopes, they rang a bell which serued to call certaine poore women which euer lay in cabins not far off, to doe the household seruices of both Lodges, and neuer came to eyther but being called for: and commanded them to carry forthwith *Zelmanes* bed and furniture of her chamber into the pleasant caue, and to decke it vp as finely as it was possible for them, that their soules rest might rest her bodie to her best pleasing maner: that was with all diligence performed of them, and *Zelmane* alreadie in possession of her new chosen lodging; where she like one of *Vestaes* nunnes, entertaind her selfe for a few dayes in all shew of straightnesse, yet once a day comming to doe her duty to the King and Queene, in whom the seldomnesse of the sight encreased the more vnquiet longing, though somewhat qualified, as her countenance was decked to either of them with more comfort then wonted; Especially to *Gynecia*, who seeing her wholly neglecting her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promised her selfe a ful possession of *Zelmanes* heart, stil expecting the fruit of the happie and hoped for inuention. But both she and *Basilius* kept such a continuall watch about the precincts of the Caue, that eyther of them

was a bar to the other from hauing any ſecret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the meane time the ſweete *Philoclea* forgotten of her father, deſpiſed of her mother, and in apparance left of *Zelmane*, had yeelded vp her ſoule to be a prey to ſorow and vnkindnes, not with raging conceit of reuenge as had paſſed through the ſtout and wiſe heart of her mother, but with a kindly meeknes taking vpon her the weight of her own woes, and ſuffering them to haue ſo full a courſe, as it did exceedingly weaken the eſtate of her bodie: aſwell for which cauſe, as for that ſhe could not ſee *Zelmane*, without expreſsing (more then ſhe would) how fat now her loue was impriſoned in extremitie of ſorow, ſhe bound her ſelfe firſt to the limits of her own chamber, and after, (griefe breeding ſickneſſe) of her bed. But *Zelmane* hauing now a full libertie to caſt about euery way how to bring her conceiued attempt to a deſired ſucceſſe, was oft ſo perplexed with the manifold difficultie of it, that ſometimes ſhee reſolued by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parents, ſometimes to go away her ſelfe with *Muſidorus* & bring both their forces, ſo to win her. But laſtly, euen the ſame day that *Muſidorus* by feeding the humour of his three loathſome gardians, had ſtolne away the Princeſſe *Pamela* (whether it were that loue meant to match them euery way, or that her friends example had holpen her inuention, or that indeed *Zelmane* forbare to practiſe her deuiſe till ſhee found her friend had paſſed through his.) The ſame day, I ſay, ſhe reſolued on a way to rid out of the Lodge her two cumberſome louers, and in the night to carrie away *Philoclea*. whereunto ſhe was aſſured her owne loue no leſſe then her ſiſters, would eaſily win her conſent: hoping that although their abrupt parting had not ſuffered her to demand of *Muſidorus* which way he meant to direct his iourney, yet either they ſhould by ſom good fortune find him: or if that courſe fayled, yet they might well recouer ſome towne of the *Helots*, neare the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who being newly againe vp in armes againſt the Nobilitie, ſhee knew would be as glad of her preſence, as ſhee of their protection. Therefore hauing taken order for all things requiſite for their going, and firſt put on a ſlight vnder-ſuit of mans apparell, which before for ſuch purpoſes ſhee had prouided, ſhee curiouſly trimmed her ſelfe to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her laſt triall, ſhe might come vnto it in her braueſt armour. And ſo putting that kinde of milde countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle anſwer, according to her late receiued maner, ſhe left the pleaſant darkeneſſe of her melancholy caue, to go take her dinner of the king and Queene, and giue vnto them both a pleaſant food of ſeeing the owner of their deſires. But euen as the *Perſians* were aunciently wont to leaue no riſing Sun vnſaluted, but as his faire beames appeared clearer vnto them, would they more heartily reioyce, laying vpon them a great foretoken of their following fortune: So was there no time that *Zelmane* encountred their eyes with her beloued preſence, but that it bred a kind of burning deuotion in them, yet ſo much the more gladding their greedie ſoules, as her countenance was cleared with more fauour vnto them: which now being determinately framed to the greateſt deſcent of kindneſſe, it took ſuch hold of her infortunate louers, that like children about a tender father, from a long voyage returned, with louely childiſhneſſe hang about him, and yet with ſimple feare meaſure by his countenance, how farre he accepts their boldneſſe: ſo were theſe now throwne into ſo ſeruiceable an affection, that the turning of *Zelmanes* eye was a ſtrong ſterne enough to all their motions, wending no way but as the inchanting force of it guided them. But hauing made a light repaſt of the pleaſant fruits of that countrey, enterlarding their food with ſuch manner of generall diſcourſes, as louers are wont to couer their paſsions in, when reſpect of a third perſon keepes

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them from plaine particulars, at the earnest entreatie of *Basilius*, *Zelmane*, first tuning the Muses with a base Violl hung hard by her, sent this ambassade in versified musicke to both her ill-requited louers.

Beautie hath force to catch the humane sight:
Sight doth bewitch the fancie euill awaked.
Fancie we feele, includes all passions might,
Passion rebeld of reasons strength hath shaked.

No wonder then, though sight my sight did taint,
And though thereby my fancie was infected,
Though (yoked so) my mind with sicknesse faint,
Had reasons weight for passions ease reiected.

But now the fit is past: and time hath giu'n
Leasure to weigh what due desert requireth.
All thoughts so sprung, are from their dwelling driu'n,
And wisedome to his wonted seate aspireth,
Crying in me: eye-hopes deceitfull proue:
Things rightly priz'd, loue is the band of loue.

And after her song with an affected modestie, shee threw downe her eye, as if the conscience of a secret graunt her inward minde made had sodainely cast a bashfull vaile ouer her. Which *Basilius* finding, and thinking now was the time to vrge his painfull petition, beseeching his wife with more carefull eye to accompany his sickly daughter *Philoclea*, being rid for that time of her, who was content to graunt him any scope, that she might after haue the like freedome, with a gesture gouerned by the force of his passions, making his knee his best supporters, he thus said vnto her: If either, said he, ô Lady of my life, my deadly pangs could beare delay, or that this were the first time the same were manifested vnto you, I would now but maintaine still the remembrance of my misfortune, without vrging any further reward, then time and pitie might procure for me. But (alas) since my martyrdome is no lesse painefull, then manifest, and that I no more feele the miserable danger, then you know the assured truth therof: why should my tongue denie his seruice to my heart? Why should I feare the breath of my wordes, who daily feele the flame of your works? Embrace in your sweet consideration, I beseech you, the miserie of my case, acknowledge your selfe to be the cause, and thinke it is reason for you to redresse the effects. Alas, let not certaine imaginatiue rules, whose truth stands but vpon opinion, keepe so wise a mind from gratefulnesse and mercie, whose neuer failing lawes nature hath planted in vs. I plainely lay my death vnto your, the death of him that loues you, the death of him whose life you may saue, say your absolute determination, for hope it selfe is a paine, while it is ouermastered with feare, & if you do resolue to be cruell, yet is the speediest condemnation, as in exils, most welcome. *Zelmane* who had fully set to her selfe the traine she should keepe, yet knowing that who soonest means to yeeld doth well to make the braueſt parlie, keeping countenance aloft. Noble Prince (said shee) your words are too well couched to come out of a restlesse minde, and thanked be the Gods, your face threatens no daunger of death. These are but those swelling speeches, which giue the vttermost name to euery trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enameld with the goodly

outside of loue. Truely loue were very vnlouely, if it were halfe so deadly, as you louers (ſtill liuing) reporte it. I thinke well it may haue a certaine childiſh vehemencie, which for the time to one deſire will engage all the ſoule, ſo long as it laſteth. But with what impatience you your ſelfe ſhew, who confeſſe the hope of it a paine, and thinke your own deſire ſo vnworthy, as you would faine be rid of it, & ſo with ouer much loue ſue hard for a haſtie refuſall. A refuſall! (cried out *Baſilius*, amazed with all, but pierced with the laſt.) Now aſſure your ſelfe, whenſoeuer you vſe that word definitiuely, it will be the vndoubted doome of my approching death. And then ſhal your owne experience know in me, how ſoone the ſpirits dryed vp with anguiſh, leaue the performance of their miniſterie, whereupon our life dependeth. But alas, what a crueltie is this, not onely to torment, but to thinke the torment ſleight? The terribleſt tyrants would ſay by no man they killed, he died not; nor by no man they puniſhed, that he eſcaped free: for of all other, there is leaſt hope of mercie where there is no acknowledging of the paine; & with like cruelty are my words breathed out from a flamie heart accounted as meſſengers of a quiet minde. If I ſpeake nothing, I choake my ſelfe, and am in no way of reliefe: if ſimply, neglected: if confuſedly, not vnderſtood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any liuely expreſſing of that they truely feele, that is a token, forſooth, the thoughts are at too much leaſure. Thus is ſilence deſperate, folly puniſhed, and wit ſuſpected. But indeed it is vaine to ſay any more, for words can bind no beliefe. Lady, I ſay, determine of me, I muſt confeſſe I cannot beare this battell in my mind, & therefore let me ſoone know what I may account of my ſelfe, for it is a hell of dolours when the mind ſtill in doubt for want of reſolution, can make no reſiſtance.

Indeed (anſwered *Zelmane*) if I ſhould graunt to your requeſt, I ſhould ſhew an example in my ſelfe that I eſteeme the holy band of chaſtitie to be but an imaginatiue rule, as you termed it: and not the trueſt obſeruance of nature, the moſt noble commandement that mankind can haue ouer themſelues, as indeed both learning teacheth, and inward feeling aſſureth. But firſt ſhall *Zelmanes* graue become her mariage bedde, before my ſoule ſhall conſent to his owne ſhame, before I will leaue a marke in my ſelfe of an vnredeemable trepaſſe. And yet muſt I confeſſe that if ouer my heart were ſtirred, it hath beene with the manifeſt and manifold ſhewes of the miſerie you liue in for me. For in truth ſo it is, nature giues not to vs her degenerate children, any more generall precept, then one to helpe the other, one to feele a true compaſsion of the others miſhap. But yet if I were neuer ſo contented to ſpeake with you (for further O *Baſilius* neuer looke for at my hands) I know not how you can auoid your wiues iealous attendance, but that her ſuſpicion ſhall bring my honour into queſtion. *Baſilius* whoſe ſmall ſailes the leaſt wind did fil, was forthwith as farre gone into a large promiſing himſelfe his deſire, as before he was ſtuken downe with a threatned deniall. And therfore bending his browes as though he were not a man to take the matter as he had done; What (ſaid he) ſhall my wife become my miſtreſſe? Thinke you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her? I will mew the Gentlewoman till ſhe haue caſt all her feathers, if ſhe rouze her ſelfe againſt me. And with that he walked vp & downe, nodding his head, as though they miſtooke him much that thought he was not his wiues maiſter. But *Zelmane* now ſeeing it was time to conclude, Of your wiſedom & manhood (ſaid ſhe) I doubt not, but that ſufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, & impoſsibly bar the freedome of thought, which be the things that muſt be only witneſſes of honor, or iudges of diſhonor. But that you may ſee I doe not ſet light your affection, if to night after your wife be aſſuredly aſleep, whereof by your loue I con-

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iure you to haue a most precise care, you will steale handsomly to the caue vnto me, there do I grant you as great proportion as you wil take of free conference with me, euer remembring you will seeke no mote, for so shal you but deceiue your self, & for euer lose me. *Basilius* that was old enough to know that women are not wont to appoint secret night meetings for the purchasing of land, holding himselfe already an vndoubted possessor of his desires, kissing her hand, and lifting vp his eies to heauen, as if the greatnesse of the benefit did goe beyond all measure of thanks, said no more, lest stirring of more words, might bring forth some perhaps contrarie matter. In which trance of ioy, *Zelmane* went from him, saying she would leaue him to the remembrance of their appointment, and for her she would goe visite the Lady *Philoclea*, into whose chamber being come, keeping still her late taken-on grauitie, and asking her how she did, rather in the way of dutifull honor, then any special affection, with extreame inward anguish to them both, she turned from her, and taking the Queene *Gynecia*, led her into a bay window of the same chamber, determining in her selfe, not to vtter (for so excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the vttermost point of her pretended deuise, but to keepe the clause of it for the last instant, when the shortnesse of the time should not giue her spirits leasure to looke into all those doubts, that easily enter to an open inuention. But with smiling eyes, and with a deliuered ouer grace, saying as much loue to her, as she did counterfeit little loue to *Philoclea*, she began with more credible then eloquent speech to tell her, that with much consideration of a matter so nearely importing her owne fancie, and *Gynecias* honour, shee had now concluded that the night following should be the fittest time for the ioyning together their seuerall desires, what time sleepe should perfectly doe his office vpon the king her husband, and that the one should come to the other into the caue. Which place, as it was the first receipt of their promised loue, so it might haue the first honour of the due performance. That the cause why those few dayes past, she had not sought the like, was, lest the new change of her lodging, might make the King more apt to marke any sodaine euent: which now the vse of it would take out of his mind. And therefore now most excellent Lady (said she) there resteth nothing, but that quickly after supper, you traine vp the King to visite his daughter *Philoclea*, and then saying your selfe not well at ease, by your going to bedde, draw him not long to be after you. In the meane time I wil be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you, with no lesse deuotion, but as I hope with better fortune, then *Thisbe* did the too much louing and too much loued *Pyramus*. The bloud that quickly came into *Gynecias* faire face, was the onely answere she made, but that one might easily see, contentment and consent were both to the full in her; which shee did testifie with the wringing *Zelmane* fast by the hand, closing her eyes, and letting her head fall, as if she would giue her to know, she was not ignorant of her fault, although she were transported with the violence of her euill. But in this triple agreement did the day seeme tedious of all sides, till his neuer erring course had giuen place to the nights succession: And the supper by each hand hasted, was with no lesse speede ended, when *Gynecia* presenting a heauie sleepinesse in her countenance, brought vp both *Basilius* and *Zelmane* to see *Philoclea*, still keeping her bedde, and farre more sicke in minde then bodie, and more grieued then comforted with any such visitation. Thence *Zelmane* wishing easefull rest to *Philoclea*, did seeme to take that nights leaue of this princely diuty, when *Gynecia* likewise seeming somewhat eased, desired *Basilius* to stay a while with his daughter, while shee recommended her sickenesse to her beddes comfort, indeede desirous to determine againe of the manner of her stealing away, to no lesse comfort to *Basilius*, and

who the sooner she was asleepe, the sooner hoped to come by his long pursued prey. Thus both were bent to deceiue each other, and to take the aduantage of eyther others disaduantage. But *Gynecia* hauing taken *Zelmane* into her bed-chamber, to speake a little with her of their sweet determination: *Zelmane* vpon a sodaine (as though she had neuer thought of it before) Now the Gods forbid (said she) so great a Ladie as you are should come to me; or that I should leaue it to the hands of fortune, if by eyther the ill gouerning of your passion, or your husbands sodaine waking, any daunger might happen vnto you. No if there be any superioritie in the points of true loue, it shall be yours: if there be any danger, since my selfe am the author of this deuise, it is reason it should be mine. Therefore doe you but leaue with me the keyes of the gate, and vpon your selfe take my vpper garment, that if any of *Dametas* house see you, they may thinke you be my selfe, and I will presently lye downe in your place, so muffled for your supposed sickenesse, as the King shall nothing know me. And then as soone as he is asleepe, will I (as it much better becomes me) waite vpon you. But if the vttermost of mischiefes should happen, I can assure you the kings life shall sooner pay for it, then your honour. And with the ending of her words, she threw off her mantell, not giuing *Gynecia* any space to take the full image of this new change into her fancie. But seeing no readie obiection against it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to stand long disputing, besides remembring the giuer was to order the maner of his gift, yeelded quickly to this conceit, indeed not among the smallest causes, tickled thereunto by a certaine wanton desire, that her husbands deceit might be the more notable. In this sort did *Zelmane* nimbly disataying her selfe, possesse *Gynecias* place, hiding her head in such a close maner, as grieuous and ouetwatched sickenesse is wont to inuite to it selfe the solace of sleepe. And of the other side the Queene putting on *Zelmanes* outmost apparell, went first into her closet, there quickly to beautifie her selfe with the best and sweetest night deckings. But there casting an hasty eye ouer her precious things, which euer since *Zelmanes* comming, her head otherwise occupied had left vnseene, she hapned to see a bottle of gold, vpon which down along were graued these verses:

Let him drinke this, whom long in armes to fold
Thou doest desire, and with free power to hold.

She remembred the bottle, for it had beene kept of long time by the Kings of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare vertue, and giuen to her by her mother, when she being verie young married to her husband of much greater age, her mother perswaded it was of propertie to force loue with loues effects, had made a precious present of it to this her beloued childe, though it had beene receiued rather by tradition to haue such a qualitie, then by any approued experiment. This *Genecia* (according to the common disposition, not onely (though especially) of wiues, but of all other kinds of people, not to esteeme much ones owne, but to thinke the labour lost, employed about it) had neuer cared to giue to her husband, but suffered his affection to runne according to his owne scope. But now that loue of her particular choyse had awaked her spirits, and perchance the verie vnlawfulnesse of it had a little blowne the coale, among her other ornaments with glad minde she tooke most part of this liquor, putting it into a faire cup, allset with diamonds: for what dares not loue vndertake, armed with the night, and prouoked with lust? And thus downe she went to the Caue-ward, guided onely by the Moones faire shining, suffering no other thought to haue anie familiaritie with her braines, but that which did present vnto

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her a picture of her approching contentment. She that had long disdained this solitary life her husband had entred into, now wished it much more solitary, so she might only obtaine the priuate presence of *Zelmane*. She that before would not haue gone so farre, especially by night, and to so darke a place, now tooke a pride in the same courage, and framed in her minde a pleasure out of the paine it selfe. Thus with thicke doubled pases shee went to the Caue, reckning in her selfe, for her first contentment, the onely lying where *Zelmane* had done; whose pillow shee kist a thousand times, for hauing borne the print of that beloued head. And so keeping with panting heart her trauelling fancies so attentiue, that the wind could stirre nothing, but that shee stirred her selfe, as if it had been the voice she longed for *Zelmane*, she kept her side of the bed, defending only and cherishing the other side with her arme, till after a while waying, counting with her selfe how many steps were betwixt the Lodge and the Caue, and oft accusing *Zelmane* of more curious stay then needed, shee was visited with an vnexpected guest.

For *Basilius*, after his wife was departed to her fained repose, as long as hee remayned with his daughter, to giue his wife time of vnreadying her selfe, it was easily seene it was a very thorny abode hee made there: and the discourses with which hee entertained his daughter, not vnlike to those of earnest players, when in the middest of their game, riddling questions be put vnto them, his eyes still looking about, & himselfe still changing places, beginning to speake of a thing, & breaking it off before it were halfe done. To any speech *Philoclea* ministred vnto him, with a sodaine starting and casting vp his head, made an answer farre out of all Grammer: a certaine deepe musing, and by and by out of it vncertaine mouings, restlesse gestures. Hauing borne out the limit of a reasonable time with as much paine as might bee, he came darkeling into his chamber, stoling himselfe to bed as softly as hee could. But the more curious he was, the more he thought euery thing reached vnder him: and his minde being out of the way with another thought, & his eyes not serving his turne in that darke place, each Coffer or Cupbord hee met, one smashed his shinnes, another his elbowes: sometimes stands he in rounding to strike them against with his face. Till at length, fearing his wife were not fully asleepe, hee came lifting vp the clothes as gently as (I thinke) poore *Paris* did, when in steed of *Helen* he came into the rough embracings of *Hecuba*, and laying himselfe downe, as tenderly as a new Bride, rested a while with a very open eare, to marke each breath of his supposed wife. And sometimes he himselfe would yeeld such a long forth sigh, as though that had been a meanes to draw on another to sleepe, till within a very little while, with the other parties well contenting sleepe (who was as willing to be rid of him, as he was to be gone thence) assisting himselfe he left all safe there, in the same order stale out againe, & putting on his night gowne, with much groping & scrambling, he gat himselfe out of the little house, & then did the Moone light serue to guide his feete. Thus with a great deale of paine did *Basilius* get to her whom he feared, & with much cunning lefe the person for whom he had employed all his cunning. But whē *Basilius* was once gotten (as he thought) into a desert coast, what ioy he then made, how each thing seemed vile in his sight, in comparison of his fortune, how far already hee deemed himselfe in the chiefe towne of his desire, it were tedious to tell. Once his heart could not choose but yeeld this song, as fearing of his contentment.

GEt hence foule Griefe the enemy of the minde
Farewell Complaint, the miser's onely pleasure,

Away

Away vaine Cares, by which few men do find
Their sought-for treasure.

Ye helpelesse Sighes, blow out your breath to nought,
Teares, drowne your selues, for woe (your cause is wasted,
Thought, thinke to end, too long the fruit of thought
My mind hath tasted.

But thou, sure Hope, tickle my leaping heart.
Comfort, step them in place of wonted sadnesse:
Fore-felt Desire, begin to sauour part
Of comming gladnesse.

Let voice of Sighes into cleare musicke runne:
Eyes, let your Teares with gazing now be mended,
Instead of Thought, true pleasure be begun,
And neuer ended.

Thus imagining as then with himselfe, his ioyes so held him vp, that he neuer touched ground. And like a right old beaten Souldier, that knew well enough the greatest Captaines doe neuer vse long Orations, when it comes to the verie point of execution, assoone as hee was gotten into the Caue, and to the ioyfull (though silent) expectation of *Gynecia*, come close to the bed, neuer reeking his promise to looke for nothing but confection, hee lept into that side reserued for a more welcome guest. And laying his louingst hold vpon *Gynecia*: O *Zelmane*, said he, embrace in your fauor this humble seruant of yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leaue his master to come vnto you. In what case poore *Gynecia* was, when shee knew the voice, and felt the bodie of her husband, faire Ladies, it is better to know by imagination then by experience. For streight was her minde assaulted, partly with the being depriued of her vnquenched desire, but principally with the doubt that *Zelmane* had betrayed her to her husband, besides the renewed sting of iealousie, what in the meanetime might befal her daughter. But of the other side, her loue with a fixed perswasion shee had, taught her to seeke all reason of hopes: And therein thought best before discouering of her selfe, to marke the behauiour of her husband; who, both in deedes and wordes still vsing her, as taking her to bee *Zelmane*, made *Gynecia* hope that thus might bee *Basilius* owne enterprise, which *Zelmane* had not stayed, least shee should discouer the matter which might be performed at another time. Which hope accompanied with *Basilius* manner of dealing, (he being at that time fuller of lasciuious fancies, then many yeares before he had beene) besides the remembrance of her daughters sicknesse, and late strange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmane*, all confounding together into her minde, which (was loath to conclude in it selfe of an vnnet aduenture, made her frame her selfe, not truly with a sugred ioy, but with a determinate patience to let her husband thinke hee had found a more gentle and supple-minded *Zelmane*; which her good man making full reckoning of, did inioy as much gladnesse as she was oppressed with diuers vngratefull burthens.

But *Pyrocles* who had at this present no more to play the part of *Zelmane*, hauing so naturally measured the manner of his breathing, that *Basilius* made no doubt of his sound sleeping, and laine a preatie while with a quiet vnquietnesse to

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performe his entended enterprise, as soone as by the debate betwixt *Basilius* shinnes and the vnregarding formes, hee perceiued that hee had fully left the Lodge: after him went he with his stealing steps, hauing his sword vnder his arme (still doubting least some mischance might turne *Basilius* backe againe) downe to the gate of the Lodge. Which not content to locke fast, he barred and fortified with as many deuises, as his wit and haste would suffer him, that so hee might haue full time both for making ready *Philocles*, and conueying her to her house, before any might come in to finde them missing. For further ends of those ends, and what might ensue of this action, his loue and courage well matched neuer looked after, holding for an assured ground, that whosoeuer in great things will thinke to preuent all obiections, must lye still, and doe nothing. This determination thus wayed, the first part thus performed, vp to *Philoclea*'s chamber goes went *Pyrocles*, rapt from himselfe with the excessiue fore-feeling of his (as hee assured himselfe) neere comming contentment. What euer paines hee had taken, what dangers hee had runne into, and especially those sawcie pages of loue, doubts, griefes, languishing hopes and threatning despaires, came all now to his minde, in one rancke to beautifie his expected blissefulnesse, and seiseure for a most fit seruice, whose sourenesse might giue a kinde of life to the delightfull obiect his imagination fed vpon. All the great estate of his father, all his owne glorie, seemed vnto him but artificiall pompe, whose good stands in other mens conceit, in comparison of the true contentment hee found in the depth of his minde, and the knowledge of any misery that might ensue this ioyous aduenture, was tooke of but as a slight purchase of possessing the top of happinesse, for so far his thoughts past through all perils, that already hee conceiued himselfe safely arriued with his Lady at the stately palaces of *Pella*, among the exceeding ioyes of his father, & infinite congratulations of his friends giuing order for the royall entertayning of *Philoclea*, and for sumptuous shewes & triumphes against their mariage. In the thought whereof as he found extremitie of ioy, so well found he that extremitie is not without a certaine sorrowfull paine, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by so forcible a holding all the senses to one obiect, that it confounds their mutuall working, not without a charming kind of ratifying them, from the free vse of their owne functions. Thus grieued onely with too much gladnesse, being come to the doore which should be the entrie to his happinesse, hee was met with the latter end of a song, which *Philoclea* like a solitarie Nightingale, bewayling her guiltlesse punishment, and helplesse misfortune, had newly deliuered ouer, meaning none should be iudge of her passion, but her owne conscience. The song hauing beene accorded to a sweetely playd on Lute, contained these verses, which she had lately with some art curiously written, to enwrap her secret and resolute woes.

VErtue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue delight:
First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
His workes, shewes, suites, with wit, grace, and vow's might.

Thus honor, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pearst, possest, my iudgement, sense, and will,

Till

Till wrong, contempt, deceit did grow, steale, crepe,
Bandes, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
Then griefe, vnkindnesse, proofe, spoke, kindled, thought
Well grounded, noble, true, spite, rage, disdaine,
But ah, alas, (in vaine) my minde sight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, restraine,
For no thing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

The force of loue to those poore folke, that feele it, is many wayes very strange but no way stranger, then that it doth so enchaine the louers iudgement vpon her that holdes the raines of his minde, that whatsoeuer she doth is euer in his eyes best. And that best, being the continuall motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing againe becommeth best. So that nature in each kinde suffring but one superlatiue, the louer onely admits no positiue. If she sit still, that is best, for so is the conspiracie of her seuerall graces held best together to make one perfect figure of beautie. If shee walke, no doubt that is best, for besides the making happie the more places by her steps, the very stirring addes a pleasing life to het natiue perfections. If she be silent, that without comparison is best, since by that means the vntroubled eye most freely may deuour the sweetenesse of his obiect. But if she speake, hee will take it vpon his death that is best, the quintessence of each word being destilled downe into his affected soule: Example of this was well to be seene in the giuen-ouer *Pyrocles*, who with panting breath, and sometime sighes, not such as sorrow restraynyng the inward parts doth make them glad to deliuer, but such as the impatience of delay, with the vnsuerie of neuer so sure hope, is wont to breath out. Now being at the dore, of the one side hearing her voice, which hee thought if the Philosophers said true of the heauenly seuen sphered harmony, was by her not onely represented, but farre surmounted, and of the other hauing his eyes ouer filled with her beautie, (for the king at his parting had left the chamber open, and she at that time lay, as the heate of that countrie did well suffer, vpon the top of her bed, hauing her beauties eclypsed with nothing but with a faire smocke, wrought all in flames of ash-colour silke and gold, lying so vpon her right side, that the left thigh down to the foote, yeelded his delightfull proportion to the full view, which was seene by the helpe of a rich lampe, which thorow the curtaines a little drawne cast forth a light vpon her (as the Moone doth when it shines into a thinne wood;) *Pyrocles* I say was stoped with the violence of so many darts, cast by *Cupid* altogether put vpon him, that quite forgetting himselfe, & thinking therein already he was in the best degree of felicitie, he would haue lost much of his time, and with too much loue omitted the enterprise vndertaken for his loue, had not *Philocleas* pitifull accusing of him forced him to bring his spirits againe, to a new byas, for she laying her hand vnder her faire cheek, vpon which there did priuily trickle the sweet drops of her delightfull though sorrowfull teares, made these wordes wayte vpon her moanefull song. And hath that cruell *Pyrocles*, said shee, deserued thus much of

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me, that I should for his sake lift vp my voice in my best tunes, and to him continually, with powring out my plaint, make a disdained oblation? Shall my soule still do this honour to his vnmercifull tyrannie, by my lamenting his losse, to shew his worthinesse and my weakenesse? Hee heares the not simple *Philoclea*, he heares thee not; and if hee did, some hearts grow the harder the more they find their aduantage. Alas what a miserable constitution of minde haue I! I disdaine my fortune, & yet reuerence him that disdaine me. I accuse his vngratefulnesse, and haue his vertue in admiration. O ye deafe heauens, I would either his iniury could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his iniury. With that giuing a pitifull but sweet shrich, shee tooke againe the Lute, and began to sing this Sonnet, which might serue as an explaning to the other:

THe loue which is imprinted in my soule
With beauties seale, and vertue faire disguis'de,
With inward cries puts vp a bitter role
Of huge complaints, that now it is despis'de.

Thus thus the more I loue, the wrong the more
Monstrous appeares, long truth receiued late,
Wrong spurres remorsed griefe, griefes deadly sore
Vnkindnesse breeds, vnkindnesse fostereth hate.

But ah the more I hate, the more I thinke
Whom I doe hate, the more I thinke on him,
The more his matchlesse gifts do deepely sinke
Into my brest, and loues renewed swimme,
What medicine then, can such disease remoue,
Where loue drawes hate, and hate engendreth loue?

But *Pyrocles* that had heard his name accused, & cõdemned by the mouth which of all the world, and more then all the world, he most loued; had then cause enough to call his mind to his home, & with the most haste he could (for true loue feares the accident of an instant) to match the excusing of his fault, with declaration of his arrand thither. And therefore blowne vp and downe with as many contrary passions, as *Aeolus* sent out winds vpon the Troian reliques, guided vpon the sea by the valiant *Aeneas*, hee went into her chamber with such a pase as reuerent feare doth teach, where kneeling downe, & hauing prepared a long discourse for her, his eyes were so filled with her sight, that as if they would haue robbed all their fellowes of their seruices, both his heart fainted, & his tongue fayled in such sort, that hee could not bring forth one word, but referred her vnderstanding to his eyes language. But she in extremitie amazed to see him there, at so vndue a season, & ashamed that her beautifull body made so naked a prospect, drawing in her delicate limmes into the weake guard of the bed, and presenting in her face to him such a kinde of pitifull anger, as might shew, this was only a fault, therfore because she had a former grudge vnto him, turning away her face from him she thus said vnto him: O *Zelmane* or *Pyrocles*, (for whether name I vse it much skils not, since by the one I was first deceiued & by the other now betrayed) what strange motion is the guide of thy cruell minde hither? Dost thou not thinke the day torments thou hast giuen me sufficient, but

that

that thou doest enuie me the nights quiet? Wilt thou giue my sorrowes no truce, but by making me see before mine eyes how much I haue lost, offer me due cause of confirming my plaint? Or is thy heart so full of rancor, that thou dost desire to feed thine eyes with the wretched spectacle of thine ouerthrowne enemie, & so to satisfie the full measure of thy vndeserued rage, with the receiuing into thy sight the vnreleuable ruines of my desolate life? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles* for thine own vertues sake, let miseries be no musicke vnto thee, and be content to take to thy selfe some colour of excuse, that thou didst not know to what extremitie thy inconstancie, or rather falshood hath brought me. *Pyrocles* to whom euery syllable shee pronounced, was a thunderbolt to his heart, equally distraught betwixt amasement & sorow, abashed to see such a stop of his desires, grieued with her paine, but tormented to finde himselfe the author of it, with quaking lips, & pale cheere, alas diuine Lady said he, your displeasure is so contrary to my desert, & your words so farre beyond all expectations, that I haue least ability now I haue most need, to speak in the cause vpon which my life dependeth. For my troth is so vndoubtedly constant vnto you, my heart is so assured a witnesse to it selfe, of his vnspotted faith, that hauing no one thing in mee, whereout any such sacriledge might arise, I haue likewise nothing in so direct a thing to say for my selfe, but sincere and vehement protestations; for in truth, there may most words bee spent, where there is some probabilitie to breed of both sides coniecturall allegations. But so perfect a thing as my loue is of you, as it suffers no question, so it seemes to receiue iniury by addition of any words vnto it. If my soule could haue been polluted with trechery, it would likewise haue prouided for it selfe due furniture of colourable answers, but as it stood vpon the naked cõscience of his vntouched duty, so I must confesse it is altogether vnarmed against so vniust a violence as you lay vpon me: alas! let not the paines I haue taken to serue you, be now accounted iniurious vnto you, let not the dangerous cunning I haue vsed to please you be deemed a treason against you, since I haue deceiued them whom you feare for your sake, do not you destroy me for their sake; what can I without you further do? Or to what more forwardnesse can any counsell bring our desired happinesse? I haue prouided whatsoeuer is needfull for our going, I haue rid them both out of the lodg, so that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but onely the almighty powers, whom I inuoke as triers of mine innocencie, & witnesses of my wel meaning. And if euer my thoughts did receiue so much as a fainting in their affections: if they haue not continually with more & more ardour from time to time pursued the possession of your sweetest fauour; if euer in that possession they receiued either spot, or falshood: then let their most horrible plagues fall vpon me, let mine eyes be depriued of the light which did abase the heauenly beames that strake them let my falsified tongue serue to no vse but to bemone mine own wretchednes, let my heart impoisoned with detestable treason, bee the seate of infernall sorrow, let my soule with the endlesse anguish of his conscience become his owne tormentor. O false mankind! cried out the sweet *Philoclea*. How can an impostumed hart but yeld forth euill matter by his mouth? Are oathes there to bee beleeued, where vowes are broke? No no, who doth wound the eternall iustice of the gods, cares little for abusing their names: & who in doing wickedly doth not feare due recõpencing plagues, doth little feare that inuoking of plagues, will make them come euer a whit the sooner. But alas what ayleth this new conuersion, haue you yet another sleight to play or do you thinke to deceiue me in *Pyrocles* for me, as you haue done in *Zelmanes*? Or rather now you haue betrayed me in both, is some third sex left you, into which you can transforme your selfe to inueigle my simplicitie? Enioy the conquest you

haue

haue already won: and aſſure your ſelfe you are come to the farthest point of your cunning. For my part vnkind *Pyrocles*, my onely defence ſhall be beleefe of nothing, my comfort my faithful innocencie, & the puniſhment I deſire of you ſhall be your owne conſcience. *Philocleas* hard perſeuering in this vniuſt condemnation of him, did ſo ouerthrow all the might of *Pyrocles* mind (who ſaw that time would not ſerue to proue by deeds, & that the better words he vſed, the more they were ſuſpected of deceitfull cunning.) That voide of all counſell, & depriued of all comfort, finding beſt deſerts puniſhed, & neereſt hopes preuented, he did abandon the ſuccour of himſelfe, & ſuffered griefe ſo to cloſe his heart, that his breath fayling him with a deathfull ſhutting of his eyes, he fell down at her bedſide, hauing had time to ſay no more, but oh! whom doſt thou kill *Philoclea*? She that little looked for ſuch an extreame euent of her doings, ſtart out of her bed, like *Venus* riſing from her mother the ſea, not ſo much ſtricken down with amazement, & griefe of her fault, as lifted vp with the force of loue & deſire to helpe, ſhe layd her faire body ouer his breaſt, & throwing no other water in his face, but the ſtreame of her teares, nor giuing him other blowes but the kiſſing of her well formed mouth, her only cries were theſe lamentations: O vnfortunate ſuſpicion, ſaid ſhe, the very meane to loſe that we moſt ſupect to loſe. O vnkind kindneſſe of mine, which returnes an imagined wrong with an effectuall iniury. O foole to make quarrell my ſupplication, or to vſe hate as the mediator of loue: childiſh *Philoclea*, haſt thou throwne away the iewell wherein all thy pride conſiſted? Haſt thou with too much haſt ouerrun thy ſelfe? Then would ſhe renew her kiſſes, but not finding the life returne, redouble her plaints in this maner. O diuine ſoule, [illegible] thee, whoſe vertue can poſſeſſe no leſſe then the higheſt place in heauen, if for mine eternall plague, thou haſt vtterly left this moſt ſweet manſion, before I follow thee with *Thisbes* puniſhment for my raſh vnwarineſſe, heare this proteſtation of mine: That as the wrong I haue done thee proceeded of a moſt ſincere, but vnreſiſtable affection, ſo led with this pitifull example, it ſhall end in the mortal hate of my ſelfe, & (if it may be) I will make my ſoule a tombe of thy memory. At that word with anguiſh of mind & weakneſſe of body encreaſed one by the other, & both augmented by this fearfull accident, ſhe had falne down in a ſound, but that *Pyrocles* then firſt ſeuering his eye-liddes, & quickly apprehending her danger, to him more then death, beyond all powers ſtriuing to recouer the cõmandement of all his powers, ſtayed her from falling: & then lifting the ſweet burthen of her body in his armes, laid her again in her bed. So that ſhe, but then the Phyſition, was now become the patient: & he, to whom her weakneſſe had been ſeruiceable, was now enforced to do ſeruice to her weakneſſe: which performed by him with that harty care which the moſt carefull loue on the beſt loued ſubiect in greateſt extremity could employ, preuailed ſo farre, that ere long ſhe was able (though in ſtrength exceedingly deiected) to call home her wandering ſenſes, to yeld attention to that her beloued *Pyrocles* had to deliuer. But he lying downe on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with ſo kind an accuſing her of vnkindnes, as in accuſing her he condemned himſelfe, began from point to point to diſcouer vnto her all that had paſſed betweene his lothed louers & him. How he had entertained, & by entertaining deceiued, both *Baſilius* & *Gynecia*: and with ſuch a kind of deceit, as either might ſee the cauſe in the other, but neither eſpie the effect in themſelues. That all his fauours to them had tended onely to make them ſtrangers to this his action: & all his ſtrangeneſſe to her, to the finall obtaining of her long promiſed, & now to be performed fauour. Which deuiſe ſeeing it had ſo well ſucceeded to the remouing all other hinderances, that only her reſolution remained for the taking their happy iourney, he coniured her by all the loue

she had euer borne him, she would make no longer delay to partake with him what-soeuer honors the noble kingdome of *Macedon*, and all other *Emperours* dominions might yeeld him, specially since in this enterprise he had now waded so farre, as he could not possibly retire himselfe backe, without being ouerwhelmed with danger & dishonor. He needed not haue vsed further perswasion: for that only coniuration had so forcibly bound all her spirits, that could her body haue seconded her minde, or her mind haue strengthened her body, without respect of any worldly thing, but onely feare to be again vnkind to *Pyrocles*, she had condiscended to go with him. But raising her self a litle in her bed, & finding her own vnabilitie in any sort to endure the aire: My *Pyrocles* said she (with tearefull eyes & pitifull countenance, such as well witnessed she had no will to deny any thing she had power to performe) if you can conuey me hence in such plight as you see mee; I am most willing to make my extreamest danger a testimony, that I esteeme no danger in regard of your vertuous satisfaction. But she fainted so fast, that she was not able to vtter the rest of her conceiued speech: which also turned *Pyrocles* thoughts from expecting further answer, to the necessary care of reuiuing her, in whose fainting himselfe was more then ouerthrowne. And that hauing effected with all the sweet meanes his wits could deuise, though his highest hopes were by this vnexpected downefall sunke deeper then any any degree of despaire: yet lest the appearance of his inward griefe might occasion her further discomfort, hauing racked his face to a more cõfortable semblance, he sought some shew of reason, to shew she had no reason, either for him, or for her selfe so to be afflicted. Which in the sweet minded *Philoclea*, whose consideration was limitted by his words, & whose conceit pierced no deeper then his outward countenance, wrought within a while such quietnesse of minde, & that quietnesse againe such repose of body, that sleepe by his harbingers weaknesse, wearinesse, & watchfulnesse, had quickly taken vp his lodging in all her senses. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leasure to sit in iudgment on himselfe, and to heare his reason accuse his rashnesse, who, without forecast of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpose, or being made acquainted with her present estate, had falne headlong into that attempt, the successe whereof he had long since set downe to himselfe as the measure of all his other fortunes. But calling to minde how weakely they doe, that rather finde fault with what cannot be amended, then seeke to amend wherein they haue beene faultie: he soone turned him from remembring what might haue beene done, to considering what was now to be done, & when that consideration failed, what was now to be expected. Wherin hauing runne ouer all the thoughts, his reason, called to the strictest accounts, could bring before him, at length hee lighted on this: That as long as *Gynecia* bewrayed not the matter (which hee thought shee would not do, aswell for her owne honour & safety, as for the hope shee might still haue of him, which is loth to die in a louers heart) all the rest might turne to a prety merryment, and enflame his louer *Basilius*, againe to cast about for the missed fauour. And as naturally the heart stuffed vp with wofulnesse, is glad greedily to sucke the thinnest ayre of comfort: so did hee at first, embrace this conceit as offering great hope, if not assurance of well doing, till looking more neerely into it, and not able to answer the doubts & difficulties hee saw therein more & more arising, the night being also farre spent, his thoughts euen weary of his owne burthens, fell to a straying kind of vncertaintie: & his mind standing onely vpon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to giue a sleeping respite to his vitall spirits, which hee, according to the qualitie of sorrow receiued with greater greedinesse then euer in his life before: according to the nature of sorrow, I say, which is past cares remedie: For

care

care stirring the braines, and making thin the spirits, breaketh rest: but those griefs wherein one is determined there is no preuenting, doe breed a dul heauinesse which easily clothes it selfe in sleepe. So as laid downe so neere the beautie of the world *Philoclea*, that their neckes were subiect each to others chaste embracements, it seemed loue had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death, how gladly, if death came, their soules would goe together.

The third Eclogves.

Thyrsis not with many painted wordes nor falsified promises had won the consent of his beloued *Kala*, but with a true and simple making her know he loued her, not forcing himselfe beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giuing her such prety presents, as neither could wearie him with the giuing, nor shame her for the taking. Thus, the first Strawberies hee could finde, were euer in a cleane washt dish, sent to *Kala*, thus poesies of the spring flowers were wrapt vp in a little greene silke & dedicated to *Kalas* breasts, thus sometimes his sweetest Creame, sometimes the best Cakebread his mother made, were reserued for *Kalas* taste. Neither would he stick to kill a lambe when she would be content to come ouer the way vnto him. But then lo, how the house was swept, & rather no fire then any smok left to trouble her. Then loue songs were not daintie, when she would heare them, & as much manerly silence when she would not: in going to Church great worship to *Kala*. So that all the parish said, neuer a mayde they knew so well wayted on: and when dancing was about the Maypole, no body taken out but she, and he after a leape or two to shew her his owne actiuitie, would frame all the rest of his dancing, onely to grace her. As for her fathers sheepe, hee had no lesse care of them then his owne: so that she might play her as she would, waranted with honest *Thyrsis* carefulnesse. But if he spied *Kala* fauoured any one of the flocke more then his fellowes, then that was cherished: shearing him so (when shorne he must be) as might most become him: but while the wooll was on, wrapping within it some verses, wherein *Thyrsis* had a speciall gift, & making the innocent beast his vnweeting messenger. Thus cõstantly continuing though he were none of the fairest, at length he wanne *Kalas* heart, the honestest wench in all those quarters. And so with consent of both parents (without which neither *Thyrsis* would aske, nor *Kala* grant) their marying day was appointed, which because it fell out in this time I thinke it shall not be impertinent, to remember a little our shepheards, while the other greater persons, are either sleeping or otherwise troubled. *Thyrsis* mariage time once knowne, there needed no inuiting of the neighbours in that valley, for so well was *Thyrsis* beloued, that they were all readie to doe him credit, neither yet came they like Harpies to deuour him: but one brought a fat pigge, the other a tender kidd, the third a great goose: as for cheese, milke, & butter, were the gossips presents. Thither came of strange shepheards onely the melancholy *Philisides*, for the vertuous *Coridon* had long since left off all ioyfull solemnities. And as for *Strephon* and *Klaius*, they had lost their mistresse, which put them into such extreme sorrowes as they could scarcely abide the light of the day, much lesse the eyes of men. But of the *Arcadian* borne shepheards, thither came good old *Geron*, yong *Histor*, though vnwilling, and vpright *Dicus*, mery *Pas* and iolly *Nico*. As for *Dametas* they durst not presume (his pride was such) to inuite him, and *Dorus* they found might not be spared. And there vnder a bower was made of bowes (for *Thyrsis* house was not able to receiue the) euery one placed according to his age. The women (for such was the maner of the country) kept together to make

good cheare among themselues, from which otherwise a certaine painfull modestie restraines them, and there might the sadder matrons giue good counsell to *Kala* who poore soule wept for feare of that she desired. But among the shepheards was all honest libertie, no feare of dangerous tel-tales, who hunt greater prayes, nor indeede mindes in them to giue tel-tales any occasion, but one questioning with another of the manuring his ground, and gouerning his flocke, the highest point they reached to was, to talke of the holinesse of mariage, to which purpose assoone as their sober dinner was ended, *Dicus* in steede of thankes sang this song with a cleare voice and cheerefull countenance.

LEt mother earth now decke her selfe in flowers,
To see her of-spring seeke a good increase,
Where iustest loue doth vanquish Cupids *powers,*
And warre of thoughts is swallowed vp in peace,
Which neuer may decrease,
But like the turtles faire,
Liue one in two, a well vnited paire;
Which that no chance may staine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

O heau'n awake, show forth thy stately face,
Let not these slumbring clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerefull presence helpe to grace
The honest Bridegrome, and the bashfull Bride,
Whose loues may euer bide,
Like to the Elme and Vine,
With mutuall embracements theirs to twyne:
In which delightfull paine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Yee Muses all which chaste affects allow,
And haue to Thyrsis *shewed your secret skill,*
To this chaste loue your sacred fauours bow,
And so to him and her your gifts distill,
That they all vice may kill:
And like to lillies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotlesse may endure.
Where that all blisse may raigne,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Yee Nymphes which in the waters empire haue,
Since Thyrsis *musicke oft doth yeeld you praise,*
Graunt to the thing which we sw Thyrsis *craue.*
Let one time (but long first) close vp their dayes,
One graue their bodies seaze:
And like two riuers sweet,
When they, though diuers, do together meet:
One streame both streames containe,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Pan

Pan, father Pan the god of silly sheepe,
Whose care is cause that they in number growe,
Haue much more care of them that them do keepe,
Since from these good the others good doth flowe,
And make their issue show
In number like the heard
Of yonglings, which thy selfe with long hast reard.
Or like the drops of raine.
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

Vertue (if not a God) yet Gods chiefe part,
Be thou the knot of this their open vaw,
That still he be her head, she be his heart,
He leane to her, she vnto him do bow:
Each other still allow:
Like Oke and Mistletoe.
Her strength from him, his praise from her do growe,
In which most lonely traine,
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

But thou foule Cupid fire to lawlesse lust,
Be thou farre hence with thy empoysond dart,
Which though of glittering golde, shall haue take rust,
Where simple loue, which chastnesse doth impart,
Anoides thy hurtfull art,
Not needing charming skill,
Such mindes with sweete affections for to fill,
Which being pure and plaine,
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbed lookes,
All priuateneesse, selfe-seeking, inward spite,
All waywardnesse, which nothing kindly brookes.
All strife for toyes, and clayming maisters right.
Be hence aye put to flight:
All stirring husbands hate
Gainst neighbors good for womanish debate,
Be fled as things most vaine,
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

All peacocke pride, and fruits of peacocks pride,
Longing to be with losse of substance gay,
With retchlesnesse what may the house betide,
So that you may on hyer slippers stay,
For euer hence away:
Yet let not sluttery,
The sinke of filth, be counted huswifery:
But keeping whole your meane,
O Hymen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

But aboue all, away vile iealouſie,
The euill of euils, iuſt cauſe to be vniuſt,
(How can he loue ſuſpecting trechery?
How can ſhe loue where loue cannot win truſt?)
Goe ſnake hide thee in duſt,
Ne dare once ſhew thy face,
Where open hearts do hold ſo conſtant place,
That they thy ſting reſtraine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

The earth is deckt with flowers, the heau'ns diſplaid,
Muſes graunt gifts, Nymphes long and ioyned life,
Pan *ſtore of babes, vertue their thoughts well ſtaid,*
Cupids *luſt gone, and gone is bitter ſtrife,*
Happy man, happy wife.
No pride ſhall them oppreſſe,
Nor yet ſhall yeeld to lothſome ſluttiſhneſſe,
And iealouſie is ſlaine:
For Hymen *will their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Truly *Dicus*, ſaid *Nico*, although thou didſt not grant me the prize the laſt day, when vndoubtedly I wan it, yet muſt I needs ſay, Thou for thy part haſt ſung well & thriftily. *Pas* ſtraight deſired all the company they would beare witneſſe that *Nico* had once in his life ſpoken wiſely; for, ſaid he, I will tell it his father, who will bee a glad man when he heares ſuch newes. Very true, ſaid *Nico*, but indeed ſo would not thine in like caſe, for he would looke thou ſhouldeſt liue but one houre longer, than a diſcreete word wandred out of thy mouth. And I pray thee, ſaid *Pas*, gentle *Nico*, tell me, what miſchance it was that brought thee to taſte ſo fine a meat? Mary good-man blockhead, ſaid *Nico*, becauſe he ſpeakes againſt iealouſie, the filthy traytor to true affection, and yet diſguiſing it ſelfe in the rayment of loue. Sentences, Sentences, cryed *Pas*. Alas, how ripe witted theſe young folkes bee now adayes! But well counſelled ſhall that husband be, when this man comes to exhort him not to be iealous. And ſo ſhall he, anſwered *Nico*, for I haue ſeene a freſh example, though it bee not very fit to be knowne. Come, come, ſaid *Pas*, be not ſo queamiſh, I know thou longeſt more to tell it, then we to heare it. But for all his words, *Nico* would not beſtow his voice, till he was generally entreated of all the reſt. And then with a mery mariage looke he ſang this following diſcourſe, for with a better grace hee could ſing then tell:

A Neighbour mine not long agoe there was,
(But nameleſſe he, for blameleſſe he ſhall be)
That maried had a tricke and bonny laſſe
As in a ſommer day a man might ſee:
But he himſelfe a foule vnhandſome groome,
And farre vnfit to hold ſo good a roome.

Now whether moou'd with ſelfe vnworthineſſe,
Or with her beautie fit to make a pray,
Fell iealouſie did ſo his braine oppreſſe,

That

That if he absent were but halfe a day,
He gheſt the worſt (you wot what is the worſt)
And in himſelfe new doubting cauſes nurſt.

While thus he fear'd the ſilly innocent,
Who yet was good, becauſe ſhee knew none ill,
Vnto his houſe a iolly ſhepheard went,
To whom our Prince did beare a great good will,
Becauſe in wreſtling and in paſtorall
He farre did paſſe the reſt of ſhepheards all.

And therefore he a Courtier was benamed,
And as a Courtier was with cheere receiued,
(For they haue tongues to make a poore man blamed,
If he to them his dutie miſconceiued)
And for this Courtier ſhould well like his table,
The goodman bad his wife be ſeruiceable.

And ſo ſhe was, and all with good intent,
But few dayes paſt while ſhe good maner vſde,
But that her husband thought her ſeruice bent
To ſuch an end as he might be abuſde.
Yet like a coward fearing ſtrangers pride,
He made the ſimple wench his wrath abide.

With chumpiſh lookes, hard words, and ſecret nips,
Grumbling at her when ſhe his kindneſſe ſought,
Asking her how ſhe taſted Courtiers lips,
He forſt her thinke that which ſhe neuer thought.
In fine he made her gheſſe, there was ſome ſweet,
In that which he ſo fear'd that ſhe ſhould meet.

When once this entred was, in womans hart,
And that it had enflam'd a new deſire,
There reſted then, to play a womans part,
Fuell to ſeeke and not to quench the fire:
But (for his iealous eye ſhe well did finde)
She ſtudied cunning how the ſame to blinde.

And thus ſhe did. One day to him ſhe came,
And (though againſt his will) on him ſhe leand,
And out gan cry, ah well away for ſhame,
If you helpe not our wedlock will be ſtaind.
The goodman ſtarting, askt what her did moue?
She ſigh'd and ſaid, the badgueſt ſought her loue.

He little looking that ſhe ſhould complaine
Of that, whereto he fear'd ſhe was enclinde,

Busing her oft, and in his heart full faine,
He did demaund what remedie to finde;
How they might get that guest from them to wend,
And yet the Prince (that lov'd him) not offend.

Husband, quoth she, go to him by and by,
And tell him you doe find I doe him loue:
And therefore pray him that of curteſie
He will abſent himſelfe, leſt he ſhould moue
A yong girles heart, ſo that were ſhame for both,
Whereto you know, his honeſt heart were loath.

Thus ſhall you ſhew that him you doe not doubt,
And as for me (ſweet husband) I muſt beare.
Glad was the man when he had heard her out,
And did the ſame, although with wickle feare.
For feare he did, leſt he the yong man might
In choller put, with whom he would not fight.

The Courtly Shepheard much agaſt at this,
Not ſeeing earſt ſuch token in the wife,
Though full of ſcorne, would not his duetie miſſe,
Knowing that ill becomes a houſhold ſtrife,
Did go his way, but ſetowre'd neare thereby,
That yet the ground hereof he might eſpie.

The wife thus hauing ſettled husbands braine,
Who would haue ſworne his ſpouſe Diana was,
Watched when ſhe a further point might gaine,
Which little time did fitly bring to paſſe.
For to the Court her man was call'd by name,
Whither he needs muſt goe for feare of blame.

Three dayes before that he muſt ſure depart,
She written had (but in a hand diſguiſde)
A letter ſuch, which might from either part
Seeme to proceed, ſo well it was deuiſde.
She ſeald it firſt, then ſhe the ſealing brake,
And to her iealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes ſhe taught to weep)
She told him that the Courtier had it ſent:
Alas (quoth ſhe) thus womens ſhame doth creepe.
The goodman read on both ſides the content,
It title had, Vnto my onely Loue:
Subſcription was, Yours moſt, if you will proue.

The pittle ſelfe ſuch kind of words it had,

My sweetest ioy, the comfort of my spirites,
So may thy flockes increase thy deare heart glad,
So may each thing, euen as thou wishest light,
As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently read
This mourning inke, in which my heart doth bleed.

Long haue I lov'd (alas thou worthy art)
Long haue I lov'd (alas loue craueth loue)
Long haue I lov'd thy selfe, alas my heart
Doth breake, now tongue vnto thy name doth mone,
And thinke not that thy answer answer'd,
But that it is my doome of bale or blisse.

The iealous wretch must now to Court be gone:
Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him sent:
Now is the time we may be here alone,
And giue a long desire a sweet content.
Thus shall you both reward a louer true,
And eke reuenge his wrong suspecting you.
And this was all, and this the husband read
With chaste enough, till she him pacified:
Desiring, that vngrieue in him be bred,
Now that he had her words so truely tried:
But that he would, to him the letter show,
That with his fault he might her goodnesse know.

That straight was done with many a boy strong threat,
That to the King he would his sinne declare,
But now the Courtier gan to smell the feat,
And with some words which shewed little care,
He staid vntill the goodman was departed,
Then gaue he him the blow which neuer smarted.

Thus may you see, the iealous wretch was made
The Pandar of the thing he most did feare:
Take heed therefore, how you ensue that trade,
Least the same markes of iealousie you beare.
For sure, no iealousie can that preuent,
Where to two parties once be full consent.

Behold, said *Pas*, a whole dicker of wit: he had pickt out such a tale with intention to keepe a husband from iealousie, which were enough to make a sanctified husband iealous, to see subtilties so much in the feminine gender. But, said hee, I will strike *Nico* dead, with the wise words shall flow out of my gorge. And without further entreatie thus sang:

WHo doth desire that chaste his wife should be,
First be he true, for truth doth truth deserue:

Then

Then such be he, as she his worth may see,
And one man still credite with her preserue.

Not toying kind, nor causelesly vnkind,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blind,
Neuer hard hand, nor euer raines too light.

As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence,
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)
Allow good company, but keepe from thence
All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.
Thus done, thou hast no more, but leaue the rest
To vertue, fortune, time and womans brest.

Well concluded, said *Nico*, when he hath done all, hee leaues the matter to his wiues discretion. Now whensoeuer thou marriest, let her discretion decke thy head with *Acteons* ornament. *Pas* was so angry with his wish, being indeed towards marriage, that they might perchance haue fallen to buffets, but that *Dicus* desired *Philisides* (who as a stranger sate among them, resoluing in his mind all the tempests of euill fortunes he had passed) that he would doe so much grace to the companie, as to sing one of his countrey songs. *Philisides* knowing it no good maners to be squeamish of his cunning, hauing put himselfe in their company, without further studie beganne to vtter that, wherewith his thoughts were then (as alwayes) most busied: and to shew what a stranger he was to himselfe, spake of himselfe, as of a third person, in this sort:

THe lad Philisides
Lay by a riuer side,
In flowry field a gladder eye to please:
His pipe was at his foot,
His lambes were him beside,
A widdow turtle neare on bared roote
Sate wayling without boot.
Each thing both sweet and sad
Did draw his boyling braine
To thinke, and thinke with paine
Of Miras *beames eclipst by absence bad.*
And thus, with eyes made dimme
With teares, he said, or sorrow seid for him:
O earth, once answer giue,
So may thy stately grace
By North, or South still such adorned liue,
So Mira long may be
On thy then blessed face,
Whose foot doth set a heau'n on cursed thee,
I aske, now answer me.
If th' author of thy blisse
Phœbus, *that shepheard high*

Doe turne from thee his eye,
Doth not thy selfe, when he long absent is,
Like rogue, all ragged go,
And pine away with daily wasting woe?
Tell me you wanton brooke,
So may your sliding race
Shun loathed-louing banks with cunning crooke:
So in you euer new
Mira may looke her face,
And make you faire with shadow of her hue:
So when to pay your due
To mother sea you come,
She chide you not for stay,
Nor beat you for your play,
Tell me if your diuerted springs become
Absented quite from you,
Are you not dryed? Can you your selues renew?
Tell me you flowers faire
Cowslop and Columbine,
So may your Make this wholsome spring time ayre
With you embraced lie,
And lately thence vntwine:
But with dew drops engender children bie:
So may you neuer die,
But pull'd by Miras hand,
Dresse bosome hers, or head,
Or scatter on her bed.
Tell me, if husband spring time leaue your land,
When he from you is sent,
Wither not you, languisht with discontent?
Tell me, my silly pipe,
So may thee still betide
A cleanly cloth thy moistnesse for to wipe:
So may the cherries red
Of Miras lips diuide
Their sugred selues to kisse thy happy head;
So may her eares be led,
Her eares where Musike liues,
To heare and not despise
Thy lyribliring cryes:
Tell, if that breath, which thee thy sounding giues,
Be absent farre from thee,
Absent alone canst thou then piping be?
Tell me my lambe of gold,
So maist thou long abide
The day well fed, the night in faithfull folde:
So grow thy woll of note,
In time that richly dy'd
It may be part of Miras peticote,

Tell

Tell me, if Wolues the throte
Haue caught of thy deare damme,
Or she from thee be stayd,
Or thou from her be strayd,
Canst thou poore lambe, become anothers lamme?
Or rather till thou die
Still for thy Dam with bea-maymenting crie?
Tell me O Turtle true,
So may no fortune breed
To make thee nor thy better-loued rue:
So may thy blessings swarme
That Mira may thee feede
With hand and mouth; with lap and breast keepe warme
Tell me if greedie arme,
Doe fondly take away
With traytor lime the one
The other left alone:
Tell me poore wretch, parted from wretched pray
Disdaine not you the greene,
Wayling till death shun you not to be seene?
Earth, brooke, flowr's, pipe, lambe Doue
Say all and I with them,
Absence is death or worse, to them that loue.
So I vnluckie lad
Whom hilles from her doe hemme,
What fits me now but teares, and sighings sad?
O fortune too too bad,
I rather would my sheepe
Thadst killed with a stroke,
Burnt Cabin, lost my cloke,
Then want one hower those eyes which my ioyes keepe.
Oh! what doth wailing winne?
Speech without end were better not beginne.
My song climbe thou the wind,
Which Cyprus sweet now gently sendeth in,
That on his wings the leauell thou maist find
To hit, but Kissing hit
Her ear's the weights of wit.
If thou know not for whom thy Maister dies,
These markes shall make thee wise:
She is the heardesse faire that shines in darke,
And giues her kids no food, but willow's barke.
This said, at length he ended
His oft sigh-broken dittie,
Then raise, but raise on legs with faintnesse bended,
With skinne in sorow died,
With face the plot of pitie,
With thoughts which thoughts their owne tormenters tried.
He rase, and streight espied

His Ramme, who to recouer
The Ewe another lowed,
With him proud battell proued.
He enuied such a death in sight of louer,
And alwayes westward eying,
More enuied Phœbus *for his westerne flying.*

The whole companie would gladly haue taken this occasion of requesting *Philisides* in plainer sort to discouer vnto them his estate. Which he willing to preuent (as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funeralls then the time of a marriage) began to sing this song he had learned before he had euer subiected his thoughts to acknowledge no Maister, but a Mistresse.

AS I my little flocke on Ister *banke*
(A little flocke; but well my pipe they couth)
Did piping leade, the Sunne a readie sanke
Beyond our world, and ere I got my booth,
Each thing with mantle blacke the night doth scothe;
Saving the glow-worme, which would curteous be
Of that small light oft watching shepheards see.

The Welkin had full niggardly enclosed
In coffer of dimme clouds his siluer groates,
Icleped starres; each thing to rest disposed,
The caues were full, the mountaines voide of goates;
The birds eyes clos'd, closed their chirping notes.
As for the Nightingale wood-musikes King,
It August was, he daind not then to sing.

Amid my sheepe, though I am naught to feare,
Yet (for I nothing saw) I feared sore;
Then found I which thing is a charge to beare,
As for my sheepe I dreaded mickle more
Then euer for my selfe since I was bore.
I sate me downe: for see to go ne could,
And sang vnto my sheepe lest stray they should.

The song I sang old Lanquet *had me taught,*
Lanquet, *the shepheard best whom* Ister *knew,*
For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught,
For faithfull heart, cleane hands, and mouth as true.
With his sweet skill my skilleſſe youth he drew,
To haue a feeling taste of him that sits
Beyond the heauen, farre more beyond our wits.

He said, the Musike best thilke powers pleas'd
Was iump concord betweene our wit and will;
Where highest notes to goodlinesse are raised,
And lowest sinke not downe to vice of ill:

With old true tales he wont mine eares to fill,
How shepheards did of yore, how now they thriue,
Spoyling their flocke, or while twixt them they striue.

He liked me, but pittied lustfull youth:
His good strong staffe my slipperie yeares vpbore:
He still hop'd well because I loued truth;
Till forc't to part with heart and eyes euen sore,
To worthy Coridon he gaue me ore.
But this in okes true shade recounted be,
Which now in nights deepe shade sheep heard of me.

Such maner time there was (what time I n'ot)
When all this Earth, this damme or mould of ours
Was only won'd with such as beasts begot:
Vnknowne as then were they that builded towers:
The cattell wilde, or tame, in natures bowers
Might freely rome, or rest, as seemed them:
Man was not man their dwellings in to hem.

The beasts had sure some beastly policie:
For nothing can indure where order n'is.
For once the Lion by the Lambe did lie.
The fearefull Hinde the Leopard did kisse.
Hurtlesse was Tygers pawe and Serpents hisse.
This thinke I well, the beasts with courage clad,
Like Senators a harmelesse empire had.

At which whether the others did repine,
(For enuy harbreth most in feebleſt hearts)
Or that they all to changing did incline,
(As euen in beasts their dammes leaue changing parts)
The multitude to Ioue a suit imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roring, and howling for to haue a King.

A King, in language theirs they said they would:
(For then their language was a perfect speech)
The birds likewise with chirps, and puing could
Cackling, and chattering, that of Ioue beseech.
Onely the Owle still warn'd them not to seech
So hastily that which they would repent:
But saw they would, and he to deserts went.

Ioue wisely said (for wisedome wisely seyes)
O beasts, take heed what you of me desire.
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,
And soone forget the swinke due to their hire:
But since you will, part of my heauenly fire
I will you lend; the rest your selues must giue,

That it both seene and felt may with you liue.

Full glad they were, and tooke the naked sprite,
Which straight the Earth ycloathed in his clay:
The Lion, hart; the Ounce gaue actiue might;
The Horse, good shape; the Sparrow, lust to play;
Nightingale, voyce, entysing songs to say.
Elephant gaue a perfect memory:
And Parot, readie tongue, that to apply.

The Foxe gaue craft; the Dogge gaue flatterie;
Asse, patience; the Mole, a working thought;
Eagle, high looke; Wolfe secret cruelties:
Monkie, sweet breath; the Cow, her faire eyes brought;
The Ermion, whitest skin, spotted with nought;
The Sheepe, mild-seeming face; climing, the Beare;
The Stagge did giue the harme-eschewing feare.

The Hare, her sleights; the Cat, his melancholy;
Ant, industry; and Conny, skill to build;
Cranes, order; Storkes, to be appearing holy;
Chaméleon, ease to change; Ducke, ease to yeeld;
Crocodile, teares, which might be falsely spild:
Ape great thing gaue, though he did mowing stand,
The instrument of instruments, the hand.

Each other beast likewise his present brings:
And (but they drad their Prince they ought should want)
They all consented were to giue him wings;
And ay more awe towards him for to plant,
To their owne worke this priuiledge they grant,
That from thencefórth to all eternitie,
No beast should freely speake, but only he.

Thus Man was made; thus Man their Lord became:
Who at the first, wanting, or hiding pride,
He did to beasts best vse his cunning frame;
With water drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide.
And fellow-like let his dominion slide;
Not in his sayings saying I, but we:
As if he meant his Lordship common be.

But when his seate so rooted he had found,
That they now skild not, how from him to wend;
Then gan in guiltlesse earth full many a wound,
Iron to seeke, which gainst it selfe should bend,
To teare the bowels, that good corne should send.
But yet the common Damme none did bemone;
Because (though hurt) they never heard her grone.

Then gan the factions in the beasts to breed;
Where helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts,
(As Tygers, Leopards, Beares, and Lions seed)
Disdaind with this in desarts sought their nestes;
Where famine ravine taught their hungry chests,
That craftily he forc't them to doe ill,
Which being done he afterwards would kill.

For murther done, which never earst was seene,
By those great beasts, as for the weakers good,
He chose themselues his guarders for to beene,
Gainst those of might, of whom in feare they stood,
As horse and dogge, not great, but gentle blood:
Blith were the commons cattell of the field,
Tho when they saw their foen of greatnesse kild.

But they or spent, or made of slender might,
Then quickly did the meaner cattell find,
The great beames gone, the house on shoulders light:
For by and by the Horse faire bitts did bind:
The dogge was in a coller taught his kinde.
As for the gentle birds like case may rewe,
When Falcon they, and Gosse-hawke saw in mewe.

Worst fell to smallest birds, and meanest heard,
Whom now his owne, full like his owne he w'd.
Yet first but woull, or feathers off he teard:
And when they were well ris'd to be abus'd,
For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he brus'd:
At length for glutton taste he did them kill:
At last for sport their silly liues did spill.

But yet O man, rage not beyond thy neede:
Deeme it no glory to swell in tyrannie.
Thou art of blood; ioy not to see things bleede:
Thou feareſt death; thinke they are loth to die.
A plaint of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie.
And you poore beasts, in patience bide your hell,
Or know your strengths, and then you shall doe well.

Thus will I sing, and pipe eight sullen houres
To sheepe, whom loue, not knowledge made to heare,
Now fancies fits, now fortunes balefull stowres:
But then I domewards call'd my lambkins deare:
For to my dimmed eyes began t' appeare
The night grosme old, her blacke head waxen gray,
Sure shepheards signe, that morne should soone fetch day.

According to the nature of diuerse eares, diuerse iudgements streight followed: some prayſing his voyce, others his wordes fit to frame a paſtorall ſtile, others the ſtrangeneſſe of the tale, and ſcanning what hee ſhould meane by it. But olde *Geron*

(who

who had borne him a grudge euer since in one of their Eclogues he had taken him vp ouer-bitterly) tooke hold of this occasion to make his reuenge, & said, He neuer saw thing worse proportioned, then to bring in a tale of he knew not what beastes at such a sport-meeting, when rather some long of loue, or matter for ioyful melody was to be brought forth. But (said he) this is the right conceipt of young men, who thinke then they speake wiselieſt, when they cannot vnderstand themselues. But little did the melancholike shepheard regard either his disprayses, or the others praises, who had set the foundation of his honour there, where he was most despised. And therefore he returning againe to the traine of his desolate pursuenesse, *Geron* inuited *Histor* to answer him in Eclogue wise, who indeed hauing been long in loue with the faire *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* ouergone, was growen into a detestation of marriage. But thus it was:

Geron. Histor.

Geron. *IN faith good* Histor, *long is your delay,*
From holy mariage, sweet and sureſt meane?
Our fooliſh luſt in honeſt rules to ſtay,
I pray thee doe to Lalus *ſample leane.*
Thou ſeeſt, how friske, and iolly now he is,
That laſt day ſeem'd, he could not chew a beane.
Beleeue me man, there is no greater bliſſe,
Then is the quiet ioy of louing wife;
Which who ſo wants, halfe of himſelfe doth miſſe.
Friend without change, play-fellow without ſtrife,
Food without fulneſſe, counſaile without pride,
Is this ſweet doubling of our ſingle life.

Histor. *No doubt to whom ſo good chance did betide,*
As for to finde a paſture ſtrawed with gold,
He were a foole if there he did not bide.
Who would not haue a Phœnix *if he could?*
The humming Waſpe, if it had not a ſting,
Before all flies the Waſpe accepted ſhould.
But this bad world, few golden fields doth bring,
Phœnix *but one, of Crowes we millions haue.*
The Waſpe ſeemes gay, but is a combrous thing.
If many Kalaes *our* Arcadia *gaue,*
Lalus *example I would ſoone enſue,*
And thinke, I did my ſelfe from ſorrow ſaue.
But of ſuch wiues we finde a ſlender crew;
Shrewdneſſe ſo ſtirres, pride ſo puffes vp the heart,
They ſeldome ponder what to them is due.
With meager lookes, as if they ſtill did ſmart,
Puiling and whimpring, or elſe ſcolding flat,
Make home more paine then following of the cart.
Eyther dull ſilence, or eternall chat
Still contrary to what her husband ſayes;
If he doe praiſe the dog, ſhe likes the cat,
Auſtere ſhe is, when he would honeſt playes,
And gameſome then, when he thinkes on his ſheep;

Shee bids him goe, and yet from iourney stayes,
Shee warre doth vse with his kinsfolke keep,
And makes them fremb'd, who friends by nature are,
Enuying shallow toyes with malice deepe.
And if forsooth there come some new found ware,
The little coyne his sweating brows haue got,
Must goe for that, if for her loures he care:
Or else; Nay faith, mine is the luckiest lot,
That euer fell to honest woman yet:
No wife but hath such a man, God wot:
Such vs their speech, who be of sober wit;
But, who doe let their tongues shew well their rage,
Lord, what bywords they speake, what spite they spit?
The house is made a very lothsome cage,
Wherein the bird doth neuer sing but cry,
With such a will as nothing can assuage.
Deerely the seruants doe their wages buy,
Reuil'd for each small fault, sometimes for none:
They better liue that in a gaile do lie.
Let other fowler spots away be blowne;
For I seeke not their shame, but still me thinkes,
A better life it is to lie alone.

Geron. *Who for each fickle feare from vertue shrinkes,*
Shall in this life embrace no worthy thing:
No mortall man the cuppe of suretie drinks.
The heav'ns doe not good haps in handfulls bring,
But let vs pike our good from out much bad:
That still our little world may know his king.
But certainly so long we may be glad,
While that we doe what Nature doth require,
And for th' euent we neuer ought be sad.
Man oft is plagu'd with ayre, is burnt with fire,
In water drownd, in earth his buriall is;
And shall we not therefore their vse desire?
Nature aboue all things requireth this,
That we our kinde doe labour to maintaine;
Which drawne-out line doth hold all humane blisse.
The father iustly may of thee complaine,
If thou doe not repay his deeds for thee,
In granting vnto him a grandsires gaine.
Thy common-wealth may rightly grieued be,
Which must by this immortall be preserued,
If thus thou murther thy posteritie.
His very being he hath not deserued,
Who for a selfe-conceit will that forbeare,
Whereby that being aye must be conserued.
And God forbid, women such cattell were,
As you paint them: but well in you I finde,

No man doth speake aright, who speakes in feare,
Who onely sees the ill, is worse then blinde.
These fiftie winters maried haue I beene,
And yet finde no such fault in womankinde.
I haue a wife worthy to be a Queene,
So well she can command, and yet obey;
In ruling of a house so well shee's seene.
And yet in all this time betwixt us tway,
We beare our double yoke with such consent,
That neuer past foule word, I dare well say;
But these are your loue-toyes, which still are spent
In lawlesse games, and loue not as you should,
But with much studie learne late to repent.
How well last day before our Prince you could
Blinde Cupids *workes with wonder testifie?*
Yet now the reste of him abase you would.
Goe to, goe to, and Cupid *now applie,*
To that where thou thy Cupid *maist know,*
And thou shalt finde, in women vertues lie.
Sweete supple mindes which soone to wisdome bow
Where they by wisedomes rule directed are,
And are not forst fond thraldome to allow.
As we to get are fram'd, so they to spare:
We maide for paine, our paines they made to cherish:
We care abroade, and they of home haue care.
O Histor, *seeke within thy selfe to flourish:*
Thy house by thee must liue, or else be gone:
And then who shall the name of Histor *nourish?*
Riches of children passe a Princes throne;
Which touch the fathers heart with secret ioy,
When without shame he saith, these be mine owne.
Marrie therefore; for mariage will destroy
Those passions which to youthfull head do clime,
Mothers and Nurses of all vaine anney.

Histor. *Perchance I will, but now me thinkes it time,*
To goe vnto the Bride, and vse this day:
To speake with her while freely speake we may.

He spake these words with such affection, as a curious eye might easily haue perceiued he liked *Lalus* fortune better then he loued his person. But then indeede did all arise, and went to the women, where spending all the day, and good part of the night in dauncing, carolling & wassalling, lastly, they left *Lalus*, where he long desired to be left, & with many vnfained thankes returned euery man to his home. But some of them hauing to crosse the way of the two Lodges, might see a Lady making dolefull lamentations ouer a body which seemed dead vnto them. But nice thinkes, *Dametas* cries vnto mee, if I come not the sooner to comfort him, hee will leaue off his golden worke, that hath already cost him so much labour and longing.

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOK OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.



He almightie wiſedome euermore delighting to ſhew the world, that by vnlikeliest meanes greatest matters may come to concluſion: that humane reaſon may be the more humbled, and more willingly giue place to diuine prouidence: as at the firſt it brought *Dametas* to play a part in this royall pageant, ſo hauing continued him ſtill an actor, now that all things were growne ripe for an end, made his folly the inſtrument of reuealing that, which farre greater cunning had ſought to conceale. For ſo it fell out, that *Dametas* hauing ſpent the whole day in breaking vp the cumberſome worke of the Paſtor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no paine ſo much, as that his hungry hopes receiued any ſtay, hauing with the price of much ſweat and wearineſſe gotten vp the huge ſtone, which hee thought ſhould haue ſuch a golden lining, the good man in the great bed, that ſtone had made, found nothing but theſe two verſes written vpon a broad peece of velame:

Who hath his hire, hath well his labour ploſt:
Earth thou didſt ſeeke, and ſtore of earth thou haſt.

What an inward diſcontentment it was to maiſter *Dametas*, to finde his hope of wealth turned to poore verſes, for which he neuer cared much, nothing can deſcribe but either the feeling in ones ſelfe the ſtate of ſuch a minde *Dametas* had, or at leaſt the bethinking what was *Midas* fancie, when after the great pride hee conceiued to be made Iudge betweene Gods, hee was rewarded with the ornament of an Aſſes eares. Yet the deepe apprehenſion hee had receiued of ſuch riches, could not ſo ſodainly loſe the colour that had ſo throughly dyed his thicke braine, but that he turned and toſſed the poore bowels of the innocent earth, till the comming on of the night, and the tediouſneſſe of his fruitleſſe labour made him content rather to exerciſe his diſcontentation at home then there. But forced hee was (his horſe being otherwiſe burthened with digging inſtruments) to returne as he came, moſt part of the way on foote: with ſuch grudging lamentations as a nobler minde would (but more nobly) make for the loſſe of his miſtreſſe. For ſo farre had hee ſed his fooliſh ſoule with the expectation of that which he reputed felicitie, that he no leſſe accounted himſelfe miſerable, then if hee had fallen from ſuch an eſtate his fancie had embraced. So then home againe went *Dametas*, puniſhed in conceit, as in conceit he had erred, till he found himſelfe there from a fancied loſſe falne to eſſentiall miſerie.

For

For entring into his house three houres before night, in steed of the lightsom countenance of *Pamela*, which gaue such an inwarde decking to that Lodge, as proudest palaces might haue cause to enuie it; and of the gratefull conuersation of *Dorus*, whose witty behauiour made that lonelines to seeme ful of good company: in steed of the loud scoulding of *Miso*, and the busie rumbling vp and downe of *Mopsa*, which though they were so short, as quite contrary to the others praise-worthinesse, yet were they farre before them in filling of a house; he found nothing but a solitarie darknesse: which as naturally it breeds a kind of irkesome gastfulnesse, so it was to him a most present terrour, remembring the charge he had left behinde, which hee well knew imported no lesse then his life vnto him. Therfore lighting a candle, there was no place a mouse could haue dwelled in, but that hee with quaking diligence sought into. But when hee saw hee could see nothing of that hee most cared for, then became he the right pattern of a wretch dejected with feare: for, crying, & howling, knocking his head to the wall hee began to make pitifull complaints, where no body could heare him: & (with too much dread he should not recouer her) leaue all consideratiõ how to recouer her. But at length looking like a she goat, whe she casts her kid, for very sorow he took in his own behalfe, out of the lodge he went running as hard as he could, hauing now receiued the very forme of hanging into his consideration. Thus running as a man that would gladly haue run from himselfe, it was his foolish fortune to espie, by the glimmering light the moon did then yeeld him, one standing aloft among the boughs of a faire Ash. He that would haue asked counsell at that time of a dog, cast vp his face, as if his tooth had bin drawing: and with much bending his sight, perceiued it was mistresse *Mopsa*, fitly seated there for her wit and dignitie. There (I will not say with ioy, for how could he taste of ioy, whose imagination was fallen from a palace to a gallows?) but yet with some refreshing of comfort in hope he should learne better tidings of her: hee began to crie out; O *Mopsa*, my beloued chicken, here am I thine owne father *Dametas*, neuer in such a vowardnesse of hanging, if thou canst not helpe mee. But yet neuer a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopsa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poore *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conspired against him: & therfore with a silly choler he began another tune. Thou vile *Mopsa*, said he, now the vengeance of my fatherly curse light ouerthwart thee, if thou do not straight answer mee. But neither blessing nor cursing could preuaile. *Mopsa*, who was now great with child with the expectation of her May-game hopes, did long to be deliuered with the third time being named. Which by and by followed. For *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, stamping and whining, seeing neither of these take place, began to throw stones at her, and withall to coniure her by the name of hellish *Mopsa*. But when hee had named her the third time, no chime can more sodainly follow the striking of a clocke, then shee verily thinking it was the God, that vsed her fathers voice, throwing her armes abroad, & not considering she was muffled vpon so high a tree, came fluttring downe like a hooded hawke, like enough to haue broken her neck, but that the tree full of boughes tossed her from own bough to another, & lastly well bruised brought her to receiue an vnfriendly salutation of the earth. *Dametas*, as soone as shee was downe, came running to her, and finding her so close wrapt, pulled off the scarlet cloake: in good time for her, for with the soreneesse of the fall, if she had not had breath giuen her shee had deliuered a foolish soule to *Pluto*. But then *Dametas* began a fresh to desire his daughter not to forget the paines hee had taken for her in her childhood (which he was sure she could not remember) and to tell where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, said *Mopsa*, if euer

thou

thou didſt beare loue to *Phaetons* mother, let me haue a king to my husband. Alas, what ſpeakeſt thou of *Phaeton*, ſaid *Dametas*? If by thy circumſpect meanes I finde not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to morrow. It is no matter though he bee hanged, anſwered *Mopſa*: doe but thou make *Dorus* a king, and let him bee my husband, good *Apollo*, for my courage doth much pricke me toward him. Ah *Mopſa*, cried out *Dametas*, where is thy wit? doſt thou not know thy father? How haſt thou forgotten thy ſelfe? I do not aske wit of thee, mine owne God, (ſaid ſhee) but I ſee thou wouldeſt haue mee remember my father, and indeede forget my ſelfe. No, no, a good husband. Thou ſhalt haue thy fill of husbands (ſaid *Dametas*) and doe but anſwer me my queſtion. O I thanke thee (ſaid *Mopſa*) with all my heart hartily; but let them be all kings. *Dametas* ſeeing no other way preuaile, fell downe on his knees, *Mopſa*, *Mopſa*, (ſaid he) doe not thus cruelly torment me: I am alreadie wretched enough, alas either helpe mee, or tell mee thou canſt not. Shee that would not be behinde *Apollo* in curteſie, kneeled down on the other ſide, I will neuer leaue tormenting thee (ſaid *Mopſa*) vntill thou haſt ſatisfied my longing, but I will proclaime thee a promiſe breaker, that euen *Iupiter* ſhall heare it. Now by the foſtering thou haſt receiued in this place ſaue my life (ſaid *Dametas*). Now by the faire Aſh (anſwered *Mopſa*) where thou didſt receiue ſo great a good turne, graunt poſt haſte to my burning fancie. O where is *Pamela*, ſaid *Dametas*? O a luſtie husband, ſaid *Mopſa*. *Dametas* that now verily aſſured himſelfe, his daughter was mad, began vtterly to deſpaire of his life, and therefore amazedly catching her in his armes, to ſee whether hee could bring her to her ſelfe, he might feele the waight of a great cudgell light vpon his ſhoulders, and for the firſt greeting hee knew his wife *Miſos* voyce, by the calling him ribalde villaine, and asking him whether ſhee could not ſerue his turne as well as *Charita*? For *Miſo* hauing according to *Dorus* counſell, gone to *Mantinea*, and there harboured her ſelfe in an old acquaintance houſe of hers, as ſoone as ten of the clocke was ſtricken (where ſhee had remained cloſely all that while, I thinke with ſuch an amiable cheare, as when iealous *Iuno* ſate croſſe-legged, to hinder the child-birth of her husbands loue) with open mouth ſhe went to the Magiſtrate appointed ouer ſuch matters, and there with the moſt ſcolding inuectiue, her rage rather then eloquence could bring forth, ſhee required his ayde to take *Dametas*, who had left this duty to the king and his daughter, to commit adultery in the houſe of *Charitas* vncle, in the Oudemian ſtreete. But neither was the name of *Charita* remembred, nor any ſuch ſtreet known. Yet ſuch was the generall miſlike all men had of *Dametas* vnworthie aduancement, that euery man was glad to make himſelfe a miniſter of that, which might redound to his ſhame, and therefore with *Panike* cries and laughters, there was no ſuſpected place in all the city but was ſearched for vnder the title of *Dametas*; *Miſo* euer foremoſt encouraging them withall the ſhamefull blaſings of his demeanour, encreaſing the ſport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking, till at length hauing already done both him and her ſelfe as much infamous ſhame, as ſuch a tongue in ſuch an action might performe, in the end not being able to find a thing that was not, to her mate again ſhe wēt, hauing neither ſuſpicion nor rage any thing mitigated. But (leauing behinde her a ſufficient comedy of her tragicall fancies) away homeward ſhe came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chaunce rather then to his innocencie. For her heart being apt to receiue and nouriſh a bitter thought, it had ſo ſwallowed vp a determinate condemnation, that in the verie anatomy of her ſpirits one ſhould haue found nothing but diuelliſh diſdaine, and hatefull iealouſie. In this ſort grunting out her miſchieuous ſpite, ſhee came by the tree, euen as *Dametas*

was

was making that ill-vnderſtood interceſſion to his fooliſh *Mopſa*. As ſoone as ſhee heard her husbands voyce, ſhe verily thought ſhe had her play: & therefore ſtealing from her mate as ſoftly as ſhe could, ſhe came creeping & halting behinde him, euen as he (thinking his daughters little wits had quite left her great nowle) began to take her in his armes, thinking perchance her feeling ſenſe might call her mind-parts vnto her. But *Miſo* who ſaw nothing but thorough the colour of reuengefull anger, eſtabliſhed vpon the fore-iudgment of his treſpaſſe, vndoubtedly reſoluing that *Mopſa* was *Charita*, *Dorus* had told her of, mumping out her hoarſe chafe, ſhee gaue him the wooden ſalutatiou you heard of. *Dametas* that was nor ſo ſenſible in any thing as in blowes, turned vp his blubbered face like a great lowt new whipt: Alas thou woman, ſaid he, what hath thy poore husband deſerued to haue his own ill luck loaden with thy diſpleaſure? *Pamela* is loſt, *Pamela* is loſt, *Miſo* ſtill holding on the courſe of her former fancie, what telleſt thou me naughty varlet of *Pamela*, doſt thou think that doth anſwer me, for abuſing the lawes of mariage? Haue I brought thee children, haue I beene a true wife vntō thee, to bee deſpiſed in mine old age? And euer among ſhee would ſauce her ſpeeches with ſuch baſtonados, that poore *Dametas* began now to thinke, that either a generall madding was falne, or elſe that all this was but a viſion. But as for viſions the ſmart of the cudgell put out of his fancie: & therefore againe turning to his wife, not knowing in the world what ſhe meant, *Miſo* (ſaid he) hereafter thou maieſt examin me, do but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I will firſt examine this drab, ſaid ſhe, & withall let fall her ſtaffe as hard as ſhe could vpon *Mopſa*, ſtill taking her for *Charita*. But *Mopſa* that was already angry, thinking that ſhee had hindred her from *Apollo*, leapt vp & caught her by the throate, like to haue ſtrangled her, but that *Dametas* from a condemned man was faine to become a iudge & part this fray, ſuch a picture of a rude diſcord, where each was out with the other two. And then getting the opportunity of their falling out to hold himſelfe in ſurety, who was indeed the veriеſt coward of the there, hee renewed his earneſt demand of them. But it was a ſport to ſee, how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed in their imaginations, kept ſtill ſuch dominion in them, that *Miſo* though now ſhe found & felt it was her daughter *Mopſa*, yet did *Charita* continually paſſe through her thoughts, which ſhe vttered with ſuch crabbed queſtions to *Dametas*, that he not poſſibly conceiuing any part of her doubt, remained aſtoniſhed, & the aſtoniſhment encreaſed her doubt. And as for *Mopſa*, as firſt ſhe did aſſuredly take him to be *Apollo*, & thought her mothers comming did mar the bargaine: ſo now much talking to & fro had deliuered ſo much light into the miſty mould of her capacitie, as to know him to be her father. Yet remained there ſuch footſteps of the foretaken opinion, that ſhe thought verily her father & mother were haſted thither to get the firſt wiſh. And therefore to whatſoeuer they asked of her, ſhe would neuer anſwere, but embracing the tree, as if ſhe feared it had beene running away, nay, ſayes ſhee, I will haue the firſt wiſh, for I was here firſt; which they vnderſtood no more, then *Dametas* did what *Miſo* meant by *Charita*: til at length with much vrging them, being indeed better able to perſwade both, then to meete hand to hand with either, hee preuailed ſo much with them, as to bring them into the Lodge to ſee what loſſe their negligence had ſuffered. Then indeede the neere neighbourhood they bare to themſelues, made them leaue other toyes, and looke into what dangerous plight they were all falne, aſſoone as the king ſhould know his daughters eſcape. And as for the women they began a freſh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametas* who did feare that among his other euils, the thunderbolt of that ſtorme would fall vpon his ſhoulders, ſlipt away from them, but with ſo maigre a

cheare,

cheare, as might much sooner engender laughter then pitie. O true *Arcadia*, would he say (tearing his haire and beard, and sometime for too much woe, making vnweldie somersaults) how dareſt thou beare vpon thee ſuch a felonious traytor as I am? And you falſe-harted trees, why would you make no noiſe, to make her vngracious departure knowne? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often when I brought thee in fine poſies of all coloured flowers, wouldeſt thou clap mee on the cheeke, and ſay thou wouldſt be one day euen with me? Was this thy meaning, to bring mee to an euen payre of gallowes? Ah ill taught *Dorus*, that cameſt hither to learne good maners of me? Did I euer teach thee to make thy maſter ſweat out his heart for nothing, & in the mean time to run away with thy miſtreſſe? O my dun cow, I did think ſome euill was towards me euer ſince the laſt day thou didſt run away from me, and held vp thy tayle ſo pitifully: did not I ſee an Eagle kill a Cuckoe, which was a plaine foretoken vnto me *Pamela* ſhould be my deſtruction? O wife *Miſo* (if I durſt ſay it to thy face) why didſt thou ſuſpect thy husband, that loueth a peece of cheeſe better then a woman? And thou little *Mopſa*, that ſhalt inherit the ſhame of thy fathers death, was it time for thee to clime trees, which ſhould ſo ſhortly be my beſt burial? ô that I could liue without death, or die before I were aware! ô heart, why haſt thou no hands at commandement to diſpatch thee? O hands why want you a heart to kill this villaine. In this ſort did he inuey againſt euery thing, ſometimes thinking to run away, while it was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his ſheepecote, thought that worſe then any death: ſometime for dread of hanging he meant to hang himſelfe: finding as indeede it is, that feare is far more painefull to cowardiſe, then death to a true courage. But his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, and any thing was let enough therto, he being a true louer of himſelfe without any riuall. But laſtly, guided by a farre greater conſtellation then his owne, hee remembred to ſearch the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retired her ſelfe. So thither with trembling hammes he carried himſelfe: but employing his double key which the king for ſpecial credit had vnworthily beſtowed vpon him, he found all the gates ſo barred, that his key could not preuaile, ſauing onely one trapt doore which went down into a vault by the cellar, which as it was vnknowne of *Pyrocles*, ſo had he left it vnregarded. But *Dametas* that euer knew the Buttery better then any other place, got in that way, and paſſing ſoftly to *Philocleas* chamber, where hee thought moſt likely to finde *Pamela*, the dore being left open hee entred in, and by the light of the lampe he might diſcerne one on the bed by her: which he although he tooke to be *Pamela*, yet thinking no ſuerty enough in a matter touching his necke, hee went hard to the bed ſide of theſe vnfortunate louers, who at that time being not much before the breake of day (whether it were they were ſo diuinely ſurpriſed, to bring this whole matter to the deſtined concluſion, or that the vnreſiſtable force of their ſorrowes had ouerthrowne the wakefull vſe of their ſenſes) were as then poſſeſſed with a mutuall ſleepe, yet not forgetting with vnlie embracements to giue any eye a perfect modell of affection. But *Dametas* looking with the lampe in his hand, but neither with ſuch a face nor minde vpon theſe excellent creatures, as *Pſyche* did vpon her vnknowne louer, and giuing euery way freedome to his fearefull eyes, did not onely perceiue it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the Lady he ſought: but that this ſame *Zelmane* did more differ from the *Zelmane* he and others had euer taken her for, when in the change of her apparell chiefly confirmed his opinion, ſatisfied with that, and not thinking it good to awake the ſleeping Lyon, hee went downe againe, taking with him *Pyrocles* ſword (wherewith vpon his fleighe vnderſtood *Pyrocles* came onely apparelled thither) being ſure to leaue no weapon in

the

the chamber, and so making the doore as fast as hee could on the out-side, hoping with the reuealing of this (as he thought greater fault) to make his owne the lesse, or at least that this iniurie would so fill the Kings head, that he should not haue leasure to chastise his negligence (like a foole not considering that the more rage breeds the crueller punishment) he went first into the kings chamber, and not finding him there, hee ran downe crying with open mouth, the King was betrayed, and that *Zelmane* did abuse his daughter. The noise he made, being a man of no few words, ioyned to the yelping sound of *Mise*, and his vnpleasant inheritrix, brought together some number of the shepheards, to whom he without any regard of reseruing it for the Kings knowledge, spattered out the bottome of his stomack, swearing by him he neuer knew that *Zelmane*, whom they had taken all that while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himselfe was, whereof he had seene sufficient signes and tokens, and that he was as close as a Butterflie with the Lady *Philoclea*. The poore men iealous of their Princes honour, were readie with weapons to haue entred the Lodge; standing yet in some pause, whether it were not best, first to heare some newes from the king himselfe, when by the sodaine comming of other shepheards, which with astonished lookes ran from the one cry to the other, their griefes were surcharged with the euill tydings of the Kings death. Turning therfore all their minds and eyes that way, they ranne to the Caue where they said he lay dead, the Sunne beginning now to send some promise of comming light, making haste, I thinke to be spectator of the following tragedies. For *Basilius* hauing past ouer the night more happy in contemplation then action, hauing had his spirits sublimed with the sweet imagination of embracing the most desired *Zelmane*, doubting least the Caues darknesse might deceiue him in the dayes approch, thought it now season to returne to his wedlocke bed, remembring the promise hee had made to *Zelmane*, to obserue true orders towards *Gynecia*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a will of wordes, sealed with manie kisses, a full gift of all his loue and life to his misconceiued bedfellow, he went to the mouth of the caue, there to apparell himselfe; which doing the motion of his ioy could not be bridled from vttering such like words: Blessed be thou, O night, said hee, that hast with thy sweet wings shrowded mee in the vale of blisse, it is thou that art the first gotten childe of time, the day hath beene but an vsurper vpon thy delightfull inheritance, thou inuitest all liuing things to comfortable rest, thou art the stop of strife, and the necessary truce of approching battels. And therewith hee sang these verses, to confirme his former prayses.

O Night, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,
Desires best meane, harueſt of hearts affected,
The seate of peace, the throne which is erected,
Of humane life to be the quiet measure;

Be victor still of Phœbus *golden treasure:*
Who hath our sight with too much sight infected,
Whose light is cause we haue our liues neglected,
Turning all natures course to selfe displeasure.

These stately starres in their now shining faces,
With sinlesse sleepe, and silence wisedomes mother,
Witnesse his wrong which by thy helpe is eased:

Thou art therefore of these our desart places
The sure refuge, by thee and by no other
My soule is blist, sense ioyde, and fortune raysed.

And yet further would his ioyes needs breake forth. O *Basilius* (said he) the rest of thy time hath beene but a dreame vnto thee: it is now onely thou beginnest to liue, now onely thou hast entred into the way of blissefulnesse. Should fancie of mariage keepe me from this paradise? or opinion of I know not what promise bind me from paying the right duties to nature & affection? O who would haue thought there could haue bin such difference betwixt women? Be iealous no more, O *Gynecia*, but yeeld to the preheminence of more excellent gifts, support thy self with such marble pillers as she doth, decke thy breast with those Alabaster bowles that *Zelmane* doth: then accompanied with such a title, perhaps thou maist recouer the possession of my otherwise inclined loue. But alas *Gynecia*, thou canst not shew such euidence, therefore thy plea is vaine. *Gynecia* heard all this he said, who had cast about her *Zelmanes* garment, wherein she came thither, & had followed *Basilius* to the Caues entrie, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadly accusation of her owne guiltinesse, and the spitefull doubt she had *Zelmane* had abused her. But because of the one side (finding the King did thinke her to be *Zelmane*) she had libertie to imagine it might rather be the kings owne vnbridled enterprise, which had barred *Zelmane*, then *Zelmanes* cunning deceiuing of her, and that of the other if shee would headily seeke a violent reuenge, her owne honour might be as much interessed, as *Zelmane* endangered; she fell to this determination: First with fine handling of the King to settle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as shee should learne how things had passed, to take into her selfe new deuised counsell: but this being her first action, hauing giuen vnlooked for attendance to the King, she heard with what partialitie he did preser her to her selfe, she saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason, but beguile sence, she found opinion mistresse of the Louers iudgement, which seruing as a good lesson to her good conceit, she went out to *Basilius*, setting her selfe in a graue behauiour and stately silence before him: vntill he (who at the first thinking her by so much shadow as he could see to be *Zelmane*, was beginning his louing ceremonies) did now being helped by the peeping light, wherwith the morning did ouercome the nights darkenesse, know her face and his error, which acknowledging in himselfe with starting back from her, she thus with a modest bitternesse spake vnto him: Alas my Lord, well did your words discipher your minde, and well be those words confirmed with this gesture. Very lothsome must that woman be, from whom a man hath cause to goe backe; and litle better liked is that wife, before whom the husband preferres them he neuer knew. Alas, hath my faithfull obseruing my part of duetie made you think your selfe euer a whit the more exempted? Hath that which should claime gratefulnesse, beene a cause of contempt? Is the being the mother of *Pamela* becom an odious name vnto you? If my life hitherto led haue not auoyded suspicion, if my violated truth to you be deseruing of any punishment, I refuse not to be chastised with the most cruell torment of your displeasure, I refuse not miserie, purchased by mine owne merite. Hard I must needs say (although til now I neuer thought I should haue had cause to say) is the destinie of womankind, the triall of whose vertue must stand vpon the louing of them that employ all their industrie not to be beloued. If *Zelmanes* young yeares had not had so much grauitie hidden vnder a youthfull face, as your gray hayres haue been but the vizar of vnfitting youthfulnesse, your vicious mind had brought some

some fruits of repentance, and *Gynecia* might then haue bin with much more right so basely despised.

Basilius that was more ashamed to see himselfe ouertaken, then *Vulcan* was, when with much cunning hee proued himselfe a Cuckold, began to make certaine extrauagant excuses: but the matter in it selfe hardly brooking any purgation, with the sodainenesse of the time, which barred any good contryued inuention, made him sometimes alleage one thing, to which by and by he would bring in a contrary, one time with flat deniall, another time with mitigating the fault; now braue, then humble, vse such a stammering defensiue, that *Gynecia*, the violence of whose sore indeed ran another way, was content thus to fasten vp the last stitch of her anger. Well, well my Lord, said shee, it shall well become you so to gouerne your selfe, as you may be fit rather to direct me, then to be iudged of me, and rather to bee a wise maister of mee, then an vnskilfull pleader before me. Remember the wrong you haue done is not onely to me, but to your children, whom you had of mee: to your country, when they shall finde they are commaunded by him, that cannot commaund his owne vndecent appetites: lastly, to your selfe, since with these paines you doe but build vp a house of shame to dwell in: if from those moueable goods of nature (wherewith, in my first youth my royall parents bestowed me vpon you) bearing you children, and encrease of yeares haue withdrawne me; consider I pray you, that as you are cause of the one, so in the other, time hath not left to worke his neuer failing effects in you. Truely, truely (sir) verie vntimely are these fires in you: it is time for vs both to let reason enioy his due soueraignetie. Let vs not plant anew those weeds, which by natures course are content to fade.

Basilius that would rather then his life the matter had beene ended, the best Rhetoricke he had, was flat demaunding pardon of her, swearing it was the very force of *Apollos* destinie which had carried him thus from his owne byas; but that now like as farre trauellers were taught to loue their owne country, hee had such a lesson without booke, of affection vnto her, as he would repay the debt of this error with the interest of a great deale more true honour then euer before hee had done her. Neither am I to giue pardon to you, my Lord (said she) nor you to beare honour to me. I haue taken this boldnesse for the vnfained loue I owe vnto you, to deliuer my sorrow vnto you; much more for the care I haue of your well doing, then for any other selfe fancie. For well I know that by your good estate my life is maintayned, neyther, if I would, can I separate my selfe from your fortune. For my part therefore I claime nothing but that which may be fittest for your selfe; my life, will, honour, and whatsoeuer else, shall be but a shadow of that bodie. How much *Basilius* owne shame had found him culpable, and had already euen in foule read his owne condemnation, so much did this vnexpected mildenesse of *Gynecia* captiue his heart vnto her, which otherwise perhaps could haue growne to a desperate carelesnesse. Therefore embracing her, and confessing that her vertue shined in his vice, hee did euen with a true resolued minde vowe vnto her, that as long as hee, vnworthie of her, did liue, shee should be the somme and onely limit of his affection. He thanked the destinies that had wrought her honour out of his shame, & that had made his owne stirring to goe amisse, to be the best meane euer after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled to *Basilius* great contentation who began something to marke himselfe in his owne doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the cup of golde wherein *Gynecia* had put the liquor meant for *Zelmane*, and hauing fayled of that guest, was now carrying it home againe. But he

whom perchaunce sorrow, perchaunce some long disaccustomed paines, had made extreamely thirstie, tooke it out of her hands, although she directly told him, both of whom shee had it, what the effect of it was, and the little proofe shee had seene thereof; hiding nothing from him, but that shee meant to minister it to another patient. But the King, whose belly had no eares, and much drouth kept from the desiring a taster, finding it not vnpleasant to his palate, dranke it almost off, leauing verie little to couer the cuppes bottome. But within a while that from his stomacke the drinke had deliuered to his principall veynes his noysome vapors, first with a painefull stretching, and forced yawning, then with a darke yellownesse dying his skinne, and a cold deadly sweat principally about his temples, his bodie by naturall course longing to deliuer his heauie burthen to his earthly damme, wanting force in his knees, which vtterly abandoned him, with heauie fall gaue some proofe whither the operation of that vnknowne portion tended. For, with pang-like grones, and gastly turning of his eyes, immediatly all his limmes stiffened, and his eyes fixed, hee hauing had time to declare his case onely in these wordes; O *Gynecia*, I dye: haue care. Of what or how much further he would haue spoken, no man can tell: for *Gynecia* hauing well perceyued the changing of his colour, and those other euill signes, yet had not looked for such a sodaine ouerthrow, but rather had bethought her selfe what was best for him, when she sodainely saw the matter come to that period, comming to him, and neyther with anie eyes getting a word of him, nor with any other possible meanes, able to bring anie liuing action from him, the height of all ougly sorrowes did so horribly appeare before her amazed minde, that at the first, it did not onely distract all power of speech from her, but almost wit to consider, remayning as it were quicke buried in a graue of miseries. Her painefull memorie had streight filled her with the true shapes of all the fore-past mischiefes, her reason began to cry out against the filthie rebellion of sinfull sense, and to teare it selfe with anguish, for hauing made so weake a resistance, her conscience a terrible witnesse of the inward wickednesse, still nourishing this debateful fire; her complaint now not hauing an end to be directed vnto from somthing to disburden sorrow, but a necessarie downfall of inward wretchednesse. She saw the rigour of the lawes was like to lay a shamefull death vpon her, which being for that action vndeserued, made it the more insupportable, and yet in depth of her soule most deserued, made it more miserable. At length, letting her tongue goe as her dolorous thoughts guided it, she thus with lamentable demeanour spake:

O bottomlesse pit of sorrow, in which I cannot containe my selfe, hauing the firebrands of all furies within me, still falling, and yet by the infiniteneſse of it neuer falne. Neyther can I ridde my selfe, being fettered with the euerlasting consideration of it. For whither should I recommend the protection of my dishonoured fall? to the earth? it hath no life, and waytes to be encreased by the reliques of my shamed carcasse: to men? who are alwayes cruell in their neighbours faults, and make others ouerthrow become the badge of their ill masked vertue? to the heauens? O vnspeakeable torment of conscience, which dare not looke vnto them. No sinne can enter there, oh there is no receipt for polluted mindes. Whither then wilt thou leade this captiue of thine, O snakie despaire? Alas, alas, was this the free-holding power that accursed poyson hath graunted vnto mee, that to be held the surer it should depriue life? was this the folding in mine armes promised, that I should fold nothing but a dead bodie? O mother of mine, what a deathfull sucke haue you giuen me? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, well hath my mother

reuenged

reuenged vpon me my vnmocherely hasing of thee. O *Zelmane*, to whom yet (lest anie miserie should faile me) remaine some sparkes of my detestable loue, if thou hast (as now alas! now my minde assures me thou hast) deuined me, there is a faire stage prepared for thee, to see the tragicall end of thy hated louer. With that word there flowed out two riuers of teares out of her faire eyes, which before were dry, the remembrance of her other mischiefes being dryed vp in a furious fire of selfe detestation, loue onely, according to the temper of it, melting it selfe into those brinie tokens of passion. Then turning her eyes againe vpon the bodie, shee remembred a dreame shee had had some nights before, wherein thinking her selfe called by *Zelmane*, passing a troublesome passage, shee found a dead bodie which told her there should be her onely rest. This no sooner caught hold of her remembrance, then that she determining with her selfe, it was a direct vision of her fore-appointed end, tooke a certaine resolution to embrace death, assoone as it should be offered vnto her, and no way to seeke the prolonging of her annoyed life. And therefore kissing the cold face of *Basilius*; And euen so will I rest, said shee, and ioyne this faultie soule of mine to thee, if so much the angrie Gods will graunt mee.

And as she was in this plight, the Sunne now climing ouer our Horizon, the first Shepheards came by: who seeing the King in that case, and hearing the noyse *Dametas* made of the Lady *Philocles*, ranne with the dolefull tydings of *Basilius* death vnto him, who presently with all his companie came to the Caues entrie where the Kings bodie lay; *Dametas* for his part more glad for the hope hee had of his priuate escape, then sorie for the publique losse his Countrey receiued for a Prince not to be misliked. But in *Gynecia* nature preuailed aboue iudgement, and the shame she conceiued to be taken in that order, ouercame for that instant the former resolution, so that assoone as she saw the foremost of the pastorall troupe, the wretched Princesse ran to haue hid her face in the next woods, but with such a mind, that she knew not almost her selfe what she could wish to be the ground of her safetie. *Dametas* that saw her run away in *Zelmanes* vpper raiment, & iudging her to be so, thought certainely all the spirits in hell were come to play a Tragedie in these woods, such strange change he saw euery way. The King dead at the Caues mouth; the Queene (as he thought) absent; *Pamela* fled away with *Darui*; his wife and *Mopsa* in diuers franzies. But of all other things *Zelmane* conquered his capacitie, sodainly from a woman growne to a man; and from a lockt chamber gotten before him into the fields, which he gaue the rest quickly to vnderstand; for in steed of doing any thing as the exigent required, he began to make circles, and all those fantasticall defences that he had euer heard were fortifications against Deuils. But the other Shepheards who had both better wits, and more faith, forthwith diuided themselues, some of them running after *Gynecia*, and esteeming her running away, a great condemnation of her owne guiltinesse; others going to their Prince, to see what seruice was left for them, either in recouerie of his life, or honouring his death. They that went after the Queene, had soone taken her, in whom now the first feares were stayed, and the resolution to dye had repossessed his place in her minde. But when they saw it was the Queene, to whom besides the obedient dutie they ow'd to her state, they had alwaies carried a singular loue, for her courteous liberalities, and other wise and vertuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration; They were all sodainly stopped, beginning to aske pardon for their following her in that sort, and desiring her to be their good Lady, as she had euer beene. But the Queene who now thirsted to be ridde of her selfe, whom shee hated aboue all things; with such an

assured countenance as they haue, who alreadie haue dispensed with shame, & digested the sorowes of death, she thus said vnto them, Continue, continue, my friends: your doing is better then your excusing, the one argues assured faith, the other want of assurance. If you loued your Prince, when he was able & willing to do you much good, which you could not then requite to him; doe you now publish your gratefulnesse, when it shall be seene to the world, there are no hopes left to leade you vnto it. Remember, remember you haue lost *Basilius*, a Prince to defend you, a Father to care for you, a companion in your ioyes, a friend in your wants. And if you loued him, shew you hate the author of his losse. It is I, faithfull *Arcadians*, that haue spoyled the Countrie of their protector. I, none but I, was the minister of his vnnaturall end. Carie therefore my bloud in your hands, to testifie your owne innocencie, neither spare for my tides sake, but consider it was hee that so entituled me. And if you thinke of any benefites by my meanes, thinke with it that was but the instrument and hee the spring. What stay yee, Shepheards, whose great Shepheard is gone? you need not feare a woman, reuerence your Lords murtherer, nor haue pittie of her, who hath not pittie of her selfe. With this she presented her faire necke; to some by name, other by signes, desiring them to doe iustice to the world, dutie to their good king, honour to themselues, and fauour to her. The poore men looked one vpon the other, vnused to be arbiters in Princes matters, and being now falne into a great perplexitie, betwixt a Prince dead and a Princesse aliue. But once for them shee might haue gone whither shee would, thinking it a sacriledge to touch her person, when she finding she was not a sufficient oratour to perswade her owne death by their hands; well, said she, it is but so much the more time of miserie, for my part I will not giue my life so much pleasure from hence forward as to yeeld to his desire of his own choise of death; since all the rest is taken away, yet let me excell in miserie. Lead me therfore whither you will; only happy, because I cannot be more wretched. But neither so much would the honest shepheards do, but rather with many teares bemoned this encrease of their former losse, till she was faine to lead them, with a verie straunge spectacle, eyther that a Princesse should bee in the handes of shepheards, or a prisoner should direct her guardians: lastly, before eyther witnesse or accuser, a Lady condemne her selfe to death. But in such monefull march they went towards the other Shepheards, who, in the meane time had left nothing vnassayed to reuiue the King, but all was bootlesse; and their sorrowes encreased the more they had suffered any hopes vainly to arise. Among other trials they made to know at least the cause of his end, hauing espied the vnhappie cup, they gaue the little liquor that was left to a dogge of *Dametas*, in which within a short time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did so much to recouer him, that for verie loue of his life he dasht out his braines. But now all together, and hauing *Gynecia* among them, who to make her selfe the more odious, did continually record to their mindes the excesse of their losse, they yeelded themselues ouer to all those formes of lamentation, that dolefull images doe imprint in the honest, but ouertender hearts; especially when they thinke the rebound of the euill falles to their owne smart. Therefore after the auncient Greeke manner, some of them remembring the nobilitie of his birth, continued by being like his Auncestors: others his shape, which though not excellent, yet fauour and pittie drew all things now to the highest point; others his peaceable gouernement, the thing which most pleaseth men, resolued to liue of their owne; others his liberalitie, which though it cannot light vpon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may be they, make it a most amiable vertue. Some calling in question the greatnesse of his power, which

encreased

encreased the compassion to see the present change, (hauing a dolefull memory how hee had tempered it with such familiar curtesie among them, that they did more feele the fruites, then see the pompes of his greatnesse) all with one consent giuing him the sacred titles of good, iust, mercifull, the father of the people, the life of his Countrie, they ranne about his bodie, tearing their beards and garments; some sending their cryes to heauen, other inuenting particular howling musicke; many vowing to kill themselues at the day of his funerals, generally giuing a true testimony that men are louing creatures when iniuries put them not from their naturall course: and how easie a thing it is for a Prince by succession, deepely to sinke into the soules of his subiects; a more liuely monument then *Mausolus* Tombe. But as with such harrie lamentation, they dispersed among those woods their resounding strikes, the Sunne the perfectest marke of time, hauing now gotten vp two houres iourney in his daily changing Circle, their voice helped with the onely answering Echo, came to the eares of the faithfull and worthie Gentleman *Philanax*: who at that time was comming to visite the King, accompanied with diuers of the worthy *Arcadian* Lords, who with him had visited the places adioyning for the more assurance of *Basilius* solitarinesse, a thing after the late mutinie hee had vsually done. and since the Princesses return more diligently continued: which hauing now likewise performed, thinking it as well his dutie to see the King, as of good purpose, being so neere, to receiue his further direction; accompanied as aboue said hee was this morning comming vnto him, when these vnpleasant voices gaue his minde an vncertaine presage of his neere approching sorrow. For by and by hee saw the body of his dearely esteemed Prince, and heard *Gynecias* lamenting: not such as the turtle-like loue is wont to make for the euer ouer-soone losse of her onely loued make, but with cursings of her life, detesting her owne wickednesse, seeming onely therefore not to desire death, because shee would not shew a loue of any thing. The shepheards, especially *Dametas* knowing him to bee the second person in authoritie, gaue foorthwith relation vnto him, what they knew and had proued of this dolorous spectacle, besides the other accidents of his children. But hee principally touched with his maisters losse, lighting from his horse with a heauie cheere, came and kneeled downe by him, where finding hee could doe no more then the shepheards had for his recouerie, the constancie of his minde, surprised before hee might call together his best rules, could not refraine such like wordes. Ah deare maister, said hee, what change it hath pleaseth the Almightie Iustice to worke in this place! How soone (not to your losse, who hauing liued long to nature, & to time longer by your well deserued glory, but longest of all in the eternall mansion you now possesse.) But how soone I say to our ruine, haue you left the frayle barke of your estate? O that the words I in most faithfull durie deliuered vnto you, when you first entred this solitarie course, might haue wrought as much perswasion in you, as they sprang from truth in me, perchance your seruant *Philanax* should not now haue cause, in your losse, to bewaile his owne ouerthrow. And therewith taking himselfe, and indeede euill fitteth it me (said he) to let go my heart to womanish complaints, since my Prince being vndoubtedly well, it rather shewes loue of my selfe, which makes me bewaile mine owne losse. No, the true loue must bee proued in the honour of your memorie, and that must bee shewed with seeking iust reuenge vpon your vniust and vnnaturall enemies, and farre more honourable it will be for your Tombe, to haue the bloud of your murtherers sprinkled vpon it, then the teares of your friends. And if your soule looke downe vpon this miserable earth, I doubt not it

had

had much rather your death were accompained with well deserued punishment of the causers of it, then with the heaping on it more sorowes with the end of them, to whom you vouchsafed your affection: let them lament that haue wouen the webbe of lamentation; let their owne deathes make them crie out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carrying manfull sorrow and vindicatiue resolution in his face, hee rose vp, so looking on the poore guiltlesse Princesse transported with an vniust iustice, that his eyes were sufficient Herauldes for him, to denounce a mortall hatred. She (whom furies of loue, firebrands of her conscience, shame of the world, with the miserable losse of her husband, towards whom now the disdaine of her selfe bred more loue; with the remembrance of her vision, wherewith she resolued assuredly the Gods had appointed that shamefull end to bee her resting place, had set her mind to no other way but to death) vsed such like speeches to *Philanax*, as she had before to the shepheards; willing him not to looke vpon her as a woman, but a monster; not as Princesse, but a traytor to his Prince; not as *Basilius* wife, but as *Basilius* murtherer. She told him how the world required at his hands, the first demonstration of his friendship, if hee now forgot his Prince, he should shew hee had neuer loued but his fortune: like those vermine that sucke of the liuing bloud, and leaue the body assoone as it is dead; poore Princesse needlesly seeking to kindle him, who did most deadly detest her, which hee vttered in this bitter answere. Madame (said hee) you doe well to hate your selfe, for you cannot hate a worse creature; and though wee feele enough your hellish disposition, yet we needs not doubt you are of counsell to your selfe of much worse then we know. But now feare not, you shall not long bee cumbred with being guided by so euill a soule, therefore prepare your selfe that if it bee possible you may deliuer vp your spirit so much purer, as you more wash your wickednesse with repentance. Then hauing presently giuen order for the bringing from *Mantinea*, a great number of tents, for the receit of the principall *Arcadians*: the maner of that countrie being that where the Prince died, there should be orders taken for the countries gouernement, and in the place any murther was committed, the iudgement should be giuen there, before the bodie was buried, both concurring in this matter, and already great part of the Nobility being arriued, hee deliuered the Princesse to a Gentleman of great trust, and as for *Dametas* taking from him the keyes of both the Lodges, calling him the moth of his Princes estate, and onely spot of his iudgement, hee caused him with his wife and daughter, to bee fettered vp in as many chaines and clogs, as they could beare, and euery third houre to bee cruelly whipt, till the determinate iudgment should be giuen of all these matters. That done, hauing sent already at his comming, to all the quarters of the countrie to seeke *Pamela*, although with small hope of ouertaking them, hee himselfe went well accompanied to the Lodge, where the two vnfortunate Louers were attending a cruell conclusion of their long, painefull, and late most painefull affection. *Dametas* clownish eyes, hauing beene the only discouerers of *Pyrocles* stratagem, had no sooner taken a full view of them (which in some sights would rather haue bred any thing, then an accusing minde) and locked the dore vpon these two young folkes, now made prisoners for loue, as before they had beene prisoners to loue, but that immediately vpon his going down (whether with noise *Dametas* made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreame griefe had procured his sleepe, so extreame care had measured his sleepe, giuing his senses a very early *salue* to come to themselues) *Pyrocles* awaked; and being vp, the first euill hansell hee had of the ill case wherein hee was, was the seeing himselfe depriued of his sword, from which he had neuer separated himselfe in any

occasion,

occasion, and euen that night first by the Kings bed, and then there had laid it, as he thought safe: putting great part of the trust of his well doing in his own courage so armed. For indeede the confidence in ones selfe is the chiefe nurse of magnanimitie, which confidence notwithstanding doth not leaue the care of necessarie furnitures for it: and therefore of all the Grecians *Homer* doth euer make *Achilles* the best armed. But that, as I say, was the first ill token: but by and by he perceiued hee was a prisoner before any arrest: for the dore which he had left open, was made so fast of the outside, that for all the force he could employ vnto it, he could not vndo *Dametas* doing; then went he to the windowes, to see if that way there were any escape for him and his deare Lady. But as vaine hee found all his employment there, not hauing might to breake out but onely one barre; wherein notwithstanding hee strayned his sinewes to the vttermost. And that he rather tooke out to vse for other seruice, then for any possibilitie he had to escape; for euen then it was that *Dametas* hauing gathered together the first comming Shepheards, did blabber out what he had found in the Lady *Philoclea*s chamber. *Pyrocles* markingly hearkened to all that *Dametas* said, whose voice and minde acquaintance had taught him sufficiently to know. But when he assuredly perceiued that his being with the Ladie *Philoclea* was fully discouered; & by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly of *Dametas*, her honor therein touched in the highest degree; remembring withall the cruelty of the *Arcadian* lawes, which without exception did condemne all to death, who were found (as *Dametas* reported of them) in act of mariage without solemnitie of mariage, assuring himselfe besides the law, the King and the Queene would vse so much more hate against their daughter, as they had found themselues sotted by him in the pursute of their loue. Lastly, seeing they were not only in the way of death, but fitly incaged for death, looking with a harme griefe vpon the honor of loue, the fellowlesse *Philoclea* (whose innocent soule now enioying his own goodnesse did litle know the danger of his euer faire then sleeping harbor) his excellent wit strengthened with vertue, but guided by loue, had soone described to himselfe a perfect vision of their present condition, wherin hauing presently cast a resolute reckening of his own part of the misery not only the chiefe but sole burthen of his anguish consisted in the vnworthy case, which was like to falvpon the best deseruing *Philoclea*. He saw the misfortune not the mismeaning of his worke, was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world (as he thought) did begin to receiue honour; he saw the weak iudgment of man, would condemne that as death deseruing vice in her, which had in troth neuer broken the bonds of a true liuing vertue: & how often his eye turned to his attractiue adamant, so often did an vnspeakeable horrour strike his noble heart to consider so vntipe yeares, so faultlesse a beautie, the mansion of so pure goodnesse, should haue her youth so vntimely cut off, her naturall perfections vnnaturally consumed, her vertue rewarded with shame; sometimes he would accuse himselfe of negligence, that had no more curiously looked to all the house entries, & yet could he not imagine the way *Dametas* was gotten in: & to call backe what might haue bin, to a man of wisedome & courage, caries but a vaine shadow of discourse; sometimes he could not chuse but with a dissolution of his inward might lamentably consider with what face he might looke vpon his (till then) ioy *Philoclea*, when the next light waking should deliuer vnto her, should perchance bee the last of her hurtlesse life. And that the first time she should bend her excellent eyes vpon him, shee should see the accursed author of her dreadfull end; & euen this consideration more then any other, did so set it selfe in his well disposed minde, that dispersing his thoughts to all the wayes that might bee of her safetie, finding a very small discourse in so narrow

limits

limits of time & place, at length in many difficulties hee saw none beare any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then hee thought it would fall out, that when they found his body dead, hauing no accuser but *Dametas*, as by his speech he found there was not, it might iustly appeare that either *Philoclea* in defending her honor, or else he himselfe in despaire of atchieuing, had left his carcasse proofe of his intent, but witnesse of her clearenes. Hauing a small while stayed vpon the greatnes of his resolution & looked to the furthest of it: be it so (said the valiant *Pyrocles*;) neuer life for better cause, nor to be better end, was bestowed, for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leaue vndone, who is to die so iustly as my selfe? & if I must die, who can be so fit executioners as mine own hands, which as they were accessaries to the doing, so in killing me they shall suffer their owne punishment? But then arose there a new impediment, for *Dametas* hauing caried away any thing, which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himselfe, he could finde no fit instrumēt which might giue him a finall dispatch: at length making the more hast, lest his Lady should awake, taking the iron bar, (which being sharper somthing at the one end then the other, he hoped ioyn'd to his willing strength, might breake off the feeble threed of mortality: truly (said he) fortune thou hast well persewered mine enemy, that will graunt me no fortune to be vnfortunate, nor let me haue an easie passage now I am to trouble thee no more. But said he, ô bar blessed in that thou hast done seruice to the chamber of the paragon of life, since thou couldest not helpe me to make a perfecter escape, yet serue my turne I pray thee, that I may escape from my selfe, therewithall yet once looking to fetch the last repast of his eyes, and new againe transported with the pitifull case he left her in, kneeling downe he thus prayed, O great maker and great ruler of this world (said hee) to thee doe I sacrifice this bloud of mine, and suffer (Lord) the errours of my youth to passe away therein, and let not the soule by thee made, and euer bending vnto thee, be now reiected of thee, neither be offended that I do abandon this body, to the gouernment of which thou hadst placed me, without thy leaue, since how can I know but that thy vnsearchable mind is, I should so do, since thou hast taken from me all meanes longer to abide in it? And since the difference stands but in a short time of dying thou that hast framed my soule inclined to do good, how can I in this small space of mine, benefite so much all the humane kinde, as in preseruing thy perfectest workmanship, their chiefest honour? O iustice it selfe, howsoeuer thou determinest of me, let this excellent innocencie not bee oppressed! Let my life pay her losse, ô Lord giue me some signe that I may die with this comfort. (And pawsing a little as if he had hoped for some token) and whensoeuer to the eternall darkenesse of the earth she doth follow mee, let our spirits possesse one place, and let them be more happie in that vniting. With that word striking the barre vpon his heart side with all the force he had, and falling withall vpon to giue it the thorower passage, the barre in troth was too blunt to doe the effect, although it pierced his skinne, and bruised his ribs verie sore, so that his breath was almost past him. But the noise of his fall draue away sleepe from the quiet senses of the deare *Philoclea*, whose sweet soule had an earely salutation of a deadly spectacle vnto her, wuh so much more astonishment, as the falling asleepe but a little before she had retired her selfe from the vttermost point of wofulnesse, and saw now againe before her eyes the most cruell enterprise that humane nature can vndertake, without discerning any cause thereof. But the liuely print of her affection had soone taught her not to stay long vpon deliberation in so vrgent a necessitie: therefore getting with speed her weake, though well recorded limmes out of her sweetned bed, as when iewels are hastily pulled out of some rich coffer, shee

spared

ſpared not the nakednesſe of her tender feete, but I thinke borne as faſt with deſire as feare caried *Daphne*, ſhee came running to *Pyrocles*, & finding his ſpirits ſomething troubled with the fall, ſhe put by the barre that lay cloſe to him, and ſtrayning him in her moſt beloued embracements, My comfort, my ioy, my life (ſaid ſhe) what haſt haue you to kill your *Philoclea* with the moſt cruell torment that euer Lady ſuffered? Do you not yet perſwade your ſelfe that any hurt of yours is a death vnto me? And that your death ſhould bee my hell? Alas, if any ſodaine miſlike of mee (for other cauſe I ſee none) haue cauſed you to loath your ſelfe, if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terribleſt rage in you, rather let mee ſuffer the bitterneſſe of it, for ſo ſhall the deſeruer bee puniſhed, mankind preſerued from ſuch a ruine, and I for my part ſhall haue that cõfort, that I die by the nobleſt hand that euer drew ſword. *Pyrocles* grieued with his fortune, that he had not in one inſtant cut off all ſuch deliberation, thinking his life onely reſerued to be bound to be the vnhappy newes-teller: Alas (ſaid he) my only ſtarre, why do you this wrong to God, your ſelfe, and me, to ſpeake of faults in you? no, no, moſt faultleſſe, moſt perfect Ladie, it is your excellencie that makes me haſten my deſired end; it is the right I owe to the generall nature, that (though againſt priuate nature) makes mee ſeeke the preſeruation of all that ſhee hath done in this age, let me, let me die. There is no way to ſaue your life (moſt worthy to be conſerued) then that my death be your clearing: then did hee with farre more paine & backeward lothneſſe, then the ſo neere killing himſelfe was (but yet driuen with neceſſity to make her yeeld, to that he thought was her ſafety) make her a ſhort, but pithy diſcourſe, what he had heard by *Dametas* ſpeeches, confirming the reſt with a plaine demonſtration of their impriſonment. And then ſought he new meanes of ſtopping his breath; but that by *Philocleas* labor, aboue her force, he was ſtayed to heare her. In whom a man might perceiue what ſmall difference in the working there is, betwixt a ſimple voidneſſe of euill, and a iudiciall habite of vertue. For ſhe, not with an vnſhaken magnanimitie, wherwith *Pyrocles* wayed and deſpiſed death, but with an innocent guiltleſneſſe, not knowing why ſhe ſhould feare to deliuer her vnſtained ſoule to God, helped with the true louing of *Pyrocles*, which made her thinke no life without him, did almoſt bring her minde to as quiet attending all accidents, as the vnmaſtred vertue of *Pyrocles*. Yet hauing with a pretty paleneſſe (which did leaue milken lines vpon her roſie cheekes) payd a little duty to humane feare, taking the Prince by his hand, & kiſſing the wound he had giuen himſelfe; O the onely life of my life, & (if it fall out ſo) the comfort of my death, ſaid ſhe, farre, farre from you, be the doing me ſuch wrong, as to thinke I will receiue my life as a purchaſe of your death, but well may you make my death ſo much more miſerable, as it ſhall any thing be delayed after my onely felicity. Doe you thinke I can accompt of the moment of death, like the vnſpeakeable afflictions my ſoule ſhould ſuffer, ſo oft as I call *Pyrocles* to minde, which ſhould be as oft as I breathed? Should theſe eyes guide my ſteps, that had ſeene your murder? ſhould theſe hands feed me, that had not hindred ſuch a miſchiefe? Should this heart remaine within me, at euery pant to count the continuall clocke of my miſeries? O no, if die we muſt, let vs thanke death, hee hath not deuided ſo true an vnion. And truely my *Pyrocles*, I haue heard my father, & other wiſe men ſay, that the killing ones ſelfe is but a falſe colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a feare of a further euill, either of torment or ſhame. For if it were not a reſpecting the harme, that would likewiſe make him not reſpect what might be done vnto him: & hope, being of all other, the moſt contrary thing to feare; this being an vtter baniſhment of hope, it ſeemes to receiue his ground in feare. Whatſoeuer (would they ſay) comes out of diſpaire, cannot

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beare the title of valure, which ſhould be lifted vp to ſuch a height, that holding all things vnder it ſelfe, it ſhould be able to maintaine his greatneſſe euen in the midſt of miſeries. Laſtly they would ſay, God had appointed vs Captaines of theſe our bodily forts, which without treaſon to that Maieſtie, were neuer to bee deliuered ouer till they were redemaunded. *Pyrocles*, who had that for a law vnto him, not to leaue *Philoclea* in any thing vnſatisfied, although hee ſtill remained in his former purpoſe, & knew that time would grow ſhort for it, yet hearing no noiſe (the ſhepheardes being as then run to *Baſilius*) with ſetled and humble countenance, as a man that ſhould haue ſpoken of a thing that did not concerne himſelfe, bearing euen in his eyes ſufficient ſhewes, that it was nothing but *Philocleas* danger, which did any thing burthen his heart, farre ſtronger then fortune, hauing with vehement embracings of her, got yet ſome fruit of his delayed end, he thus anſwered the wiſe innocencie of *Philoclea*. Lady moſt worthy not onely of life, but to be the very life of all things: the more notable demonſtrations you make of the loue, ſo farre beyond my deſert, with which it pleaſeth you to ouercome fortune, in making mee happie: the more am I euen in courſe of humanitie (to leaue that loues force, which I neither can nor will leaue) bound to ſeeke requitals witneſſe, that I am not vngratefull: to do which the infinitneſſe, of your goodneſſe being ſuch as I cannot teach vnto it, yet doing all I can, & paying my life, which is all I haue, though it be farre (without meaſure) ſhort of your deſert, yet ſhal I not die in debt, to mine own duty. And truly the more excellent arguments you made, to keepe me from this paſſage, imagined far more terrible then it is, the more plainely it makes me ſee what reaſon I haue, to preuent the loſſe not onely of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth ſhould receiue, if ſuch a tree (which euen in his firſt ſpring, doth not onely beare moſt beautifull bloſſoms, but moſt rate fruits) ſhould be ſo vntimely cut off. Therefore, ô moſt truly beloued Lady, to whom I deſire for both our goods, that theſe may be my laſt words, giue me your conſent euen out of that wiſedome which muſt needes ſee, that (beſides your vnmatched betterneſſe, which perchaunce you will not ſee) it is fitter one die then both. And ſince you haue ſufficiently ſhewed you loue mee, let me claime by that loue, you will be content rather to let me die contentedly, then wretchedly: rather with a cleare and ioyfull conſcience, then with deſperate condemnation in my ſelfe, that I accurſed villaine, ſhould bee the meane of baniſhing from the ſight of men the true example of vertue. And becauſe there is nothing left me to bee imagined, which I ſo much deſire, as that the memory of *Pyrocles* may euer haue an allowed place in your wiſe iudgement, I am content to draw ſo much breath longer, as by anſwering the ſweete obiections you alledged, may bequeath (as I thinke) a right conceite vnto you, that this my doing is out of iudgement, & not ſprong of paſſion. Your father you ſay was wont to ſay, that this like action doth more proceed of feare of further euil or ſhame, thē of a true courage: Truly firſt, they put a very gheſſing caſe, ſpeaking of them who can neuer after come to tell, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortall truth to witneſſe, that no feare of torment can appall me: who know it is but diuerſe manners of appartelling death: and haue long learned to ſet bodily paine but in the ſecond forme of my being. And as for ſhame, how can I be aſhamed of that, for which my well meaning conſcience will anſwere for me to God, and your vnreſiſtable beautie to the world? But to take that argument in his owne force, and grant it done for auoiding of further paine or diſhonour, (for as for the name of feare, it is but an odious title of paſſion, giuen to that which true iudgement performeth) graunt, I ſay, it is to ſhunne a worſe caſe, & truly I do not ſee, but that true fortitude, looking into all humane things with

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a persisting resolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleasing things, nor astonishment of the vnpleasant, doth not yet depriue it selfe of the discerning the difference of euill, but rather is the onely vertue, which in an assured tranquilitie shunnes the greater by the valiant entring into the lesse. Thus for his countries safty he will spend his life, for the saning of a lim he will not niggardly spare his goods, for the saning of all his body hee will not spare the cutting off a lim where indeede the weake hatted man will rather die, then see the face of a surgeon: who might with as good reason say, that the constant man abides the painefull surgery, for feare of a further euill: but he is content to waite for death it selfe, but neither is true, for neither hath the one any feare, but a well choosing iudgement: nor the other hath any contentment, but onely feare, and not hauing a heart actiuely to performe a matter of paine, is forced passiuely to abide a greater damage. For to doe, requires a whole heart; to suffer falleth easiliest in the broken mindes. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in shame; wherein since valure is a vertue, and vertue is euer limited, wee must not runne so infinitely, as to thinke the valiant man is willingly to suffer any thing, since the verie suffering of some things is a certaine proofe of want of courage. And if any thing vnwillingly, among the chiefest may shame goe: for if honour be to be held deere, his contrary is to bee abhorred, and that not for feare, but of a true election. For which is the lesse inconuenient, either the losse of some yeares more or lesse (once wee know our liues bee not immortall) or the submitting our selues to each vnworthy misery, which the foolish world may lay vpon vs? As for their reason, that feare is contrarie to hope, neither doe I defende feare, nor much yeelde to the authoritie of hope; to either of which great inclyning shewes but a feeble reason, which must be guided by his seruants: and who builds not vpon hope, shall feare no earthquake of despaire. Their last alledging of the heauenly powers, as it beares the greatest name, so it is the onely thing, that at all bred any combate in my minde. And yet I doe not see, but that if God had made vs masters of any thing, it is of our owne liues; out of which without doing wrong to any body, we are to issue at your owne pleasure. And the same argument would asmuch preuaile to say wee should for no necessitie lay away from vs, any of our ioynts, since they being made of him, without his warrant wee should not depart from them; or if that may bee, for a greater cause wee may passe to a greater degree. And if wee be Lieutenants of God, in this little Castle, doe you not thinke we must take warning of him to giue ouer our charge when he leaues vs vnprouided of good meanes to tarrie in it? No certainely doe I not, answered the sorrowfull *Philoclea*, since it is not for vs to appoint that mighty Maiestie, what time hee will helpe vs: the vttermost instant is scope enough for him, to reuoke euery thing to ones owne desire. And therefore to preiudicate his determination, is but a doubt of goodnesse in him, who is nothing but goodnesse. But when indeede hee doth either by sicknesse, or outward force lay death vpon vs, then are wee to take knowledge that such is his pleasure, and to know that all is well that hee doth. That wee should be masters of our selues, wee can shew at all no title, nor claime; since neither wee made our selues, nor bought our selues; wee can stand vpon no other right but his gift, which hee must limit as it pleaseth him. Neither is there any proportion betwixt the losse of any other lim, and that, since the one bends to the preseruing of all, the other to the destruction of all; the one takes not away the minde from the actions for which it is placed in the world, the other cuts off all possibilitie of his working. And truely my most deare *Pyrocles*, I must needes protest vnto you, that I

cannot thinke your defence euen in rules of vertue sufficient. Sufficient & excellent it were, if the question were of two outward things, wherein a man might by natures freedome determine, whether he would preferre shame to paine, present smaller torment, to greater following, or no. But to this (besides the comparison of the matters valures) there is added of the one part a direct euill doing, which maketh the ballance of that side too much vnequall: since a vertuous man without any respect, whether the griefe be lesse or more, is neuer to do that which he can not assure himselfe is allowable before the euerliuing rightfulnesse; but rather is to thinke honours or shames, which stand in other mens true or false iudgements, paines or not paines, which yet neuer approch our soules, to be nothing in regard of an vnspotted conscience. And these reasons do I remember, I haue heard good men bring in, that since it hath not his ground in an assured vertue, it proceeds rather of some other disguised passion. *Pyrocles* was not so much perswaded as delighted, by her well conceiued & sweetly pronounced speeches; but when she had closed her pitifull discourse, & as it were sealed vp her delightfull lips, with the moistnesse of her teares, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearle: now thinking it hye time; Be it as you say (said hee most vertuous beautie) in all the rest, but neuer can God himselfe perswade me, that *Pyrocles* life is not well lost, for to preserue the most admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be if it be possible written on my Tombe, and I will not enuie *Codrus* honour. With that he would againe haue vsed the barre, meaning if that fayled, to leaue his braines vpon the wall; when *Philoclea* now brought to that shee most feared, kneeled downe vnto him, and embracing so his legs, that without hurting her (which for nothing hee would haue done) hee could not ridde himselfe from her, shee did with all the coniuring words, which the authoritie of loue may lay, beseech him, hee would not now so cruelly abandon her, hee would not leaue her comfortlesse in that miserie, to which hee had brought her. That then indeede shee would euen in her soule accuse him, to haue most foully betrayed her; that then shee would haue cause to curse the time that euer the name of *Pyrocles* came to her eares, which otherwise no death could make her doe. Will you leaue mee, said shee, not onely dishonoured as supposed vnchaste with you, but as a murderer of you? Will you giue mine eyes such a picture of hell, before my neere approching death, as to see the murdred bodie of him I loue more then all the liues that nature can giue? With that shee sware by the hyest cause of all deuotions, that if he did persieuere in that cruell resolution, she would (though vntruely) not only confesse to her father, that with her consent this act had beene committed, but if that would not serue (after she had puld out her owne eyes, made accursed by such a sight) shee would giue her selfe so terrible a death, as she might thinke the paine of it would counteruaile the neuer dying paine of her minde. Now therefore kill your selfe, to crowne this vertuous action with infamie: kill your selfe to make mee (whom you say you loue) as long as I after liue, change my louing admiration of you, to a detestable abhorring your name. And so indeede you shall haue the ende you shoote at: for in steede of one death, you shall giue mee a thousand, and yet in the meane time, depriue mee of the helpe God may send mee. *Pyrocles* euen ouerwayed with her so wisely vttered affection, finding her determination so fixed, that his ende should but depriue them both of a present contentment, and not auoide a comming euill (as a man that ranne not vnto it, by a sodaine qualme of passion, but by a true vse of reason, preferring her life to his owne) now that wisedome did manifest vnto him, that way would not preuaile,

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he retired himselfe, with as much tranquilitie from it, as before hee had gone vnto it. Like a man, that had set the keeping or leauing of the bodie, as a thing without himselfe, and so had thereof a freed and vntroubled consideration. Therefore throwing away the barre from him, and taking her vp from the place, where hee thought the consummating of al beauties, very vnworthily lay, suffering all his senses to deuoure vp their chiefest foode, which he assured himselfe they should shortly after for euer bee depriued off: well, said hee, most deere Lady, whose contentment I prefere before mine owne, and iudgement esteeme more then mine owne, I yeeld vnto your pleasure. The gods send you haue not wonne your owne losse. For my part they are my witnesses, that I thinke I doe more at your commaundement, in delaying my death, then another would in bestowing his life. But now, said hee, as thus farre I haue yeelded vnto you, so graunt mee in recompence thus much againe, that I may finde your loue in graunting, as you haue found your authority in obtayning. My humble suite is, you will say I came in by force into your chamber, for so am I resolued now to affirme, and that will bee the best for vs both; but in no case name my name, that whatsoeuer come of mee, my house be not dishonoured. *Philoclea* fearing least refusall would turne him backe againe to his violent refuge, gaue him a certaine countenance, that might shew shee did yeeld to his request, the latter part whereof indeede she meant for his sake to performe. Neither could they spend more wordes together: for *Philanax*, with twentie of the noblest personages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the Lodge, *Philanax* making the rest to stay belowe, for the reuerence he bare to womanhood, as stilly as he could came to the dore, & opening it, drew the eyes of these two dolefull louers vpon him. *Philoclea* closing againe for modestie sake, within her bed the riches of her beauties, but *Pyrocles* tooke holde of his barre, minding at least to die, before the excellent *Philoclea* should receiue any outrage. But *Philanax* rested awhile vpon himselfe, striken with admiration at the goodly shape of *Pyrocles*, whom before hee had neuer seene, & withall remembring besides others the notable act he had done (when with his courage and eloquence, hee had saued *Basilius*, perchance the whole state from vtter ruine) hee felt a kinde of relenting minde towards him. But when that same thought came wayted on with the remembrance of his maisters death, which he by all probabilities, thought he had bin of counsell vnto with the Queene, compassion turned to hatefull passion, and left in *Philanax* a strange medley, betwixt pitie and reuenge, betwixt liking and abhorring. O Lord, said he to himselfe, what wonders doth nature in our time, to set wickednesse so beautifully garnished? and that which is strangest, out of one spring to make wanderfull effects both of vertue and vice to issue? *Pyrocles* seeing him in such a muse, neither knowing the man, nor the cause of his comming, but assuring himselfe, it was for no good, yet thought best to begin with him in this sort. Gentleman said he, what is the cause of your comming to my Lady *Philocleas* chamber? is it to defend her from such violence, as I might goe about to offer vnto her? if it be so, truly your comming is vaine, for her owne vertue hath bin a sufficient resistance, there needs no strength to be added to so inuiolate chastitie, the excellencie of her minde makes her body impregnable. Which for mine owne part I had soone yeelded to confesse, with going out of this place (where I found but litle comfort being so disdainfully receiued) had I not beene, I know not by whom presently vpon my comming hither, so locked into this chamber, that I could neuer escape hence: where I was fetred in the most guilty shame, that euer man was, seeing what a paradise of vnspotted goodnes, my filthy thoughts sought to defile, If for that therfore you come,

already I assure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any punishment whatsoeuer, for hauing vndertaken so inexcusable presumption; truly I beare such an accuser about me of mine own conscience, that I willingly submit my selfe vnto it. Only thus much let me demand of you, that you will be a witnesse vnto the king what you heare me say, and oppose your selfe, that neither his sodain fury, nor any other occasion may offer any hurt to this Lady; in whom you see nature hath accomplished so much, that I am faine to lay mine owne faultinesse, as a foyle of her purest excellencie. I can say no more, but looke vpon her beautie, remember her bloud, consider her yeares, and iudge rightly of her vertues, and I doubt not a gentlemans minde, will then bee a sufficient instructer vnto you, in this I may tearme it miserable chaunce, happened vnto her by my vnbridled audacitie. *Philanax* was content to heare him out, not for any fauour he owed him, but to see whether hee would reueale any thing of the originall cause, and purpose of the kings death. But finding it so far from that, that he named *Basilius* vnto him, as supposing him aliue, thinking it rather cunning then ignorance: Yong man, said he, whom I haue cause to hate, before I haue meane to know, you vse but a point of skill, by confessing the manifest smaller fault, to be beleeued hereafter in the deniall of the greater. But for that matter, all passeth to one end, and hereafter wee shall haue leasure by torments to seeke the trueth, if the loue of trueth it selfe will not bring you vnto it. As for my Lady *Philoclea*, if it so fall out as you say, it shall bee the more fit for her yeares, and comely for the great house that she is come of, that an ill gouerned beautie hath not cancelled the rules of vertue. But howsoeuer it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian* what reuerent duty we owe vnto any of that progenie. But, said hee, come with me without resistance, for the one cannot availe, & the other may procure pity. Pity? said *Pyrocles*, with a bitter smiling, disdained with so currish an answer: no, no, *Arcadian*, I can quickely haue pitie of my selfe, and would thinke my life most miserable, which should be a gift of thine. Onely I demaund this innocent Ladies securitie, which vntill thou hast confirmed vnto mee by an oath, assure thy selfe, the first that layes hands vpon her shall leaue his life, for a testimony of his sacriledge. *Philanax* with an inward scorne thinking it most manifest they were both, hee at least, of counsell with the kings death, Well, said he, you speake much to me of the king: I do here sweare vnto you, by the loue I haue euer borne him, shee shall haue no worse, howsoeuer it fall out, then her owne parents. And vpon that word of yours I yeeld said the poore *Pyrocles*, deceiued by him that meant not to deceiue him. The did *Philanax* deliuer him into the hands of a nobleman in the cõpany, euery one desirous to haue him in his charge, so much did his goodly presence (wherin true valure shined) breed a delightfull admiration in all the beholders. *Philanax* himselfe stayed with *Philoclea*, to see whether of her he might learne some disclosing of his former cõclusion. But shee, sweet Lady, whom first a kindly shamefastnes had separated from *Pyrocles* (hauing been left in a more open view then her modesty would well beare) then the attending her fathers cõming, & studying how to behaue her selfe towards him for both their safeties, had called her spirits all within her; now that vpon a sodaine *Pyrocles* was deliuered out of the chamber from her, at the first shee was so surprized with the extreme stroke of the wofull sight, that like those that in their dreames are taken with some vgly vision, they would faine cry for helpe, but haue no force, so remained she a while quite depriued not only of speech, but almost of any other liuely action. But when indeed *Pyrocles* was quite drawne from her eyes and that her vitall strength began to returne vnto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrocles*, but (according to the nature of loue) fearing the worst, wringing her hands, and letting

abundance

abundance of teares be the first part of her eloquence, bending her amber-crowned head ouer her bedside to the hard-harted *Philanax*, O *Philanax*, *Philanax*, said she, I know how much authority you haue with my father: there is no man whose wisdome he so much esteemes, nor whose faith so much he reposeth vpon. Remember how oft you haue promised your seruice vnto me, how oft you haue giuen me occasion to beleeue that there was no Lady in whose fauor you more desired to remaine: and if the remembrance be not vnpleasant to your minde, or the rehearsall vnfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deserue it. Now my chaunce is turned, let not your truth turne. I present my selfe vnto you, the most humble and miserable suppliant liuing, neither shall my desire bee great: I seeke for no more life then I shall bee found worthy of. If my bloud may wash away the dishonour of *Arcadia*, spare it not, although through me it hath indeed neuer been dishonored. My only sute is, you will be a meane for me, that while I am suffered to enioy this life, I may not be separated from him, to whom the Gods haue ioyned me, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly then you doe of mee. If you rightly iudge of what hath past, wherein the Gods (that should haue beene of our mariage) are witnesses of our innocencies; then procure, wee may liue together. But if my father will not so conceiue of vs, as the fault (if any were) was vnited, so let the punishment be vnited also. There was no man that euer loued either his Prince, or any thing pertaining to him, with a truer zeale then *Philanax* did. This made him euen to the depth of his heart receiue a most vehement griefe, to see his master made as it were more miserable after death. And for himselfe, calling to mind in what sort his life had bin preserued by *Philoclea*, what time taken by *Amphialus* hee was like to suffer a cruell death, there was nothing could haue kept him from falling to tender pittie, but the perfect perswasion hee had, that all this was ioyned to the packe of his masters death, which the misconceiued speech of mariage made him the more beleeue. Therefore first muttering to himselfe such like words: The violence the gentleman spake of, is now turned to mariage: hee alledged *Mars*, but shee speakes of *Venus*. O vnfortunate master! This hath beene that faire diuell *Gynecia*: sent away one of her daughters, prostituted the other, empoysoned thee, to ouerthrowe the diademe of *Arcadia*. But at length thus vnder her selfe he said: if your father, Madame, were now to speake vnto, truely there should no body be found a more ready aduocate for you then my selfe. For I would suffer this fault, though verie great, to be blotted out of my minde, by your former led life, your benefit towards my selfe, and being daughter to such a father. But since among your selues you haue taken him away, in whom was the onely power to haue mercie, you must now be clothed in your owne working: and looke for none other, then that which dead pittilesse lawes may allot vnto you. For my part, I loued you for your vertue, but now where is that? I loued you in respect of a priuate benefit, what is that in comparison of the publike losse? I loued you for your father, vnhappy folks you haue robbed the world of him. These words of her father were so little vnderstood by the only well vnderstanding *Philoclea*, that shee desired him to tell her, what he meant to speake in such darke sort vnto her of her Lord and father, whose displeasure was more dreadfull vnto her, then her punishment: that she was free in her owne conscience, shee had neuer deserued euill of him, no not in this last fact: wherein if it pleased him to to proceed with patience, he should finde her choise had not beene vnfortunate. He that saw her words written in the plaine table of her faire face, thought it impossible there should therein be contained deceit: and therefore so much the more abashed: Why, said he, Madame, would you haue me thinke, you are not of conspiracie with

the Princeſſe *Pamelas* flight,& your fathers death? with that word the ſweete Lady gaue a pitifull crie, hauing ſtreight in her face & breaſt abundance of witneſſes, that her heart was far from any ſuch abhominable conſent. Ah of all ſides vtterly ruined *Philoclea*, ſaid ſhee, now indeede I may well ſuffer all conceit of hope to die in mee. Deare father, where was I, that might not do you my laſt ſeruice before ſoone after miſerably following you? *Philanax* perceiued the demonſtration ſo liuely & true in her, that hee eaſily acquited her in his heart of that fact, and the more was moued to ioyne with her in moſt hartie lamentation. But remembring him, that the burthen of the ſtate, and puniſhment of his maſters murderers, lay all vpon him: Well, ſaid he, Madame, I can do nothing, without all the ſtates of *Arcadia*: what they will determine of you, I know not: for my part your ſpeeches would much preuaile with me, but that I finde not how to excuſe your giuing ouer your bodie to him, that for the laſt proofe of his treaſon, lent his garments to diſguiſe your miſerable mother, in the moſt vile fact ſhe hath committed. Hard ſure it will bee to ſeparate your cauſes, with whom you haue ſo neerely ioyned your ſelfe. Neither doe I deſire it, ſaid the ſweetely weeping *Philoclea*: whatſoeuer you determine of him, doe that likewiſe to me; for I know, from the fountaine of vertue nothing but vertue could euer proceede; onely as you find him faultleſſe, let him find you fauourable, & build not my diſhonour vpon ſurmiſes. *Philanax* feeling his heart more & more mollifying vnto her, renewed the image of his dead maſter in his fancie, & vſing that for the ſpurs of his reuengefull choler, went ſuddenly without any more ſpeech from the deſolate Lady, to whom now fortune ſeemed to threaten vnripe death, and vndeſerued ſhame among her leaſt euils. But *Philanax* leauing good guard vpon the Lodge, went himſelfe to ſee the order of his other priſoners, whom euen then as he iſſued, he found increaſed by this vnhoped meanes.

The noble *Pamela* hauing deliuered ouer the burthen of her fearefull cares to the naturall caſe of a well refreſhing ſleepe, repoſed both minde & body vpon the truſted ſupport of her Princely ſhepheard, when with the braying cries of a raſcall companie ſhe was robbed of her quiet, ſo that at one inſtant ſhee opened her eyes, and the enraged *Muſidorus* roſe from her, enraged betwixt the doubt he had what theſe men would goe about, and the ſpite hee conceiued againſt their ill-pleaſing preſence. But the clownes hauing with their hideous noiſe brought them both to their feete, had ſoone knowledge what gueſts they had found, for indeede theſe were the skummy remnant of thoſe rebels, whoſe naughty minds could not truſt ſo much to the goodneſſe of their Prince, as to lay their hang-worthy neckes vpon the conſtancie of his promiſed pardon. Therefore when the reſt (who as ſheepe had but followed their fellowes) ſo ſheepiſhly had ſubmitted themſelues, theſe onely committed their ſafetie to the thickeſt part of thoſe deſert woods: who as they were in the conſtitution of their mindes little better then beaſts, ſo were they apt to degenerate to a beaſtly kind of life, hauing now framed their gluttoniſh ſtomacks to haue for food the wilde benefits of nature, the vttermoſt end they had, being but to draw out (as much as they could) the line of a tedious life. In this ſort vagabonding in thoſe vntroden places, they were guided by the euerlaſting Iuſtice, vſing themſelues to be puniſhers of their faults, and making their owne actions the beginning of their chaſtizements, (vnhappily both for him and themſelues) to light on *Muſidorus*. Whom as ſoone as they ſaw turned towards them, they full well remembred it was he, that accompanied with *Baſilius*, had come to the ſuccour of *Zelmane*: and had left among ſome of them bloudie tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had many times ſeene her. Thus firſt ſturred vp with a ruſticall reuenge againſt him,

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and then deſire of ſpoyle to helpe their miſerable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirme their owne pardon, to bring the Princeſſe backe vnto her father (whom they were ſure hee would neuer haue ſent ſo farre ſo ſlightly accompanied) without any other denouncing of warre, ſet altogether vpon the worthie *Muſidorus*. Who being before hand aſmuch enflamed againſt them, gaue them ſo braue a welcome, that the ſmart of ſome made the reſt ſtand further off, crying and prating againſt him, but like bad curres, rather barking then cloſing: hee in the meane time placing his trembling Ladie to one of the Pyne trees, and ſo ſetting himſelfe before her, as might ſhew the cauſe of his courage grew in himſelfe, but the effect was onely employed in her defence; the villaines that now had a ſecond prooſe, how ill wards they had for ſuch a ſword, turned all the courſe of their violence into throwing darts & ſtones, indeed the onely way to ouermaſter the valour of *Muſidorus*. Who finding them ſome already touch, ſome fall ſo neere his chiefeſt life *Pamela*, that in the end ſome one or other might hap to doe an vnſuccourable miſchiefe, ſetting all his hope in deſpaire, ranne out from his Lady among them. Who ſtreight like ſo many ſwine, when a hardy maſtife ſets vpon them, deſperſed themſelues. But the firſt he ouertooke, as hee ran away, carying his head as farre before him, as thoſe manner of runnings are wont to doe, with one blow ſtrake it ſo cleane off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the bodie falling vpon it, it made a ſhew as though the fellow had had great haſte to gather vp his head againe. Another the ſpeed he made to runne for the beſt game, bare him full butt againſt a tree, ſo that tumbling backe with a bruſed face, and a dreadfull expectation, *Muſidorus* was ſtraight vpon him: & parting with his ſword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roring lamentation that his morter-treading was marred for euer. A third finding his feete too ſlowe, aſwell as his hands too weake, ſodainly turned backe, beginning to open his lippes for mercie. But before hee had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Muſidorus* blade was come betweene his iawes into his throate, and ſo the poore man reſted there for euer with a very euill mouth full of an aunſwere. *Muſidorus* in this furious chafe would haue followed ſome other of theſe hatefull wretches, but that hee heard his Lady crie for helpe, whom three of this villanous crue, had (whiles *Muſidorus* followed their fellowes) compaſſing about ſome trees, ſodainely come vpon and ſurpriſed, threatning to kill her if ſhe cried, and meaning to conuey her out of ſight, while the Prince was making his bloud-thirſty chaſe. But ſhee that was reſolued, no worſe thing could fall vnto her, then the being depriued of him, on whom ſhe had eſtabliſhed all her comfort, with a pitifull cry fetched his eyes vnto her: who then thinking ſo many weapons thruſt into his eyes, as with his eyes hee ſaw bent againſt her, made all heartie ſpeede to her ſuccour. But one of them wiſer then his companions, ſet his dagger to her Alablaſter throate, ſwearing if he threw not away his ſword, hee would preſently kill her. There was neuer poore ſcholler, that hauing in ſteed of his booke ſome playing toy about him, did more ſodainely caſt it from him, at the child-feared preſence of a cruell Schoolmaſter, then the valiant *Muſidorus* diſcharged himſelfe of his onely defence, when he ſaw it ſtood vpon the inſtant point of his Ladies life. And holding vp his noble hands to ſo vnworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that haue done you the wrong, ſhe is your Princeſſe (ſaid he) ſhee neuer had will to hurt you, and you ſee ſhee hath no power. Vſe your choler vpon me that haue better deſerued it, doe not your ſelues the wrong to doe her any hurt, which in no time or place will euer be forgiuen you. They that yet truſted not to his curteſie, bad him ſtand further off from his ſword, which he obediently did. So farre was loue aboue all other thinges in him. Then

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did they call together the reſt of their fellowes, who though they were few, yet according to their number poſſeſſed manie places. And then began theſe ſauage Senators to make a conſultation, what they ſhould do: ſome wiſhing to ſpoile them of their iewels and let them go on their iourney (for that if they carried them back, they were ſure they ſhould haue leaſt part of their prey) others preferring their olde homes to any thing, deſired to bring them to *Baſilius* as pledges of their ſuertie: and there wanted not which cried, the ſafeſt way was to kill them both; to ſuch an vnworthy thraldome were theſe great & excellent perſonages brought. But the moſt part reſiſted to the killing of the Princeſs, fore-ſeeing their liues would neuer be ſafe after ſuch a fact committed, and began to wiſh rather the ſpoile then death of *Muſidorus*: when the villaine that had his leg cut off, came ſcrawling towards them, and being helped to them by one of the companie, began with a groning voyce, and a disfigured face, to demaund the reuenge of his bloud, which ſince hee had ſpent with them in their defence, it were no reaſon hee ſhould be ſuffered by them to die diſcontented. The onely contentment he required was, that by their help with his owne hands he might put his murtherer to ſome cruell death: he would faine haue cryed more againſt *Muſidorus*, but that the much loſſe of bloud helped on with this vehemencie, choked vp the ſpirits of his life, leauing him to make betwixt his bodie and ſoule an ill-fauoured partition. But they ſeeing their fellow in that ſort dye before their faces, did ſwell in new mortall rages: All reſolued to kill him, but now onely conſidering what maner of terrible death they ſhould inuent for him. Thus was a while the agreement of his ſlaying, broken by diſagreement of the manner of it; and extremitie of cruelty grew for a time to be the ſtop of cruelty. At length they were reſolued, euery one to haue a peece of him, and to become all aſwell hangmen, as iudges: when *Pamela* tearing her hayre, and falling downe among them, ſometimes with all the ſort of humble prayers, mixt with promiſes of great good turnes (which they knew her ſtate was able to performe) ſometimes threatning them, that if they kild him and not her, ſhe would not only reuenge it vpon them, but vpon all their wiues and children: bidding them conſider that though they might thinke ſhe was come away in her fathers diſpleaſure, yet they might be ſure he would euer ſhew himſelfe a father, that the Gods would neuer if ſhee liued, put her in ſo baſe eſtate, but that ſhe ſhould haue abilitie to plague ſuch as they were; returning afreſh to prayers and promiſes, & mixing the ſame againe with threatnings, brought them who were now growne colder in their fellowes cauſe (who was paſt aggrauating the matter, with his cryes) to determine with themſelues there was no way, but eyther to kil them both, or ſaue them both. As for the killing, alreadie they hauing anſwered themſelues that that was a way to make them Citizens of the woods for euer; they did in fine conclude they would returne them backe againe to the King, which they did not doubt, would be the cauſe of a great reward, beſides their ſafetie from their fore-deſerued puniſhment. Thus hauing eyther by fortune, or the force of thoſe two louers inward working vertue, ſetled their cruell hearts to this gentler courſe, they took the two horſes, & hauing ſet vpon them their princely priſoners, they returned towards the lodge. The villaines hauing decked all their heads with lawrell branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, ſinging and ſhowting, ran by them, in hope to haue brought them the ſame day againe to the king. But the time was ſo farre ſpent, that they were forced to take vp that nights lodging in the midſt of the woods. Where while the clownes continued their watch about them, now that the night, according to his darke nature, did adde a kinde of deſolation to the penſiue hearts of theſe two afflicted louers, *Muſidorus* taking the tender hand of

Pamela,

Pamela, & bedewing it with his teares, in this sort gaue an issue to the swelling of his heares griefe. Most excellent Lady, said he, in what case thinke you am I, with my self, how vnmerciful iudgements do I lay vpon my soul, now that I know not what God hath so reuersed my well meaning enterprise, as in steed of doing you that honour which I hoped (& not without reason hoped) *Thessalia* should haue yeelded vnto you, am now like to becom a wretched instrumẽt of your discomfort? Alas how contrarie an end haue all the inclinations of my minde taken! my faith falls out a treason vnto you, and the true honour I beare you, is the field wherein your dishonour is like to be sowne! But I invoke that vniuersall & only wisedom (which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his iudgment fixed vpon the euent) to bear testimony with me, that my desire though in extremest vehemencie, yet did not so ouercharge my remembrance, but that as far as mans wit might be extended, I sought to preuent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that all the euill fortunes of euill fortune haue crossed my best framed intent, I am most miserable in that, that I cannot only not giue you helpe; but which is worst of all, am barred from giuing you counsell. For how should I open my mouth to counsell you in that, wherein by my counsel you are most vndeseruedly fallen? The faire & wise *Pamela*, although full of cares of the vnhappy turning of this matter, yet seeing the griefe of *Musidorus* onely stirred for her, did so tread downe all other motions with the true force of vertue, that she thus answered him, hauing first kissed him, which before she had neuer, loue commanding her, which doubted how long they should enioy one another; or of a liuely sparke of noblenes, to descend in most fauor to one, when he is lowest in affliction. My deare, & euer deare *Musidorus* (said she) a greater wrong doe you to your self, that wil torment you thus with grief for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no further to himselfe, then to doe wisely; chance is only to trouble them that stand vpon chaunce. But greater is the wrong (at least if any thing that comes from you may beare the name of wrong) you doe vnto me, to thinke me eyther so childish, as not to perceiue your faithfull faultlesnesse; or perceiuing it, so basely disposed, as to let my heart be ouerthrown, standing vpon it self in so vnspotted a puretie. Hold for certain, most worthy *Musidorus*, it is your self I loue, which can no more be diminished by these showers of euill hap, then flowers are marred with the timely raines of April. For how can I want comfort that haue the true and liuing comfort of my vnblemished vertue? And how can I want honour, as long as *Musidorus* in whom indeed honour is, doth honour me? Nothing bred from my self can discomfort me: & fooles opinions I will not recken as dishonor. *Musidorus* looking vp to the starres, O mind of minds (said he) the liuing power of all things, which dost with all these eies behold our euer varying actions, accept into thy fauorable eares this praier of mine: If I may any longer hold out this dwelling on the earth which is called a life, grant me ability to deserue at this Ladies hands the grace she hath shewed vnto me; grant me wisedom to know her wisedom, & goodnes so to encrease my loue of her goodnesse, that all mine owne chosen desires, be to my selfe but second to her determinations. Whatsoeuer I be, let it be to her seruice: let mee herein be satisfied, that for such infinite fauours of vertue, I haue some way wrought her satisfaction. But if my last time approcheth, and that I am no longer to bee amongst mortall creatures, make yet my death serue her to some purpose, that hereafter she may not haue cause to repent her selfe that she bestowed so excellent a mind vpon *Musidorus*. *Pamela* could not chuse but accord the cõceit of their fortune to these passionate praiers, in so much that her constant eyes yeelded some teares, which wiping from her faire face with *Musidorus* hand, speaking softly vnto him,

as if shee had feared more any bodie should be witnesse of her weakenesse, then of any thing else shee had said, You see, said shee, my Prince and onely Lord, what you worke in me by your too much grieuing for me. I pray you think I haue no ioy but in you, and if you fill that with sorrow, what do you leaue for me? What is prepared for vs we know not, but that with sorow we cannot preuent it, we know. Now let vs turne from these things, & think you how you will haue me behaue my self towards you in this matter. *Musidorus* finding the authoritie of her speech confirmed with direct necessitie, the first care came to his minde was of his deare friend and cousin *Pyrocles*; with whom long before he had concluded what names they should beare, if vpon any occasion they were forced to giue themselues out for great men, and yet not make themselues fully known. Now fearing lest if the Princess should name him for *Musidorus*, the fame of their two being together, would discouer *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not thinke, most excellent Princesse, said he, to haue made any further request vnto you; for hauing beene already to you so vnfortunate a suiter, I know not what modestie can beare any further demand. But the estate of one yong man, whom (next to you, far aboue my selfe) I loue more then all the world, one worthy of all well being for the notable constitution of his mind, and most vnworthie to receiue hurt by me, whom hee doth in all faith & constancie loue, the pitie of him only goes beyond all resolution to the contrarie. Then did he to the Princesse great admiration, tell her the whole storie as farre as he knew of it, and that when they made the grieuous disiunction of their long combination, they had concluded *Musidorus* should entitle himselfe *Paladius* Prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* should be *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now (said *Musidorus*) he keeping a womans habit, is to vse no other name then *Zelmane*: but I that finde it best, of the one side for your honor, you went away with a Prince, and not with a shepheard; of the other side accounting my death lesse euill then the betraying of that sweete friend of mine, will take this meane betwixt both, and vsing the name of *Paladius*, if the respect of a Prince will stop your fathers furie, that will serue as well as *Musidorus*, vntill *Pyroclet* fortune being some way established, I may freely giue good proof that the noble country of *Thessalia* is mine: and if that will not mitigate your fathers opinion to mewards (nature I hope working in your excellencies will make him deale well by you) for my part the image of death is nothing fearfull vnto mee: and this good I shall haue reaped by it, that I shall leaue my most esteemed friend in no danger to be discloſed by me. And besides (since I must confesse, I am not without a remorse of her case) my vertuous mother shall not know her sonnes violent death hid vnder the fame will go of *Paladius*. But as long as her yeares, now of good number, be counted among the liuing, shee may ioy her selfe with some possibilitie of my returne. *Pamela* promising him vpon no occasion euer to name him, fell into extremitie of weeping, as if her eyes had beene content to spend all their seeing moistnesse, now that there was a speech of the losse of that, which they held as their chiefest light. So that *Musidorus* was forced to repayre her good counsels with sweet consolations, which continued betwixt them vntill it was about midnight, that sleepe hauing stolne into their heauie senses, and now absolutely commanding in their vitall powers, left them delicately wound one in anothers armes quietly to wait for the comming of the morning; which as soon as shee appeared to play her part, laden (as you haue heard) with so many well occasioned lamentations; their lobbish guard (who all night had kept themselues awake, with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away: and how faire a death their fellow had dyed, who at his last gaspe sued to be a hangman) awaked them,

them, and ſet them vpon their horſes, to whom the verie ſhining force of excellent vertue, though in a verie harriſh ſubiect, had wrought a kind of reuerence in them; *Muſidorus* as he rid among them (of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*) thinking it want of well ſquared iudgement, to leaue any meane vnaſſayed of ſauing their liues, to this purpoſe ſpake to his vnſeemely guardians, vſing a plaine kinde of phraſe to make his ſpeech the more credible. My maiſters (ſaid he) there is no man that is wiſe, but hath in whatſoeuer he doth ſome purpoſe whereto he directs his doings, which ſo long he follows, till he ſee that eyther that purpoſe is not worth the paynes, or that another doing carries with it a better purpoſe. That you are wiſe in what you take in hand, I haue to my coſt learned: that makes me deſire you to tell me what is your end in carrying the Princeſſe & me backe to her father. Pardon ſaid one, reward cryed another. Well (ſaid he) take both; although I know you are ſo wiſe to remember, that hardly they both will goe together, being of ſo contrarie a making, for the ground of pardon is an euill, neither any man pardons but remembers an euill done: the cauſe of reward is the opinion of ſome good act, and who ſo rewardeth, that holds the chiefe place of his fancie. Now one man of one companie, to haue the ſame conſideration both of good and euill, but that the conceit of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take away the minde of rewarding, is verie hard, if not impoſsible. For eyther euen in iuſtice will he puniſh the fault as well as reward the deſert, or elſe in mercie ballance the one by the other: ſo that the not chaſtiſing ſhall be a ſufficient ſatisfying. Thus then you may ſee that in your owne purpoſe reſts great vncertaintie. But I will graunt that by this your deed you ſhall obtaine your double purpoſe. Yet conſider I pray you whether by another meane, that may not better be obtayned, and then I doubt not your wiſedoms will teach you to take hold of the better. I am ſure you know, any bodie were better haue no neede of a pardon then enioy a pardon; for as it carries with it the ſuertie of a preſerued life, ſo beates it a continuall note of a deſerued death. This therefore (beſides the daunger you may run into, my Lady *Pamela* being the vndoubted inheritrix of this ſtate, if ſhe ſhall hereafter ſeeke to reuenge your wrong done her) ſhall be continually caſt in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honeſter ſort will diſdaine your companie, and your children ſhall be the more baſely reputed of, and you your ſelues in euerie ſleight fault hereafter, as men once condemned, apteſt to be ouerthrowne. Now if you will (I doubt not you wil, for you are wiſe) turn your courſe & gard my Ladie *Pamela* thitherward, whither ſhe was going: firſt you need not doubt to aduenture your fortunes where ſhe goes, and there ſhall you be aſſured in a countrey as good and rich as this, of the ſame manners and language, to be ſo farre from the conceit of a pardon, as wee both ſhall be forced to acknowledge wee haue receiued by your meanes whatſoeuer wee hold deare in this life. And ſo for reward iudge you whether it be not more likely, you ſhall there receiue it where you haue done no euill, but ſingular and vndeſerued goodnes; or here where this ſeruice of yours ſhall be diminiſhed by your dutie, and blemiſhed by your former fault. Yes I proteſt and ſweare vnto you, by the faire eyes of that Lady, there ſhall no Gentlemen in all that countrey bee preferred: you ſhall haue riches, eaſe, pleaſure, and that which is beſt to ſuch worthy mindes, you ſhall not be forced to crie mercie for a good fact. You only of all the *Arcadians*, ſhall haue the praiſe in continuing in your late valiant attempt, and not baſely bee brought vnder a halter for ſeeking the libertie of *Arcadia*. Theſe wordes in their mindes, who did nothing for any loue of goodneſſe, but onely as their ſenſes preſented greater ſhewes of profite, beganne to make them wauer, and ſome to clap their handes and ſcratch their heads, and ſweare it was the

beſt

beſt way. Others that would ſeeme wiſer then the reſt, to capitulate what tenements they ſhould haue, what ſubſidies they ſhould pay: others to talke of their wines, in doubt whether it were beſt to ſend for them, or to take new where they went: moſt (like fooles) not readily thinking what was next to be done, but imagining what cheare they would make when they came there, one or two of the laſt diſcourſers beginning to turne their faces towards the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plaine neare to the Lodges, vnhappily they eſpied a troupe of horſemen. But then their falſe hearts had quickly, for the preſent feare, forſaken their laſt hopes: and therefore keeping on the way toward the Lodge, with ſongs & cryes of ioy, the horſemen, who were ſome of them *Philanax* had ſent out to the ſearch of *Pamela*, came galloping vnto them; maruelling who they were that in ſuch a generall mourning, durſt ſing ioyfull tunes, and in ſo publique a ruine weare the lawrell token of victorie. And that which ſeemed ſtraungeſt, they might ſee two among them vnarmed like priſoners, but riding like Captaines. But when they came nearer, they perceiued the one was a Lady, and the Lady *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they ſo little hoped to meete withall, taking theſe clownes, who firſt reſiſted them, for the deſire they had to be the deliuerers of the two excellent priſoners, learning that they were of thoſe rebels, which had made the dangerous vprore, as well vnder colour to puniſh that, as this their laſt withſtanding them, but indeed their principall cauſe being, becauſe they themſelues would haue the only prayſe of their owne queſt, they ſuffered not one of them to liue. Marie three of the ſtubborneſt of them they left their bodies hanging vpon the trees, becauſe their doing might carrie the likelier forme of iudgement. Such an vnlooked for end did the life of iuſtice worke, for the naughty minded wretches, by ſubiects to be executed, that would haue executed Princes: and to ſuffer that without law, which by law they had deſerued. And thus theſe young folkes twiſe priſoners, before any due arreſt, deliuered of their iaylours, but not of their iayle, had rather change then reſpite of miſerie, theſe ſouldiers that tooke them with verie few words of entertainment, haſting to carry them to their Lord *Philanax*: to whom they came, euen as he going out of the Lady *Philoclea's* chamber, had ouertaken *Pyrocles*, whom before hee had deliuered to the cuſtodie of a Nobleman of that countrie. When *Pyrocles* led towards his priſon, ſaw his friend *Muſidorus*, with the noble Lady *Pamela* in that inexpected ſort returned, his griefe (if any griefe were in a mind, which had placed euery thing according to his naturall worth) was verie much augmented, for beſides ſome ſmall hope hee had, if *Muſidorus* had once beene cleare of *Arcadia*, by his dealing and authoritie to haue brought his onely gladſome deſires to a good iſſue: the hard eſtate of his friend did no leſſe, nay rather more vexe him then his owne. For ſo indeede it is euer found, where valure and friendſhip are perfectly coupled in one heart: the reaſon being, that the reſolute man, hauing once digeſted in his iudgement the worſt extremitie of his owne caſe, and hauing eyther quite expelled or at leaſt repelled all paſſion, which ordinarily followes an ouerthrowne fortune, not knowing his friends minde ſo well as his owne, nor with what patience he brookes his caſe (which is as it were the materiall cauſe of making a man happy or vnhappy) doubts whether his friend accompts not himſelfe more miſerable, and ſo indeede be more lamentable. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* was brought by the ſouldiers neere vnto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether euer after he ſhould be ſuffered to ſee his friend, and determining there could be no aduantage by diſſembling a not knowing of him, leapt ſodainely from their handes that held him, and paſsing with a ſtrength ſtrengthened with a true affection,

affection, through them that encompassed *Musidorus*, he embraced him as fast as he could in his armes. And kissing his cheekes, O my *Paladius* (said he) let not our vertue now abandon vs; let vs proue our mindes are no slaues to fortune, but in aduersity can triumph ouer aduersitie. Deare *Daiphantus* answered *Musidorus* (seeing by his apparell his being a man was reuealed) I thanke you for this best care of my best part: but feare not, I haue kept too long company with you to want now a thorow determination of these things; I well know there is nothing euill but within vs, the rest is either naturall or accidentall. *Philanax* finding them of so neere acquaintance, began presently to examine them apart: but such resolution hee met within them, that by no such meanes hee could learne further then it pleased them to deliuer. So that he thought best to put them both in one place, with espiall of their words and behauiours, that way to sift out the more of these forepassed mischiefes. And for that purpose gaue them both vnto the Nobleman, who before had the custodie of *Pyrocles*, by name *Simpathus*, leauing a trustie seruant of his owne to giue diligent watch to what might passe betwixt them. No man that hath euer passed thorow the schoole of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting griefe it was to the noble *Pamela*, to haue the company of him taken from her, to whose vertuous company shee had bound her life. But weighing with her selfe, it was fit for her honour till her doing were clearely manifested, that they should remaine separate, kept downe the rising tokens of griefe; shewing passion in nothing but her eyes, which accompanied *Musidorus* euen vnto the tent, whither hee and *Pyrocles* were led. Then with a countenance more princely then shee was wont, according to the wont of highest hearts (like the palme tree striuing most vpward, when he is most burthened) shee commaunded *Philanax*, to bring her to her father and mother, that she might render them account of her doings. *Philanax* shewing a sullen kind of reuerence vnto her, as a man that honoured her as his Maisters heire, but much misliked her for her (in his conceit) dishonourable proceedings, told her what was past, rather to answer her, then that hee thought shee was ignorant of it. But her good spirit did presently suffer a time compassionate affliction of those hard aduentures: which with crossing her armes, looking a great while on the ground, with those eyes which let fall many teares, she well declared. But in the end remembring how necessary it was for her, not to lose her selfe in such an extremitie, she strengthened her well created heart, and stoutly demaunded *Philanax*, what authoritie then they had to lay hands of her person, who being the vndoubted heire, was then the lawfull Princesse of that kingdome. *Philanax* answered, her Grace knew the ancient lawes of *Arcadia* bare, shee was to haue no sway of gouernment till she came to one and twentie yeares of age, ouer were maried. And maried I am, replied the wise Princesse, therefore I demaund your due allegeance. The gods forbid, said *Philanax*, *Arcadia* should bee a dowry of such mariages. Besides, hee told her all the States of her countrie were euill satisfied touching her fathers death, which likewise according to the statutes of *Arcadia*, was euen that day to be iudged of, before the bodie were remoued to receiue his Princely funerals. After that past, shee should haue such obedience, as by the lawes was due vnto her, desiring God shee would shew her selfe better in publike gouernement, then shee had done in priuate. Shee would haue spoken to the Gentlemen and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing least thereby some commotion might arise, or at least a hinderance of executing his masters murderers, which hee longed after more then any thing, hasted her vp to the Lodge, where her sister was, and there with a chosen companie of Souldiers to guarde the place, left her with *Philoclea*, *Pamela* protesting they

layd violent hands of her, and that they entred into rebellious attempts againſt her. But high time it was for *Philanax* ſo to doe: for already was all the whole multitude fallen into confuſed and dangerous diuiſions.

There was a notable example, how great diſſipations, Monarchall gouernment is ſubiect vnto. For now their Prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whom to obey. Publike matters had euer beene priuately gouerned, ſo that they had no liuely taſte what was good for themſelues. But euery thing was either vehemently deſirefull, or extreamely terrible. Neighbours inuaſions, ciuill diſſention, crueltie of the comming Prince, and whatſoeuer in common ſenſe caries a dreadfull ſhew, was in all mens heads, but in few how to preuent: harkening on euery rumour, ſuſpecting enery thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making ſtrange and impoſſible tales of the Kings death, while they thought themſelues in danger, wiſhing nothing but ſafetie, aſſoone as perſwaſion of ſafety tooke them, deſiring further benefits, as amendment of forepaſſed faultes (which faultes notwithſtanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of) all agreeing in the vniuerſall names of liking or miſliking, but of what in eſpeciall points, infinitely diſagreeing. Altogether like a falling ſteeple, the parts whereof, as windowes, ſtones, and pinnacles were well, but the whole maſſe ruinous. And this was the generall caſe of all, wherin notwithſtanding was an extreme medley of diuerſified thoughts, the great men looking to make themſelues ſtrong by factions, the gentlemen ſome bending to thē, ſome ſtanding vpon themſelues, ſome deſirous to ouerthrow thoſe few which they thought were ouer them, the ſouldiers deſirous of trouble, as the nurſe of ſpoyle, and not much vnlike to them though in another way, were all the needie ſort, the rich fearfull, the wiſe carefull. This compoſition of conceits, brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would haue beene more dangerous, but that it had ſo manie parts, that no body well knew againſt whom chiefly to oppoſe themſelues. For ſome there were that cried to haue the ſtate altered, and gouerned no more by a Prince; marie in the alteration, many would haue the *Lacedæmonian* gouernment of a few choſen Senatours; others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voice held the chiefe authoritie. But theſe were rather the diſcourſing ſort of men, then the actiue, being a matter more in imagination then practiſe. But they that went neareſt to the preſent caſe, (as in a countrie that knew no gouernement without a Prince) were they that ſtroue whom they ſhould make. Whereof a great number there were that would haue the Princeſſe *Pamela* preſently to enioy it: ſome diſdayning that ſhee had as it were abandoned her owne countrie, enclining more to *Philoclea*: and there wanted not of them, which wiſhed *Gynecia* were deliuered, and made Regent till *Pamela* were worthily maried. But great multitudes there were, which hauing beene acquainted with the iuſt gouernment of *Philanax*, meant to eſtabliſh him as Lieutenant of the ſtate: and theſe were the moſt popular ſort, who iudged by the commodities they felt. But the principall men in honour and might, who had long before enuied his greatneſſe with *Baſilius*, did much more ſpurne againſt any ſuch preferment of him. For yet before their enuy had ſome kinde of breathing out his rancour, by laying his greatneſſe as a fault to the Princes iudgement, who ſhewed in *Dametas* he might eaſily be deceiued in mens valure: But now if the Princes choice, by ſo many mouthes ſhould be confirmed, what could they obiect to ſo rightly eſteemed an excellencie? They therefore were diſpoſed, ſooner to yeelde to any thing, then to his raiſing: and were content (for to croſſe *Philanax*) to ſtop thoſe actions, which otherwiſe they could not but thinke good. *Philanax* himſelfe

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as much hindred by thoſe, that did immoderately honour him, (which brought both more enuie, and ſuſpicion vpon him) as by them that did manifeſtly reſiſt him but (ſtanding onely vpon a conſtant deſire of iuſtice, and a cleare conſcience) went forwward ſtoutly in the action of his maſters reuenge, which he thought him ſelfe particularly bound to. For the reſt, as the ordering of the gouernment, hee accounted himſelfe but as one, wherein not withſtanding hee would employ all his loyall endeuour.

But among the Noblemen, hee that moſt openly ſet himſelfe againſt him, was named *Timautus*, a man of middle age, but of extreame ambition, as one that had placed his vttermoſt good in greatneſſe, thinking ſmall difference by what meanes he came by it. Of commendable wit, if hee had not made it a ſeruant to vnbrideled deſires. Cunning to creepe into mens fauours, which hee prized onely as they were ſeruiceable vnto him. He had beene brought vp in ſome ſouldierie, which hee knew how to ſet out with more then deſerued oſtentation. Seruile (though enuious) to his betters: and no leſſe tyrannically minded to them he had aduantage of. Counted reuengefull, but indeed meaſuring both reuenge and reward, as the partie might either helpe or hurt him. Rather ſhameleſſe then bold, and yet more bold in practiſe, then in perſonall aduentures. In ſumme, a man that could beeaseuill as he liſted, and liſted as much as any aduancement might thereby be gotten. As for vertue, hee counted it but a ſchoole name. Hee euen at the firſt aſſembling together, finding the great ſtroke *Philanax* caried among the people, thought it his readieſt way of ambition, to ioyne with him: which though his pride did hardly brooke, yet the other vice carying with it a more apparant obiect, preuailed ouer the weaker ſo that with thoſe liberall proteſtations of friendſhip, which men that care not for their word are wont to beſtow, hee offered vnto him the choiſe in mariage of either the ſiſters, ſo he would likewiſe hepe him to the other, and make ſuch a partition of the *Arcadian* eſtate. Wiſhing him, that ſince hee loued his maiſter, becauſe hee was his maiſter, which ſhewed the loue began in himſelfe, hee ſhould rather, now occaſion was preſented, ſeeke his owne good ſubſtantially then affect the ſmoke of a glory, by ſhewing an vntimely fidelitie to him that could not reward it: and haue all the fruit hee ſhould get, in mens opinions, which would be as diuerſe, as many; few agreeing to yeeld him due prayſe of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he eſteemed good (to which he was neither caried by the vaine tickling of vncertaine fame, nor from which hee would be tranſported by enioying any thing, wherto the ignorant world giues the excellent name of goods) with great miſlik of his offer, he made him ſo peremptory an anſwer, not without threatning, if hee found him foſter any ſuch fancie, that *Timautus* went with an inward ſpite from him, whom before hee had neuer loued; and meaſuring all mens marches by his owne pace, rather thought it ſome further fetch of *Philanax* (as that he would haue all to himſelfe alone) then was any way taken with the louely beautie of his vertue; whoſe image hee had ſo quite defaced in his owne ſoule, that hee had left himſelfe no eyes to behold it, but ſtayd wayting fit opportunitie to execute his deſires both for himſelfe and againſt *Philanax*, which by the bringing backe of *Pamela* the people being diuided into many motions (which both with murmuring noyſes, and putting themſelues in ſeuerall troupes, they well ſhewed) hee thought apt time was layd before him, the waters being (as the prouerbe ſaith) troubled, and ſo the better for his fiſhing. Therefore going amongſt the cheefeſt Lords, whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kind of conuocation of them, hee inueighed againſt his proceeding, drawing euerie thing to

the moſt malicious interpretation, that malice it ſelfe could inſtruct him to doe. Hee ſaid, it was ſeaſon for them to looke to ſuch a weed, that elſe would ouergrow them all. It was not now time to conſult of the dead, but of the liuing: ſince ſuch a ſlie Wolfe was entred among them, that could make iuſtice the cloake of tyrannie, and loue of his late maſter the deſtruction of his now being children. Doe you not ſee (ſaid hee) how farre his corruption hath ſtretched, that hee hath ſuch a number of raſcalles voyces to declare him Lieutenant, readie to make him Prince, but that hee inſtructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? As for vs, becauſe wee are too rich to be bought, hee thinkes vs the fitter to bee killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax?* is ſhee become a ſtepmother to all the reſt, and hath giuen all her bleſſings to *Philanax?* Or if there bee men amongſt vs, let vs ſhew wee diſdaine to be ſeruants to a ſeruant. Let vs make him know, wee are farre worthyer not to bee ſlaues, then hee to bee a maſter. Thinke you hee hath made ſuch haſte in theſe matters, to giue them ouer to another mands hand? Thinke you, he durſt become the iaylor of his Princeſſe, but either meaning to bee her maſter, or her murtherer? And all this for the deare good will (forſooth) he beares to the kings memorie, whoſe authoritie as he abuſed in his life, ſo hee would now perſeuer to abuſe his name after his death. O notable affection, for the loue of the father to kill the wife, and diſinherite the children! O ſingle-minded modeſtie, to aſpire to no leſſe then to the Princely Diademe! No, no, hee hath vired all this while, but to come the ſooner to his affected end. But let vs remember what wee bee, in qualitie his equals, in number farre before him: let vs deliuer the Queene and our naturall Princeſſes, and leaue them no longer vnder his authoritie; whoſe proceedings would rather ſhew that hee himſelfe had beene the murtherer of the King, then a fit Gardian of his poſteritie. Theſe wordes pierced much into the mindes, already inclined that way; inſomuch that moſt part of the Nobilitie confirmed *Timautus* ſpeech, and were readie to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a conſtant, but reuerent behauiour, deſired them they would not exerciſe priuate grudges in ſo common a neceſſitie. Hee acknowledged himſelfe a man, and a faultie man: to the clearing or ſatisfying of which, hee would at all times ſubmit himſelfe; ſince his end was to bring all things to an vpright iudgement, it ſhould euill fit him to flie the iudgement. But ſaid hee, my Lords, let not *Timautus* rayling ſpeech (who whatſoeuer hee findes euill in his owne ſoule, can with eaſe lay it vpon another) make mee looſe your good fauour. Conſider that all well doing ſtands ſo in the middle betwixt his two contrary euils, that it is a readie matter to caſt a ſlaunderous ſhade vpon the moſt approued vertues. Who hath an euill tongue, can call ſeueritie, cruelrie, and faithfull diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuſe my ſelfe, nor to accuſe him: for both thoſe, hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of vs, whoſe purging or puniſhing may ſo much import to *Arcadia*. Now I requeſt you, for your owne honours ſake, and require you by the duty you owe to this eſtate, that you doe preſently (according to the lawes) take in hand the chaſtiſement of our maſters murtherers; & laying order for the gouernment: by whom ſo euer it be done, ſo it be done, and iuſtly done, I am ſatisfied. My labour hath beene to frame things ſo, as you might determine: now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heauens to witneſſe, the care of my heart ſtands to repay that, wherein both I, and moſt of you were tyed to that Prince; with whom all my loue of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was ſpeaking his laſt words, there came one running to him with open mouth, and fearefull eyes, telling him, that there was a great number of

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the people, which were bent to take the young men out of *Simpathus* hands, and as it should seeme by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaime them Princes. Nay, said *Philanax*, (speaking aloud, and looking with a rust anger vpon the Noblemen) it is now season to heare *Timautus* idle slaunders, while strangers become our Lords, and *Basilius* murtherers sit in his throne. But whosoeuer is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by those that had euer loued him, and some of the Noblemen. Some other remayning with *Timautus*, who in the meane time was conspiring by strong hand to deliuer *Gynecia*, of whom the weakest guard was had. But *Philanax* where hee went, found them all in an vprore, which thus was falne out. The greatest multitude of people, that were come to the death of *Basilius*, were the *Mantineans*, as being the neerest city to the lodges. Among these, the chiefe man both in authority & loue was *Kalander*, he that not long before had been host to the two Princes, whom though he knew not so much as by name, yet besides the obligation he stood bound to them in, for preseruing the liues of his sonne and nephew, their noble behauiour had bred such loue in his heart towards them, as both with teares hee parted from them, when they left him (vnder promise to returne) and did keepe their iewels and apparell as the reliques of two demy-gods. Among others, he had entred the prison, and seene them, which forthwith so inuested his soule, both with sorrow & desire to helpe them (whom he tendred as his children) that calling his neighbours the *Mantineans* vnto him, he told them all the prayses of those two young men, swearing, he thought the Gods had promised for them better, then they themselues could haue imagined. He willed them to cõsider, that when all was done, *Basilius* children must enioy the estate, who since they had chosen, & chosen so, as all the world would not mend their choise, why should they resist Gods doing, & their Princesses pleasure? This was the only way to purchase quietnesse without bloud, where otherwise they should at one instant crowne *Pamela* with a Crowne of gold, and a dishonored title: which whether euer shee would forget, hee thought it fit for them to weigh: such (said he) heroicall greatnesse shines in their eyes, such an extraordinarie maiestie in all their actions, as surely either fortune by parentage, or nature in creation, hath made them Princes. And yet a state already we haue, we need but a man, who since he is presented vnto you by the heauenly prouidence, embraced by your vndoubted Princesse, worthy for their youth, of compassion, for their beautie, of admiration, for their excellent vertue to be Monarches of the world, shall wee not bee content with our owne blisse, shall we put out our eyes because another man can not see? or rather like some men, when too much good happens vnto them, they thinke themselues in a dreame, and haue no spirits to taste their owne goods? No, no, my friends, beleeue me, I am so vnpartiall, that I know not their names, but so ouercome with their vertue, that I shall then thinke, the destinies haue ordained a perpetuall flourishing to *Arcadia*, when they shall allot such a gouernour vnto it. This spoken by a man graue in yeares, great in authority, neare allyed to the Prince, and known honest, preuailed so with all the *Mantineans*, that with one voice they ran to deliuer the two Princes. But *Philanax* came in time to withstand them, both sides yet standing in armes, and rather wanting a beginning, then mindes to enter into a bloudy conflict. Which *Philanax* foreseeing thought best to remoue the prisoners secretly, and if neede were, rather without forme of iustice to kill them, then against iustice (as hee thought) to haue them vsurpe the state. But there againe arose a new trouble. For *Simpathus* (the noble man that kept them) was so stricken in compassion with their excellent presence, that as hee would not falsifie his promise to *Philanax*,

to giue them libertie, so yet would he not yeeld them to himselfe, feating he would doe them violence. Thus tumult vpon tumult arising, the Sunne (I thinke) aweary to see their discordes, had already gone downe to his Westerne lodging. But yet to know what the poore shepheards did, who were the first descryers of these matters, will not to some eares perchance be a tedious digression.

Heere endeth the fourth Booke or Act.

The fourth Eclogves.

THe shepheards finding no place for them in these garboyls, to which their quiet hearts (whose highest ambition was in keeping themselues vp in goodnesse) had at all any aptnesse, retired themselues from among the clamorous multitude: and as sorrow desires company, went vp together to the Westerne side of a hill, whose prospect extended it so far, as they might well discerne many of *Arcadias* beauties. And there looking vpon the sunnes as then declining race, the poore men sate pensiue of their present miseries, as if they found a wearinesse of their wofull words: till at last good old *Geron* (who as he had longest tasted the benefits of *Basilius* gouernmẽt so seemed to haue a speciall feeling of the present losse) wiping his eyes and long white beard bedewed with great drops of teares, began in this sort to complaine. Alas poore sheepe (said hee) which hitherto haue enioyed your fruitfull pasture, in such quietnes as your wooll amongst other things hath made this countrie famous, your best dayes are now past: now you must become the victuall of an armie, and perchance an armie of forraine enemies: you are now not onely to feare home-Wolues, but alien Lyons; now (I say) now that our right *Basilius* is deceased. Alas, sweet pastures, shall souldiers that know not how to vse you, possesse you? Shall they that cannot speake the *Arcadian* language be Lords ouer your shepheards? For alas with good cause may wee looke for any euill, since *Basilius* our onely strength is taken from vs. To that all the other shepheards present vttered pitifull voyces, especially the very borne *Arcadians*. For as for the other, though humanitie moued them to pitie humane cases, especially in a Prince, vnder whom they had found a refuge of their miseries, and iustice equally administred: yet could they not so naturally feele the liuely touch of sorrow. Neuertheles, of that number one *Agelastus* notably noted among them, aswell for his skill in poetrie, as for an austerely maintained sorrowfulnesse, wherewith hee seemed to despise the workes of nature, framing an vniuersall complaint in that vniuersall mischiefe, vttered it in this Sestine.

Since weyling is a bud of causefull sorrow,
Since sorrow is the follower of euill fortune,
Since no euill fortune equals publike damage,
Now Princes losse hath made our damage publike,
Sorrow, pay we to thee the rights of Nature,
And inward griefe seale vp with outward wayling.

Why should we spare our voyce from endlesse weyling,
Who iustly make our hearts the seate of sorrow?

In

In such a case where it appeares that nature
Doth adde her force vnto the sting of fortune:
Choosing alas! this our theatre publike,
Where they would leaue trophees of cruell damage.

Then since such pow'rs conspir'd vnto our damage
(Which may be knowne, but neuer helpt with wayling)
Yet let vs leaue a monument in publike
Of willing teares, torne haires, and cries of sorrow.
For lost, lost is by blowe of cruell fortune
Arcadia's *gemme, the noblest childe of nature.*

O nature doting old, O blinded nature,
How hast thou torne thy selfe! sought thine owne danger! damage
In graunting such a scope to filthy fortune,
By thy impes losse to fill the world with wayling,
Cast thy stepmother eyes vpon our sorrow,
Publique our losse: so see, thy shame is publique.

O that we had, to make our woes more publique,
Seas in our eyes, and brasen tongues by nature,
A yelling voyce, and hearts compos'd of sorrow,
Breath made of flames, wits knowing nought but damage,
Our sports murdring our selues, our musiques wayling,
Our studies fixt vpon the falls of fortune.

No, no, our mischiefe growes in this vile fortune,
That priuate paines can not breath out in publique
The furious inward griefes with hellish wayling:
But forced are to burthen feeble nature
With secret sense of our eternall damage,
And sorrow feed, feeding our soules with sorrow.

Since sorrow then concludeth all our fortune
With all our deaths shew we this damage publique.
His nature feares to die who liues still wailing.

It seemed that this complaint of *Agelastus* had awaked the spirits of the *Arcadians*, astonished before with exceedingnesse of sorrow. For hee had scarcely ended, when diuerse of them offred to follow his example, in bewayling the generall losse of that countrey which had beene aswell a nurse to strangers, as a mother to *Arcadians*. Among the rest one accounted good in that kinde, and made the better by the true feeling of sorrow, roared out a song of lamentation, which (as well as might be) was gathered vp in this forme:

SInce that to death is gone the shepheard hie,
Who most the silly shepheards pipe did prise,
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

And

And you O trees (if any life there lies
In trees) now through your porous barkes receaue
The strange resound of these my ruefull cries:
And let my breath vpon your braunches cleaue,
My breath distinguish'd into words of woe,
That so I may signes of my sorrow leaue.
But if among your selues some one tree grow,
That aptest is to figure miserie,
Let it embassage beare your grieues to show.
The weeping Myrrhe I thinke will not denie
Her help to this, this iustest cause of plaint.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

And thou poore Earth, whom fortune doth attaine,
In Natures name to suffer such a harme,
As for to loose thy gemme, and such a Saint,
Vpon thy face let coaly Rauens swarme:
Let all the Sea thy teares accounted be:
Thy bowels with all killing metalls arme.
Let gold now rust, let Diamonds wast in thee:
Let pearles be wan with woe their damme doth beare:
Thy selfe henceforth the light doe neuer see.
And you, O flowers, which sometimes Princes were,
Till these straunge altrings you did hap to trie,
Of Princes losse your selues for tokens reare.
Lilly in mourning blacke thy whitenesse die:
O Hyacinthe let Ai be on thee still.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.

O Echo, all these woods with roaring fill,
And doe not onely marke the accents last,
But all, for all reach out my wailefull will:
One Echo to another Echo cast
Sound of my griefes, and let it neuer end,
Till that it hath all woods and waters past.
Nay to the heau'ns your iust complaining send,
And stay the starres inconstant constant race,
Till that they doe vnto our dolors bend:
And aske the reason of that speciall grace,
That they, which haue no liues, should liue so long,
And vertuous soules so soone should loose their place?
Aske, if in great men good men do so throng,
That he for want of elbow roome must die?
Or if that they be skant, if this be wrong?
Did Wisedome this our wretched time espie
In one true chest to rob all Vertues treasure?
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

And if that any counsell you to measure
Your dolefull tunes, to them still playning say,

To

To well felt griefe, plaint is the onely pleasure.
O light of Sunne, which is entit'led day:
O well thou doest that thou no longer bidest;
For mourning night her blacke weedes may display.
O Phœbus with good cause thy face thou hidest,
Rather then haue thy all-beholding eye
Fowl'd with this sight, while thou thy chariot guidest.
And well (me thinkes) becomes this vaultie skie
A stately tombe to couer him deceased.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

O Philomela with thy breast oppressed
By shame and griefe, helpe, helpe me to lament
Such cursed harmes as cannot be redressed.
Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,
Then giue a quiet eare vnto my plaining:
For I to teach the world complaint am bent.
You dimmie clouds, which well employ your staining
This cheerefull ayre with your obscured cheere,
Witnesse your wofull teares with daily raining.
And if, O Sunne, thou euer didst appeare,
In shape, which by mans eye might be perceiued;
Vertue is dead, now set thy triumph here.
Now set thy triumph in this world, bereaued
Of what was good, where now no good doth lie:
And by thy pompe our losse will be conceiued.
O notes of mine, your selues together tie:
With too much griefe me thinkes you are dissolued.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

Time euer old, and young is still reuolued
Within it selfe, and neuer tasteth end:
But mankind is for aye to nought resolued.
The filthy snake her aged coat can mend,
And getting youth againe, in youth doth flourish:
But vnto Man, age euer death doth send.
The verie trees with grafting we can cherish,
So that we can long time produce their time:
But man which helpeth them, helplesse must perish.
Thus, thus the mindes which ouer all doe clime,
When they by yeares experience get best graces,
Must finish then by deaths detested crime.
We last short while, and build long lasting places:
Ah let vs all against foule Nature cry:
We Natures workes do help, she vs defaces.
For how can Nature vnto this reply?
That she her child, I say, her best child killeth?
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.

Alas, me thinkes, my weakned voice but spilleth

The vehement course of his iust lamentation:
Me thinkes, my sound no place with sorrow filleth.
I know not I, but once in detestation
I haue my selfe, and all that life containeth,
Since death on Vertues fort hath made inuasion.
One word of woe another after traineth:
Ne doe I care how rude be my inuention,
So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth.
O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,
Our bodies be in liuing power maintayned,
Was this mans death the fruit of your dissension?
O Physickes power, which (some say) hath restrained
Approch of death, alas thou helpest meagerly,
When once one is for Atropos *distrained.*
Great be Physitions brags, but aide is beggerly,
When rooted moisture failes or groweth drie,
They leaue off all, and say, death comes too eagerly.
They are but words therefore that men doe buy
Of any, since God Aesculapius *ceased,*
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.

Iustice, iustice is now (alas) oppressed:
Bountifulnesse hath made his last conclusion:
Goodnesse for best attire in dust is dressed.
Shepheards bewaile your vttermost confusion;
And see by this picture to you presented,
Death is our home, life is but a delusion.
For see alas who is from you absented,
Absented? nay I say for euer banished
From such as were to dye for him contented?
Out of our sight in turne of hand is vanished
Shepheard of shepheards, whose well setled order
Priuate with wealth, publike with quiet garnished.
While he did liue, farre, farre was all disorder;
Example more prenailing then direction,
Far was homestrife, and far was foe from border,
His life a law, his looke a full correction:
As in his health we healthfull were preserued,
So in his sickenesse grew our sure infection.
His death our death. But ah; my Muse hath swarued,
For such deepe plaint as should such woes descrie,
Which he of vs for euer hath deserued.
The stile of heauie heart can neuer flie
So high, as should make such a paine notorious:
Cease Muse therefore: thy dart O Death applie,
And farewell Prince, whom goodnesse hath made glorious.

Many were readie to haue followed this course, but the day was so wasted, that onely this riming *Sestine* deliuered by one of great account among them, could obtaine fauour to be heard.

Farewell

Farewell O Sunne, Arcadia's *cleareſt light:*
Farewell O pearle, the poore mans plenteous treaſure.
Farewell O golden ſtaffe, the weake mans might:
Farewell O Ioy, the ioyfulls onely pleaſure.
Wiſedome farewell, the skilleſſe mans direction:
Farewell with thee, farewell all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,
Now that of pureſt lamp is quench'd the light,
Which to our darkned mindes was beſt direction?
Now that the mine is loſt of all our treaſure?
Now death hath ſwallow'd vp our worldly pleaſure,
We Orphans made, voyd of all publique might?

Orphans indeed, depriu'd of fathers might:
For he our father was in all affection,
In our well-doing placing all his pleaſure,
Still ſtudying how to vs to be a light.
As well he was in peace a ſafeſt treaſure:
In warre his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence alas, ſhall we ſeeke our direction?
When that we feare our hatefull neighbors might,
Who long haue gap't to get Arcadians *treaſure.*
Shall we now finde a guide of ſuch affection,
Who for our ſakes will thinke all trauaile light,
And make his paine to keepe vs ſafe his pleaſure?

No, no, for euer gone is all our pleaſure;
For euer wandring from all good direction;
For euer blinded of our cleareſt light;
For euer lamed of our ſured might;
For euer baniſh'd from well plac'd affection;
For euer robd of all our royall treaſure.

Let teares for him therefore be all our treaſure,
And in our wailfull naming him our pleaſure:
Let hating of our ſelues be our affection,
And vnto death bend ſtill our thoughts direction:
Let vs againſt our ſelues employ our might,
And putting out our eyes ſeeke we our light.

Farewell our light, farewell our ſpoyled treaſure:
Farewell our might, farewell our daunted pleaſure:
Farewell direction: farewell all affection.

The night began to caſt her dark canopie ouer them, & they euen weary with their woes, bended homewards: hoping by ſleep, forgetting themſelues, to eaſe their preſent dolours: when they were met with a troup of twenty horſe, the chief of which asking them for the King, & vnderſtanding the hard newes, thereupon ſtayed among them, expecting the return of a meſſenger, whō with ſpeed he diſpatcht to *Philanax.*

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THE dangerous diuiſion of mens mindes, the ruinous renting of all eſtates, had now brought *Arcadia* to feele the pangs of the vttermoſt perrill (ſuch conuulſions neuer comming, but that the life of that gouernement drawes neere his neceſſary period) when to the honeſt and wiſe *Philanax*, equally diſtracted betwixt deſire of his maiſters reuenge and care of the eſtates eſtabliſhment, there came (vnlooked for) a *Macedonian* Gentleman, who in ſhort, but pithie manner, deliuered vnto him, that the renowmed *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*, purpoſing to haue viſited his olde friend and confederate the King *Baſilius*, was now come within halfe a mile of the Lodges, where hauing vnderſtood by certain Shepheards the ſudden death of their Prince, had ſent vnto him (of whoſe authoritie and faith he had good knowledge) deſiring him to aduertiſe him, in what ſecuritie he might reſt there for that night, where willingly he would (if ſafely he might) help to celebrate the funeralls of his ancient companion and ally, adding he need not doubt, ſince he had brought but twenty in his companie, he would be ſo vnwiſe as to enter into any forcible attempt with ſo ſmall force. *Philanax* hauing entertayned the Gentleman, aſwel as in the middeſt of ſo many tumults he could, pauſing a while with himſelfe, conſidering how it ſhould not only be vniuſt, and againſt the law of Nations, not well to receiue a Prince whom good will had brought among them, but (in reſpect of the greatneſſe of his might) very dangerous to giue him any cauſe of due offence; remembring withall the excellent trials of his equitie, which made him more famous then his victories, he thought he might be the fitteſt inſtrument to redreſſe the ruines they were in, ſince his goodneſſe put him without ſuſpicion, and his greatneſſe beyond envie. Yet weighing with himſelfe how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monſtrous confuſion ſuch miſchiefe might be attempted, of which late repentance ſhould after be but a ſimple remedie: he iudged beſt firſt to know how the peoples mindes would ſway to this determination. Therfore deſiring the Gentleman to returne to the King his maiſter, and to beſeech him (though with his paines) to ſtay for an houre or two, where he was, till hee had ſet things in better order to receiue him: he himſelfe went firſt to the Noblemen, then to *Kalander* and the principall *Mantineans*, who were moſt oppoſite vnto him; deſiring them that as the night had moſt bleſſedly ſtayed them from entring into ciuill bloud, ſo they would be content in the night to aſſemble the people togethet, to heare ſome newes, which he was to deliuer vnto them. There is nothing more deſi-

rous

rous of nouelties then a man that feares his preſent fortune. Therefore they, whom mutuall diffidence made doubtfull of their vtter deſtruction, were quickely perſwaded to heare of any new matter, which might alter at leaſt, if not helpe the nature of their feare. Namely the chiefeſt men, who as they had moſt to loſe, ſo were moſt iealous of their owne caſe, and were already growne as wearie to be followers of *Tymautus* ambition, as before they were enuiers of *Philanax* worthineſſe. As for *Kalander* and *Simpathus*, as in the one a vertuous friendſhip had made him ſeeke to aduance, in the other a naturall commiſeration had made him willing to protect the excellent (though vnfortunate) priſoners, ſo were they not againſt this conuocation. For hauing nothing but iuſt deſires in them, they did not miſtruſt the iuſtifying of them. Onely *Tymautus* laboured to haue withdrawne them from this aſſembly, ſaying, it was time to ſtop their eares from the ambitious charmes of *Philanax*. Let them firſt deliuer *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit perſons to heare, & then they might begin to ſpeake. That this was but *Philanax* cunning, to linke broyle vpon broyle, becauſe he might auoyd the anſwering of his treſpaſſes, which as hee had long intended, ſo had hee prepared coloured ſpeeches to diſguiſe them. But as his wordes expreſſed rather a violence of rancour, then any iuſt ground of accuſation, ſo pierced they no further, then to ſome partiall eares, the multitude yeelding good attention to what *Philanax* would propoſe vnto them: Who, like a man, whoſe beſt building was a well framed conſcience, neither with plauſible wordes, nor fawning countenance, but euen with the graue behauiour of a wiſe father, whom nothing but loue makes to chide, thus ſaid vnto them. I haue (ſaid he) a great matter to deliuer vnto you, and thereout am I to make a greater demaund of you: But truly ſuch hath this late late proceeding beene of yours, that I know not what is not to be demanded of you. Me thinkes I may haue reaſon to require of you, as men are wont among Pirates, that the life of him that neuer hurt you, may be ſafe. Me thinkes I am not without apparence of cauſe, as if you were *Cyclopes* or *Cannibals*, to deſire that our Princes bodie, which hath thirty yeeres maintained vs in a flouriſhing peace, bee not torne in peeces, or deuoured among you, but may bee ſuffered to yeeld it ſelfe, which neuer was defiled with any of your blouds, to the naturall reſt of the earth. Mee thinkes, not as to *Arcadians* renowmed for your faith to Prince, & loue of countrey, but as to ſworne enemies of this ſweet ſoile, I am to deſire you, that at leaſt, if you will haue ſtrangers to your Princes, yet you will not deliuer the ſeigniory of this goodly kingdome to your noble Kings murtherers. Laſtly, I haue reaſon, as if I had to ſpeake to mad men, to deſire you to be good to your ſelues: For before God, what either barbarous violence or vnnaturall folly, hath not this day his ſeate in your mindes, & left his footſteps in your actions? But in troth I loue you too well, to ſtand long diſplaying your faults: I would you your ſelues did forget them, ſo you did not fall againe into them. For my part, I had much rather be an Orator of your prayſes. But now (if you will ſuffer attentiue iudgement, and not foreiudging paſſion, to bee the waigher of my words) I will deliuer vnto you what a bleſſed meane the gods haue ſent vnto you if you liſt to embrace it. I thinke there is none among you ſo yong, either in yeares, or vnderſtanding, but hath heard the true fame of that iuſt prince *Euarchus* king of *Macedon*. A Prince with whom our late maſter did euer hold moſt perfect alliance. He, euen he, is this day come, hauing but twentie horſe with him, within two myles of this place, hoping to haue found the vertuous *Baſilius* aliue, but now willing to doe honour to his death. Surely, ſurely the heauenly powers haue in ſo full a time beſtowed him on vs, to vnite our diuiſions. For my part therefore I wiſh, that ſince

among our ſelues wee cannot agree in ſo manifold partialities, we doe put the ordering of all theſe things into his hands, aſwell touching the obſequies of the King, the puniſhment of his death, as the mariage and crowning of our Princeſſe. Hee is both by experience and wiſedome taught how to direct; his greatneſſe ſuch, as no man can diſdaine to obey him: his equitie ſuch, as no man neede to feare him. Laſtly, as he hath all theſe qualities to helpe, ſo hath hee (though he would) no force to hurt. If therefore you ſo thinke good, ſince our lawes beare that our Princes murther bee chaſtiſed before his murthered bodie bee buried, wee may inuite him to ſit to morrow in the iudgement ſeate; which done, you may after proceede to the buriall. When *Philanax* firſt named *Euarchus* landing, there was a muttring murmur among the people, as though in that euill ordered weakneſſe of theirs hee had come to conquer their countrie. But when they vnderſtood he had ſo ſmall a retinue, whiſpring one with another, and looking who ſhould begin to confirme *Philanax* propoſition, at length *Simpathus* was the firſt that allowed it, then the reſt of the Noblemen; neither did *Kalander* ſtriue, hoping ſo excellent a Prince could not but deale graciouſly with two ſuch yong men, whoſe authority ioyned to *Philanax*, all the popular ſort followed. *Tymautus* ſtill blinded with his owne ambitious haſt (not remembring factions are no longer to be truſted, then the factious may bee perſwaded it is for their owne good) would needes ſtriue againſt the ſtreame, exclayming againſt *Philanax*, that now he ſhewed who it was, that would betray his countrie to ſtrangers. But well hee found, that who is too buſie in the foundation of an houſe, may pull the building about his eares. For the people alreadie tyred with their owne diuiſions, (of which his clampring had beene a principall nurſe) and beginning now to eſpie a hauen of reſt, hated any thing that ſhould hinder them from it: asking one another whether this were not hee, whoſe euill tongue no man could eſcape? whether it were not *Tymautus* that made the firſt mutinous Oration, to ſtrengthen the troubles? whether *Tymautus*, without their conſent, had not gone about to deliuer *Gynecia*? And thus inflaming one another againſt him, they threw him out of the aſſembly, and after purſued him with ſtones and ſtaues, ſo that with loſſe of one of his eyes, ſore wounded and beaten, hee was faine to flye to *Philanax* feete, for ſuccour of his life: giuing a true leſſon, that vice it ſelfe is forced to ſeeke the ſanctuarie of vertue. For *Philanax* who hated his euill, but not his perſon, and knew that a iuſt puniſhment might by the manner bee vniuſtly done; remembring withall, that although herein the peoples rage might haue hit rightly, yet if it were nouriſhed in this, no man knew to what extremities it might extend it ſelfe: with earneſt dealing, and employing the vttermoſt of his authoritie, hee did protect the trembling *Tymautus*. And then hauing taken a generall oath, that they ſhould in the nonage of the Princeſſe, or till theſe things were ſettled, yeelde full obedience to *Euarchus*, ſo farre as were not preiudiciall to the lawes, cuſtomes, and liberties of *Arcadia*: and hauing taken a particular bond of *Simpathus* (vnder whome he had a ſeruant of his owne) that the priſoners ſhould be kept cloſe, without conference with any man: hee himſelfe honourably accompanied with a great number of torches, went to the king *Euarchus*, whoſe comming in this ſort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The wofull Prince *Plangus* receiuing of *Baſilius* no other ſuccours, but onely certaine to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all poſſible ſpeede towards *Byzantium*, where he vnderſtood the King, hauing concluded all his warres with the winning of that towne, had now for ſome good ſpace made his abode. But being farre gone on his way, hee receiued certaine intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not onely ſome

dayes

dayes before returned into *Macedon*, but since was gone with some hast to visit that coast of his countrie that lay towards *Italy*; The occasion giuen by the *Latines*, who hauing already gotten into their hands, partly by conquest, and partly by confederacie, the greatest part of *Italy*, and long gaped to deuoure *Greece* also (obstruing the present opportunitie of *Euanchus* absence, and *Basilius* solitarinesse, which two Princes they knew to bee in effect the whole strength of *Greece*) were euen ready to lay an vniust gripe vpon it, which after they might beautifie with the noble name of conquest. Which purpose though they made not knowne by any solemne denouncing of warre, but contrariewise gaue many tokens of continuing still their former amitie: yet the staying of his subiectes shippes, trafficking as Marchants into those parts, together with the daily preparation of shipping, and other warrelike prouisions in Ports, most conuenient for the transporting of Souldiers, occasioned *Euanchus* (not vnacquainted with such practises) first to suspect, then to discerne, lastly, to seeke to preuent the intended mischiefe. Yet thinking warre neuer to be accepted, vntill it be offered by the hand of necessitie, he determined so long openly to hold them his friends, as open hostility bewrayed them not his enemies; nor ceasing in the meane time by letters and messages to moue the States of *Greece* by vniting their strength, to make timely prouision against this perill: by many reasons making them see, that, though in respect of place some of them might seeme further remoued from the first violence of the storme, yet being imbarked in the same ship, the finall wracke must needes bee common to them all. And knowing the mighty force of example, with the weake effect of faire discourses not wayned on with agreeable actions, what hee perswaded them, himselfe performed, leauing in his owne realme nothing either vndone or vnprouided, which might be thought necessary for withstanding an inuasion. His first care was to put his people in a readinesse for warre, and by his experienced souldiers to traine the vnskilfull to martiall exercises. For the better effecting whereof, as also for meeting with other inconueniences in such doubtfull times incident to the most setled states, making of the diuerse regions of his whole kingdome so many diuisions as he thought conuenient, he appointed the charge of them to the greatest, and of greatest trust hee had about him: arming them with sufficient authoritie to leauie forces within their seuerall gouernment, both for resisting the inuading enemie, and punishing the disordered subiect. Hauing thus prepared the bodie, and assured the heart of his countrey against any mischiefe that might attaint it, he then tooke into his carefull consideration the externall partes, giuing order both for the repayring and increasing his nauy, and for the fortifying of such places, especially on the Sea coast, as either commoditie of landing, weaknesse of the countrey, or any other respect of aduantage was likeliest to draw the enemie vnto. But being none of them who thinke all things done, for which they haue once giuen direction, he followed euery where his commandement with his presence, which witnesse of euery mans slacknesse or diligence, chastising the one, & encouraging the other, suffered not the fruit of any profitable counsell for want of timely taking to bee lost. And thus making one place succeed another in the progresse of wisedome and vertue, he was now come to *Aulon* a principall port of his Realm, when the poore *Plangus* extremely wearied with his long iourney (desire of succouring *Erona*, no more relieuing, then feare of not succouring her in time, aggrauating his trauell) by a lamentable narration of his childrens death, called home his cares from encountring forreine enemies, to suppresse the insurrection of inward passions. The matter so haynous, the maner so villanous, the losse of such persons, in so vnripe yeares, in a time so dangerous to the whole

state of *Greece*, how vehemently it moued to griefe and compassion others, onely not blind to the light of vertue, nor deafe to the voyce of their countrey, might perchance by a more cunning workeman in liuely colours bee deliuered. But the face of *Euarchus* sorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection a father, and iudging the world so much the more vnworthily depriued of those excellencies, as himselfe was better iudge of so excellent worthinesse, can no otherwise be shadowed out by the skilfullest pencell then by couering it ouer with the vaile of silence. And indeede that way himselfe tooke, with so patient a quietnesse receiuing this pitifull relation, that all wordes of weakenesse suppressed, magnanimitie seemed to triumph ouer misery. Only receiuing of *Plangus* perfect instruction of all things concerning *Plexirtus* and *Artaxia*, with promise not onely to ayde him in deliuering *Erona*, but also with vehement protestation, neuer to returne into *Macedon*, till he had pursued the murtherers to death: hee dispatched with speede a ship for *Byzantium*, commanding the gouernour to prouide all necessaries for the warre against his owne comming, which hee purposed should bee very shortly. In this shippe *Plangus* would needes goe, impatient of stay, for that in many dayes before hee had vnderstood nothing of his Ladies estate. Soone after whose departure, newes was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the shippes detayned in *Italy* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus* proceedings their intent to bee frustrate (as before by his sodaine returne they doubted it was discouered) deeming it no wisedome to shew the will, not hauing the ability to hurt, had not only in free & friendly maner dismissed them, but for the time wholy omitted their enterprise, attending the opportunity of fitter occasion. By meanes whereof *Euarchus*, rid from the cumber of that warre (likely otherwise to haue stayed him longer) with so great a fleete as hast would suffer him to assemble, foorthwith imbarqued for *Byzantium*. And now followed with fresh winds he had in a short time run a long course, when on a night encountred with an extreme tempest, his ships were so scattered, that scarcely any two were left together. As for the kings owne shippe, depriued of all company, sore bruised, and weather-beaten, able no longer to brooke the seas churlish entertaynment, a little before day it recouered the shore. The first light made them see it was the vnhappy coast of *Laconia*: for no other countrey could haue shown the like euidence of vnnaturall war. Which hauing long endured betweene the nobility and the *Helotes*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, vnder the name of *Diaphantus*, immediatly vpon his departure had broken out more violently then euer before. For the King taking opportunitie of their Captaines absence, refused to performe the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Whereupon they were againe deepely entred into warre, with so notable an hatred towardes the very name of a King, that *Euarchus* (though a stranger vnto them) thought it not safe there to leaue his person, where neither his owne force could bee a defence, nor the sacred name of Maiestie, a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian* (one that comming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, desirous to see the warres) hee demaunded of him for the next place of suretie, where hee might make his stay, vntill hee might heare some what of his fleete, or cause his ship to be repayred. The Gentleman glad to haue this occasion of doing seruice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Basilius* (to whom he knew he should bring a most welcome guest) told him, that if it pleased him to commit himselfe to *Arcadia*, (a part whereof lay open to their view) he would vndertake ere the next night were far spent to guide him safely to his maister *Basilius*. The present necessity much preuailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certaine vertuous desire to try, whether by his authority he might withdraw *Basilius* from burying himselfe

alive,

aliue, and to imploy the rest of his old yeares in doing good, the onely happy action of mans life. For besides the vniuersall case of *Greece*, deprived by this meanes of a principall piller, he weighed and pitied the pitifull state of the *Arcadian* people, who were in worse case then if death had taken away their Prince. For so yet their necessitie would haue placed some one to the helme: now, a Prince being, and not doing like a Prince, keeping and not exercising the place, they were in so much more euill case, as they could not prouide for their euill. These rightly wise & vertuous considerations especially moued *Euarchus* to take his iourney towards the desert, where arriuing within night, & vnderstanding to his great griefe, the newes of the Princes death, he wayted for his safe conduct from *Philanax*: in the meane time taking his rest vnder a tree, with no more affected pompes, then as a man that knew, howsoeuer he was exalted, the beginning and end of his bodie was earth. But *Philanax* as soone as he was in sight of him, lighting from his horse, presented himself vnto him in all those humble behauiours, which not only the great reuerence of the partie, but the conceit of ones owne miserie, is wont to frame. *Euarchus* rase vp vnto him with so gracious a countenance, as the goodnesse of his minde had long exercised him vnto: carefull so much more to descend in all curtesies, as he saw him beare a low representation of his afflicted state. But to *Philanax*, assoone as by neere looking on him, he might perfectly behold him, the grauitie of his countenance, & yeares, not much vnlike to his late deceased, but euer beloued master, brought his forme so liuely vnto his memory, and reuiued so all the thoughts of his wonted ioyes within him, that in steede of speaking to *Euarchus*, hee stood a while like a man gone a farre iourny from himselfe, calling as it were with his mind an account of his losses: imagining that this paine needed not, if nature had not bin violently stopped of her own course: & casting more louing then wise conceits, what a world this would haue bin, if this sudden accident had not interrupted it. And so farre strayed he into his rauing melancholy, that his eyes nimbler then his tongue, let fal a flould of teares, his voice being stopped with extremitie of sobbing, so much had his friendship caried him to *Basilius*, that he thought no age was timely for his death. But at length taking the occasion of his own weeping, he thus did speake to *Euarchus*. Let not my teares most worthily renowmed Prince make my presence vnpleasant, or my speech vnmarked of you. For the iustnesse of the cause, takes away the blame of any weaknesse in me; and the affinitie that the same beareth to your greatnesse, seemes euen lawfully to claime pitie in you: A Prince of a Princes fall, a louer of iustice, of a most vniust violence. And giue me leaue excellent *Euarchus* to say, I am but the representer of al the late florishing *Arcadia*, which now with mine eyes doth weep, with my tongue doth complaine, with my knees doth lay it selfe at your feet, which neuer haue bin vnready to cary you to the vertuous protecting of innocents. Imagine, vouchsafe to imagine, most wise & good King, that heere is before your eyes, the pitifull spectacle of a most dolorously ending Tragedy: wherein I doe but play the part of all the new miserable prouince, which being spoyled of their guide, doth lye like a ship without a Pilot, tumbling vp and downe in the vncertaine waues, till it either runne it selfe vpon the rockes of selfe-diuision, or bee ouerthrowne by the stormie winde of forreine force. *Arcadia* finding her selfe in these desolate termes, doth speake, and I speake for her, to thee not vainely puissant Prince, that since now shee is not onely robbed of the naturall support of her Lord, but so suddenly robbed that shee hath not breathing time to stand for her safetie: so vnfortunately, that it doth appall their mindes, though they had leisure: and so mischieuously, that it doth exceede both the suddennesse and infortunatenesse of it: thou wilt lend thine arme vnto her,

and as a man, take compaſſion of mankind, as a vertuous man chaſtice moſt abhominable vice, and as a Prince protect a people, which all haue with one voice called for thy goodneſſe: thinking, that as thou art onely able, ſo thou art fully able, to redreſſe their imminent ruines. They do therfore with as much confidence as neceſſitie, flye vnto you for ſuccour, they lay themſelues open vnto you: to you, I meane your ſelfe, ſuch as you haue euer beene: that is to ſay, that hath alwayes had his determinations bounded with equitie. They only reſerue the right to *Baſilius* bloud; the maner to the ancient preſcribing of their lawes. For the reſt without exception, they yeelde ouer vnto you, as to the elected protectour of this kingdome, which name and office they beſeech you, till you haue layd a ſufficient foundation of tranquilitie, to take vpon you; the particularitie both of their ſtatutes and demaundes you ſhall preſently after vnderſtand. Now only I am to ſay vnto you, that this countrey fals to bee a faire field, to proue whether the goodly tree of your vertue, will liue in all ſoyles. Here I ſay will be ſeene, whether either feare can make you ſhort, or the likerouſneſſe of dominion make you beyond iuſtice. And I can for concluſion ſay no more but this, you muſt thinke vpon my words and your anſwere depend not onely the quiet, but the liues of ſo many thouſands, which for their auncient confederacie, in this their extreme neceſſitie, deſire neither the expence of your treaſure, nor hazard of your ſubiects, but onely the benefit of your wiſedome, whoſe both glory and encreaſe ſtandes in the exerciſing of it. The ſumme of this requeſt was vtterly vnlooked for of *Euarchus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his ſpeech, and after his ſpeech take the greater pauſe for a perfect reſolution. For as of the one ſide, he thought nature required nothing more of him then that he ſhould be a helpe to them of like creation, and had his heart no whit commanded with feare, thinking his life well paſſed, hauing ſatisfied the tyrannie of time with the courſe of many yeares, the expectation of the world with more then expected honour, laſtly the tribute due to his owne minde with the daily offering of moſt vertuous actions: ſo of the other he wayed the iuſt reproch that followed thoſe who eaſily enter into other folkes buſineſſe, with the opinion might bee conceiued, loue of ſeigniorie rather then of iuſtice, had made him embarke himſelfe thus, into a matter nothing pertayning to him, eſpecially in a time when earneſt occaſion of his owne buſineſſe ſo greatly required his preſence. But in the end, wiſedome being an eſſentiall and not an opinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in it ſelfe good, then what by euill minds might be iudged not good. And therin did ſee that thogh the people did not belong vnto him, yet doing good (which is not incloſed within any termes of people) did belong vnto him, and if neceſſitie forced him for ſome time to abide in *Arcadia*, the neceſſitie of *Arcadia* might iuſtly demaund ſome fruit of abiding. To this, ſecret aſſurance of his owne worthineſſe (which although it be neuer ſo well cloathed in modeſtie, yet alwayes liues in the worthieſt mindes) did much puſh him forward, ſaying vnto himſelfe, the treaſure of thoſe inward gifts he had were beſtowed by the heauens vpon him, to be beneficiall and not idle. On which determination reſting, and yet willing before hee waded any further, to examine well the depth of the others proffer, he thus with that wel-poyſed geſture, vnpaſſionate nature beſtoweth vpon mankind, made anſwer to *Philanax* moſt vrgent petition. Although long experience hath made me know all men (and ſo Princes which be but men) to be ſubiect to infinite caſualties, the very conſtitution of our liues remayning in continuall change: yet the affaires of this countrey, or at leaſt my meeting ſo iumply with them, makes mee abaſhed with the ſtrangeneſſe of it. With much paine I am come hither to ſee my long approued friend,

friend; and now I find if I will ſee him, I muſt ſee him dead: after, for mine owne ſecuritie, I ſeeke to be warranted mine owne life: and there ſuddenly am I appointed to be a iudge of other mens liues: though a friend to him, yet am I a ſtranger to the countrey, and now of a ſtranger you would ſuddenly make a director. I might obiect to your deſire my weakneſſe, which age perhaps hath wrought in minde & body: & iuſtly I may pretend the neceſsitie of mine own affaires, to which as I am by all true rules moſt neerely tyed, ſo can they not long beare the delay of my abſence. But though I would and could diſpence with theſe difficulties, what aſſurance can I haue of the peoples will? which hauing ſo many cireles of imaginations can hardly be incloſed in one point. Who knowes a people, that knowes not ſudden opinion makes them hope, which hope if it be not anſwered, they fall in hate? chuſing and refuſing, erecting, and ouerthrowing, according as the preſentneſſe of any fancie caryes them. Euen this their haſty drawing to mee, makes mee thinke they will be as haſtily withdrawne from mee, for it is but one ground of inconſtancie, ſoone to take or ſoone to leaue. It may bee they haue heard of *Euarchus* more then cauſe: their own eyes wilbe perhaps more curious iudges, out of heareſay they may haue builded many conceits, which I cannot, perchance will not performe, then will vndeſerued repentance be a greater ſhame and iniury vnto mee, then their vndeſerued proffer is honour. And to conclude I muſt bee fully enformed, how the patient is minded, before I can promiſe to vndertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the moderne mindes, who make ſuters magiſtrates: but did euer thinke the vnwilling worthy man, was fitter then the vndeſeruing deſirer. Therefore the more *Euarchus* drew backe, the more hee found in him that the cunningeſt Pilot doth moſt dread the rockes, the more earneſtly hee purſued his publike requeſt vnto him. Hee deſired him not to make any weake excuſes of his weakeneſſe, ſince ſo many examples had well proued his minde was ſtrong to ouerpaſſe the greateſt troubles, and his bodie ſtrong inough to obey his minde; and that ſo long as they were ioyned together, hee knew *Euarchus* would thinke it no wearifome exerciſe, to make them veſſels of vertuous actions. The duty to his country he acknowledged: which as he had ſo ſetled, as it was not to feare any ſudden alteration, ſo ſince it did want him, as well it might endure a fruitfull as an idle abſence. As for the doubt hee conceiued of the peoples conſtancie in this their election, hee ſaid it was ſuch a doubt as all humane actions are ſubiect vnto: yet as much as in politique matters, which receiue not Geometricall certainties, a man may aſſure himſelfe there was euident likly hood to be conceiued of the continuance, both in their vnanimitie, & his worthineſſe: whereof the one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, ioyned to the preſent neceſsitie the firmeſt band of mortall mindes. In ſumme, he alledged ſo many reaſons to *Euarchus* his minde, (already inclined to enter into any vertuous action) that hee yeelded to take vpon himſelfe the iudgement of the preſent cauſe, ſo as he might finde indeede that ſuch was the peoples deſire out of iudgement and not faction. Therfore mounting on their horſes, they haſted to the lodges, where they found, though late in the night, the people wakfully watching for the iſſue of *Philanax* Embaſſage. No man thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voyce in it, & each deeming his owne eyes the beſt guardiens of his throate in that vnaccuſtomed tumult. But when they ſaw *Philanax* returne, hauing on his right hand the King *Euarchus* on whom they had now placed the greateſt burthen of their feares, with ioyfull ſhoutes and applauding acclamations, they made him & the world quickely know, that one mans ſufficiencie is more auailable then tenne thouſands multitude. So euill ballanced bee the extremities of popular mindes: and ſo much naturall

imperiouſneſſe

impetiousnesse there rests in a well formed spirit. For as if *Euarchus* had beene borne of the Princely bloud of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted proofe had ingrafted him in their country, so flocked they about this stranger, most of them alreadie from deiected feares, rising to ambitious considerations, who should catch the first hold of his fauour. And then from those crying welcomes to babling one with the other, some praysing *Philanax* for his exceeding paine, others liking *Euarchus* aspect, and as they iudged his age by his face, so iudging his wisedome by his age, *Euarchus* passed through them like a man that did neither disdaine a people, nor yet was any thing tickled with their flatteries. But alwayes holding his owne, a man might reade a constant determination in his eyes. And in that sort dismounting among them, he forthwith demanded the conuocation to be made, which accordingly was done, with as much order and silence, as it might appeare, *Neptune* had not more force to appease the rebellious winde, then the admiration of an extraordinary vertue hath, to temper a disordred multitude. Hee being raised vp vpon a place more high then the rest, where hee might be best vnderstood, in this sort spake vnto the. I vnderstand said he, faithfull *Arcadians*, by my L. *Philanax*, that you haue with one consent, chosen me to be the iudge of the late euils hapned: orderer of the present disorders: & finally protector of this countrie, till therein it bee seene what the customes of *Arcadia* require. He could say no further, being stopped with a generall cry, that so it was; giuing him all the honorable titles, and happy wishes they could imagine. Hee beckned vnto them for silence, and then thus againe proceeded, well said he, how good choise you haue made, the attending must be in you, the proofe in me. But because it many times fals out, wee are much deceiued in others, wee being the first to deceiue our selues, I am to require you, not to haue an ouershooting expectation of mee, the most cruell aduersarie of all honorable doings. Nor promise your selues wonders out of a sudden liking: but remember I am a man, that is to say, a creature, whose reason is often darkned with errour. Secondly, that you will lay your hearts voide of forsaken opinions: else whatsoeuer I do or say, will be measured by a wrong rule, like them that haue the yellow Iaundise, euerie thing seeming yellow vnto them. Thirdly, whatsoeuer debates haue risen among you, may be vtterly extinguished, knowing that euen among the best men are diuersities of opinions, which are no more in true reason to breed hatred, then one that loues blacke, should be angrie with him that is clothed in white, for thoughts & conceits are the verie apparell of the minde. Lastly, that you doe not easily iudge of your iudge, but since you will haue me to command, thinke it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I will promise & protest vnto you, that the vttermost of my skill, both in the generall lawes of nature, especially of *Greece*, and particular of *Arcadia* (wherein I must confesse I am not vnacquainted) I will not onely see the passed euils duly punished, and your weale hereafter established; but for your defence in it, if neede shall require, I will imploy the force and treasures of mine owne countrey. In the meane time, this shall be the first order I will take, that no man vnder paine of grieuous punishment, name me by any other name but Protectour of *Arcadia*. For I will not leaue any possible colour, to any of my naturall successours, to make claime to this, which by free election you haue bestowed vpon me. And so I vow vnto you, to depose my selfe of it assoone as the iudgement is passed, the king buried, and his lawfull successour appointed. For the first whereof, I meane the trying which be guiltie of the kings death, and these other haynous trespasses, because your customes require such haste I will no longer delay it, then till to morrow as soone as the Sunne shall giue vs fit opportunitie. You may therefore retire your selfe to your rest, that

you

you may be readier to be present, at these so great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Euarchus* speech heard, who now by *Philanax* (that tooke the principall care of doing all due seruices vnto him) was offered a lodging made readie for him, (the rest of the people aswell as the small commoditie of that place would suffer, yeelding their wearye heads to sleepe) when loe the night throughly spent in these mixed matters, was for that time banished the face of the earth, and *Euarchus* seeing the day begin to disclose his comfortable beauties, desiring nothing more, then to ioyne speed with iustice, willed *Philanax* presently to make the iudgement place be put in order: & assoone as the people (who yet were not fully dispersed) might be brought together, to bring forth the prisoners and the Kings bodie. Which the manner was, should in such cases bee held in sight, though couered with blacke veluet, vntill they that were accused to bee the murtherers were quitted or condemned; whether the reason of the law were to shew the more gratefull loue to their Prince, or by that spectacle, the more to remember the iudge of his dutie. *Philanax* who now thought in himselfe, hee approched to the iust reuenge hee so much desired, went with all care & diligence to performe his charge. But first it shall be well to know, how the poore & Princely prisoners passed this tedious night. There was neuer tyrant exercised his rage with more grieuous torments, vpon any he most hated, then afflicted *Gynecia* did crucifie her own soule, after the guiltinesse of her heart was surcharged with the sudennesse of her husbands death: for although that effect came not from her minde, yet her minde being euill, and the effect euill, she thought the iustice of God had for the beginning of her paines coupled them together. This incessantly boyled in her breast, but most of all, when *Philanax* hauing closely imprisoned her, shee was left more freely to suffer the firebrands of her owne thoughts, especially when it grew darke, and had nothing left by her but a little lampe, whose small light to a perplexed minde, might rather yeelde fearefull shadowes, then any assured sight. Then began the heapes of her miseries, to weygh downe the platforme of her iudgement, then began despaire to lay his ougly clawes vpon her, shee began then, to feare the heauenly powers (she was wont to reuerence) not like a child, but like an enemie, neither kept shee her selfe from blasphemous repyning against her creation. O Gods would shee cry out, why did you make me to destruction? If your loue goodnes, why did you not giue me a good minde? Or if I cannot haue it without your gift, why do you plague mee? Is it in mee to resist the mightinesse of your power? Then would she imagine she saw strange sights, and that she heard the cries of hellish ghosts, then would she skritch out for succour, but no man comming vnto her she would faine haue killed her selfe, but knew not how. At sometimes again, the very heauinesse of her imaginations would close vp her senses to a little sleepe: but then did her dreames become her tormentours. One time it would seeme vnto her, *Philanax* was haling her by the haire of the head, and hauing put out her eyes, was readie to throw her into a burning fornace. Another time she would thinke she saw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, & the magistrates of that infernall region, contending in great debate, to what eternall punishment they should allot her. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it would fall vpon *Zelmane*: to whom she would thinke she was crying for mercie, and that she did passe away by her in silence, without any shew of pitying her mischiefe. Then waking out of a broken sleepe, and yet wishing she might euer haue slept, new formes, but of the same miseries, would seaze her minde, shee feared death, and yet desired death, shee had passed the vttermost of shame, and yet shame was one of her cruellest assaults, she hated *Pyrocles* as the originall of her mortall ouerthrow: & yet the loue she had

conceiued

conceiued to him, had still a high authoritie of her passions. O *Zelmane*, would she say (not knowing how neere he himselfe was to as great a danger) now shalt thou glut thy eyes, with the dishonoured death of thy enemie! Enemie, alas enemie, since so thou hast well shewed, thou wilt haue me account thee, couldest thou not aswell haue giuen me a determinate denial, as to disguise thy first disguising, with a double dissembling? Perchance if I had beene vtterly hopelesse, the vertue was once in me, might haue called together his forces, and not haue beene led captiue to this monstrous thraldome of punished wickednesse. Then would her own knowing of good inflame a new the rage of despaire: which becomming an vnresisted Lord in her breast, she had no other comfort but in death, which yet shee had in horrour, when she thought of. But the wearisome detesting of her selfe, made her long for the dates approch, at which time shee determined to continue her former course, in acknowledging any thing which might hasten her end: wherein although she did not hope for the end of her torments, feeling already the beginning of hell agonies; yet according to the nature of paine, the present being most intollerable, shee desired to change that, and put to aduenture the ensuing. And thus rested the restlesse *Gynecia*. No lesse sorrowfull, though lesse ragefull, were the mindes of the Princesse *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*, whose only aduantages were, that they had not consented to so much euill, and so were at greater peace with themselues: and that they were not left alone, but might mutually beare part of each others woes. For when *Philanax* not regarding *Pamelas* princely protestatiõs, had by force left her vnder guard with her sister, & that the two sisters were matched, aswell in the disgraces of fortune, as they had beene in the best beauties of nature: those things that till then, bashfulnesse and mistrust had made them hold reserued one from the other, now feare, the vnderminer of all determinations, and necessitie the victorious rebell of all lawes, forced them interchangeably to lay open. Their passions then so swelling in them, as they would haue made Auditors of stones, rather then haue swallowed vp in silence the choking aduentures were fallen vnto them; Truely the hardest hearts, which haue at any time thought womans teares to be a matter of slight compassion (imagining that faire weather will quickely after follow) would now haue beene mollified: and beene compelled to confesse, that the fairer a Diamond is, the more pitie it is it should receiue a blemish. Although no doubt, their faces did rather beautifie sorrow, then sorrow could darken that, which euen in darknesse did shine. But after they had so long, as their other afflictions would suffer them, with dolefull ceremonies bemoned their fathers death: they sate downe together apparelled as their misaduentures had found them; *Pamela* in her iourneying weedes now conuerted to another vse: *Philoclea* onely in her night gowne, which she thought should bee the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures, had after much panting (with their inward trauell) gotten so much breathing power, as to make a pitiful discourse one to the other, what had befallen them, & that by the plaine comparing the case they were in, they throughly found that their grieues were not more like in regard of themselues, then like in respect of the subiect (the two Princes, as *Pamela* had learned of *Musidorus*, being so minded, as they would euer make both their fortunes one) it did more vnite, & so strengthen their lamentation: seeing the one could not bee miserable, but that it must necessarily make the other miserable also. That therefore was the first matter their sweete mouthes deliuered, the declaring the passionate beginning, troublesome proceeding, and dangerous ending, their neuer ending loues had passed. And when at any time they entred into the prayses of the yong Princes, too long it would haue exercised their tongues, but that

their

their memory forthwith warned them, the more praise worthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then againe to crying & wringing of hands; & then a new, as vnquiet griefe sought each corner, to new discourses, from discourses to wishes, from wishes to prayers. Especially the tender *Philoclea*, who as shee was in yeares yonger, and had neuer lifted vp her minde to any opinion of soueraignetie, so was shee the apter to yeeld to her misfortune; hauing no stronger debates in her mind, then a man may say a most wity childhood is wont to nourish: as to imagine with her selfe, why *Philanax* & the other noblemen, should deale so cruelly by her, that had neuer deserued euill of any of them. And how they could finde in their hearts, to imprison such a personage, as shee did figure *Pyrocles* whom shee thought all the world was bound to loue, as well as shee did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a vertuous mildnesse, yet the knowledge of her selfe, and what was due vnto her, made her heart full of a stronger disdaine against her aduersitie.

So that shee ioyned the vexation for her friend, with the spite to see her selfe, as shee thought, rebelliously detayned, and mixed desirous thoughts to helpe, with reuengefull thoughts if she could not helpe. And as in pangs of death, the stronger heart feeles the greater torment, because it doth the more resist to his oppressour; so her minde, the nobler it was set, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, so much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helplesse wounds it gaue vnto it selfe. But when great part of the night was passed ouer the dolefull Musicke of these sweete Ladies complaints, and that leasure though with some strife, had brought *Pamela* to know, that an Eagle when she is in a Cage, must not thinke to do like an Eagle, remembring with themselues, that it was likely the next day, the Lords would proceed against those they had imprisoned; They imployed the rest of the night in writing vnto them, with such earnestnesse as the matter required, but in such stiles as the state of their thoughts was apt to fashion. In the meane time, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were recommended to so strong a guard, as they might well see it was meant, they should pay no lesse price then their liues, for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeede, (fortifying courage with the true Rampier of patience) did so endure, as they did rather appeare gouernours of necessitie, then seruants to fortune. The whole summe of their thoughts resting vpon the safetie of their Ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein (if at all) their hearts did seeme to receiue some softnesse. For sometimes *Musidorus* would feele such a motion to his friend, and his vnworthy case, that hee would fall into such kind speeches. My *Pyrocles*, would hee say, how vnhappy may I thinke *Thessalia*, that hath beene as it were the middle way to this euill estate of yours? For if you had not beene there brought vp, the Sea should not haue had this power, thus to seuer you from your deare father. I haue therefore, (if complaints do at any time become a mans heart) most cause to complaine, since my countrie, which receiued the honour of *Pyrocles* education, should bee a step to his ouerthrow, if humane chances can bee counted an ouerthrow to him, that standes vpon vertue. Oh excellent *Musidorus*, answered *Pyrocles*, how doe you teach mee rather; to fall out with my selfe, and my fortune, since by you I haue receiued all good you onely by me this affliction? to you and your vertuous mother, I in my tendrest yeares, and fathers greatest troubles, was sent for succour. There did I learne the sweete mysteries of Philosophie; there had I your liuely example to confirme that which I learned; there lastly had I your friendship, which no vnhappinesse can euer make mee say, but that hath made mee happie. Now see how my destinie (the gods know) not my will, hath rewarded you: my father sendes

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for you away out of your land, whence but for mee you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my loue not yours, which firſt ſtayed you here; and therfore if the heauens euer held a iuſt proportion, it were I and not you, that ſhould feele the ſmart. O blame not the heauens, ſweete *Pyrocles*, ſaid *Muſidorus*, as their courſe neuer alters, ſo is there nothing done by the vnreachable ruler of them, but hath an euerlaſting reaſon for it. And to ſay the truth of theſe things, wee ſhould deale vngratefully with nature, if we ſhould be forgetfull receiuers of her gift, and diligent Auditors of the chaunces we like not. Wee haue liued, and haue liued to be good to our ſelues, and others: our ſoules which are put into the ſtirring earth of our bodies, haue atchieued the cauſes of their thither comming: they haue known, and honoured with knowledge, the cauſe of their creation, and to many men (for in this time, place, and fortune, it is lawfull for vs to ſpeake gloriouſly) it hath beene behouefull, that we ſhould liue. Since then eternitie is not to be had in this coniunction, what is to be loſt by the ſeparation, but time? which ſince it hath his end, when that is once come, all what is paſt is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Doe not mee therefore that wrong, (who ſomething in yeares, but much in all other deſerts, am fitter to die then you) as to ſay, you haue brought me to any euill: ſince the loue of you, doth ouer ballance all bodily miſchiefes, and thoſe miſchiefes be but miſchiefes to the baſer mindes, too much delighted with the kennell of this life. Neither will I any more yeeld to my paſsion of lamenting you, which howſoeuer it might agree to my exceeding friendſhip, ſurely it would nothing to your exceeding vertue. Adde this to your noble ſpeech my deare couſin, ſaid *Pyrocles*, that if wee complaine of this our fortune, or ſeeme to our ſelues faultie, in hauing one hurt the other, wee ſhew a repentance of the loue we beare to theſe matchleſſe creatures, or at leaſt a doubt, it ſhould be ouer dearely bought, which for my part (and ſo dare I anſwere for you) I call all the Gods to witneſſe, I am ſo farre from, that no ſhame, no torment, no death, would make mee forgo the leaſt part of the inward honour, eſſentiall pleaſure, and liuing life, I haue enioyed in the preſence of the faultleſſe *Philoclea*. Take the preheminence in all things, but in true louing, anſwered *Muſidorus*, for the confeſsion of that no death ſhall get of me. Of that, anſwered *Pyrocles* ſoberly ſmiling, I perceiue wee ſhall haue a debate in the other world, if at leaſt there remaine any thing of remembrance in that place. I doe not thinke the contrarie, ſaid *Muſidorus*, although you know, it is greatly held, that with the death of bodie and ſenſes (which are not onely the beginning, but dwelling and nouriſhing of paſsions, thoughts and imaginations) they failing, memorie likewiſe failes, which riſeth only out of them: & then is there left nothing, but the intellectuall part or intelligence, which void of all morall vertues, which ſtand in the meane of perturbations, doth only liue in the contemplatiue vertue, and power of the omnipotent good, the ſoule of ſoules, and vniuerſall life of this great worke, & therfore is vtterly void from the poſsibility of drawing to it ſelfe theſe ſenſible conſiderations. Certainly, anſwered *Pyrocles*, I eaſily yeeld, that we ſhall not know one another, and much leſſe theſe paſſed things, with a ſenſible or paſsionate knowledge. For the cauſe being taken away, the effects follow. Neyther do I thinke, we ſhall haue ſuch a memory, as now we haue, which is but a relick of the ſenſes, or rather a print the ſenſes haue left of things paſt in our thoughts, but it ſhall be a vitall power of that very intelligence; which as while it was here, it held the chiefe ſeate of our life, & was as it were the laſt reſort, to which of all our knowledges, the higheſt appeale came, and ſo by that meanes was neuer ignorant of our actions, though manyt imes rebelliouſly reſiſted, alwayes with this priſon darkned:

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so much more being free of that prison, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but bee a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both present and passed, though voide of imagining to it selfe any thing; but euen growne like to his Creator hath all things, with a spirituall knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for vs to conceiue, as it was for vs, when wee were in our mothers wombes, to comprehend (if any bodie would haue told vs) what kind of light wee now in this life see, what kinde of knowledge wee now haue: yet now wee doe not onely feele our present being, but wee conceiue what wee were before wee were borne, though remembrance make vs not doe it, but knowledge, and though wee are vtterly without any remorse of any miserie wee might then suffer. Euen such and much more oddes, shall there be at that second deliuerie of ours; when voide of sensible memory, or memoratiue passion, wee shall not see the coloures, but lifes of all things that haue beene or can bee: and shall (as I hope) know our friendship, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendship, hauing both vnited it, and our selues, in that high and heauenly loue of the vnquenchable light. As hee had ended his speech, *Musidorus* looking with a heauenly ioy vpon him, sang this song vnto him, hee had made before loue turned his muse to another subiect.

SInce natures workes be good, and death doth serue
As natures worke: why should we feare to die?
Since feare is vaine, but when it may preserue,
Why should we feare that, which we cannot flie?

Feare is more paine then is the paine it feares,
Disarming humane mindes of natiue might:
While each conceit an ougly figure beares.
Which were not euill well view'd in reasons light.

Our only eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,
And scarce discerne the dawne of camming day,
Let them be cleerde, and now begin to see,
Our life is but a step in dustie way.
Then let vs hold the blisse of peacefull minde,
Since this we feele, great losse we cannot find.

Thus did they like quiet Swannes, sing their owne obsequies, and vertuously enable their mindes against all extremities, which they did thinke would fall vpon them, especially resoluing, that the first care they would haue, should be by taking the fault vpon themselues, to cleare the two Ladies, of whose case (as of nothing else that happened) they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly hoste, the honest gentleman *Kalander*, seeking all meanes how to helpe them, had endeuoured to speake with them, & to make them know who should be their iudge. But the curious seruant of *Philanax* forbad him the entrie, vpon paine of death. For so it was agreed vpon, that no man should haue any conference with them, for feare of new tumults. In somuch that *Kalander* was constrained to retire himselfe, hauing yet obtained thus much, that hee would deliuer vnto the two Princes their apparell and iewels, which being left with him at *Mantinea* (wisely considering that their disguised weedes which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in

the ſight of the iudges) he had that night ſent for, & now brought vnto them. They accepted their owne, with great thankfullneſſe, knowing from whence it came, and attired themſelues in it againſt the next day, which being indeed rich and Princely, they accordingly determined to maintaine the names of *Palladius* and *Diaphantus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gaue they themſelues to conſider, in what ſort they might defend their cauſes, for they thought it no leſſe vaine to wiſh death, then cowardly to feare it, till ſomething before morning, a ſmall ſlumber taking them, they were by and by after called vp to come to the anſwere, of no leſſe then their liues imported. But in this ſort was the iudgement ordered. As ſoone as the morning had taken a full poſſeſſion of the Element, *Euarchus* called vnto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the middeſt of the greene, (before the chiefe lodge) the throne of iudgement ſeate, in which *Baſilius* was wont to ſit, and according to their cuſtomes, was euer caried with the Prince. For *Euarchus* did wiſely conſider, the people to bee naturally taken with exterior ſhewes, farre more then with inward conſideration of the materiall points. And therefore in this new entrie into ſo entangled a matter, hee would leaue nothing which might be eyther an armour or ornament vnto him, and in theſe pompous ceremonies hee well knew a ſecret of gouernement much to conſiſt. That was performed by the diligent *Philinax*, and therein *Euarchus* did ſet himſelfe all cloathed in blacke, with the principall men, who could in that ſuddenneſſe prouide themſelues of ſuch mourning rayments; The whole people commaunded to keepe an orderly ſilence of each ſide, which was duly obſerued of them, partly for the deſire they had to ſee a good concluſion of theſe matters, and partly ſtriken with admiration, aſwell at the graue and Princely preſence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatneſſe of the cauſe, which was then to come in queſtion. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would haue done him the honour to ſit by him, but hee excuſed himſelfe, deſiring to bee the accuſer of the priſoners in his maſters behalfe; and therefore ſince hee made himſelfe a partie, it was not conuenient for him to ſit in the iudiciall place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the two yong Ladies ſhould bee brought forth in open preſence: but that was ſtopped by *Philanax*, whoſe loue and faith, did deſcend from his maiſter to his children, and only deſired, the ſmart ſhould light vpon the others, whom hee thought guiltie of his death and diſhonour, alledging for this, that neither wiſedome would they ſhould bee brought in preſence of the people, which might hereupon grow to new vprores nor iuſtice required they ſhould be drawne to any ſhame, till ſome bodie accuſed them. And as for *Pamela*, he proteſted the lawes of *Arcadia*, would not allow any iudgement of her, although ſhe herſelfe were to determine nothing till age or mariage enabled her. Then the kings bodie being layd vpon a Table, iuſt before *Euarchus*, & all couered ouer with blacke, the priſoners, namely the Queene and two yong Princes, were ſent for to appeare in the protectors name: which name was the cauſe they came not to knowledge, how neare a kinſman was to iudge of them, but thought him to be ſome nobleman, choſen by the Country, in this extremitie. So extraordinarie a courſe had the order of the heauens produced at this time, that both nephew & ſonne, were not only priſoners, but vnknown to their vncle and father, who of many yeares had not ſeene them. And *Pyrocles* was to plead for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had ſaued the Kings life. But firſt was *Gynecia* led forth, in the ſame weedes that the day & night before ſhe had worne, ſauing that in ſtead of *Zelmanes* garment in which ſhe was found, ſhe had caſt on a long cloak, which reached to the ground, of ruſſet courſe cloath, with a poore felt hat, which almoſt couered all her face,

face, moſt part of her goodly haire (on which her hands had layd many a ſpitefull hold) ſo lying vpon her ſhoulders, as a man might well ſee, had no artificiall careleſneſſe. Her eyes downe on the ground, of purpoſe not to looke on *Pyrocles* face: which ſhee did not ſo much ſhun, for the vnkindneſſe ſhee conceiued of her owne ouerthrow, as for the feare, thoſe motions in this ſhort time of her life, ſhould be reuiued, which ſhee had with the paſſage of infinit ſorrowes mortified. Great was the compaſſion the people felt, to ſee their Princeſſe ſtate, and beautie ſo deformed by fortune and her owne deſert, whom they had euer found a Lady moſt worthy of all honour. But by and by the ſight of the other two priſoners drew moſt of the eyes to that ſpectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Sympathus*, clothed after the Greeke manner, in a long coate of white veluet, reaching to the ſmall of his legge, with great buttons of Diamonds all along vpon it: His necke without any coller, not ſo much as hidden with a ruffe, did paſſe the whitneſſe of his garments, which was not much in faſhion vnlike to the crimſon rayment our Knights of the order firſt put on. On his feete hee had nothing but ſlippers, which, after the ancient maner, weret yed vp with certaine laces, which were faſtned vnder his knee, hauing wrapped about (with many prettie knots) his naked legges. His faire auberne haire (which he ware in great length, and gaue at that time a delightfull ſhew, with being ſturd vp and downe with the breath of a gentle wind) had nothing vpon it, but white Ribbin, in thoſe dayes vſed for a Diademe. Which rouled once or twiſe about the vppermoſt part of his forehead, fell downe vpon his backe, cloſed vp at each end with the richeſt pearle were to be ſeene in the world. After him followed another Nobleman, guiding the noble *Muſidorus*, who had vpon him a long cloake, after the faſhion of that which wee call the Apoſtles mantle, made of purple Satten; not that purple which we now haue, and is but a counterfeit of the *Getulian* purple (which yet was farre the meaner in price and eſtimation) but of the right *Tyrian* purple, which was neareſt to a colour betwixe our murry & ſcarlet. On his head, which was blacke and curled, he ware a *Perſian Tiara*, all ſet downe with rowes of ſo rich Rubies, as they were inough to ſpeake for him, that they had to iudge of no meane perſonage.

In this ſort with erected countenances, did theſe vnfortunate Princes ſuffer themſelues to bee ledde, ſhewing a right, by the compariſon of them and *Gynecia*, how to diuers perſons compaſſion is diuerſly to bee ſtirred. For as to *Gynecia*, a Lady knowne of great eſtate, and greately eſteemed, the more miſerable repreſentation was made of her ſudden ruine, the more mens hearts were forced to bewaile ſuch an euident witneſſe of weake humanitie: ſo to theſe men, not regarded becauſe vnknowne, but rather (beſides the deteſtation of their fact) hated as ſtrangers, the more they ſhould haue fallen downe in an abiect ſemblance, the more in ſteede of compaſsion they ſhould haue gotten contempt: but therefore, were to vſe (as I may terme it) the more violence of magnanimitie, and ſo to conquer the expectation of the lookers with an extraordinarie vertue. And ſuch effect indeede it wrought in the whole aſſembly, their eyes yet ſtanding as it were in ballance to whether of them they ſhould moſt direct their ſight. *Muſidorus* was in ſtature ſo much higher then *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one yeares growth. His face now beginning to haue ſome tokens of a beard, was compoſed to a kinde of manlike beautie. His colour was of a well pleaſing browneneſſe, and the features of it ſuch, as they caried both delight and maieſtie: his countenance ſeuere, and promiſing a minde much giuen to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of ſuch a chearefull fauour, as might ſeeme either a womans face in a boy, or an excellent boyes face in

a woman His looke gentle and baſhfull, which bred the more admiration, hauing ſhewed ſuch notable proofes of courage. Laſtly, though both had both, if there were any oddes, *Muſidorus* was the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more louely. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* ſaw himſelfe ſo farre forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voice ſhould bee heard, miſdoubting their intention to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, (of whom hee was more carefull then of his owne life,) euen as he went (though his leader ſought to interrupt him) hee thus with a lowde voice ſpake vnto them. And is it poſsible ô *Arcadians*, ſaid hee, that you can forget the naturall dutie you owe to your Princeſſe *Pamela*? hath this ſoyle beene ſo little beholding to her noble Aunceſters? hath ſo long a time rooted no ſurer loue in your hearts to that line? Where is that faith to your Princes bloud, which hath not onely preſerued you from all dangers heretofore, but hath ſpread your fame to all the nations in the world? Where is that iuſtice the *Arcadians* were wont to flouriſh in, whoſe nature is to render to euery one his owne? Will you now keepe the right from your Prince, who is the onely giuer of iudgement, the key of iuſtice, and life of your lawes? Doe you hope in a few yeares, to ſet vp ſuch another race, which nothing but length of time can eſtabliſh? Will you reward *Baſilius* children with vngratefulneſſe, the very poyſon of manhood? Will you betray your long ſetled reputation, with the fowle name of traytours? Is this your mourning or your Kings death, to encreaſe his loſſe with his daughters miſerie? Imagine your Prince doth looke out of the heauens vnto you, what do you thinke he could wiſh more at your hands then that you doe well by his children? And what more honour I pray you can you doe to his obſequies, then to ſatisfie his ſoule with a liuing memorie, as you doe his body with an vnfelt ſolemnitie? What haue you done with the Princeſſe *Pamela*? *Pamela* the iuſt inheretrix of this Countrey, *Pamela* whom this earth may bee happy, that it ſhall be hereafter ſaid, ſhee was borne in *Arcadia*, *Pamela* in her ſelfe your ornament, in her education your foſter childe, and euery way your onely Princeſſe, what account can you render to your ſelues of her? Truely I doe not thinke that you all know what is become of her: ſo ſoone may a Diamond bee loſt: ſo ſoone may the faireſt light in the world bee put out. But looke, looke vnto it, ô *Arcadians*, bee not ſo wilfully robbed of your greateſt treaſure, make not your ſelues miniſters to priuate ambitions, who doe but vſe your ſelues to put on your owne yokes. Whatſoeuer you determine of vs (who I muſt confeſſe are but ſtrangers) yet let not *Baſilius* daughters be ſtrangers vnto you. Laſtly, howſoeuer you barre her from her publike ſoueraignetie, (which if you do, little may we hope of equitie where rebellion raignes) yet deny not that childes right vnto her, that ſhe may come and do the laſt duties to her fathers bodie. Deny not that happineſſe (if in ſuch a caſe there bee any happineſſe) to your late King, that his body may haue his laſt touch of his deareſt child. With ſuch like broken maner of queſtions and ſpeeches, was *Muſidorus* deſirous as much as in paſſing by them hee could, to moue the people to tender *Pamelas* fortune. But at length, by that they came to the iudgement place, both *Simpathus* and his guider had greatly ſatisfied him, with the aſſurance they gaue him, this aſſembly of people had neither meaning nor power to doe any hurt to the Princeſſe, whom they all acknowledged as their ſoueraigne Ladie. But that the cuſtome of *Arcadia* was ſuch, till ſhee had more yeares, the ſtate of the countrie to be guided by a Protector, vnder whom, hee and his fellow were to receiue their iudgement. That eaſed *Muſidorus* heart of his moſt vehement care, when hee found his beloued Lady to bee out of danger. But *Pyrocles* aſſoone as the

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Queene of the one side, hee and *Musidorus* of the other, were stayed before the seat of of their iudge, (hauing onely for their barre the Table on which the Kings bodie lay) being nothing lesse vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, then *Musidorus* was for *Pamela*, in this sort with a lowly behauiour, and onely then like a suppliant, he spake to the Protector. Pardon mee most honoured Iudge, saith hee, that vncommaunded I begin my speech vnto you, since both to you and mee, these wordes of mine shall bee most necessarie. To you hauing the sacred exercise of iustice in your hand, nothing appertaines more properly, then truth nakedly and freely set downe. To mee, being enuironed round about with many dangerous calamities, what can bee more conuenient, then at least, to bee at peace with my selfe, in hauing discharged my conscience, in a most behouefull verisie. Vnderstand therefore, and truly vnderstand, that the Lady *Philoclea* (to whose vnstained vertue it hath beene my vnspeakeable miserie, that my name should become a blot) if shee bee accused, is most vniustly accused of any dishonourable fact, which by my meanes shee may be thought to haue yeelded vnto. Whatsoeuer hath beene done, hath beene my only attempt, which notwithstanding was neuer intended against her chastitie. But whatsoeuer hath beene informed, was my fault. And I attest the heauens, to blaspheme which I am not now in fit tune, that so much as my comming into her chamber was wholly vnwitting vnto her. This your wisedome may withall consider, if I would lye, I would lye for mine owne behoofe, I am not so old, as to bee weary of my selfe; but the verie sting of my inward knowledge ioyned with the consideration I must needes haue, what an infinite losse it should bee to all those who loue goodnesse in good folkes, if so pure a child of vertue should wrongfully be destroyed, compels me to vse my tongue against my selfe, and receiue the burden of what euill was, vpon mine owne doing. Looke therefore with pitifull eyes vpon so faire beames, and that misfortune which by mee hath fallen vpon her, helpe to repaire it with your publike iudgement, since whosoeuer deales cruelly with such a creature, shewes himselfe a hater of mankinde, and an enuier of the worlds blisse. And this petition I make, euen in the name of iustice, that before you proceed further against vs, I may know how you conceiue of her noble, though vnfortunate action, and what iudgement you will make of it. Hee had not spoken his last word, when all the whole people both of great and low estate, confirmed with an vnited murmur *Pyrocles* demaund, longing (for the loue generally was borne *Philoclea*) to know what they might hope of her. *Euarchus* though neither regarding a prisoners passionate prayer, nor bearing ouerplausible eares to a many headed motion, yet well enough content, to winne their liking with things in themselues indifferent, hee was content: first, to seeke as much as might bee of *Philocleas* behauiour in this matter: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, & but weakely gainsaid by *Philanax* (who had framed both his owne and *Dametas* euidence most for her fauour, and in truth could haue gone no further then coniecture,) yet finding by his wisedome, that shee was not altogether faultlesse, he pronounced, shee should all her life long, bee kept prisoner among certaine women of religion like the *Vestall* Nunnes, so to repay the touched honour of her house, with well obseruing a strict profession of chastitie. Although this were a great preiudicating of *Pyrocles* case, yet was he exceedingly ioyous of it, being assured of his Ladies life; and in the depth of his minde not sory, that what end soeuer hee had, none should obtaine the after enioying that iewell, whereon he had set his liues happinesse. After it was by publike sentence deliuered, what should bee done with the sweete *Philoclea*, the lawes of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the Magistrates

in the nonage of the Prince, could not afterwards bee repealed) *Euarchus* still vsing to himselfe no other name but protector of *Arcadia*, commaunded those that had to say against the Queene *Gynecia* to proceed, because both her estate required shee should bee first heard, and also for that shee was taken to bee the principall in the greater matter they were to iudge of. *Philanax* incontinently stopped forth, and shewing in his greedy eyes, that he did thirst for her bloud, began a well thought on discourse of her (in his iudgement) execrable wickednesse. But *Gynecia* standing vp before the iudge, casting abroad her armes, with her eyes hidden vnder the brodth of her vnseemely hat, laying open in all her gestures the despairefull affliction, to which all the might of her reason was conuerted, with such like words stopped *Philanax*, as hee was entring into his inuective oration. Stay, stay *Philanax*, said shee, doe not defile thy honest mouth, with those dishonourable speeches thou art about to vtter against a woman, now most wretched, lately thy Mistresse. Let either the remembrance how great she was, moue thy heart to some reuerence, or the seeing how low she is, stirre in thee some pitie. It may bee truth doth make thee deale vntruly, and loue of iustice frames vniustice in thee, doe not therefore (neither shalt thou needs) tread vpon my desolate ruines. Thou shalt haue that thou seekest, and yet shalt not be oppressour of her, who cannot choose but loue thee for thy singular faith to thy master. I doe not speake this to procure mercie, or to prolong my life, no no, I say vnto you I will not liue, but I am onely loth, my death should bee engreeued with any wrong thou shouldest doe vnto me. I haue beene too painefull a iudge ouer my selfe, to desire pardon in others iudgement. I haue beene too cruell an executioner of mine owne soule, to desire that execution of iustice should bee stayed for me. Alas, they that know how sorrow can rent the spirits, they that know what fiery hels are contained in a self-condemning mind, need not feare that fear can keepe such a one from desiring to be separated from that which nothing but death can separate. I therefore say to thee (O iust Iudge) that I and onely I, was the worker of *Basilius* death. They were these handes that gaue vnto him that poysonous potion that hath brought death to him, and losse to *Arcadia*; it was I and none but I, that hastned his aged yeares to an vnnaturall end, and that haue made all his people orphans of their royall father. I am the subiect that haue killed my Prince, I am the wife that haue murdred my husband, I am a degenerate woman, an vndoer of this countrey, a shame of my children. What wouldest thou haue said more, oh *Philanax*? and all this I graunt, there resteth then nothing else to say, but that I desire you, you will appoint quickely some to rid mee of my life, rather then these hands, which else are destined vnto it, and that indeede it may be done with such speed as I may not long die in this life, which I haue in so great horrour: with that shee crossed her armes, and sate downe vpon the ground, attending the Iudges answere. But a great while it was, before any bodie could bee heard speake, the whole people concurring in a lamentable crie, so much had *Gynecias* wordes and behauiour stirred their hearts to a dolefull compassion, neither in troath could most of them in their iudgements tell, whether they should bee more sorie for her fault or her miserie: for the losse of her estate, or losse of her vertue. But most were most moued with that which was vnder their eyes, the sense most subiect to pitie. But at length the reuerent awe they stood in of *Euarchus*, brought them to a silent wayting his determination, who hauing well considered the abhomination of the fact, attending more the manifest proofe of so horrible a trespasse, confessed by her selfe, & proued by others, then any thing relenting to those tragicall phrases of hers (apter to stirre a vulgar pitie, then his minde, which hated euill,

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in what colours so euer shee found it) hauing considered a while with the principall men of the countrey, and demaunded their allowance, hee definitiuely gaue this sentence. That whereas both in priuate and publike respects, this woman had most haynously offended, (in priuate, because mariage being the most holy coniunction that fals to mans kind, out of which all families, and so consequently all societies doe proceede, which not onely by communitie of goods, but communitie of children, is to knit the mindes in a most perfect vnion, which who so breakes dissolues all humanitie: no man hauing free from the danger of so neare a neighbour, shee had not onely broken it, but broken it with death, and the most pretended death that might bee: In publike respect, the Princes persons, being in all monarchall gouernments the very knot of the peoples welfare, and light of all their doings, to which they are not onely in conscience, but in necessitie bound to be loyall, shee had trayterously empoysoned him, neither regarding her countries profite, her owne dutie, nor the rigor of the lawes.) That therefore, as well for the due satisfaction to eternall iustice and accomplishment of the *Arcadian* statutes, as for the euerlasting example to all wiues and subiects, shee should presently be conueyed to close prison, and there kept with such foode as might serue to sustaine her aliue, vntill the day of her husbands buriall, at which time, she should bee buried quicke, in the same combe with him: that so his murder might bee a murder to her selfe, and shee forced to keepe company with the body from which shee had made so detestable a seuerance, and lastly death might redresse their disioyned coniunction of mariage. His iudgement was receiued of the whole assembly, as not withdisliking, so with great astonishment, the greatnesse of the matter and person as it were ouerpressing the might of their conceits. But when they did set it to the beame, with the monstrousnesse of her ougly misdeede, they could not but yeeld in their hearts, there was no ouerballancing. As for *Gynecia*, who had already seiled her thoughts, not onely to looke but long for this euent, hauing in this time of her vexation, found a sweetnesse in the rest she hoped by death, (with a countenance witnessing shee had beforehand so passed through all the degrees of sorrow, that shee had no new looke to figure forth any more) rase vp, and offered forth her faire handes to bee bound or led as they would, being indeede troubled with no part of this iudgement, but that her death was as shee thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it, conueyed her to the place she was in before, where the guard was releeued, and the number encreased to keepe her more sure for the time of her execution: None of them all that led her, though most of them were such, whose hearts had beene long hardened with the often exercising such offices, being able to barre teares from their eyes, and other manifest tokens of compassionate sorrow. So goodly a vertue is a resolute constancie, that euen in euill deseruers, it seemes that parte might haue beene notably well deseruing. Thus the excellent Lady *Gynecia*, hauing passed fiue and thirtie yeares of her age, euen to the admiration of her beautifull mind & body, and hauing not in her owne knowledge, euer spotted her soule with any wilfull vice, but her immoderate loue of *Zelmane*, was brought first by the violence of that ill answered passion, and then by the despairing conceit shee tooke of the iudgement of God in her husbands death and her owne fortune, purposely to ouerthrow her selfe, and confirme by a wrong confession, that abhominable shame, which with her wisedome, ioyned to the trueth, perhaps shee might haue resisted. Then did *Euarchus* aske *Philanax*, whether it were hee that would charge the two young prisoners, or that some other should doe it, and hee sit, according to his estate, as an assistant in the iudgement. *Philanax* told him as before hee had done, that hee thought no

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man could lay manifest the naughtinesse of those two young men, with so much either truth or zeale as himselfe, and therefore he desired he might doe this last seruice to his faithfully beloued master, as to prosecute the trayterous causers of his death and dishonour, which being done, for his part he meant to giue vp all dealing in publicke affaires, since that man was gone who had made him loue them. *Philanax* thus being ready to speake, the two Princes were commaunded to tell their names, who answered according to their agreements, that they were *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*, & *Palladius* Prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had said, they demanded to know by what authoritie they could iudge of them, since they were not onely forreners and so not borne vnder their lawes, but absolute Princes, and therefore not to be touched by lawes. But answere was presently made them, that *Arcadia* lawes were to haue their force vpon any were found in *Arcadia*: since strangers haue scope to know the customes of a country, before they put themselues in it: & when they once are entred, they must know, that what by many was made, must not for one bee broken. And so much lesse for a stranger, as hee is to looke for no priuiledge in that place, to which in time of needs, his seruice is not to be expected. As for their being Princes, whether they were so or no, the beleefe stoode in their owne wordes, which they had so diuersely falsified, as they did not deserue beleefe. But whatsoeuer they were, *Arcadia* was to acknowledge them but as priuate men, since they were neither by magistracie nor alliance to the princely bloud, to claime any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended, (which now by the plaintife and their defence was to be iudged) against the lawes of nations; by the lawes of nations they were to be chastised: if against the peculiar ordinances of the prouince, those peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The Princes stoode awhile vpon that, demanding leasure to giue perfect knowledge of their greatnesse; but when they were answered, that in a case of a Princes death, the law of that country had euer beene, that immediate triall should bee had: they were forced to yeelde, resolued that in those names, they would as much as they could, couer the shame of their royall parentage, and keepe as long as might bee (if euill were determined against them) the euill newes from their carefull himselfe, wherein the chiefe man they considered was *Euarchus*: whom the strange and secret working of iustice had brought to be the iudge ouer them, in such a shaddow, or rather pit of darkenesse, the wormish mankind liues, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare: & are like tenisbals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both sides ready, it was determined, because their cases were separated, first *Philanax* should bee heard against *Pyrocles*, whom they termed *Daiphantus*, and that heard, the others cause should follow, and so receiue together such iudgement, as they should be found to haue deserued. But *Philanax* that was euen short breathed at the first, with the extreme vehemencie he had to speake against them, stroking once or twise his forehead, and wiping his eyes, (which either wept, or hee would at that time haue them seeme to weepe,) looking first vpon *Pyrocles*, as if hee had proclaimed all hatefulnesse against him, humbly turning to *Euarchus*, (who with quiet grauitie, shewed great attention) he thus began his oration. That which all men, who take vpon them to accuse another, are wont to desire (most worthy Protector) to haue many proofes of faults in them they seeke to haue condemned: that is to me in this present action, my greatest comber, & annoyance. For the number is so great, and the qualitie so monstrous, of the enormities this wretched yong man hath committed, that neither I in my selfe, can tell where to begin (my thoughts being confused with the horrible multitude of them) neither doe I thinke

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your vertuous eares will bee able to endure the report: but will rather imagine, you heare some tragedy inuented of the extremity of wickednesse, then a iust recitall of a wickednes indeede committed: for such is the disposition of the most sincere iudgements, that as they can beleeue meane faultes, and such as mans nature may slide into, so when they passe to a certaine degree, nay when they passe all degrees of vnspeakeable naughtinesse, then finde they in themselues a hardnesse to giue credit that humane creatures can so from all humanity be transformed. But in my self, the strength of my faith to my dead master will helpe the weakenesse of my memorie; in you, your excellent loue of iustice will force you to vouchsafe attention: and as for the matter, it is so manifest, so pitifull euidences lye before your eyes of it, that I shall need to be but a briefe recounter, & no rhetoricall enlarger of this most harmfull mischiefe. I will therfore, in as few words, as so huge a trespasse can be conteined, deliuer vnto you the summe of this miserable fact: leauing out a great number of particular tokens of his naughtinesse, & onely touching the essentiall points of this dolefull case. This man, whom to begin withall I know not how to name, since being come into this countrie, vnaccompanied like a lost pilgrime, from a man grew a woman, from a woman a rauisher of women, thence a prisoner, and now a Prince: But this *Zelmane*, this *Diaphantus*, this what you will, (for any shape or title he can take vpon him, that hath no restraint of shame) hauing vnderstood the solitarie life my late master liued, and considering how open he had layd himselfe to any trayterous attempt, for the first maske of his falsehood, disguised himselfe like a woman: which being the more simple and hurtlesse sexe, might easlier hide his subtle harmefulnesse. And presenting himselfe to my master, the most curteous Prince that liued, was receiued of him with so great graciousnesse, as might haue bound not onely any grateful minde, but might haue mollified any enemies rancour. But this venimous serpent, admitted thus into his bosome, as contagion will easily find a fit body for it, so had he quickly falne into so near acquaintãce with this naughty woman, whom euẽ now you haue most iustly cõdemned, that this was her right hand, she saw with no eyes but his, nor seemed to haue any life but in him, so glad she was to finde one more cunning then her selfe, in couering wickednesse with a modest vaile. What is to be thought passed betwixt two such vertuous creatures, wherof the one hath confessed murther, & th'other rape, I leaue to your wise cõsideration. For my hart hastẽs to the miserable point of *Basilius* murder, for the executing of which with more facilitie, this yong nymph of *Dianas* bringing vp, fained certaine rites she had to performe: so furious an impiety had caried him from all remẽbrance of goodnes, that he did not onely not feare the gods, as the beholders and punishers of so vngodly a villany, but did blasphemously vse their sacred holy name, as a minister vnto it. And forsooth a caue here by was chosen, for the temple of his deuotions, a Caue of such darkenesse, as did prognosticate, hee meant to please the infernall powers, for there this accursed caytife, vpon the altar of falshood, sacrificed the life of the vertuous *Basilius*. By what meanes he trained him thither, alas I know not, for if I might haue knowne it, either my life had accompanied my master, or this fellowes death had preserued him. But this may suffice, that in the mouth of this Caue, where this traytor had his lodging and chappell, when already master shepheard his companion had conueyed away the vndoubted inheretrix of this countrey, was *Gynecia* found by the dead corps of her husband, newly empoysoned, apparelled in the garments of the young Ladie, and readie no question to haue fled to some place, according to their consort, but that shee was by certaine honest sheepheards arrested: while in the meane time, because there should bee left no reuenger of this bloudie mischiefe,

chiefe, this noble *Amazon* was violently gotten into the chamber of the Lady *Philoclea*, where by the mingling (as much as in him lay) of her ſhame with his miſdeed, he might inforce her to be acceſſary to her fathers death, & vnder the countenance of her and her ſiſter (againſt whom they knew wee would not rebell) ſeaz as it were with one gripe into their trecherous hands, the regiment of this mightie prouince. But the almighty eie preuẽted him of the end of his miſchief, by vſing a villain *Dametas* his hand to incloſe him in there, wher with as much fortificatiõ as in a houſe could be made, he thought himſelfe in moſt ſecuritie. Thus ſee you moſt iuſt iudge, a ſhort and ſimple ſtory of the infamous miſerie falne vpon this country. Indeede infamous, ſince by an effeminate man, wee ſhould ſuffer a greater ouerthrow, then our mightieſt enemies haue been euer able to lay vpon vs. And that all this, which I haue ſaid is moſt manifeſt, aſwell of the murdering of *Baſilius*, as the rauiſhing of *Philoclea* (for thoſe two parts I eſtabliſh of my accuſation) who is of ſo incredulous a minde, or rather who will ſo ſtoppe his eyes from ſeeing a thing clearer then the light, as not to hold for aſſured ſo palpable a matter. For to begin with his moſt cruell miſdeed, is it to be imagined, that *Gynecia* (a woman though wicked, yet witty) would haue attempted & atchieued an enterpriſe, no leſſe hazardous then horrible, without hauing ſome counſellor in the beginning, and ſome comforter in the performing? Had ſhee, who ſhewed her thoughts were ſo ouerruled with ſome ſtrange deſire, as in deſpite of God, nature and womanhoode, to execute that in deeds, which in words wee cannot heare without trembling? had ſhee I ſay no practiſe to lead her vnto it? Or had ſhee a practiſe without conſpiracie? Or could ſhee conſpire without ſome bodie to conſpire with? And if one were, who ſo likely as this, to whom ſhee communicated I am ſure her minde, the world thinkes her bodie? Neither let her wordes taking the whole fault vpon her ſelfe, bee hereín any thing auaileable. For to thoſe perſons who haue vomited out of their ſoules all remnants of goodneſſe, there reſts a certaine pride in euill, and hauing elſe no ſhadow of glorie left them, they glory to bee conſtant in iniquitie, and that God knowes muſt bee held out to the laſt gaſpe, without reuealing their accomplices; As thinking great courage is declared in being neither affeard of the heauens, nor aſhamed of the world. But let *Gynecias* action die with her ſelfe, what can all the earth anſwer for his comming hither? Why alone, if hee bee a Prince? How ſo richly iewelled if hee bee not a Prince? Why then a woman if now a man? Why now *Diaphantus*, if then *Zelmane*? Was all this play for nothing, or if it had an end, what end but the end of my deare maiſter? Shall wee doubt ſo many ſecrete conferences with *Gynecia*, ſuch fained fauour to the ouer-ſoone beguiled *Baſilius*, a Caue made a lodging, and the ſame lodging made a temple of his religion, laſtly ſuch changes and trecheries, as a quiet Poet could ſcarce fill a poeme withall, were directed to any leſſe ſcope then to this monſtrous murder? O ſnakie ambition, which can winde thy ſelfe to ſo many figures, to ſlide thither thou deſireſt to come! O corrupted reaſon of mankinde, that can yeelde to deforme thy ſelfe with ſo filthy deſires! And ô hopeleſſe bee thoſe mindes, whom ſo vnnaturall deſires doe not with their owne ouglineſſe ſufficiently terrifie! But yet euen of fauour let vs graunt him thus much more, as to fancie that in theſe foretold things, fortune might bee a great Actor, perchance to an euill end yet to a leſſe euill end all theſe entangled deuiſes were entended. But I beſeech your Ladiſhippe, my Ladie *Diaphantus*, tell mee what excuſe can you finde for the changing your lodging with the Queene, that verie inſtant ſhee was to finiſh her execrable practiſe? How can you cloke the lending of your cloake vnto her, was all that by chance too? Had

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the starres sent such an influence vnto you, as you should be iust weary of your lodging and garments, when our Prince was destenied to the slaughter? What say you to this, ô shamefull and shameless creature? fit indeede to bee the dishonour of both sexes. But alas, I spend too many words in so manifest and so miserable a matter. They must bee foure wilde horses (which according to our lawes are the executioners of men which murder our Prince) which must decide this question with you. Yet see so farre had my zeale to my beloued Prince transported mee, that I had almost forgotten my second part, and his second abhomination, I meane his violence offered to the Lady *Philoclea*: wherwith as if it had wel become his womanhood, he came brauing to the iudgment seate: indeed our lawes appoint not so cruell a death (although death too) for this fact as for the other. But whosoeuer wel wayes it, shall finde it sprong out of the same fountaine of mischieuous naughtinesse, the killing of the father, dishonouring the mother, and rauishing the childe. Alas could not so many benefits receiued of my Prince, the iustice of nature, the right of hospitalitie, bee a bridle to thy lust, if not to thy crueltie? Or if thou hadst as surely thou hast) a heart recompensing goodnesse with hatred, could not his death, which is the last of reuenges, satisfie thy malice, but thou must heape vpon it the shame of his daughter? Were thy eyes so stonie, thy breast so tygrish, as the sweete and beautifull shewes of *Philocleas* vertue did not astonish thee? O woefull *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankind curtisan, shall euer bee remembred as a procurer of thy greatest losse! But too farre I find my passion, yet honest passion hath guided mee; the cause is euery way too too much vnanswerable. It resteth in you ô excellent protector to pronounce iudgement, which if there bee hope that such a yong man may proue profitable to the world, who in the first exercise of his owne determination, farre passed the arranteſt strumpet in luxuriousnesse, the cunningest forger in falsehood, a player in disguising, a Tyger in crueltie, a Dragon in ingratefulnesse, let him be preserued like a iewel, to do greater mischiefe. If his youth be not more defiled with trechery, then the eldest mans age, let I say his youth be some cause of compassion. If he haue not euery way sought the ouerthrow of humane societie, if he haue done any thing like a Prince, let his naming himselfe a Prince, breede a reuerence of his base wickednesse. If hee haue not broken all the lawes of hospitalitie, and broken them in the most detestable degree that can be, let his being a guest, be a sacred protection of his more then sauage doings: or if his whorish beautie, haue not beene as the highway of his wickednesse, let the picture drawn vpon so poysonous a wood, be reserued to shew how greatly colours can please vs. But if it is as it is, what should I say more, a very spirit of hellish naughtinesse; if his act bee to be punished, and his defiled person not to bee pitied, then restore vnto vs our Prince, by duly punishing his murderers, for then wee shall thinke him and his name to liue, when wee shall see his killers to die. Restore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her dishonour, and thinke that at this day, in this matter are the eyes of the world vpon you, whether any thing can sway your minde from a true administration of iustice. Alas though I haue much more to say, I can say no more, for my teares & sighes interrupt my speech, & force me to giue my selfe ouer to my priuate sorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had vttered the vttermost of his malice, hee made sorrow the cause of his conclusion. But while *Philanax* was in the course of his speech, and did with such bitter reproches defame the Princely *Pyrocles*, it was well to bee seene, his heart was vnused to beare such iniuries, and his thoughts such, as could arme themselues better against any thing then shame. For sometimes blushing, his bloud with diuerse motions

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comming and going, sometimes closing his eyes, and laying his hand ouer them, sometimes giuing such a looke to *Philanax*, as might shew he assured himselfe hee durst not so haue spoken if they had beene in indifferent place: with some impatiencie he bare the length of his oration: which being ended, with as much modest humblenesse to the Iudge, as despitefull scorne to the accuser, with wordes to this purpose he defended his honour.

My accusers tale, may well beare witnesse with mee, most rightfull Iudge, in how hard a case, and inuironed with how many troubles, I may esteeme my selfe. For if he, who shewes his tongue is not vnacquainted with rayling, was in an agony in the beginning of his speech, with the multitude of matters he had to lay vnto me, wherein notwithstanding the most euill could fall vnto him, was, that hee should not do so much euill as he would; how combted do you thinke may I acknowledge my selfe, who in things no lesse importing then my life, must bee mine owne aduocate, without leasure to answere, or foreknowledge what should bee obiected? In things I say promoted with so cunning confusion, as hauing mingled trueths with falsehoods, surmises with certainties, causes of no moment with matters capitall, scolding with complayning, I can absolutely neither grant nor denie, neither can I tell, whether I come hither to be iudged, or before iudgement to be punished, being compelled to beare such vnworthy words, farre more grieuous then any death vnto me. But since the forme of this gouernment, allowes such tongue-libertie vnto him, I will picke aswell as I can out of his inuectiue those few pointes, which may seeme of some purpose in the touching of me, hoping that by your easie hearing of me, you will shew, that though you hate euill, yet you wish men may proue themselues not euill; so in that he hath said, you will not way so much what he hath said, as what he hath proued, remembring, that truth is simple and naked, and that if hee had guided himselfe vnder that banner, hee needed not out of the way haue sought so vile and false disgraceings of me, enough to make the vntrueſt accusation beleeued. I will therefore, vsing truth as my best eloquence, repeate vnto you as much as I know in this matter, and then by the onely cleareneſſe of the discourse, your wisedome I know will finde the difference betwixt cauilling supposition, and direct declaration. This Prince *Palladius* and I being enflamed with loue, (a passion farre more easily reprehended then refrained) to the two peerlesse daughters of *Basilius*, and vnderstanding, how he had secluded himselfe from the world, that like Princes, there was no accesse vnto him, we disguised our selues, in such formes, as might sooneſt bring vs to the reuealing of our affections. The Prince *Palladius* had such euent of his doings, that with *Pamelas* consent hee was to conuey her out of the thraldome shee liued in, to receiue the subiection of a greater people then her owne, vntill her fathers consent might be obtained. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more loue to the chaste *Philoclea*, then *Basilius* deceiued in my sexe, shewed to me, in somuch that by his importunacie, I could haue no time to obtaine the like fauour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policie I found, taking vnder colour of some deuotions, my logding, to draw *Basilius* thither, with hope to enioy mee: which likewise I reuealed to the Queene, that shee might keepe my place, and so make her husband see his errour. While I in the meane time, being deliuered of them both, & hauing lockt so the dores as I hoped if the immaculate *Philoclea* would condiscend to goe with me, there should bee none to hinder our going, I was made prisoner there, I know not by what meanes, when being repelled by her diuine vertue, I would faineſt haue escaped. Here haue you the thread to guide you in the Labyrinth, this man of his tongue, had made so monstrous. Heere you see the true discourse,

discourse, which he mountebanke-fashion doth make so wide a mouth ouer. Here may you conceiue the reason, why the Queene had my garment, because in her going to the Cane, in the Moone shine night, shee might bee taken for mee, which hee vseth as the knot of all his wise assertions: so that as this double minded fellowes accusations was double, double likewise my answere must perforce bee, to the murther of *Basilius*, and violence offered to the inuiolate *Philoclea*. For the first, O heauenly gods, who would haue thought any mouth could haue beene found so mercenarie, as to haue opened so slight proofes of so horrible matters! His first argument is a question who would imagine that *Gynecia* would accomplish such an Acte, without some accessaries? and if any, who but I? Truely I am so farre from imagining any thing, that till I sawe these mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecias* confession, I neuer imagined the King was dead. And for my part so vehemently, and more like the manner of passionate, then guiltie folkes, I see the Queene persecute her selfe, that I thinke condemnation may goe too hastily ouer her, considering the vnlikelyhood, if not impossibilitie, her wisedome, and vertue so long nourished, should in one moment throw downe it selfe to the vttermost end of wickednesse. But whatsoeuer she hath done (which as I say, I neuer beleeued) yet how vniustly should that aggrauate my fault? She found abroad, I within doores, (for as for the wearing my garment I haue told you the cause) shee seeking as you say to escape, I locking my selfe in a house: without perchance the conspiracie of one poore stranger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the Lodge (as the trimme man alleaged) might make mee hope to resist all *Arcadia*. And see how trecherously hee seekes to draw from mee my chiefest clearing, by preuenting the credit of her words; wherewith shee had wholly taken the fault vpon her selfe. An honest and vnpartiall examiner! her wordes may condemne her, but may not absolue me. Thus voide of all probable allegation, the crauen crowes vpon my affliction, not leauing out any euill, that euer he hath felt in his owne soule, to charge my youth withall. But who can looke for a sweeter breath out of such a stomacke: or for honny from so filthy a Spyder? What should I say more? if, in so inhumane a matter (which hee himselfe confesseth, sincerest iudgements are loathest to beleeue, and in the seuerest lawes proofes clearer then the Sunne are required, his reasons are onely the skumme of a base malice, my answers most manifest, shining in their owne truth) there remaine any doubt of it, because it stands betwixt his affirming and my deniall, I offer, may I desire, and humbly desire I may be granted the triall by combat, wherein let him be armed and me in my shirt, I doubt not Iustice will be my shield, and his heart will shew it selfe as faint as it is false.

Now come I to the second part of my offence towards the yong Lady, which howsoeuer you tearme it, so farre forth as I haue told you, I confesse, and for her sake heartily lament. But if herein I offered force to her, loue offered more force to mee. Let her beautie bee compared to my yeares, and such effects will bee found no miracles. But since it is thus as it is, and that iustice teacheth vs not to loue punishment, but to flye to it for necessitie: the value of her honour (I meane as the world will take it, for else in truth it is most vntouched) must bee my mariage, and not my death, since the one stoppes all mouthes, the other becomes a doubtfull fable. This matter requires no more wordes, and your experience I hope in these cases shall neede no more, for my selfe mee thinkes I haue shewed already too much loue of my life to bestow so many. But certainely, it hath beene loue of trueth which could not beare so vnworthy falshood, and loue of iustice, that would

brooke no wrong to my selfe nor other, and makes me now, euen in that respect, to desire you, to bee mooued rather with pitie at a iust cause of teares, then with bloudie teares this Crocodile spendes, who weepes to procure death, and not to lament death. It will bee no honour to *Basilius* tombe, to haue guiltlesse bloud sprinkled vpon it, and much more may a Iudge ouer-weigh himselfe in crueltie, then in clemencie. It is hard, but it is excellent where it is found, a right knowledge when correction is necessarie, when grace doth more auaile. For mine owne respect, if I thought in wisedome I had deserued death, I would not desire life: for I know nature will condemne me to die, though you doe not; and longer I would not wish to draw this breath, then I may keepe my selfe vnspotted of any horrible crime; onely I cannot, nor euer will denie the loue of *Philoclea*, whose violence wrought violent effects in mee: with that hee finished his speech, casting vp his eyes to the Iudge, and crossing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a resolute patience in whatsoeuer should bee done with him. *Philanax* like a watchfull aduersarie curiously marked all that hee said, sauing that in the beginning he was interrupted by two Letters were brought him from the Princesse *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*: who hauing all that night considered and bewailed their estate, carefull for their mother likewise, of whom they could neuer thinke so much euill, but considering with themselues that she assuredly should haue so due tryall by the lawes, as either shee should not neede their helpe, or should bee past their helpe. They looked to that which neerelieſt touched them, and each wrate in this sorte for him, in whom their liues ioy consisted.

The humble hearted Philoclea *wrate much after this maner.*

"MY Lords, what you will determine of mee, it is to mee vncertaine, but what I haue determined of my selfe I am most certaine, which is no longer to enioy my life, then I may enioy him for my husband, whom the heauens for my highest glory, haue bestowed vpon mee. Those that iudge him, let them execute mee. Let my throate satisfie their hunger of murder. For alas what hath hee done, that had not his originall in me? Looke vpon him I beseech you with indifferencie, and see whether in those eyes all vertue shines not. See whether that face could hide a murder. Take leasure to know him, and then your selues will say, it hath beene too great an inhumanitie, to suspect such excellencie. Are the gods thinke you deceiued in their workemanshippe? Artificers will not vse Marble but to noble vses. Should those powers bee so ouershot, as to frame so precious an image of their owne, but to honourable purposes? O speake with him, ô heare him, ô know him, and become not the putters out of the worlds light. Hope you to ioy my fathers soule, with hurting him hee loued aboue all the world? Shall a wrong suspicion make you forget the certaine knowledge of those benefits, this house hath receiued by him? Alas, alas, let not *Arcadia* for his losse, bee accursed of the whole earth and of all posteritie. Hee is a great Prince, I speake vnto you that which I knowe, for I haue seene most euident testimonies. Why should you hinder my aduancement? who if I haue past my childhood hurtlesse to any of you, if I haue refused no bodie to doe what good I could, if I haue often mitigated my fathers anger, euer sought to maintaine his fauour towards you, nay if I haue held you all as fathers and brothers vnto me, rob me not of more then my life comes vnto. Teare not that which is inseparably ioyned to my soule; but if hee rest misliked of you, (which ô God, how can it bee) yet giue him to mee, let mee haue him, you know I

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pretend no right to your state. Therefore it is but a priuate petition I make vnto » you. Or if you be hard hearted ly bent, to appoint otherwise (which oh sooner let » me die then know) then to end as I began, let me by you be ordered to the same end: » without for more crueltie, you meane to force *Philoclea* to vse her owne hands to » kill one of your Kings children.

Pamelas *Letter (which shee meant to send to the generall assembly of the Arcadian Nobilitie,) (for so closely they were kept, as they were vtterly ignorant of the new taken orders) was thus framed.*

IN such a state my Lords you haue placed me, as I can neither write nor be silent; » for how can I be silent, since you haue left me nothing but my solitarie wordes to » testifie my miserie? and how should I write (for as for speech I haue none but my » Iaylor, that can heare mee) who neither can resolue what to write, nor to whom » to write? What to write is as hard for me to say, as what I may not write, so little » hope haue I of any successe, and so much hath no iniurie beene left vndone to me- » wards. To whom to write, where may I learne, since yet I wot not how to entitle » you? Shall I call you my Soueraignes? set downe your lawes that I may doe you » homage. Shall I fall lower, and name you my fellowes? shew me I beseech you the » Lord and master ouer vs. But shall *Basilius* heire name her selfe your Princesse? » Alas I am your prisoner. But whatsoeuer I bee, or whatsoeuer you bee, ô all you » beholders of these dolefull lines, this doe I signifie vnto you, and signifie it with a » heart that euer shall remaine in that opinion. The good or euill you doe to the ex- » cellent Prince was taken with mee, and after by force from mee, I will euer impute » it as eyther way done to mine owne person. Hee is a Prince, and worthie to be my » husband, and so is hee my husband by mee worthily chosen. Beleeue it, beleeue it, » either you shall bee traytors for murdering of mee, or if you let mee liue, the mur- » derers of him shall smart as traytors. For what doe you thinke I can thinke? Am » I so childish, as not to see, wherein you touch him you condemne mee? Can his » shame bee without my reproch? no nor shall bee, since nothing hee hath done, that » I will not auowe. Is this the comfort you bring mee in my fathers death, to make » mee fuller of shame then sorrow? Would you doe this, if it were not with full » intention to preuent my power with slaughter? And so doe I pray you; it is high » time for mee, to bee wearie of my life too long led, since you are weary of mee, be- » fore you haue me. I say againe, I say it indefinitely vnto you, I will not liue without » him, if it bee not to reuenge him: either doe iustly in sauing both, or wisely in » killing both. If I bee your Princesse, I command his preseruation; if but a priuate » person, then are wee both to suffer. I take all truth to witnesse, hee hath done no » fault but in going with mee. Therefore to conclude, in iudging him you iudge mee, » neither conceiue with your selues, the matter you treate, is the life of a stranger, » though euen in that name hee deserued pitie, nor of a shepheard, to which estate » loue of mee made such a Prince descend, but determine most assuredly, the life that » is in question is of *Pamela*, *Basilius* daughter. »

Many blots had the teares of these sweet Ladies made in their letters, which many times they had altered, many times torne & written a new, euer thinking some thing either wanted, or was too much, or would offend, or which was worst, would breede denall: but at last, the day warned them to dispatch, which they accordingly did, and calling one of their guarde (for no bodie else was suffered to come neere them) with great entreatie, they requested him, that hee would present them

to the principall Noblemen and Gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers fauour, then in any one, vpon whom they would not lay the liues they held so precious. But the fellow trustie to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, deliuered them both to him, (what time *Pyrocles* began to speake) which hee sodainely opened, and seeing to what they tended, by the first wordes, was so farre from publishing them (whereby hee feared in *Euarchus* iust minde, either the Princesses might bee endangered, or the prisoners preserued, of which choise hee knew not which to thinke the worst) that hee would not himselfe reade them ouer, doubting his owne heart might be mollified, so bent vpon reuenge. Therefore vtterly suppressing them, he sent a spitefull care to *Pyrocles*, and assoone as hee had ended, with a very willing heart desired *Euarchus* hee might accept the combate: although it would haue framed but euill with him; *Pyrocles* hauing neuer found any match neere him, besides *Musidorus*. But *Euarchus* made answere, since bodily strength is but a seruant to the minde, it were very barbarous and preposterous, that force should bee made iudge ouer reason. Then would hee also haue replied in words vnto him, but *Euarchus* who knew what they could say, was alreadie said, taking their arguments into his minde, commanded him to proceede against the other prisoner, and that then he would sentence them both together. *Philanax* nothing the milder for *Pyrocles* purging himselfe, but rather (according to the nature of arguing, especially when it is bitter) so much more vehement, entred thus into his speech against *Musidorus*, being so ouer gone with rage that hee forgate in this oration his precise methode of oratorie. Behold most noble Protector, to what a state *Arcadia* is come, since such manner of men, may challenge in combat the faithfullest of the nobilitie, and hauing merited the shamefullest of all deaths, dare name in mariage the Princesses of this countrey. Certainely my masters, I must say, you were much out of taste, if you had not rather enioy such Ladies, then be hangd. But the one you haue as much deserued, as you haue dishonoured the other. But now my speech must bee directed to you good master *Dorus*, who with *Pallas* helpe pardie, are lately growne *Palladius*. Too much this sacred seate of iustice graunts vnto such a fugitiue bondslaue, who in steed of these examinations should be made confesse with a whippe, that which a halter should punish. Are not you hee Sir, whose sheepehooke was prepared to bee our Scepter; in whom lay the knot of all this tragedie? or else perchance, they that should gaine little by it were dealers in the murder, you onely that had prouided the fruites for your selfe, knew nothing of it; knew nothing: hath thy companion heere infected thee with such impudencie, as euen in the face of the world to denie that which all the world perceiueth? The other pleads ignorance, and you I doubt not will allcage absence. But hee was ignorant, when hee was hard by, and you had framed your absence, iust against the time the acte should bee committed, so fit a Lieutenant hee knew hee had left of his wickednesse, that for himselfe his safest meane, was to conuey away the Ladie of vs all, who once out of the countrey, he knew we would come with oliue branches of intercession vnto her, & fall at his feete to beseech him to leaue keeping of sheepe, and vouchsafe the tyrãnizing ouer vs: for to think they are princes, as they say (although in out lawes it behoooueth them nothing) I see it no reason. These iewels certainely with their disguising sleights, they haue pilfred in their vagabounding race. And think you such Princes should be so long without some followers after them? Truly if they be Princes, it manifestly shewes their vertues such, as all their subiects are glad to bee rid of them. But be they as they are, for wee are to consider the matter, & not the men. *Basilius* murder hath bin the cause of their comming, *Basilius* murder

ster they haue most trecherously brought to passe; yet that I doubt not, you will deme as well as your fellow. But how will you deny the stealing away the Princesse of this Prouince, which is no lesse then treason? So notably hath the iustice of the gods prouided for the punishing of these malefactors, as if it were possible, men would not beleeue the certaine euidences of their principall mischiefe, yet haue they discouered themselues sufficiently for their most iust ouerthrow. I say therefore (to omit my chiefe matter of the kings death) this wooluish sheepheard, this counterfeit Prince hath trayterously contrary to his allegeance (hauing made himselfe a seruant and subiect) attempted the depriuing this country of our naturall Princesse: and therefore by all right must receiue the punishment of traytors. This matter is so assured as he himselfe will not denie it, being taken and brought backe in the fact. This matter is so odious in nature, so shameful to the world, so contrary to al lawes, so hurtfull to vs, so false in him, as if I should stand further in declaring or defacing it, I should either shew great doubts in your wisedome, or in your iustice. Therefore I will transferre my care vpon you, and attend (to my learning and comfort) the eternall example you will leaue to all mankinde, of disguisers, falsifiers, adulterers, rauishers, murderers, and traytors. *Musidorus* while *Philanax* was speaking against his cousin & him, had looked round about him, to see whether by any meanes he might come to haue caught him in his armes, & haue killed him, so much had his disgracing words filled his breast with rage. But perceiuing himselfe so guarded as he should rather shew a passionate act, then performe his reuenge, his hand trembling with desire to strike, and all the veines in his face swelling, casting his eyes ouer the iudgement seate: O gods said hee, and haue you spared my life to beare these iniuries of such a driuell? Is this the iustice of this place, to haue such men as we are, submitted not onely to apparant falsehood, but most shamefull reuiling? But marke I pray you the vngratefulnesse of the wretch, how vtterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this country hath receiued of vs. For if euer men may remember their owne noble deeds, it is then when their iust defence, and others vniust vnkindnesse doth require it. I omit our seruices donne to *Basilius* in the late warre with *Amphialus*, importing no lesse then his daughters liues, and his states preseruation: were not we the men that killed the wilde beasts which otherwise had killed the Princesses, if we had not succoured them? Consider if it please you, where had beene *Daiphantus* rape, or my treason, if the sweete beauties of the cause had then bin deuoured? Either think them now dead, or remember they liue by vs. And yet full often this telltale can acknowledge the losse they should haue by their taking away, while maliciously he ouerpasseth who were their preseruers: neither let this be spoken of me, as if I meant to ballance this euill with that good, for I must confesse that sauing of such creatures was rewarded in the act it selfe: but only to manifest the partiall iangling of this vile pickthanke. But if we be traytors, where was your fidelitie, O onely tongue-valiant Gentleman, when not onely the young Princesse, but the King himselfe was defended from vttermost perill, partly by me, but principally by this excellent young mans both wisedome and valure? Were wee that made our selues against hundreds of armed men, openly the shields of his life, like secretly to bee his impoysoners? Did wee then shew his life to bee dearer to vs then our owne, because wee might after robbe him of his life, to die shamefully? Truly, truly master Orator, whosoeuer hath hyred you to be so busie in their matters, who keepe honester seruants then your selfe, hee should haue bid you in so many raylings, bring some excuse for your selfe, why in the greatest neede of your Prince, to whom you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then

as forward to doe like a man your ſelfe, or at leaſt to accuſe them that were ſlacke in that ſeruice: but commonly they vſe their feete for their defence, whoſe tongue is their weapon. Certainely a very ſimple ſubtilitie it had beene in vs, to repoſe our liues in the daughters, when wee had killed the father. But as this Gentleman thinkes to winne the reputation of a copious talker by leauing nothing vnſaid which a filthie minde can imagine, ſo thinke I (or elſe all wordes are vaine) that to wiſe mens iudgement, our cleereneſſe in the Kings death is ſufficiently notorious. But at length when the marchant hath ſet out his guilded baggage, laſtly he comes to ſome ſtuffe of importance, and ſaith, I conueyed away the Princeſſe of this countrey. And is ſhe indeede your Princeſſe? I pray you then whom ſhould I wait of elſe but her that was my miſtres by my profeſſed vow, and Princeſſe ouer me while I liued in this ſoile? Aske her why ſhe went; aske not me why I ſerued her. Since accounting me as a Prince, you haue not to do with me: taking me as her ſeruant, thē take withall that I muſt obey her. But you will ſay, I perſwaded her to flie away; Certainely I will for no death denie it, knowing to what honor I ſhould bring her from the thraldome by ſuch fellowes counſell as you, ſhe was kept in. Shall perſwaſion to a Prince grow treaſon to a Prince? It might bee error in mee, but falſhood it could not be, ſince I made my ſelfe partaker of whatſoeuer I wiſhed her vnto. Who wil euer counſel his king, if his counſell be iudged by the euent, & if it be not found wiſe, ſhall therefore be thought wicked? But if I be a traytor, I hope you will grant me a correlatiue, to whom I ſhall be the traytor. For the Princeſſe againſt whom the treaſons are conſidered, I am ſure will auow my faithfulneſſe, without you will ſay that I am a traytor to her, becauſe I left the countrey; & a traytor to the countrey becauſe I went with her. Here do I leaue out my iuſt excuſes of loues force, which as thy narrow heart hath neuer had noble roome enough in it to receiue, ſo yet thoſe manlike courages, that by experience know how ſubiect the vertuous mindes are to loue a moſt vertuous creature, (witneſſed to bee ſuch by the moſt excellent gifts of nature) will deeme it a veniall treſpaſſe, to ſeeke the ſatisfaction of honourable deſires: Honourable euen in the curiouſeſt points of honour, whereout there can no diſgrace nor diſparagement come vnto her. Therefore ô Iudge, who I hope doeſt know what it is to bee a Iudge, that your end is to preſerue and not to deſtroy mankinde, that lawes are not made like lime-twigges or nets, to catch euerie thing that toucheth them, but rather like Sea-markes, to auoide the ſhipwrack of ignorant paſſengers, ſince that our doing in the extreameſt interpretation is but a humane error, and that of it you may make a profitable euent (we being of ſuch eſtate, as their parents would not haue miſliked the affinitie) you will not I truſt at the perſwaſion of this brabler, burne your houſe to make it cleane, but like a wiſe father turne euen the fault of your children to any good that may come of it: ſince that is the fruit of wiſedome and end of all iudgements. While this matter was thus handling, a ſilent and as it were aſtoniſhed attention, poſſeſt all the people. A kindly compaſſion moued the noble Gentleman *Simpathus*, but as for *Kalander*, euerie thing was ſpoken either by or for his owne deare gueſts, moued an affect in him: ſometimes teares, ſometimes hopefull lookes, ſometimes whiſpering perſwaſions in their eares, that ſtood by him, to ſeeke the ſauing the two yong Princes. But the generall multitude waited the iudgement of *Euarchus*, who ſhewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others ſpeech, letting paſſe the flowers of rhethorike, and only marking whither their reaſons tended, hauing made the queſtion to be asked of *Genecia*, who continued to take the whole fault vpon her ſelfe, and hauing called *Dametas* with *Miſo* and *Mopſa* (who by *Philanax* order had beene held in moſt cruell priſon) to

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make a full declaration, how much they knew of these passed matters, and then gathering as assured satisfaction to his owne mind as in that case he could, not needing to take leasure for that, whereof a long practise had bred a well grounded habite in him, with a voyce and gesture directed to the vniuersall assemblie, in this forme pronounced sentence. This waighty matter, whereof we are presently to determine, doth at the first consideration yeeld two important doubts. The first, whether these men be to be iudged: the secõd, how they are to be iudged. The first doubt ariseth, because they giue themselues out for Princes absolute: a sacred name, and to which any violence seemes to be an impietie. For how can any lawes, which are the bonds of all humane societie, be obserued, if the law-giuers, and law-rulers bee not held in an vntouched admiration? But hereto although already they haue beene sufficiently answered, yet thus much againe I will repeat vnto you. That whatsoeuer they be or be not, here they be no Princes, since betwixt Prince & subiect there is as necessary a relation as betweene father and sonne; and as there is no man a father, but to his child, so is not a Prince a Prince, but to his owne subiects. Therfore is not this place to acknowledge in them any principalitie, without it should at the same time by a secret consent confesse subiection. Yet hereto may bee obiected, that the vniuersall ciuilitie, the law of nations (all mankind being as it were coinhabitors or world-citizens togeither) hath euer required publike persons should be of all parties especially regarded, since not onely in peace but in warre, not onely Princes, but heralds and trumpets, are with great reason exempted from iniuries. This point is true, but yet so true, as they that will receiue the benifite of a custome, must not be the first to breake it, for then can they not complaine, if they bee not helpt by that which they themselues hurt. If a Prince doe acts of hostilitie, without denouncing warre, if he breake his oath of amitie, or innumerable such other things contrary to the law of armes, he must take heed how he fall into their hands whom hee so wrongeth, for then is courtesie the best custome he can claime; much more these men, who haue not onely left to doe like Princes, but to be like Princes, not onely entred into *Arcadia*, and so into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domesticall seruices, and so by making themselues priuate, depriued themselues of respect due to their publike calling. For no proportion it were of iustice, that a man might make himselfe no Prince when he would doe euill, and might anew create himselfe a Prince when he would not suffer euill. Thus therefore by all lawes of nature and nations, and especially by their owne putting themselues out of the sanctuary of them, these young men cannot in iustice auoide the iudgement: but like priuate men must haue their doings either cleared, excused, or condemned. There resteth then the second point, how to iudge well. And that must vndoubtedly be done, not by a free discourse of reason and skill of philosophie: but must bee tied to the laws of Greece, and municipall statutes of this kingdome. For although out of them these came, and to them must indeed refer their off-spring, yet because philosophicall discourses stand in the generall consideration of things, they leaue to euery man a scope of his owne interpretation: where the lawes applying themselues to the necessarie vse, folde vs within assured bounds: which once broken, mans nature infinitely rangeth. Iudged therefore they must bee, and by your lawes iudged. Now the action offereth it selfe to due ballance, betwixt the accusers twofold accusation and their answer accordingly applied. The questions being, the one of a fact simply the other of the qualitie of a fact. To the first they vse direct deniall, to the second, qualification and excuse. They deny the murther of the King; and against mighty presumptions bring forth some probable answers, which they do principally

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fortifie with the Queenes acknowledging her ſelfe onely culpable. Certainely as in equalitie of coniectures, we are not to take hold of the worſe, but rather to bee glad we may find any hope that mankind is not growne monſtrous (being vndoubtedly leſſe euill a guilty man ſhould eſcape, then a guiltleſſe periſh) ſo if in the reſt they be ſpotleſſe, then is this no farther to be remembred. But if they haue aggrauated theſe ſuſpitions with new euills, then are thoſe ſuſpicions ſo farre to ſhew themſelues, as to cauſe the other points to bee throughly examined, and with leſſe fauour wayed; ſince this no man can denie, they haue beene accidentall, if not principall cauſes of the kings death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters, which are layd to them, wherein they doe not denie the fact, but denie, or at leaſt diminiſh the fault: but firſt I may remember (though it were not firſt alleaged by them) the ſeruices they had before done, truly honorable, and worthy of great reward, but not worthy to counteruaile a following wickednesſe. Reward is proper to wel doing, puniſhment to euill doing, which muſt not bee confounded, no more then good and euill are to bee mingled. Therfore hath it beene determined in all wiſedomes, that no man becauſe he hath done well before, ſhould haue his preſent euils ſpared; but rather ſo much the more puniſhed, as hauing ſhewed he knew how to be good, yet would againſt his knowledge bee naught. The fact then is nakedly without paſsion, or partialitie to be viewed: wherin without all queſtion they are equally culpable. For though he that termes himſelfe *Daiphantus*, were ſooner diſappointed of his purpoſe of conueying away the Lady *Philoclea*, then he that perſwaded the Princeſſe *Pamela* to flie her countrey, and accompanied her in it: yet ſeeing in cauſes of this nature, the will by the rules of iuſtice ſtandeth for the deede, they are both alike to be found guiltie, and guiltie of haynous rauiſhment. For though they rauiſhed them not from themſelues, yet they rauiſhed thē from him that owed them, which was their father. An act puniſhed by all the Grecian lawes, by the loſſe of the head, as a moſt execrable theft. For if they muſt die, who ſteale from vs our goods, how much more they, who ſteale from vs that, for which wee gather our goods: and if our lawes haue it ſo in the priuate perſons, much more forcible are they to bee in Princes children, where one ſteals as it were the whole ſtate and well being of that people, being tyed by the ſecret of a long vſe, to bee gouerned by none but the next of that bloud. Neither let any man maruell, our aunceſtors haue beene ſo ſeuere in theſe caſes, ſince the example of the *Phœnician Europa*, but eſpecially of Grecian *Helene*, hath taught them, what deſtroying fires haue growne of ſuch ſparkles. And although *Helene* was a wife, and this but a childe, that booteth not, ſince the principal cauſe of maryings wiues is, that we may haue children of our own. But now let vs ſee how theſe yong men (truly for their perſons worthy of pity, if they had rightly pitied themſelues) doe goe about to mitigate the vehemencie of their errours. Some of their excuſes are common to both, ſome peculiar onely to him that was the ſhepheard. Both remember the force of loue, and as it were the mending vp of the matter by their mariage: if that vnbridled deſire which is intituled loue, might purge ſuch a ſickneſſe as this, ſurely wee ſhould haue many louing excuſes of hatefull miſchiefe. Nay rather no miſchiefe ſhould bee committed, that ſhould not be vailed vnder the name of loue. For as wel he that ſteales might alleage the loue of money; he that murders, the loue of reueng; he that rebels, the loue of greatneſſe, as the adulterer the loue of a woman. Since they doe in all ſpeeches affirme they loue that, which an ill gouerned paſsion maketh them to follow: but loue may haue no ſuch priuiledge. That ſweete and heauenly vniting of the minds, which properly is called loue, hath no other knot but vertue, and therefore if it bee a right loue, it can

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neuer ſlide into any action that is not vertuous. The other, & indeed more effectuall reaſon is, that they may be maried vnto them, & ſo honorably redreſſe the diſhonor of them, whom this matter ſeemeth moſt to touch. Surely if the queſtion were, what were conuenient for the parties, and not what is iuſt in the neuer changing iuſtice, there might be much ſaid in it. But herein wee muſt conſider, that the lawes looke how to preuent by due examples, that ſuch things be not done: & not how to ſaue ſuch things when they are done. For if the gouernors of iuſtice ſhall take ſuch a ſcope, as to meaſure the foote of the law by a ſhew of conueniencie, and meaſure that conueniencie not by the publike ſocietie, but by that which is fitteſt for them which offend: yong men, ſtrong men, and rich men, ſhall euer finde priuate conueniences how to palliate ſuch committed diſorders, as to the publike ſhall not onely be inconuenient, but peſtilent. The mariage perchance might bee fit for them, but verie vnfit were it to the ſtate, to allow a patterne of ſuch procurations of mariage. And thus much doe they both alleage. Further goes hee that went with the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a Counſellor, who hath place of free perſwaſion: & the reaſonable excuſe of a ſeruant, that did but wait of his miſtreſſe. Without all queſtion, as counſellours haue great cauſe to take heede how they aduiſe any thing, directly oppoſit to the forme of that preſent gouernement, eſpecially when they do it ſingly without publike allowance: yet ſo is the caſe much more apparant; ſince neither ſhee was an effectuall Princeſſe, her father being then aliue, and though hee had beene dead, ſhee not come to the yeares of authority, nor he her ſeruant in ſuch maner to obey her, but by his own preferment firſt belonging to *Dametas*, and then to the king, and therefore if not by *Arcadia* lawes, yet by huſhold orders, bound to haue done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore ſince the deedes accompliſhed by theſe two, are both abhominable and inexcuſable, I doe in the behalfe of iuſtice, and by the force of *Arcadia* lawes pronounce, that *Daiphantus* ſhall be throwne out of a high tower to receiue his death by his fall. *Palladius* ſhall be beheaded, the time before the ſunne ſet: the place, in *Mantinea*: the executioner, *Dametas*: which office hee ſhall execute all the dayes of his life, for his beaſtly forgetting the carefull dutie hee owed to his charge. This ſaid, hee turned himſelfe to *Philanax*, and two of the other Noblemen, commaunding them to ſee the iudgement preſently performed. *Philanax* more greedie then any hunter of his pray, went ſtraight to lay hold of the excellent priſoners, who caſting a farewell looke one vpon the other, repreſented in their faces as much vnappalled conſtancie, as the moſt excellent courage can deliuer in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any ſhew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was ſomewhat nearer to baſhfulneſſe, and *Muſidorus* to anger, both ouer-ruled by reaſon & reſolution. But as with great number of armed men, *Philanax* was deſcending vnto them, and that *Muſidorus* was beginning to ſay ſomething in *Pyrocles* behalfe, behold *Kalander*, that with armes caſt abroad, and open mouth came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a ſtranger in his hand that cryed much more then he, deſiring they might be heard ſpeake before the priſoners were remoued, euen the noble Gentleman *Simpathus* ayded them in it, and taking ſuch as hee could commaund, ſtopped *Philanax* betwixt entreatie, and force, from carying away the Princes, vntill it were heard what new matters theſe men did bring. So againe mounting to the Tribunall, they hearkened to the ſtrangers vehement ſpeech, or rather appaſſionate exclayming. It was indeed *Kalodulus*, the faithfull friend of *Muſidorus*, to whom his maſter, when in deſpite of his beſt grounded determinations hee firſt became a ſlaue to affection, had ſent the ſhepheard *Menalcas* to be arreſted: by the helpe of whoſe rayment in the meane time he

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aduanced himselfe to that estate, which hee accompted most high, because it might be seruiceable to that fancie, which hee had placed most high in his minde. For *Menalcas* hauing faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully imprisoned by *Kalodulus*. But as *Kalodulus* performed the first part of his duty in doing the commandement of his Prince: so was hee with abundance of sincere loyaltie extremely perplexed when hee vnderstood of *Menalcas* the strange disguising of his beloued master. For as the actes hee and his cousin *Pyrocles* had done in *Asia*, had filled all the eares of the *Thessalians* and *Macedonians* with no lesse ioy then admiration: so was the feare of their losse no lesse grieuous vnto them, when by the noyse of report they vnderstood of their lonely committing themselues to the Sea, the issue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menalcas* hee perceiued where he was ghessing the like of *Pyrocles*, comparing the vnusednesse of this act with the vnripenesse of their age, seeing in generall coniecture they could doe it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous: he was somewhile troubled with himselfe, what to doe, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their displeasure. Often he was minded (as his safest and honestest way) to reueale it to the King *Euarchus*: that both his authoritie might preuent any domage to them, and vnder his wings he himselfe might remaine safe. But considering a iourney to *Byzantium* (where as yet he supposed *Euarchus* lay) would require more time, then hee was willing to remaine doubtfull of his Princes estate, hee resolued at length to write the matter to *Euarchus*, and himselfe the while to goe into *Arcadia*: vncertaine what to doe when hee came thither, but determined to doe his best seruice to his deare master, if by any good fortune hee might finde him. And so it happened, that being euen this day come to *Mantinea*, and as warily and attentiuely as hee could, giuing eare to all reports, in hope to heare something of them hee sought, hee straight receiued a strange rumor of these things: but so vncertainly, as popular reports carie so rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to seeke out *Kalander* a great Gentleman of that countrey, who would soonest satisfie him of all occurrents. Thus instructed hee came euen about the midst of *Euarchus* iudgement to the desert: where seeing great multitudes, and hearing vnknowne names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, and not able to presse to the place where *Euarchus* sate, hee enquired for *Kalander*, and was soone brought vnto him, partly because he was generally known vnto all men, and partly because hee had withdrawne himselfe from the preasse, when he perceiued by *Euarchus* wordes whither they tended, being not able to endure his guests condemnation. Hee enquired forthwith of *Kalander* the cause of the assembly; and whether the fame were true of *Euarchus* presence: who with many teares made a dolefull recitall vnto him, both of the *Amazon* and shepheard, setting forth their naturall graces, and lamenting their pitifull vndoing. But this description made *Kalodulus* immediately knowe the shepheard was his Duke, and so iudging the other to bee *Pyrocles*, and speedily communicating it to *Kalander*, who hee saw did fauour their case, they brake the preasse with astonishing euerie man with their cries. And being come to *Euarchus*, *Kalodulus* fell at his feete, telling him those he had iudged, were his owne Sonne and Nephew, the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the onely stay of *Thessalia*. With many such like words, but as from a man that assured himselfe in that matter hee should neede small speech. While *Kalander* made it knowne to all men, what the prisoners were: to whom hee cried they should salute their father, and ioy in the good hap the gods had sent them; who were no lesse glad, then all the people amazed at the strange euent of these matters. Euen *Philanax* owne reuengefull heart was mollified, when hee saw

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from diuers parts of the world so neare kinsmen should meete in such a necessitie. And withall the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, greatly drew him to a compassionate conceit, and had alreadie vnclothed his face of all shew of malice. But *Euarchus* stayd a good while vpon himselfe, like a valiant man that should receiue a notable encounter, being vehemently stricken with the fatherly loue of so excellent children, and studying with his best reason, what his office required: at length with such a kind of grauitie, as was neare to sorrow, he thus vttered his mind: I take witnesse of the immortall gods (said hee) ô *Arcadians*, that what this day I haue said, hath beene out of my assured perswasion, what iustice it selfe and your iust lawes require. Though strangers then to mee, I had no desire to hurt them, but leauing aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my most vnpartiall and farthest reach of reason. And thereout haue condemned them to lose their liues, contaminated with so many foule breaches of hospitalitie, ciuilitie & vertue. Now contrarie to all expectations, I finde them to be my onely sonne and nephew, such vpon whom you see what gifts nature hath bestowed: such who haue so to the wonder of the world heretofore behaued themselues, as might giue iust cause to the greatest hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceiued. Lastly, in few wordes, such, in whom I placed all my mortall ioyes, and thought my selfe now neare my graue, to recouer a new life. But alas, shall iustice halte? Or shall shee winke in ones cause, which had *Lynces* eyes in anothers? Or rather shall all priuate respectes giue place to that holy name? Bee it so, be it so, let my gray haires be layd in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazing stocke of wretched miserie: but neuer, neuer let sacred rightfulnesse fall: it is immortall, and immortally ought to bee preserued. If rightly I haue iudged, then rightly I haue iudged mine owne children: vnlesse the name of a child should haue force to change the neuer changing iustice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre iustice as farre before you: while you did like your selues, my body should willingly haue beene your shield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing: nay I cannot in this case acknowledg you for mine: for neuer had I shepheard to my nephew, nor euer had woman to my sonne, your vices haue degraded you from being Princes, & haue disanuld your birthright. Therefore, if there be any thing left in you of Princely vertue, shew it in constant suffering, that your vnprincely dealing hath purchased vnto you. For my part I must tell you, you haue forced a father to rob himselfe of his children. Doe you therefore, ô *Philanax*, and you my other Lords of this countrie, see the iudgement bee rightly performed in time, place and manner, as before appointed. With that, though he would haue refrained them, a man might perceiue the teares droppe downe his long white beard. Which moued not onely *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* to roring lamentations, but all the assembly dolefully to record that pitifull spectacle. *Philanax* himselfe could not abstaine from great shewes of pitying sorrow, and manifest withdrawing from performing the kings commandement. But *Musidorus* hauing the hope of his safetie, and recouering of the Princesse *Pamela*, which made him most desirous to liue, so sodainely dashed; but especially moued for his deare *Pyrocles*, for whom he was euer resolued his last speech should bee, and stirred vp with rage of vnkindnesse, he thus spake: Enioy thy bloudy conquest tyrannicall *Euarchus*, said he, for neither is conuenient the title of a king to a murtherer, nor the remembrance of kindred to a destroyer of his kindred. Goe home and glorie, that it hath beene in thy power, shamefully to kill *Musidorus*. Let thy flattering Orators

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dedicate Crownes of Laurell vnto thee, that the firſt of thy race thou haſt ouer-throwne a prince of *Theſſalia*. But for me I hope the *Theſſalians* are not ſo degenerate from their anceſtors, but that they will reuenge my iniury, & their loſſe vpon thee. I hope my death is no more vniuſt to me, then it ſhalbe bitter to thee, how ſoeuer it be, my death ſhall triumph ouer thy cruelty; neither as now would I liue, to make my life beholding vnto thee: But if thy cruelty hath not ſo blinded thine eyes, that thou canſt not ſee thine own hurt, if thy hart be not ſo diueliſh, as thou haſt no power but to torment thy ſelf, then look vpon this yong *Pyrocles* with a manlike eie, if not with a pitifull: Giue not occaſion to the whole earth to ſay, ſee how the gods haue made the tyrāt teare his own bowels. Examine the eyes & voices of al this people, & what al men ſee, be not blind in thine own cauſe. Look, I ſay look vpon him, in whom the moſt curious ſearcher is able to find no fault, but that hee his thy ſonne. Beleeue it, thy owne ſubiects will deteſt thee, for robbing them of ſuch a Prince, in whom they haue right as well as thy ſelfe. Some more words to that purpoſe he would haue ſpoken: but *Pyrocles* who often had cald to him, did now fully interrupt him, deſiring him not to doe him the wrong to giue his father ill words before him, willing him to conſider it was their owne fault, & not his vniuſtice, & withall, to remember their reſolution of well ſuffering all accidents, which this impatiencie did ſeeme to varie from: & then kneeling down with all humbleneſſe, he tooke the ſpeech in this order to *Euarchus*: If my daily prayers to the almightie gods, had ſo farre preuailed, as to haue granted me the end whereto I haue directed my actions; I ſhould rather haue beene now a comfort to your mind, then an example of your iuſtice; rather a preſeruer of your memory by my life, then a monument of your iudgment by my death. But ſince it hath pleaſed their vnſearchable wiſedomes to ouerthrow all the deſires I had to ſerue you, and make me become a ſhame vnto you; ſince the laſt obedience I can ſhew you is to die: vouchſafe yet ô father (if my fault haue not made me altogether vnworthie ſo to tearme you) vouchſafe I ſay to let the few and laſt wordes your ſonne ſhall euer ſpeake, not to be tedious vnto you. And if the remembrance of my vertuous mother, who once was deare vnto you, may beare any ſway with you, if the name of *Pyrocles* haue at any time beene pleaſant, let one requeſt of mine, which ſhall not bee for mine owne life, beegraciouſly accepted of you. What you owe to iuſtice is performed in my death: a father to haue executed his onely ſonne, will leaue a ſufficient example for a greater crime then this. My bloud will ſatisfie the higheſt point of equitie, my bloud will ſatisfie the hardeſt hearted in this countrey. O ſaue the life of this Prince; that is the onely all I will with my laſt breath demaund of you. With what face will you looke vpon your ſiſter, when in reward of nouriſhing mee in your greateſt need, you take away, and in ſuch ſort take away that which is more deare to her then all the world, and is the onely comfort wherewith ſhe nouriſheth her old age? O giue not ſuch an occaſion to the noble *Theſſalians*, for euer to curſe the match that their Prince did make with the *Macedon* bloud. By my loſſe there followes no publike loſſe, for you are to hold the ſeate, and to prouide your ſelfe perchance of a worthyer ſucceſſour. But how can you or all the earth recompence that damage that poore *Theſſalia* ſhall ſuſtaine? who ſending out (whom otherwiſe they would no more haue ſpared then their owne eyes) their Prince to you, and you requeſting to haue him, by you hee ſhould thus diſhonourably be extinguiſhed. Set before you I beſeech you, the face of that miſerable people, when no ſooner ſhall the newes come that you haue met your Nephew, but withall they ſhall heare that you haue beheaded him. How many teares they ſhall ſpend, how many complaints they ſhall make, ſo many iuſt execrations will

light

light vpon you. And take heed O father (for since my death answers my fault, while I liue I will call vpon that deare name) least seeking too precise a course of iustice, you be not thought most vniust: in weakning your neighbours mightie estate, by taking away their only pillar. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receiue his ending. Assure your selfe no man will doubt your seuere obseruing the lawes, when it shall be knowne *Euarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my euer farewell approcheth: if you doe thinke my death sufficient for my fault, and do not desire to make my death more miserable then death: let these dying words of him, that was once your sonne, pierce your eares. Let *Musidorus* liue, and *Pyrocles* shall liue in him, and you shall not want a childe. A child, cryed out *Musidorus*, to him that kills *Pyrocles*? with that he fell againe to intreat for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as fast for *Musidorus*, each employing his wit how to shew himselfe most worthy to die, to such an admiration of all the beholders, that most of them examining the matter by their owne passions, thought *Euarchus* (as often extraordinary excellencies, not being rightly conceiued, do rather offend then please) an obstinate hearted man, and such an one, who being pitilesse, his dominion must needs be insupportable. But *Euarchus* that felt his owne miserie more then they, and yet loued goodnesse more then himselfe, with such a sad assured behauiour as *Cato* killed himselfe withall; when he had heard the vttermost of that their speech tended vnto, he commaunded againe they should be carried away, rising vp from the seate (which he would much rather haue wished should haue bin his graue) and looking who would take the charge, whereto euery one was exceeding backward. But as this pitiful matter was entring into, those that were next the Dukes bodie, might heare from vnder the veluet wherewith hee was couered, a great voyce of groning. Whereat euery man astonished (and their spirits appalled with these former miseries, apt to take any strange conceit) when they might perfectly perceiue the body stirre. Then some began to feare spirits, some to looke for a miracle, most to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalander*, whose eyes honest lone (though to diuerse parties) held most attentiue, leapt to the table, and putting off the veluet couer, might plainely discerne, with as much wonder as gladnesse, that the Duke liued. For so it was, that the drinke he receiued, was neither as *Gynecia* first imagined, a loue potion, nor as it was after thought a deadly poison, but a drinke made by notable art, and as it was thought not without naturall magicke, to procure for thirtie houres such a deadly sleep, as should oppresse all shew of life. The cause of the making of this drink had first been, that a Princesse of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notably learned, (and yet not able with all her learning to answer the obiections of *Cupid*) did furiously loue a young noble man of her fathers Court. Who fearing the kings rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept so high a place, she made that sleeping drink, and found meanes by a trustie seruant of hers (who of purpose inuited him to his chamber) to procure him, that suspected no such thing, to receiue it. Which done, he no way able to resist was secretly carried by him into a pleasant chamber, in the midst of a garden she had of purpose prouided for this enterprise, where that space of time, pleasing her selfe with seeing and cherishing of him, when the time came of the drinkes end of working, and hee more astonished then if hee had falne from the cloudes, shee bad him choose eyther then to marrie her, and to promise to flye away with her in a barke she had made readie, or else she would presently cry out, and shew in what place he was, with oath he was come thither to rauish her. The Nobleman in these straights, her beautie preuailed, he married her, and escaped the realme with her. And after manie strange aduentures, were reconciled to the King her father, after whose death they

raigned. But she gratefully remembring the seruice that drinke had done her, preserued in a bottle (made by singular art long to keepe it without perishing) great quantity of it, with the foretold inscription, which wrong interpreted by her daughter in law the Queene of *Cyprus*, was giuen by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her mariage; and the drinke finding an old body of *Basilius*, had kept him some houres longer in the trance, then it would haue done a yonger. But a while it was before good *Basilius* could come againe to himselfe: in which time *Euarchus* more glad then of the whole worlds Monarchy, to be rid of his miserable magistracie, which euen in iustice he was now to surrender to the lawfull Prince of that countrey; came from the Throne vnto him, and there with much ado made him vnderstand how these intricate matters had fallen out. Many garboyles passed through his fancie before he could be perswaded *Zelmane* was other then a woman. At length remembring the Oracle which now indeed was accomplished (not as before he had imagined) considering all had falne out by the highest prouidence, and withall weighing in all these matters his owne fault had beene the greatest; The first thing he did, was with all honourable pompe to send for *Gynecia*: who (poore Lady) thought shee was leading forth to her liuing buriall: and (when she came) to recount before all the people, the excellent vertue was in her, which she had not onely maintayned all her life most vnspotted, but now was contented so miserably to dye, to follow her husband. He told them how she had warned him to take heed of that drink: & so with all the exaltings of her that might be, publikely desired her pardon for those errors he had committed. And so kissing her, left her to receiue the most honourable fame of any Princesse throughout the world, all men thinking (sauing onely *Pyrocles*, and *Philoclea*, who neuer betrayed her) that shee was the perfect mirrour of all wifely loue. Which though in that point vndefetued, she did in the remnant of her life duly purchase, with obseruing all duetie and faith to the example and glorie of *Greece*: so vncertaine are mortal iudgements, the same person most infamous, and most famous, and neyther iustly. Then with Princely entertainment to *Euarchus*, and many kinde words to *Pyrocles*, whom still he dearely loued though in a more vertuous kind, the mariage was concluded, to the inestimable ioy of *Euarchus*, (towards whom now *Musidorus* acknowledged his fault) betwixt the peereles Princes and Princesses. *Philanax* for his singular faith euer held deare of *Basilius* while he liued, and no lesse of *Musidorus*, who was to inherite that kingdome, and therein confirmed to him and his the second place of that Prouince, with great encrease of his liuing to maintaine it. Which like proportion he vsed to *Kalodulus* in *Thessalia*: highly honouring *Kalander* while he liued: and after his death continuing in the same measure to loue and aduance his sonne *Clitophon*. But as for *Sympathus*, *Pyrocles* (to whom his father in his own time gaue the whole kingdome of *Thrace*) held him alwayes about him, giuing him in pure gift, the great Citie of *Abdera*. But the solemnities of these mariages with the *Arcadian* pastorals, full of many comicall aduentures hapning to those rurall louers, the strange stories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Helene* & *Amphialus*, with the wonderfull chances that befell them: the shepheardish loues of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus* daughter: the poore hopes of the poore *Philisides* in the pursuit of his affections; the strange continuance of *Klaius* and *Strephons* desire: Lastly, the sonne of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*, and *Melidora*, the faire daughter of *Pamela* by *Musidorus*, who euen at their birth entred into admirable fortunes; may awake some other spirit to exercise his pen in that, wherwith mine is already dulled.

The end of the fift and last booke of ARCADIA.

CERTAINE SONETS VVRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: Neuer before Printed.

SInce ſhunning paine, I eaſe can neuer finde:
Since baſhfull dread ſeekes where he knowes me harmed:
Since will is won, and ſtopped eares are charmed:
Since force doth faint, and ſight doth make me blind:

Since looſing long, the faſter ſtill I bind:
Since naked ſenſe can conquer reaſon armed:
Since heart in chilling feare with yce is warmed:
In fine, ſince ſtrife of thought but marres the mind,

I yeeld, O Loue, vnto thy loathed yoke,
Yet crauing law of armes, whoſe rule doth teach,
That hardly vſde, who euer priſon broke,
In iuſtice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas if I a gratefull gardian haue,
Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed ſlaue.

VVHen Loue puſt vp with hope of hie diſdaine,
Reſolu'd to make me patterne of his might,
Like foe, whoſe wits inclin'd to deadly ſpite,
Would often kill to breed more feeling paine,

He would not arm'd with beautie, onely raigne
On thoſe affects which eaſily yeeld to ſight,
But vertue ſets ſo high, that reaſons light,
For all his ſtrife can onely bondage gaine.

So that I liue to pay a mortall foe,
Dead palſie ſicke of all my chiefeſt parts:
Like thoſe whom dreames make vgly monſters ſee,
And can cry helpe with nought but grones and ſtarts:
Longing to haue, hauing no will to wiſh,
To ſtarue mindes ſuch is Loue Cupids diſh.

To the ſame Tune.

THe Nightingale as ſoone as April bringeth
Vnto her reſted ſenſe a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing ſpringeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her ſong-booke making:
And mournfully bewayling,
Her throate in tunes expreſſeth
What griefe her breaſt oppreſſeth,
For Tereus force on her chaſte will prevailing.
O Philomela faire, O take ſome gladneſſe,
That here is iuſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadneſſe:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth,
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeth.

Alas ſhe hath no other cauſe of anguiſh
But Tereus loue, on her by ſtrong hand wrokne,
Wherein ſhe ſuffring all her ſpirits languiſh,
Full womanlike complaines her will was brokne.

But I who daily crauing,
Cannot haue to content me,
Haue more cauſe to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe then too much hauing.
O Philomela faire, O take ſome gladneſſe,
That here is iuſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadneſſe:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth:
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeth.

To the tune of Baſciami vita mia.

SLeep Baby mine, Deſires nurſe Beautie ſingeth:
Thy cryes, O Babie, ſet my head on aking:
The Babe cryes way, thy loue doth keepe me waking.

Lully, lully, my babe, hope cradle bringeth
Vnto my children alway good reſt taking:
The babe cryes way, thy loue doth keepe me waking.

Since babie mine, from me thy watching ſpringeth,
Sleepe then a little, pap content is making:
The babe cryes nay, for that abide I waking.

To the tune of the Spaniſh Song, Se tu ſennora no dueles de mi.

O Faire, O ſweet, when I doe looke on thee,
In whom all ioyes ſo well agree,

Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.
This you heare is not my tongue,
Which once ſaid what I conceaued,
For it was of vſe bereaued,
With a cruell ſeruer ſtrong.
No, though tongue to roofe be cleaued,
Fearing leſt he chaſtiſde be,
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
Iuſt accord all muſike makes,
In thee iuſt accord excelleth,
Where each part in ſuch peace dwelleth,
One of other beautie takes.
Since then truth to all minds telleth,
That in thee liues harmonie,
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
They that heau'n haue knowne, doe ſay
That whoſo that grace obtaineth,
To ſee what faire ſight there raigneth,
Forced are to ſing alway;
So then ſince that heauen remaineth,
In thy face I plainly ſee,
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
Sweete thinke not I am at eaſe,
For becauſe my chiefe part ſingeth,
This ſong from deaths ſorrow ſpringeth:
As to Swanne in laſt diſeaſe:
For no dumbneſſe nor death bringeth
Stay to true loues melodie:
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

These foure following SONNETS were made when his Ladie had paine in her face.

THe ſcourge of life, and deaths extreame diſgrace,
The ſmoke of hell, the monſter called paine,
Long ſham'd to be accurſt in euery place,
By them who of his rude reſort complaine,
Like craftie wretch by time and trauell tought,
His vgly euill in others good to hide,
Late harbours in her face whom nature wrought,
As treaſure houſe where her beſt gifts doe bide.
And ſo by priuiledge of ſacred ſeate,

A ſeate where beautie ſhines and vertue raignes,
He hopes for ſome ſmall praiſe ſince ſhe hath great,
Within her beames wrapping his cruell ſtaines.
Ah ſaucy paine let not thy errour laſt,
More louing eyes ſhe drawes, more hate thou haſt.

VVO, wo to me, on me returne the ſmart:
My burning tongue hath bred my miſtreſſe paine,
For oft in paine to paine my painefull heart,
With her due praiſe did of my ſtate complaine.
I praiſde her eyes whom neuer chance doth moue,
Her breath which makes a ſower anſwer ſweete,
Her milken breaſts the nurſe of child-like loue,
Her legges (O legges) her ay well ſtepping feete.
Paine heard her praiſe, and full of inward fire,
(Firſt ſealing vp my heart as pray of his)
He flies to her, and boldned with deſire,
Her face (this ages praiſe) the thiefe doth kiſſe,
O paine I now recant the praiſe I gaue,
And ſweare ſhe is not worthy thee to haue.

Thou paine the onely gueſt of loath'd conſtraint,
The child of curſe, mans weakneſſe foſter-child,
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:
Thou paine, thou hated paine, from heav'n exilde,
How holdſt thou her, whoſe eyes conſtraint doth feare,
Whom curſt doe bleſſe, whoſe weakeneſſe vertues arme,
Who others woes and plaints can chaſtly beare:
In whoſe ſweet heav'n Angels of high thoughts ſwarme,
What courage ſtrange hath caught thy caitife hart,
Fear'ſt not a face that oft whole harts deuowres,
Or art thou from aboue bid play this part,
And ſo no helpe gainſt enuy of thoſe powers?
If thus alas: yet while thoſe parts haue wo,
So ſtay her tongue, that ſhe no more ſay no.

And haue I heard her ſay, O cruell paine!
And doth ſhe know what mould her beautie beares?
Mournes ſhe in truth, and thinkes that others faine?
Feares ſhe to feele, and feeles not others feares?
Or doth ſhee thinke all paine the minde forbeares?
That heauie earth, not fierie ſprites may plaine?
That eyes weepe worſe then hart in bloodie teares?
That ſenſe feeles more then what doth ſenſe containe?
No, no, ſhe is too wiſe, ſhe knowes her face
Hath not ſuch paiue as it makes others haue:
Shee knowes the ſickneſſe of that perfect place
Hath yet ſuch health, as it my life can ſaue.
But thus ſhe thinkes, our paine hye cauſe excuſeth,
Where her who ſhould rule paine, falſe paine abuſeth,

Translated out of *Horace*, which begins *Rectiùs viues.*

You better sure shall liue, not euermore
Trying high Seas, nor while Seas rage you flee,
Pressing too much vpon ill harbourd shore.

The golden meane who loues, liues safely free
From filth of foreworne house, and quiet liues;
Releast from Court, where enuie needs must bee.

The winde most oft the hugest Pine-tree greeues:
The stately towers come downe with greater fall:
The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleeues:

Euill happes doe fill with hope, good happes appall
With feare of change, the courage well preparde:
Fowle Winters as they come, away they shall.

Though present times and past with euills be snarde,
They shall not last: with Citherne silent muse,
Apollo wakes, and bowe hath sometime sparde.

In hard estate with stout shew valor vse,
The same man still in whom wisedome preuailes,
In too full winde draw in thy swelling sayles.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle, *Out of Catullus.*
Quam mihi non si se Iupiter ipse petat,
Dicit sed mulier cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida scribere oportet aqua.

VNto no body my woman saith she had rather a wife be,
Then to my selfe, not though Ioue grew a suter of hers.
These be her words, but a womans words to a loue that is eager,
In wind or waters streame doe require to be writ.

Qui sceptra sævus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in Authorem redit.

Faire seeke not to be fear'd, most lowely belou'd by thy seruants,
For true it is, that they feare many whom many do feare.

Like as the Doue, which seeled vp doth flie,
Is neither freed, nor yet to seruice bound,
But hopes to gaine some helpe by mounting hie,
Till want of force doe force her fall to ground:

Right

Right ſo my minde caught by his guiding eye,
And thence caſt off, where his ſweet hurt he found,
Hath neuer leaue to liue, nor doome to dye,
Nor held in euill, nor ſuffered to be ſound.

But with his wings of fancies vp he goes,
To hie conceits whoſe fruits are oft but ſmall,
Till wounded, blind, and wearied ſpirite, loſe
Both force to flie and knowledge where to fall,
O happie Doue if ſhe no bondage tryed:
More happy I, might I in bondage bide.

E. D. Dyer

PRometheus *when firſt from heauen hie,*
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth not ſeene,
Fond of Delight, a Satyre ſtanding by,
Gaue it a kiſſe, as it like ſweet had beene.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the ſmart with ſhowts and ſhryking ſhrill,
He ſought his eaſe in riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his griefe went with him ſtill.

So ſilly I with that vnwonted ſight
In humane ſhape an Angell from aboue,
Feeding mine eyes, the impreſſion there did light,
That ſince I runne and reſt as pleaſeth Ione.
The difference is, the Satyrs lippes, my heart,
He for a while, I euermore haue ſmart.

A Satyr once did run away for dread,
With ſound of horne, which he himſelfe did blow,
Fearing and feared thus from himſelfe he fled,
Deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know.

Such cauſeleſſe feares when coward mindes do take,
It makes them flie that which they faine would haue:
As this poore beaſt who did his reſt forſake,
Thinking not why, but how himſelfe to ſaue.

Euen thus might I for doubts which I conceaue
Of mine owne words, mine owne good hap betray,
And thus might I for feare of may be, leaue
The ſweet purſuit of my deſired pray.
Better like I thy Satyre deereſt Dyer,
Who burnt his lips to kiſſe faire ſhining fire.

MY mistresse lowers and saith I doe not loue:
I doe protest and seeke with seruice due,
In humble mind a constant faith to proue,
But for all this I cannot her remoue
From deepe vaine thought that I may not be true.

If othes might serue, euen by the Stygian lake,
Which Poets say, the gods themselues do feare,
I neuer did my vowed word forsake:
For why should I, whom free choise slaue doth make,
Eschewhat in face, then in my fancie beare?

My Muse therefore, for onely thou canst tell,
Tell me the cause of this my causelesse woe,
Tell how ill thought disgrac'd my doing well:
Tell how my ioyes and hopes thus fowly fell
To so lowe ebbe that wonted were to flowe.

O this it is; the knotted straw is found:
In tender harts, small things engender hate:
A horses worth laid wast the Troyan ground:
A three foote stoole in Greece made Trumpets sound,
An Asses shade ere now hath bred debate.

If Greekes themselues were mou'd with so small cause,
To twist those broyles, which hardly would vntwine:
Should Ladies faire be tyed to such hard lawes,
As in their moodes to take a lingring pawse?
I would it not, their mettall is too fine.

My hand doth not beare witnesse with my hart,
She saith, because I make no wofull layes,
To paint my liuing death, and endlesse smart:
And so for one that felt god Cupids dart,
Shee thinkes I leade and liue too merrie dayes.

Are Poets then the onely louers true?
Whose hearts are set on measuring a verse:
Who thinke themselues well blest, if they renew
Some good old dumpe, that Chaucers mistresse knew,
And vse but you for matters to rehearse.

Then good Apollo doe away thy bow:
Take harp and sing in this our versing time:
And in my braine some sacred humour flowe:
That all the earth my woes, sighes, teares may know,
And see you not that I fall now to ryme.

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilſt that me thought I iuſtly made my boaſt
That only I the only Miſtreſſe had:
But now if ere my face with ioy be clad:
Thinke Hannibal did laugh when Carthage loſt.

Sweet Ladie, as for theſe whoſe ſullen cheare,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightneſſe found:
Who Stoick-like in clowdie hew appeare:
Who ſilence force to make their words more deare:
Whoſe eyes ſeeme chaſte, becauſe they looke on ground:
Beleeue them not; for Phyſicke true doth finde,
Choler aduſt is ioyed in woman-kinde.

IN wonted walkes, ſince wonted fancies change,
Some cauſe there is, which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range,
Part of my paine me ſeemes engraued lyes.

The Rockes which were of conſtant mind, the marke
In clyming ſteepe, now hard refuſall ſhow:
The ſhading woods ſeeme now my Sunne to darke,
And ſtately hills diſdaine to looke ſo low.

The reſtfull Caues now reſtleſſe viſions giue,
In Dales I ſee each way a hard aſcent:
Like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue.
Alas ſweet Brookes dee in my teares augment:
Rocks, woods, hills, caues, dales, meads, brooks anſwer me,
Infected mindes infect each thing they ſee.

IF I could thinke how theſe my thoughts to leaue,
Or thinking ſtill my thoughts might haue good end:
If rebell ſenſe would reaſons law receaue;
Or reaſon foyld would not in vaine contend:
Then might I thinke what thoughts were beſt to thinke:
Then might I wiſely ſwimme or gladly ſinke.

If eyther you would change your cruell heart,
Or cruell (ſtill) time did your beautie ſtaine:
If from my ſoule this loue would once depart,
Or for my loue ſome loue I might obtaine,
Then might I hope a change or eaſe of minde,
By your good helpe, or in my ſelfe to finde.

But ſince my thoughts in thinking ſtill are ſpent,

With reasons strife, by senses ouerthrowne,
You fairer still, and still more cruell bent,
I louing still a loue that loueth none.
I yeeld and strive, I kisse and curse the paine,
Thought, reason, sense, time, you, and I, maintaine.

A Farewell.

OFt haue I musde, but now at length I finde,
Why those that dye, men say they doe depart:
Depart, a word so gentle to my minde,
Weakely did seeme to paint deaths ougly dart.

But now the starres with their strange course doe binde
Me one to leaue, with whom I leaue my heart,
I heare a cry of spirits faint and blinde,
That parting thus my chiefest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Liues to impart my wearie clay some breath.
But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead, doth shew departure is a death,
Yea worse then death, death parts both woe and ioy,
From ioy I part still liuing in annoy.

FInding those beames, which I must euer loue,
To marre my minde, and with my heart to please,
I deemd it best some absence for to proue,
If further place might further me to ease.

My eyes thence drawne, where liued all their light,
Blinded forthwith in darke despaire did lye,
Like to the Moule with want of guiding sight,
Deepe plung'd in earth, depriued of the skie.

In absence blind, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes by presence I returne,
Euen as the flye, which to the flame doth goe,
Pleas'd with the light, that his small corse doth burne:
Faire choyse I haue, eyther to liue or dye
A blinded Moule, or else a burned flye.

The seuen wonders of ENGLAND.

NEere Wilton sweet, huge heapes of stones are found,
But so confusde, that neyther any eye

Can count them iuſt, nor reaſon reaſon trye,
What force brought them to ſo unlikely ground.

To ſtranger weights my mindes waſt ſayle is bound,
Of paſſion billes reaching to reaſons skie,
From fancies earth paſſing all numbers bound,
Paſſing all gheſſe, whence into me ſhould fly
So mazde a maſſe, or if in me it growes,
A ſimple ſoule ſhould bring ſo mixed woes.

The Bruertons haue a Lake, which when the Sunne,
Approching warmes (not elſe) dead logges vp ſends,
From hideous depth, which tribute when it ends,
Sore ſigne it is, the Lords laſt thred is ſpun.

My lake is ſenſe, whoſe ſtill ſtreames neuer runne,
But when my Sunne her ſhining twinnes there bends,
Then from his depth with ſorce in her begunne,
Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends:
But when that failes, my dead hopes vp to take,
Their maiſter is faire warn'd his will to make.

We haue a fiſh, by ſtrangers much admirde,
Which caught, to cruell ſearch yeelds his chiefe part:
(With gall cut out) cloſde vp againe by art,
Yet liues vntill his life be new requirde.

A ſtranger fiſh, my ſelfe not yet expirde,
Though rapt with beauties hooke, I did impart
My ſelfe vnto th' Anatomy deſirde,
In ſtead of gall, leauing to her my hart:
Yet liue with thoughts cloſde vp, till that ſhe will
By conqueſts right in ſtead of ſearching kill.

Peake hath a caue, whoſe narrow entries finde
Large roomes within, where droppes diſtill amaine:
Till knit with cold, though there vnknowne remaine,
Decke that poore place with Alabaſter linde.

Mine eyes the ſtreight, the roomie caue, my minde,
Whoſe clowdie thoughts, let fall an inward raine
Of ſorrowes drops till colder reaſon binde
Their running fall into a conſtant vaine
Of trueth, farre more then Alabaſter pure,
Which though deſpiſde, yet ſtill doth truth endure.

A field there is, where if a ſtake be preſt,
Deepein the earth, what hath in earth receipt,
Is chang'd to ſtone, in hardneſſe, cold, and weight,

The wood aboue, doth some consuming rest.

The earth her eares: the stake is my request:
Of which how much may pierce to that sweet seate,
To honor turned, doth dwell in honors nest,
Keeping that forme, though void of wonted heate:
But all the rest, which feare durst not applie,
Failing themselues, with withered conscience dye.

Of ships by shipwracke cast on Albion *coast,*
Which rotting on the rockes their death doe dye:
From wodden bones, and blood of pitch doth flie,
A bird which gets more life then ship had lost.

My ship, desire, with winde of lust long tost,
Brake on faire cleeues of constant chastitie:
Where plagu'd for rash attempt, giues vp his ghost,
So deepe in seas of vertue beauties lye.
But of this death flies vp a purest loue,
Which seeming lesse, yet nobler life doth moue.

These wonders England *breedes, the last remaines,*
A Ladie in despite of nature chaste,
On whom all lood, in whom no loue is plaste,
Where fairenesse yeelds to wisedomes fowrest raines,
An humble pride, a shorne what fauour staines:
A womans mould, but like an Angel grasste,
An Angels minde, but in a woman caste.
An heauen on earth, or earth the heauen courtaines.
Now thus this wonder to my selfe I fraime,
She is the cause that all the rest I blame.

A Dialogue betweene two Shepheards, vttered in a pastorall shew at WHITON.

Will. *DIck, since we cannot dance, come let a chearefull voyce*
Shew, that we doe not grudge at all when others doe reioyce.
Dick. *Ah* Will, *though I grudge not, I count it feeble glee*
With sight made dimme with daily teares anothers sport to see.
Who euer Lambkins saw (yet lambkins loue to play)
To play when that their loued dammes, are stolne or gone astray?
If this in them be true, as true in men thinke I
A lustlesse song for sooth thinkes he that hath more lust to cry.
Will. *A time there is for all, my mother often sayes,*
When she with skirts tuckt very hie, with gyrles at stoolball playes.
When thou hast mind to weepe, seeke out some smokie roome:
Now let those lightsome sights we see thy darkenesse ouercome.

Dick. *What ioy the ioyfull ſunne giues vnto bleared eyes:*
That comfort in theſe ſports you like, my minde his comfort tryes.
Will. *What? is thy Bagpipe broke, or are thy lambes miſwent;*
Thy wallet or thy Tarbox loſt, or thy new rayment rent?
Dick. *I would it were but thus, for thus it were too well.*
Will. *Thou ſeeſt my eares doe itch at it: good* Dick *thy ſorrow tell.*
Dick. *Here then and learne to ſigh: a miſtreſſe I doe ſerue,*
Whoſe wages makes me beg the more, who feeds me till I ſterue,
Whoſe lyuerie is ſuch, as moſt I freeze apparelled moſt,
And lookes ſo neere vnto my cure that I muſt needes be loſt.
Will. *What? theſe are riddles ſure, art thou then bound to her?*
Dick. *Bound as I weither power haue, nor would haue power to ſtirre.*
Will. *Who bound thee?* D. *Loue my Lord.* W. *What witneſſes thereto?*
Dick. *Faith in my ſelfe and worth in her, which no proofe can vndoo.*
Will. *What ſeale?* D. *My hart deep grauen.* W. *Who made the band ſo faſt?*
Dick. *Wonder that by two ſo black eyes the glittring ſtarres be paſt.*
Will. *What keepeth ſafe thy band?* D. *Remembrance is the Cheſt*
Lockt faſt with knowing that ſhe is of worldly things the beſt.
Will. *Thou late of wages playnd'ſt: what wages mayſt thou haue?*
Dick. *Her heauenly lookes, which more and more doe giue me cauſe to craue.*
Will. *If wages make you want, what food is that ſhe giues?*
Dick. *Teares drink, ſorowes meat, wherwith, nut I, but in me my death liues.*
Will. *What liuing get you then?* D. *Diſdaine, but iuſt diſdaine.*
So haue I cauſe my ſelfe to plaine, but no cauſe to complaine.
Will. *What care takes ſhe for thee?* D. *Her care is to preuent*
My freedome with ſhow of her beames, with vertue my content.
Will. *God ſhield vs from ſuch Dames. If ſo our Downes be ſped,*
The Shepheards will grow leane I trow, their ſheepe will be ill fed.
But Dick *my counſell marke: run from the place of wo:*
The Arrow being ſhot from far, doth giue the ſmaller blowe.
Dick. *Good* Will, *I cannot take thy good aduice, before*
That Foxes leaue to ſteale, becauſe they finde they die therefore.
Will. *Then* Dick *let vs goe hence leſt we great folkes annoy.*
For nothing can more tedious be, then plaint, in time of ioy.
Dick. *Oh hence! O cruell world! which euen dogges do hate:*
But hence, euen hence, I muſt needs goe, ſuch is my dogged fate.

TO

¶ TO THE TVNE OF *Wilhemus van Nassaw*, &c.

VVHo hath his fancie pleased,
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raised
On natures sweetest light.
A light which doth disseuer,
And yet vnite the eyes:
A light which dying neuer,
Is cause the looker dyes.

She neuer dyes but lasteth,
In life of louers hart,
He euer dyes that wasteth
In loue, his chiefest part.
Thus is her life still guarded,
In neuer dying faith:
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she liues in his death.

Looke then and dye; the pleasure
Doth answer well the paine;
Small losse of mortall treasure,
Who may immortall gaine.
Immortall be her graces,
Immortall is her minde:
They fit for heauenly places,
This heauen in it doth binde.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sense that grace descryes:
Yet eyes depriued be not,
From sight of her faire eyes;
Which as of inward glory
They are the outward seale:
So may they liue still sory
Which die not in that weale.

But who hath fancies pleased.
With fruits of happy sight.

Let here his eyes be raiſed
On natures ſweeteſt light.

The ſmokes of Melancholy.

VVHo hath euer felt the change of loue,
And knowne thoſe pangs that the louers proue.
May paint my face without ſeeing mee,
And write the ſtate how my fancies bee,
The lothſome buds growne on ſorrowes tree.

But who by heare-ſay ſpeakes, and hath not fully felt
What kind of fires they be in which thoſe ſpirits melt,
Shall gheſſe, and faile, what doth diſpleaſe,
Feeling my pulſe, miſſe my diſeaſe.

O no, O no, try all onely ſhewes
The bitter iuice of forſaken woes,
Where former bliſſe preſent euils doe ſtaine,
Nay former bliſſe addes to preſent paine,
While remembrance doth both ſtates containe.

Come learners then to me, the modell of miſhap,
Engulfed in deſpaire, ſlid downe from fortunes lap:
And as you like my double lot,
Tread in my ſteppes, or follow not.

For me alas I am full reſolu'd,
Thoſe bands alas ſhall not be diſſolu'd,
Nor breake my word though reward come late,
Nor faile my faith in my feyling fate,
Nor change in change, though change change my ſtate.

But alwayes one my ſelfe with eagle eyde truth to ſtie,
Vp to the ſunne, although the ſunne my wings doe frie:
For if thoſe flames burne my deſire,
Yet ſhall I die in Phœnix *fire.*

VVHen to my deadly pleaſure,
When to my liuely torment,
Lady mine eyes remained,
Ioyned alas to your beames.

With violence of heav'nly
Beautie tyed, to vertue,

Reaſon

Reaſon abaſht retyred,
Gladly my ſenſes yeelded.

Gladly my ſenſes yeelding,
Thus to betray my harts fort,
Left me deuoid of all life.

They to the beamie Sunnes went,
Where by the death of all deaths,
Finde to what harme they haſtned.

Like to the ſilly Syluan,
Burn'd by the light he beſt lik'd,
When with a fire he firſt met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady you haue reſerued,
Lady the life of all loue.

For though my ſenſe be from me,
And I be dead who want ſenſe,
Yet doe we both liue in you.

Turned anew by your meanes,
Vnto the flowre that ay turnes,
As you, alas, my Sunne bends.

Thus doe I fall to riſe thus;
Thus doe I dye to liue thus,
Chang'd to a change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you:
Thus be my ſenſes on you:
Thus what I thinke is of you:
Thus what I ſeeke is in you:
All what I am, it is you.

To the tune of a Neapolitan Song, which beginneth, *No, no, no, no.*

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruell fire,
Firſt throwne on my deſire,
She ſackes my rendred ſprite.
For ſo faire a flame embraces
All the places,

Where that heat of all heats ſpringeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart ſome pleaſure,
Since his treaſure
Burneth bright in faireſt light. No,no,no,no.

No,no,no,no,I cannot hate my foe,
Although, &c.
Since our liues be not immortall,
But to mortall
Fetters tyed, doe wait the hower
Of deaths power,
They haue no cauſe to be ſorie,
Who with glorie
End the way,where all mew ſtay. No, no,no,no.

No,no,no,no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although, &c.
No man doubts, whom beautie killeth,
Faire death feeleth.
And in whom faire death proceedeth,
Glorie breedeth:
So that I in her beames dying,
Glorie trying,
Though in paine,cannot complaine.No,no,no,no.

To the tune of a *Neapolitan Villanell.*

ALl my ſenſe my ſweetneſſe gained,
Thy faire haire my heart enchained,
My poore reaſon thy words moued,
So that thee like heauen I loued.

Fa la la leridan,dan dan dan deridan:
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:
While to my minde the out ſide ſtood,
For meſſenger of inward good.

Now thy ſweetneſſe ſowre is deemed,
Thy haire not worth a haire eſteemed:
Reaſon hath thy words remoued,
Finding that but words they proued.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei,
For no faire ſigne can credit winne,
If that the ſubſtance faile within.

No more is thy ſweetneſſe glorie,
For thy knitting haire be ſorie:
Vſe thy wordes but to bewaile thee,
That no more thy beames auaile thee.
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Wo to me, alas ſhe weepeth!
Foole, in me what folly creepeth,
Was I to blaſpheme enraged,
Where my ſoule I haue engaged?
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And wretched I muſt yeeld to this,
The fault I blame her chaſtneſſe is.

Sweetneſſe ſweetly pardon folly,
Ty me haire your captiue holly.
Words, O words of heauenly knowledge,
Know my words their faults acknowledge.
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And all my life I will confeſſe,
The leſſe I loue, I liue the leſſe.

Tranſlated out of the *Diana* of Montemaior in Spaniſh. Where *Sireno* a ſhepheard pulling out a little of his Miſtreſſe *Diana's* hayre, wrapt about with greene ſilke, who now had utterly forſaken him: to the hayre he thus bewayled himſelfe.

WHat changes here, O haire,
I ſee ſince I ſaw you:
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due.
Indeed I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare,
No other ſhepheard ſhould haue ſcope,
Once to approch this haire.

Ah hayre, how many dayes
My Diana *made me ſhew,*
With thouſand pretty childiſh plaies,
If I ware you or no?
Alas how oft with teares,
O teares of guileſull breaſt,

She seemed full of iealous feares:
Whereat I did but iest.

Tell me O haire of gold,
If I then faultie be,
That trust those killing eyes, I would,
Since they did warrant me.
Haue you not seene her mood,
What streames of teares she spent,
Till that I sware my faith so stood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beautie seene
In one that changeth so?
Or where ones loue so constant bene
Who euer saw such woe?
Ah haire are you not griev'd,
To come from whence you be,
Seeing how once you saw I liv'd,
To see me as you see?

On sandie banke of late,
I saw this woman sit,
Where sooner die then change my state,
She with her finger writ:
Thus my beleefe was staid,
Behold Loues mightie hand
On things were by a woman said,
And written in the sand.

The same *Streon* in Montemaior holding his mistresse glasse before her, looking vpon her while she viewed her selfe, thus sang:

OF this high grace with blisse conioyn'd
No further debt on me is laid,
Since that in selfe same mettall coin'd,
Sweet Lady you remaine well paid.
For if my place giue me great pleasure,
Hauing before me Natures treasure,
In face and eyes vnmatched being,
You haue the same in my hands seeing,
What in your face mine eyes doe measure.

Nor thinke the match vnev'nly made,
That of those beames in you do turie:
The glasse to you but giues a shade,
To me mine eyes the true shape carie.

For ſuch a thought moſt highly prized,
Which euer hath loues yoke deſpiſed:
Better then one captiu'd perceiueth,
Though he the liuely forme receiueth:
The other ſees it but diſguiſed.

RIng out your belles, let mourning ſhewes be ſpread,
For Loue is dead:
All Loue is dead, infected
With plague of deepe diſdaine:
Worth as nought worth reiected,
And faith faire ſcorne doth gaine.
From ſo vngratefull fancie,
From ſuch a femall franzie,
From them that vſe men thus,
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe neighbours, weepe, do you not heare it ſaid,
That Loue is dead:
His death-bed peacocks folly,
His winding ſheet is ſhame,
His will falſe-ſeeming holy,
His ſole executour blame.
From ſo vngratefull, &c.

Let Dirge be ſung, and Trentals rightly read,
For Loue is dead:
Sir wrong his tombe ordaineth:
My Miſtreſſe Marble-heart,
Which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
From ſo vngratefull, &c.

Alas, I lie: rage hath this errour bred,
Loue is not dead.
Loue is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her vnmatched minde:
Where ſhe his counſell keepeth,
Till due deſert ſhe find.
Therefore from ſo vile fancie,
To call ſuch wit a franzie,
Who loue can temper thus,
Good Lord deliuer vs.

THou blinde mans marke, thou fooles ſelfe-choſen ſnare,
Fond fancies ſcum, and dregs of ſcattered thought,

Band of all euils, cradle of causeless care,
Thou web of will, whose end is neuer wrought.

Desire, desire I haue too dearely bought,
With price of mangled mind thy worthlesse ware:
Too long, too long asleepe thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.

But yet in vaine thou hast my ruine sought,
In vaine thou mad'st me to vaine things aspire,
In vaine thou kindlest all thy smokie fire.
For vertue hath this better lesson taught,
Within my selfe to seeke my onely hire:
Desiring nought but how to kill desire.

Leaue me O Loue, which reacheſt but to dust,
And thou my mind aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which neuer taketh rust:
What euer fades but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might,
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedomes be:
Which breakes the clowdes and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and giue vs sight to see.

O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide,
In this small course which birth drawes out to death.
And thinke how euill becommeth him to slide,
Who seeketh heau'n, and comes of heau'nly breath.
Then farewell world, thy vttermost I see,
Eternall Loue maintaine thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

THE

THE DEFENCE OF POESIE, BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY KNIGHT.

WHen the right vertuous *E.W.* and I were at the Emperours Court together, we gaue our ſelues to learne horſemanſhip of *Iohn Pietro Pugliano*, one that with great commendation had the place of an Eſquire in his Stable: and he according to the fertilneſſe of the Italian wit, did not onely affoord vs the demonſtration of his practiſe, but ſought to enrich our mindes with the contemplation therein, which he thought moſt pretious. But with none I remember mine eares were at any time more loaden, then when (eyther angred with ſlow payment, or moued with our learnerlike admiration) he exercíſed his ſpeech in the praiſe of his facultie. He ſaid ſouldiers were the nobleſt eſtate of mankind, and horſemen the nobleſt of ſouldiers. He ſaid they were the maiſters of warre, and ornaments of peace, ſpeedie goers, and ſtrong abiders, triumphers both in Campes and Courts: nay, to ſo vnbeleeued a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred ſuch wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horſe-man. Skill of gouernement was but a *Pedanteria* in compariſon: then would he adde certaine praiſes, by telling what a peereleſſe beaſt the horſe was, the only ſeruiceable Courtier without flatterie, the beaſt of moſt beautie, faithfulneſſe, courage, and ſuch more, that if I had not beene a peece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I thinke he would haue perſwaded me to haue wiſhed my ſelfe a horſe. But thus much at leaſt with his no few words he draue into me, that ſelfeloue is better then any guilding, to make that ſeeme gorgeous wherein our ſelues be parties. Wherein if *Puglianos* ſtrong affection and weake arguments will not ſatiſfie you, I giue you a nearer example of my ſelfe, who I know not by what miſchance in theſe my not olde yeares and idleſt times, hauing ſlipt into the title of a Poet, am prouoked to ſay ſomthing vnto you in defence of that my vnelected vocation: which if I handle with more good will then good reaſons, beare with mee, ſince the ſcholer is to bee pardoned that followeth the ſteppes of his maiſter. And yet I muſt ſay, that as I haue more iuſt cauſe to make a pitifull defence of poore Poetrie, which from almoſt the higheſt eſtimation of learning, is falne to be the laughing ſtocke of children; ſo haue I need to bring ſome more auaileable proofes, ſince the former is by no man barr'd of his deſerued credite, the ſilly latter hath euen the names of Philoſophers vſed to the defacing of it, with great daunger of ciuill warre among the Muſes. And firſt truely to all them that profeſsing learning inueigh againſt Poetrie, may iuſtly be obiected, that they goe very neere to vngratefulneſſe, to ſeeke to deface that which in the nobleſt nations & languages that are knowne, hath

hath bin the firſt light giuer to ignorance, and firſt nurſe, whoſe milke little and little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the Hedgehogge, that being receiued into the denne, draue out his hoſte? or rather the Vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece* in any of her manifold Sciences, be able to ſhew me one booke before *Muſæus*, *Homer* and *Heſiod*; all three nothing elſe but Poets. Nay, let any Hiſtorie be brought, that can ſay anie writers were there before them, if they were not men of the ſame skill: as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and ſome other are named; who hauing beene the firſt of that countrey that made pennes deliuerers of their knowledge to the poſteritie, may iuſtly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not onely in time they had this prioritie, (although in it ſelfe antiquitie be venerable) but went before them, as cauſes to draw with their charming ſweetneſſe the wilde vntamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was ſaid to moue ſtones with his Poetrie to build *Thebes*, and *Orpheus* to be liſtened to by beaſts, indeed ſtonie and beaſtly people. So among the *Romanes* were *Liuius*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*. So in the *Italian* language, the firſt that made it to aſpire to be a treaſure-houſe of Science were the Poets *Dante*, *Bocace*, and *Petrarch*. So in our *Engliſh* were *Gower* and *Chaucer*: after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others haue followed to bewtifie our mother tongue, as well in the ſame kind as other artes. This did ſo notably ſhew it ſelfe, that the Philoſophers of *Greece* durſt not a long time appeare to the world, but vnder the maske of Poets. So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, ſang their naturall Philoſophie in verſes. So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocillides* their morall Counſels. So did *Tirteus* in warre matters, and *Solon* in matters of policie: or rather they being Poets, did exerciſe their delightfull veine in thoſe points of higheſt knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world. For, that wiſe *Solon* was directly a Poet, it is manifeſt, hauing written in Verſe the notable Fable of the *Atlanticke* Iſland, which was continued by *Plato*. And truely euen *Plato* whoſoeuer well conſidereth, ſhall find that in the bodie of his worke, though the inſide and ſtrength were Philoſophie, the skinne as it were and beautie depended moſt of Poetrie. For all ſtands vpon Dialogues, wherin he faigns many honeſt Burgeſſes of *Athens* to ſpeake of ſuch matters, that if they had beene ſet on the racke, they would neuer haue confeſſed them: beſides his Poeticall deſcribing the circumſtance of their meeting, as the well ordering of a Banquet, the delicacie of a Walke, with enterlacing meere Tales, as *Gyges Ring* and others, which, who knowes not to be flowers of Poetrie did neuer walke into *Apollos* Garden. And euen Hiſtoriographers, although their lippes ſound of things done, and veritie be written in their foreheads, haue bin glad to borrow both faſhion, and perchance weight of the Poets. So *Herodotus* entituled his Hiſtorie by the name of the nine Muſes: and both he and all the reſt that followed him, either ſtale, or vſurped of Poetrie, their paſsionate deſcribing of paſsions, the manie particularities of battels which no man could affirme; or if that be denied me, long Orations put in the mouthes of great Kings & Captaines, which it is certaine, they neuer pronounced. So that truely neither *Philoſopher*, nor *Hiſtoriographer* could at the firſt haue entred into the gates of popular iudgements, if they had not taken a great paſport of Poetrie, which in all nations at this day, where learning flouriſheth not, is plaine to be ſeene: in all which they haue ſome feeling of Poetry. In *Turkie*, beſides their Law-giuing Diuines, they haue no other writers but Poets. In our neighbour countrey *Ireland*, where truely learning goes very bare, yet are their Poets held in a deuout reuerence. Euen among the moſt barbarous and ſimple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet haue they their Poets, who make and ſing ſongs, which

which they call *Arentos*, both of their ancestors deedes, and prayses of their Gods. A sufficient probabilitie, that if euer learning come among them, it must be by hauing their hard dull wits softned & sharpened with the sweet delights of *Poetrie*: for vntill they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little perswade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the ancient *Brittons*, as there are good authorities to shew, they long time had Poets which they called *Bardes*: so through all the conquests of *Romanes*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*, some of whom did seeke to ruine all memory of learning from among them, yet doe their Poets euen to this day last: so as it is not more notable in the soone beginning, then in long continuing. But since the Authors of most of our Sciences, were the *Romanes*, and before them the *Greekes*, let vs a little stand vpon their authorities, but euen so farre as to see what names they haue giuen vnto this now scorned skill. Among the *Romans* a Poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a Diuiner, foreseer, or Prophet, as by his conioyned wordes *Vaticinium*, and *Vaticinari*, is manifest, so heauenly a title did that excellent people bestow vpon this heart-rauishing knowledge, and so farre were they caried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting vpon of any such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgiliana*, when by sodaine opening *Virgils* booke, they lighted vpon some verse of his, as it is reported by many, whereof the Histories of the *Emperours* liues are full. As of *Albinus* the Gouernour of our Iland, who in his childhood met with this Verse:

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.

And in his age performed it, although it were a very vaine and godlesse superstition; as also it was to thinke spirits were commanded by such verses, whereupon this word *Charmes* deriued of *Carmina*, commeth: so yet serueth it to shew the great reuerence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, since both the Oracles of *Delphos* and *Sybilla's* prophecies, were wholly deliuered in Verses, for that same exquisite obseruing of number and measure in the wordes, and that high flying libertie of conceit proper to the Poet, did seeme to haue some diuine force in it. And may not I presume a little farther, to shew the reasonablenesse of this word *Vates*, and say that the holy *Dauids* Psalmes are a diuine *Poeme*? If I do, I shall not doe it without the testimonie of great learned men both auncient and moderne. But euen the name of Psalmes will speake for mee, which being interpreted, is nothing but songs: then that it is fully written in meter, as all learned *Hebritians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly and principally, his handling his prophecie, which is meerely Poeticall. For what else is the awaking his musicall instruments, the often and free changing of persons, his notable *Prosopopœias*, when hee maketh you as it were see God comming in his maiestie, his telling of the beastes ioyfulnesse, and hilles leaping, but a heauenly Poesie, wherein almost hee shewed himselfe a passionate louer of that vnspeakeable and euerlasting beautie to bee seene by the eyes of the minde, onely cleared by faith? But truely now hauing named him, I feare I seeme to prophane that holy name, applying it to Poetrie, which is among vs throwne downe to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet iudgements will looke a little deeper into it, shall finde the end and working of it such, as being rightly applyed, deserueth not to bee scourged out of the Church of God. But now let vs see how the

Greekes haue named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greekes named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages: it commeth of this word ποιεῖν, which is to make: wherein I know not whether by lucke or wisedome, wee Englishmen haue met with the Greekes in calling him a Maker. Which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were knowne by marking the scope of other sciences, then by any partiall allegation. There is no Arte deliuered vnto mankinde, that hath not the workes of nature for his principall obiect, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become Actors and players, as it were, of what Nature will haue set forth. So doth the *Astronomer* looke vpon the starres, and by that hee seeth set downe what order Nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician* in their diuerse sorts of quantities. So doth the *Musitian* in tunes tell you, which by Nature agree, which not. The naturall *Philosopher* thereon hath his name, and the morall *Philosopher* standeth vpon the naturall vertues, vices, or passions of man: and follow nature saith hee, therein, and thou shalt not erre. The *Lawyer* saith, what men haue determined. The *Historian*, what men haue done. The *Grammarian* speaketh onely of the rules of speech, and the *Rhetorician* and *Logitian*, considering what in nature will soonest proue, and perswade, thereon giue artificiall rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The *Physitian* weygheth the nature of mans bodie, and the nature of things helpefull or hurtfull vnto it. And the *Metaphysicke* though it bee in the second and abstract motions, and therefore bee counted supernaturall, yet doth hee indeede build vpon the depth of Nature. Onely the *Poet* disdayning to bee tyed to any such subiection, lifted vp with the vigour of his owne inuention, doth grow in effect into another nature: in making things either better then nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, formes of such as neuer were in nature: as the *Heroes*, *Demigods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymeras*, *Furies*, and such like; so as hee goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the Zodiacke of his owne wit. Nature neuer set forth the earth in so rich Tapistrie as diuerse Poets haue done, neyther with so pleasant riuers, fruitefull trees, sweete-smelling flowers, nor whatsoeuer else may make the too much loued earth more louely: her world is brasen, the Poets onely deliuer a golden. But let those things alone, and goe to man, for whom as the other things are; so it seemeth in him her vttermost cunning is employed: and know whether shee haue brought forth so true a louer as *Theagenes*, so constant a friend as *Pylades*, so valiant a man as *Orlando*, so right a Prince as *Xenophon Cyrus*, and so excellent a man euery way, as *Virgils Aeneas*. Neither let this be iestingly conceiued, because the workes of the one be essentiall, the other in imitation or fiction: euery vnderstanding knoweth the skill of each Artificer standeth in that *Idea*, or foreconceit of the worke, & not in the worke it selfe. And that the Poet hath that *Idea*, is manifest, by the deliuering them forth in such excellencie as hee had imagined them: which deliuering forth, also is not wholly imaginatiue, as wee are wont to say by them that build Castles in the ayre: but so farre substantially it worketh, not onely to make a *Cyrus*, which had beene but a particular excellencie, as nature might haue done, but to bestow a *Cyrus* vpon the world to make many *Cyrusses*, if they will learne aright, why and how that maker made him. Neither let it bee deemed too sawcie a comparison, to ballance the highest point of mans wit with the efficacie of nature: but rather giue right honour to the heauenly maker of that maker, who hauing made man to his owne

likenesse,

likeneſſe, ſet him beyond, and ouer all the workes of that ſecond nature, which in nothing he ſheweth ſo much as in Poetrie, when with the force of a diuine breath, hee bringeth things forth ſurpaſſing her doings: with no ſmall arguments to the incredulous of that firſt accurſed fall of *Adam*, ſince our erected wit maketh vs know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth vs from reaching vnto it. But theſe arguments will by few bee vnderſtood, and by fewer granted: thus much I hope will bee giuen mee, that the Greekes with ſome probabilitie of reaſon, gaue him the name aboue all names of learning. Now let vs goe to a more ordinarie opening of him, that the trueth may bee the more palpable: and ſo I hope, though wee get not ſo vnmatched a prayſe, as the *Etimologie* of his names will graunt; yet his verie deſcription, which no man will denie, ſhall not iuſtly bee barred from a principall commendation. *Poeſie* therefore, is an Arte of *Imitation*: for ſo *Ariſtotle* tearmeth it in the word μίμησις, that is to ſay, a repreſenting, counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to ſpeake metaphorically, A ſpeaking *Picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this haue beene three generall kinds, the chiefe both in antiquitie and excellencie, were they that did imitate the vnconceiuable excellencies of God, ſuch were *Dauid* in his Pſalmes, *Salomon* in his Song of Songs, in his *Eccleſiaſtes* and *Prouerbs*, *Moſes* and *Debora* in their Hymnes, and the writer of *Iob*. Which beſide other, the learned *Emanuell Tremelius*, and *Fr. Iunius* doe entitle the Poeticall part of the Scripture: againſt theſe none will ſpeake that hath the holy Ghoſt in due holy reuerence. In this kinde, though in a wrong Diuinitie, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his Hymnes, and many other both *Greekes* and *Romanes*. And this *Poeſie* muſt bee vſed by whoſoeuer will follow Saint *Paules* counſaile, in ſinging Pſalmes when they are merie, and I know is vſed with the fruite of comfort by ſome, when in ſorrowfull pangs of their death-bringing ſinnes, they finde the conſolation of the neuer-leauing goodneſſe. The ſecond kinde is of them that deale with matter Philoſophicall, either morall, as *Tirteus*, *Phocilides*, *Cato*: or naturall, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgils Georgikes*; or Aſtronomicall, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Hiſtoricall as *Lucan*: which who miſlike, the fault is in their iudgement, quite out of taſte, not in the ſweete foode of ſweetely vttered knowledge. But becauſe this ſecond ſort is wrapped within the folde of the propoſed ſubiect, and takes not the free courſe of his owne inuention, whether they properly bee Poets or no, let *Grammarians* diſpute; and goe to the third indeede right Poets, of whom chiefly this queſtion ariſeth: betwixt whom and theſe ſecond, is ſuch a kinde of difference, as betwixt the meaner ſort of Painters, who counterfeit onely ſuch faces as are ſet before them, and the more excellent, who hauing no law but wit, beſtow that in colours vpon you, which is fitteſt for the eye to ſee, as the conſtant, though lamenting looke of *Lucretia*, when ſhee puniſhed in her ſelfe another's fault: wherein hee painteth not *Lucretia*, whom hee neuer ſaw, but painteth the outward beautie of ſuch a vertue. For theſe third bee they, which moſt properly doe imitate to teach and delight: and to imitate, borow nothing of what is, hath beene, or ſhall bee; but range onely, reyned with learned diſcretion, into the diuine conſideration of what may bee and ſhould bee. Theſe bee they that as the firſt and moſt noble ſort, may iuſtly bee termed *Vates*: ſo theſe are wayted on in the excellenteſt languages and beſt vnderſtanding, with the fore-deſcribed name of *Poets*. For theſe indeede doe meerely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to moue men to take that goodneſſe in hand, which without delight they would flie as from a ſtranger; and teach to make them know

that goodneſſe whereunto they are mooued: which being the nobleſt ſcope to which euer any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to barke at them. Theſe be ſubdiuided into ſundry more ſpeciall denominations. The moſt notable bee the *Heroicke*, *Lyricke*, *Tragicke*, *Comicke*, *Satyricke*, *Iambicke*, *Elegiacke*, *Paſtorall*, and certaine others: ſome of theſe being tearmed according to the matter they deale with, ſome by the ſort of verſe they liked beſt to write in: for indeede the greateſt part of Poets, haue apparelled their Poeticall inuentions, in that numbrous kinde of writing which is called *Verſe*. Indeede but apparelled Verſe, being but an ornament, and no cauſe to Poetrie, ſince there haue beene many moſt excellent Poets that neuer verſified, and now ſwarme many verſifiers that neede neuer anſwere to the name of Poets. For *Xenophon* who did imitate ſo excellently as to giue vs *Effigiem iuſti imperij*, the portraiture of a iuſt Empire, vnder the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* ſaith of him, made therein an abſolute heroicall Poeme. So did *Heliodorus* in his ſugred inuention of that picture of loue in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both theſe wrote in Proſe: which I ſpeake to ſhew, that it is not ryming and verſing that maketh a Poet, (no more then a long gowne maketh an Aduocate, who though hee pleaded in armour, ſhould bee an Aduocate and no Souldier:) but it is that fayning notable images of vertues, vices, or what elſe, with that delightfull teaching, which muſt bee the right deſcribing note to know a Poet by. Although indeede the Senate of Poets haue choſen verſe as their fitteſt rayment: meaning as in matter they paſſed all in all, ſo in manner to goe beyond them: not ſpeaking table-talke faſhion, or like men in a dreame, words as they chanceable fall from the mouth, but peaſing each ſyllable of each word by iuſt proportion, according to the dignitie of the ſubiect. Now therefore it ſhall not bee amiſſe, firſt to weigh this latter ſort of Poetrie by his workes, and then by his parts; and if in neither of theſe Anatomies hee bee condemnable, I hope wee ſhall receiue a more fauourable ſentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memorie, enabling of iudgement, and inlarging of conceit, which commonly wee call learning, vnder what name ſoeuer it come forth, or to what immediate end ſoeuer it bee directed, the finall end is, to leade and draw vs to as high a perfection, as our degenerate ſoules, made worſe by their clay lodgings, can bee capable of. This according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impreſsions: for ſome that thought this felicitie principally to bee gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to bee ſo high or heauenly, as acquaintance with the ſtarres; gaue themſelues to *Aſtronomie*: others perſwading themſelues to bee *Demi-gods*, if they knew the cauſes of things, became naturall and ſupernaturall *Philoſophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *Muſicke*: and ſome the certaintie of demonſtration to the *Mathematickes*: but all, one and other hauing this ſcope to know, and by knowledge to lift vp the minde from the dungeon of the bodie, to the enioying his owne diuine eſſence. But when by the ballance of experience it was found, that the *Aſtronomer* looking to the ſtarres might fall in a ditch: that the enquiring *Philoſopher* might bee blinde in himſelfe: and the *Mathematician* might draw forth a ſtreight line with a crooked heart; Then loe did Proofe, the ouer-ruler of opinions make manifeſt, that all theſe are but ſeruing ſciences; which as they haue a priuate end in themſelues, ſo yet are they all directed to the higheſt end of the miſtreſſe knowledge, by the Greekes ἀρχιτεκτονική, which ſtands as I thinke in the knowledge of a mans ſelfe, in the Ethicke and Politicke conſideration, with the end of well doing, and not of well knowing onely. Euen as the Sadlers next end is to make a good ſaddle, but his further end, to ſerue a nobler facultie,

which

which is horsemanship: so the horsemans to souldierie: and the souldier not onely to haue the skill, but to performe the practise of a souldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning, being vertuous action, those skils that most serue to bring forth that, haue a most iust title to bee Princes ouer all the rest: wherein easily wee can shew, the Poet is worthy to haue it before any other competitors: among whom principally to challenge it, step forth the morall *Philosophers*. Whom, me thinkes, I see comming towards me, with a sullen grauitie, (as though they could not abide vice by day-light) rudely cloathed, for to witnesse outwardly their contempt of outward things, with bookes in their hands against glorie, whereto they set their names: sophistically speaking against subtiltie, and angrie with any man in whom they see the foule fault of anger. These men casting largely as they goe of definitions, diuisions, and distinctions, with a scornefull interrogatiue doe soberly aske, whether it be possible to finde any path so readie to leade a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is, and teacheth it not onely by deliuering forth his very being, his causes and effects, but also by making knowne his enemie vice, which must bee destroyed, and his cumbersome seruant Passion, which must bee mastered: by shewing the generalities that containe it, and by the specialities that are deriued from it. Lastly, by plaine setting downe how it extends it selfe out of the limits of a mans owne little world, to the gouernment of families, and maintayning of publike societies. The *Historian* scarcely giues leasure to the *Moralist* to say so much, but that he loaden with olde Mouse-eaten Records, authorising himselfe for the most part vpon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built vpon the notable foundation of *Heare-say*, hauing much adoe to accord differing writers, & to picke truth out of partialitie; better acquainted with a thousand yeares agoe, then with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, then how his owne wit runnes; curious for Antiquities, and inquisitiue of Nouelties, a wonder to young folkes, and a Tyrant in table-talke; denieth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue, and vertuous actions is comparable to him. I am *Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuncia vetustatis.* The *Philosopher*, saith hee, teacheth a disputatiue vertue, but I doe an actiue. His vertue is excellent in the dangerlesse *Academie* of *Plato*: but mine sheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon, Pharsalia, Poictiers*, and *Agincourt*. Hee teacheth vertue by certaine abstract considerations: but I onely bid you follow the footing of them that haue gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine witted *Pphilosopher*: but I giue the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the song-booke, I put the learners hand to the Lute, and if hee bee the guide, I am the light. Then would hee alleage you innumerable examples, confirming storie by stories, how much the wisest Senators and Princes haue beene directed by the credit of Historie, as *Brutus*, *Alphonsus* of *Aragon*, (and who not if needs be?) At length, the longline of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giueth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom shall wee find, since the question standeth for the highest forme in the schoole of learning, to bee moderator? Truly as mee seemeth, the Poet; and if not a moderator, euen the man that ought to carie the title from them both: and much more from all other seruing sciences. Therefore compare wee the *Poet* with the *Historian*, and with the morall *Philosopher*: and if hee goe beyond them both, no other humane skill can match him. For as for the *Diuine*, with all reuerence he is euer to bee excepted, not onely for hauing his scope as farre beyond any of these, as Eternitie exceedeth a Moment: but euen for

paſsing each of theſe in themſelues. And for the *Lawier*, though *Ius* bee the daughter of *Iuſtice*, the chiefe of vertues; yet becauſe he ſeekes to make men good, rather *formidine pœnæ*, then *virtutis amore*: or to ſay right, doth not endeuour to make men good, but that their euill hurt not others, hauing no care ſo he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be; Therefore as our wickednesſe maketh him neceſſarie, and neceſsitie maketh him honorable, ſo is hee not in the deepeſt truth to ſtand in ranke with theſe, who all endeuor to take naughtineſſe away, and plant goodneſſe euen in the ſecreteſt cabinet of our ſoules: and theſe foure are all that any way deale in the conſideration of mens manners, which being the ſupreame knowledge, they that beſt breede it, deſerue the beſt commendation. The *Philoſopher* therefore, and the *Hiſtorian* are they which would win the goale, the one by precept, the other by example: but both, not hauing both, doe both halte. For the *Philoſopher* ſetting downe with thornie argumentes the bare rule, is ſo hard of vtterance, and ſo myſtie to be conceiued, that one that hath no other guide but him, ſhall wade in him till hee bee old, before hee ſhall finde ſufficient cauſe to bee honeſt. For his knowledge ſtandeth ſo vpon the abſtract and generall, that happie is that man who may vnderſtand him, and more happie that can applie what hee doth vnderſtand. On the other ſide, the *Hiſtorian* wanting the precept, is ſo tyed not to what ſhould bee, but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the generall reaſon of thinges, that his example draweth no neceſſarie conſequence, and therefore a leſſe fruitfull doctrine. Now doth the peereleſſe Poet performe both: for whatſoeuer the Philoſopher ſaith ſhould bee done, hee gives a perfect picture of it by ſome one, by whom he preſuppoſeth it was done, ſo as he coupleth the generall notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I ſay) for hee yeeldeth to the powers of the minde an image of that whereof the Philoſopher beſtoweth but a wordiſh deſcription, which doth neither ſtrike, pierce, nor poſſeſſe the ſight of the ſoule ſo much, as that other doth. For as in outward things to a man that had neuer ſeene an *Elephant*, or a *Rhinoceros*, who ſhould tell him moſt exquiſitely all their ſhape, colour, bigneſſe and particular markes, or of a gorgeous palace in *Architecture*, who declaring the ful beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeate as it were by roat all he heard, yet ſhould neuer ſatisfie his inward conceit, with being witneſſe to it ſelfe of a true liuing knowledge: but the ſame man, aſſoone as hee might ſee thoſe beaſts well painted, or that houſe well in modell, ſhould ſtraightwaies grow without neede of any deſcription to a iudiciall comprehending of them, ſo (no doubt) the *Philoſopher* with his learned definitions, bee it of vertues or vices, matters of publike pollicie or priuate gouernement, repleniſheth the memorie with many infallible grounds of wiſedome, which notwithſtanding lye darke before the imaginatiue and iudging power, if they bee not illuminated or figured forth by the ſpeaking picture of *Poeſie*. *Tully* taketh much paines, and many times not without Poeticall helpes to make vs knowe the force loue of our countrey hath in vs. Let vs but heare olde *Anchiſes*, ſpeaking in the middeſt of *Troyes* flames, or ſee *Vliſſes* in the fulneſſe of all *Calipſoes* delights, bewayle his abſence from batraine and beggarly *Ithaca*. Anger (the *Stoikes* ſaid) was a ſhort madneſſe: let but *Sophocles* bring you *Aiax* on a ſtage, killing or whipping ſheepe and oxen, thinking them the Armie of Greekes, with their chiefetaines *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*: & tell me if you haue not a more familiar inſight into Anger, then finding in the ſchoolemen his *Genus* and *Differences*. See whether wiſedome and temperance in *Vliſſes* and *Diomedes*, valure in *Achilles*, friendſhip in *Niſus* and *Eurialus*, euen to an ignorant man carie not an apparant ſhining: and contrarily, the remorſe of

conſcience

conſcience in *Oedipus*; the ſoone repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the ſelfe deuouring cruelty in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the ſowre ſweetneſſe of reuenge in *Medea*; and to fall lower, the *Terentian Gnatho*, and our *Chaucers Pandar* ſo expreſt, that wee now vſe their names, to ſignifie their Trades: And finally, all vertues, vices, and paſſions, ſo in their owne naturall ſtates, layd to the view, that wee ſeeme not to heare of them, but clearely to ſee through them. But euen in the moſt excellent determination of goodneſſe, what *Philoſophers* counſell can ſo readily direct a Prince, as the faigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*: or a vertuous man in all fortunes, as *Aeneas* in *Virgill*, or a whole Common-wealth, as the Way of Sir Thomas Moores *Eutopia*. I ſay the Way, becauſe where Sir Thomas Moore erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the Poet: for that Way of patterning a Common-wealth, was moſt abſolute, though hee perchance hath not ſo abſolutely performed it. For the queſtion is, whether the fained image of Poetrie, or the regular inſtruction of Philoſopie, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein if the *Philoſophers* haue more rightly ſhewed themſelues *Philoſophers*, then the *Poets* haue attained to the high toppe of their profeſsion (as in trueth *Mediocribus eſſe poetis, non Dij, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ*) it is (I ſay againe) not the fault of the Art, but that by few men that Art can bee accompliſhed. Certainely, euen our Sauiour Chriſt could as well haue giuen the morall common places of vncharitableneſſe, and humbleneſſe, as the diuine narration of *Diues* and *Lazarus*, or of diſobedience, and mercie, as that heauenly diſcourſe of the loſt child and the gracious Father, but that his thorough ſearching wiſedome, knew the eſtate of *Diues* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* boſome, would more conſtantly as it were, inhabit both the memory and iudgement. Truly for my ſelfe (mee ſeemes) I ſee before mine eyes, the loſt childes diſdainefull prodigalitie turned to enuie a Swines dinner: which by the learned *Diuines* are thought not hiſtoricall acts, but inſtructing parables. For concluſion, ſay the *Philoſopher* teacheth, but hee teacheth obſcurely, ſo as the learned onely can vnderſtand him, that is to ſay, he teacheth them that are alreadie taught. But the Poet is the foode for the tendreſt ſtomackes, the Poet is indeed the right popular *Philoſopher*. Wherof *Eſops* tales giue good proofe, whoſe pretty allegories ſtealing vnder the formall tales of beaſtes, make many more beaſtly then beaſtes, begin to heare the ſound of vertue from thoſe dumbe ſpeakers. But now may it bee alleaged, that if this imagining of matters be ſo fit for the imagination, then muſt the *Hiſtorian* needs ſurpaſſe, who brings you images of true matters, ſuch as indeede were done, not ſuch as fantaſtically or falſly may be ſuggeſted to haue bin done. Truely *Ariſtotle* himſelfe in his diſcourſe of *Poeſie*, plainly determines this queſtion, ſaying, that *Poetrie* is φιλοσοφώτερον & σπουδαιότερον, that is to ſay, it is more Philoſophicall, & more ingenuous then hiſtory. His reaſon is, becauſe *Poeſie* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to ſay, with the vniuerſall conſideration, & the hiſtory with καθ' ἕκαστον, the particular. Now ſaith he, the vniuerſall wayes what is fit to be ſaid or done, either is likelihoode or neceſsity, which the *Poeſie* conſidereth in his impoſed names: & the particular only marketh whether *Alcibiades* did or ſuffered this or that. Thus farre *Ariſtotle*. Which reaſon of his, as all his, is moſt full of reaſon. For indeed if the queſtion were, whether it were better to haue a particular act truly or falſly ſet down, there is no doubt which is to be choſen, no more then whether you had rather haue *Veſpaſians* picture right as hee was, or at the painters pleaſure nothing reſembling. But if the queſtion be for your own vſe & learning, whether it be better to haue it ſet down as it ſhould be, or as it was; then certainly is more doctrinable the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, then the true *Cyrus* in *Iuſtin*:

and

and the fained *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, then the right *Aeneas* in *Dares Phrygius*: as to a Ladie that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a Painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweete face, writing *Canidia* vpon it, then to paint *Canidia* as shee was, who *Horace* sweareth was full ill fauoured. If the *Poet* doe his part aright, hee will shew you in *Tantalus*, *Atreus*, and such like, nothing that is not to bee shunned; in *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Vlysses*, each thing to bee followed: where the *Historian* bound to tell thinges as thinges were, cannot be liberall, without hee will bee Poeticall of a perfect patterne, but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himselfe, shew doings, some to bee liked, some to bee misliked; and then how will you discerne what to follow, but by your owne discretion, which you had without reading *Quintus Curtius*? And whereas a man may say, though in vniuersall consideration of doctrine, the *Poet* preuaileth, yet that the Historie in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that hee shall follow. The answere is manifest, that if hee stand vpon that was, as if hee should argue, beeause it rained yesterday, therefore it should raine to day, then indeede hath it some aduantage to a grosse conceit. But if hee know an example onely enformes a coniectured likelihood, and so goe by reason, the *Poet* doth so farre exceede him, as hee is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, bee it in warrelike, politike, or priuate matters; where the *Historian* in his bare, was, hath many times that which wee call fortune, to ouer-rule the best wisedome. Many times hee must tell euents; whereof hee can yeelde no cause, or if hee doe, it must bee poetically. For that a fained example hath as much force to teach, as a true example (for as for to moue, it is cleare, since the fained may bee tuned to the highest key of passion) let vs take one example wherein an *Historian* and a *Poet* did concurre. *Herodotus* and *Iustine* doe both testifie, that *Zopirus*, King *Darius* faithfull seruant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, fained himselfe in extreame disgrace of his King, for verifying of which, hee caused his owne nose and eares to bee cut off, and so flying to the *Babylonians* was receiued, and for his knowne valure so farre credited, that hee did finde meanes to deliuer them ouer to *Darius*. Much like matter doth *Liuy* record of *Tarquinius* and his sonne. *Xenophon* excellently fained such another stratagem, performed by *Abradates* in *Cyrus* behalfe. Now would I faine know, if occasion bee presented vnto you, to serue your Prince by such an honest dissimulation, why you doe not as well learne it of *Xenophons* fictions, as of the others veritie: and truely so much the better, as you shall saue your nose by the bargaine. For *Abradates* did not counterfeit so farre. So then the best of the *Historian* is subiect to the *Poet*: for whatsoeuer action or faction, whatsoeuer counsell, policie, or warre stratagem the *Historian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet* if hee list with his imitation make his owne; beautifying it both for further teaching, and more delighting, as it please him: hauing all from *Dante* his heauen to his hell, vnder the authoritie of his pen. Which if I be asked what *Poets* haue done so? as I might well name some, so yet say I, and say againe, I speake of the Art and not of the Artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the prayse of History, in respect of the notable learning is got by marking the successe, as though therein a man should see vertue exalted and vice punished: truly that commendation is peculiar to Poetrie, and farre off from Historie; for indeede Poetrie euer sets vertue so out in her best coloures, making fortune her wel-wayting handmaid, that one must needes bee enamored of her. Well may you see *Vlysses* in a storme and in other hard plights, but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimitie, to make them shine the more in the neare

following

following proſperitie. And of the contrarie part, if euill men come to the ſtage, they euer goe out (as the Tragedie writer anſwered to one that miſliked the ſhew of ſuch perſons) ſo manacled, as they little animate folkes to follow them. But the Hiſtory being captiued to the truth of a fooliſh world, is many times a terror from well-doing, and an encouragement to vnbridled wickednesſe. For ſee wee not valiant *Milciades* rot in his fetters? The iuſt *Phocion* and the accompliſhed *Socrates* put to death like traytors? The cruell *Seuerus* liue proſperouſly? The excellent *Seuerus* miſerably murthered? *Sylla* and *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* and *Cicero* ſlaine then when they would haue thought exile a happineſſe? See we not vertuous *Cato* driuen to kill himſelfe, and Rebell *Cæſar* ſo aduanced, that his name, yet after a thouſand ſixe hundred yeares, laſteth in the higheſt honour? And marke but euen *Cæſars* owne wordes of the forenamed *Sylla*, (who in that onely did honeſtly, to put downe his diſhoneſt tyranny) *Literas neſciuit*: as if want of learning cauſed him to doe well. Hee meant it not by Poetrie, which not content with earthly plagues, deuiſeth new puniſhments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philoſophie, which teacheth *Occidentes eſſe*, but no doubt by skill in Hiſtorie, for that indeede can afford you *Cipſelus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionyſius*, and I know not how many moe of the ſame kennell, that ſped well inough in their abhominable iniuſtice of vſurpation. I conclude therefore that hee excelleth hiſtorie, not onely in furniſhing the minde with knowledge, but in ſetting it forward to that which deſerues to bee called and accounted good: which ſetting forward and mouing to well-doing, indeede ſetteth the Laurell crowne vpon the *Poets* as victorious, not onely of the *Hiſtorian*, but ouer the *Philoſopher*, howſoeuer in teaching, it may bee queſtionable. For ſuppoſe it bee graunted, that which I ſuppoſe with great reaſon may bee denied, that the *Philoſopher* in reſpect of his methodicall proceeding, teach more perfectly then the *Poet*, yet doe I thinke, that no man is ſo much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the *Philoſopher* in mouing with the *Poet*. And that mouing is of a higher degree then teaching; it may by this appeare, that it is well nigh both the cauſe and effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if he be not moued with deſire to be taught? And what ſo much good doth that teaching bring forth, (I ſpeake ſtill of morall doctrine) as that it moueth one to doe that which it doth teach? For as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, it is not γνόσις but πρᾶξις muſt be the fruit: and how πρᾶξις can be without being moued to practiſe, it is no hard matter to conſider. The *Philoſopher* ſheweth you the way, hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediouſneſſe of the way, and of the pleaſant lodging you ſhall haue when your iourney is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may diuert you from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will reade him, & reade him with attentiue ſtudious painefulneſſe, which conſtant deſire whoſoeuer hath in him, hath alreadie paſt halfe the hardneſſe of the way: and therefore is beholding to the *Philoſopher*, but for the other halfe. Nay truly learned men haue learnedly thought, that where once reaſon hath ſo much ouer-maſtered paſsion, as that the minde hath a free deſire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it ſelfe, is as good as a *Philoſophers* booke, ſince in Nature wee know it is well, to doe well, and what is well, and what is euill, although not in the words of Art which *Philoſophers* beſtow vpon vs: for out of naturall conceit the *Philoſophers* drew it; but to bee moued to doe that which wee know, or to bee moued with deſire to know, *Hoc opus, hic labor eſt*. Now therein of all Sciences (I ſpeake ſtill of humane, and according to the humane conceit) is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For hee doth not onely ſhew the way, but giueth ſo ſweete a proſpect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: Nay hee doth

doth as if your iourney ſhould lye through a faire vineyard, at the very firſt, giue you a cluſter of grapes, that full of that taſte, you may long to paſſe further. He beginneth not with obſcure definitions, which muſt blurre the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulneſſe: but he commeth to you with wordes ſet in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well enchaunting skill of *Muſicke*, and with a tale forſooth hee commeth vnto you, with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the Chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the minde from wickedneſſe to vertue; euen as the child is often brought to take moſt wholſome things by hyding them in ſuch other as haue a pleaſant taſte: which if one ſhould begin to tell them the nature of the *Aloes* or *Rhabarbarum* they ſhould receiue, would ſooner take their phyſicke at their eares then at their mouth, ſo is it in men (moſt of which are childiſh in the beſt things, till they bee cradled in their graues) glad they will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, and hearing them, muſt needes heare the right deſcription of wiſedome, valure, and iuſtice; which if they had beene barely (that is to ſay Philoſophically) ſet out, they would ſweare they be brought to ſchoole againe; that imitation whereof *Poetry* is, hath the moſt conueniencie to nature of all other: in ſo much that as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, thoſe thinges which in themſelues are horrible, as cruell battels, vnnaturall monſters, are made in poeticall imitation, delightfull. Truly I haue knowne men, that euen with reading *Amadis de Gaule*, which God knowes, wanteth much of a perfect *Poeſie*, haue found their hearts moued to the exerciſe of curteſie, liberalitie, and eſpecially courage. Who readeth *Aeneas* carying old *Anchiſes* on his backe, that wiſheth not it were his fortune to performe ſo excellent an Act? Whom doe not thoſe wordes of *Turnus* moue, (the tale of *Turnus* hauing planted his image in the imagination) *fugientem hæc terra videbit? Vſque adeone mori miſerum eſt?* Where the *Philoſophers* (as they thinke) ſcorne to delight, ſo much they be content little to moue; ſauing wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chiefe or the onely good; whether the contemplatiue or the actiue life do excell; which *Plato* & *Boetius* well knew: and therefore made miſtreſſe *Philoſophie* very often borrow the masking rayment of *Poeſie*. For euen thoſe hard hearted euill men, who thinke vertue a ſchoole name: and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore deſpiſe the auſtere admonitions of the *Philoſopher*, and feele not the inward reaſon they ſtand vpon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good fellow *Poet* ſeemes to promiſe; and ſo ſteale to ſee the forme of goodneſſe, (which ſeene, they cannot but loue) ere themſelues bee aware, as if they tooke a medicine of Cheries. Infinite proofes of the ſtrange effects of this Poeticall inuention might bee alleaged: onely two ſhall ſerue, which are ſo often remembred, as I thinke all men know them. The one of *Menenius Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had reſolutely diuided themſelues from the *Senate*, with apparant ſhew of vtter ruine, though hee were for that time an excellent Orator, came not among them vpon truſt either of figuratiue ſpeeches, or cunning inſinuations, and much leſſe with farre fet *Maximes* of *Philoſophie*, which eſpecially if they were *Platonike*, they muſt haue learned *Geometrie* before they could well haue conceiued: but forſooth, hee behaueth himſelfe like a homely and familiar *Poet*. Hee telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the bodie made a mutinous conſpiracie againſt the belly, which they thought deuoured the fruites of each others labour: they concluded they would let ſo vnprofitable a ſpender ſtarue. In the end, to bee ſhort, for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale, with puniſhing the belly they plagued themſelues;

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this applied by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I neuer reade, that onely wordes brought forth, but then, so sudden and so good an alteration: for vpon reasonable conditions, a perfect reconcilement ensued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who when the holy *Dauid* had so farre forsaken God, as to confirme adultery with murther, when hee was to doe the tendrest office of a friend, in laying his owne shame before his eyes; sent by God to call againe so chosen a seruant, how doth hee it? but by telling of a man whose beloued lambe was vngratefully taken from his bosome. The application most diuinely true, but the discourse it selfe fayned, which made *Dauid* (I speake of the second & instrumentall cause) as in a glasse see his owne filthinesse, as that heauenly Psalme of mercie well testifieth. By these therefore examples and reasons, I thinke it may be manifest, that the *Poet* with that same hand of delight, doth draw the minde more effectually than any other Art doth. And so a conclusion not vnfitly ensue, that as vertue is the most excellent resting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so *Poetrie* being the most familiar to teach it, & most Princely to moue towards it, in the most excellent worke, is the most excellent workeman. But I am content not onely to decipher him by his workes (although workes in commendation and dispraise, must euer hold a high authoritie) but more narrowly will examine his parts, so that (as in a man) though altogether may cary a presence full of maiestie and beautie, perchance in some one defectuous peece wee may finde blemish: Now in his parts, kindes or *species*, as you list to terme them, it is to bee noted, that some *Poesies* haue coupled together two or three kindes, as the *Tragicall* and *Comicall*, whereupon is risen the *Tragicomicall*, some in the manner haue mingled Prose and Verse, as *Sanazara* and *Boetius*; some haue mingled matters *Heroicall* and *Pastorall*. but that commeth all to one in this question, for if seuered they be good, the coniunction cannot be hurtfull: therefore perchance forgetting some, and leauing some as needelesse to bee remembred. It shall not bee amisse, in a word to cite the speciall kindes, to see what faults may bee found in the right vse of them. Is it then the Pastorall *Poeme* which is misliked? (For perchance where the hedge is loweſt they will soonest leap ouer) is the poore pipe disdained, which sometimes out of *Melibeus* mouth, can shew the miserie of people, vnder hard Lords and rauening Souldiers? And againe by *Titerus*, what blessednesse is deriued to them that lye lowest, from the goodnesse of them that sit highest? Sometimes vnder the pretie tales of Wolues and Sheepe, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing & patience; sometimes shew that contentions for trifles, can get but a trifling victorie, where perchance a man may see, that euen *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they straue who should be Cocke of this worlds dunghill, the benefit they got, was, that the after-liuers may say, *Hos wemini & victum frustra contudere Thirsim. Ex illo Coridon, Coridon est tempore nobis.* Or is it the lamenting *Elegiacke*, which in a kinde heart would moue rather pitie then blame, who bewayleth with the great Philosopher *Heraclitus*, the weakenesse of mankinde, and the wretchednesse of the world: who surely is to be praised either for compassionate accompanying iust causes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weake bee the passions of wofulnesse? Is it the bitter but wholesome *Iambicke*, who rubbes the galled minde, making shame the Trumpet of villanie, with bold and open crying out against naughtinesse? Or the *Satyricke*, who *Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico*, who sportingly neuer leaueth, till he make a man laugh at follie; and at length ashamed, to laugh at himselfe; which hee cannot auoide, without auoiding the folly? who while *Circum præcordia ludit*, giueth vs to feele how many headaches a passionate life bringeth vs to? Who when all is done,

done, *Eſt ſalubris animus ſi nos non deficit æquus.* No perchance it is the *Comicke*, whom naughtie Play-makers and ſtage-keepers, haue iuſtly made odious. To the arguments of abuſe, I will after anſwer; onely thus much now is to bee ſaid, that the *Comœdy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which hee repreſenteth in the moſt ridiculous and ſcornefull ſort that may be: ſo as it is impoſsible that any behoulder can bee content to be ſuch a one. Now as in *Geometrie*, the oblique muſt be knowne as well as the right, and in *Arithmeticke*, the odde as well as the euen, ſo in the actions of our life, who ſeeth not the filthineſſe of euill, wanteth a great foyle to perceiue the beautie of vertue. This doth the Comœdie handle ſo in our priuate and domeſticall matters, as with hearing it, wee get as it were an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a craftie *Dauus*, of a flattering *Gnatho*, of a vain-glorious *Thraſo*: and not onely to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be ſuch, by the ſignifying badge giuen them by the *Comœdient*. And litle reaſon hath any man to ſay, that men learne the euill by ſeeing it ſo ſet out; ſince as I ſaid before, there is no man liuing, but by the force truth hath in nature, no ſooner ſeeth theſe men play their parts, but wiſheth them in *Piſtrinum*, although perchance the ſacke of his owne faults lie ſo behinde his backe, that he ſeeth not himſelfe to dance the ſame meaſure: whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes, then to ſee his owne actions contemptibly ſet forth. So that the right vſe of *Comœdie* will, I thinke, by no bodie be blamed; and much leſſe of the high and excellent *Tragedie*, that openeth the greateſt wounds, and ſheweth forth the *Vlcers* that are couered with *Tiſſue*, that maketh Kings feare to bee Tyrants, and Tyrants manifeſt their tyrannicall humors, that with ſtirring the effects of *Admiration* and *Commiſeration*, teacheth the vncertainty of this world, & vpon how weake foundations guilden roofes are builded: that maketh vs know, *Qui ſceptra ſæuus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.* But how much it can moue, *Plutarch* yeeldeth a notable teſtimonie of the abhominable Tyrant *Alexander Pheræus*, from whoſe eyes a *Tragedie* well made and repreſented, drew abundance of teares, who without all pitie had murthered infinite numbers, & ſome of his owne bloud: ſo as hee that was not aſhamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet could not reſiſt the ſweete violence of a *Tragedie*. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was, that hee in deſpite of himſelfe, withdrew himſelfe from hearkening to that which might mollifie his hardned heart. But it is not the *Tragedie* they doe miſlike: for it were too abſurde to caſt out ſo excellent a repreſentation of whatſoeuer is moſt worthy to bee learned. It is the *Lyricke* that moſt diſpleaſeth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, & well accorded voice, giueth prayſe, the reward of vertue, to vertuous acts? who giueth morall precepts and naturall Problems, who ſometime rayſeth vp his voyce to the height of the heauens, in ſinging the laudes of the immortall God? Certainely I muſt confeſſe mine owne barbarouſneſſe; I neuer heard the old Song of *Percie & Douglas*, that I found not my heart moued more then with a Trumpet? and yet it is ſung but by ſome blinde Crowder, with no rougher voyce, then rude ſtile: which being ſo euill apparelled in the duſt and Cobweb of that vaciuill age, what would it worke, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindare*? In *Hungarie* I haue ſeene in the manner of all feaſtes and other ſuch like meetings, to haue ſongs of their anceſtors valure, which that right ſouldierlike nation, thinke one of the chiefeſt kindlers of braue courage. The incomparable *Lacedæmonians* did not onely carrie that kinde of *Muſicke* euer with them to the field, but euen at home, as ſuch ſongs were made, ſo were they all content to bee ſingers of them: when the luſtie men were to tell what they did, the olde men what they haue done, and the

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yong what they would doe. And where a man may say, that *Pindare* many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport then vertue, as it may be answered, it was the fault of the *Poet*, & not of the *Poetry*; so indeed the chiefe fault was, in the time & custome of the *Greeks*, who set those toyes at so high a price, that *Philip of Macedon* reckned a horse-race won at *Olympus*, among his three fearefull felicities. But as the vnimitable *Pindare* often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit to awake the thoughts from the sleepe of idlenesse, to embrace honourable enterprises. There rests the *Heroicall*, whose very name I thinke should daunt all backebiters. For by what conceit can a tongue bee directed to speake euill of that which draweth with him no lesse champions then *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Turnus*, *Tydeus*, *Rinaldo*, who doth not onely teach and moue to a truth, but teacheth and moueth to the most high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimitie and iustice, shine through all mystie fearefulnesse and foggie desires. Who if the saying of *Plato* and *Tully* bee true, that who could see vertue, would bee wonderfully rauished with the loue of her beautie; this man setteth her out to make her more louely in her holiday apparell, to the eye of any that will daine, not to disdaine vntill they vnderstand. But if any thing be already said in the defence of sweete *Poetry*, all concurre to the maintayning the *Heroicall*, which is not onely a kinde, but the best and most accomplished kinde of *Poetry*. For as the Image of each Action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty Image of such worthies, most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy: and enformes with counsaile how to bee worthy. Onely let *Aeneas* bee worne in the Tablet of your memory, how he gouerneth himselfe in the ruine of his Countrey, in the preseruing his old Father, and carying away his religious Ceremonies, in obeying Gods Commandement to leaue *Dido*, though not only all passionate kindnesse, but euen the humane consideration of vertuous gratefulnesse would haue craued other of him: how in stormes, how in sports, how in warre, how in peace, how a fugitiue, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to Allies, how to enemies, how to his owne. Lastly, how in his inward selfe, and how in his outward gouernement, and I thinke in a minde most preiudiced with a preiudicating humor, hee will bee found in excellencie fruitefull. Yea as *Horace* saith, *Melius Chrisippo, & Crantore*: but truly, I imagine it falleth out with these Poet-whippers, as with some good women, who often are sicke, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetrie* is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effectes, neither the summe that containes him, nor the particularities descending from him, giue any fast handle to their carping dispraise. Since then *Poetrie* is of all humane learnings the most auncient, and of most fatherly antiquitie, as from whence other learnings haue taken their beginnings; Since it is so vniuersall, that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it. Since both *Romane* and *Greeke* gaue such diuine names vnto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making; and that indeede that name of making is fit for him, considering, that where all other Artes retaine themselues within their subiect, and receiue as it were their being from it; The *Poet* onely, onely bringeth his owne stuffe, and doth not learne a Conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a Conceit. Since neither his description, nor end containeth any euill, the thing described cannot bee euill; since his effects bee so good as to teach goodnesse, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely in morall doctrine the chiefe of all knowledges) hee doth not onely farre passe the *Historian*, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the *Philosopher*,

loſoper, for mouing, leaueth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (wherein there is no vncleanneſſe) hath whole parts in it Poeticall, and that euen our Sauiour Chriſt vouchſafed to vſe the flowers of it: ſince all his kindnes are not onely in their vnited formes, but in their ſeuered diſſections fully commendable, I thinke, (and thinke I thinke rightly) the Laurell Crowne appointed for triumphant Captaines, doth worthily of all other learnings, honour the *Poets* triumph. But becauſe wee haue eares as well as tongues, and that the lighteſt reaſons that may bee will ſeeme to waigh greatly, if nothing bee put in the counterballance, let vs heare, and as well as wee can, ponder what obiections bee made againſt this Arte, which may bee worthy eyther of yeelding, or anſwering. Firſt, truly I note, not onely in theſe μισόμουσοι, Poet-haters, but in all that kinde of people who ſeeke a prayſe, by diſprayſing others, that they doe prodigally ſpend a great many wandring wordes in quips and ſcoffes, carping and taunting at each thing, which by ſtirring the ſpleene, may ſtay the braine from a through beholding the worthineſſe of the ſubiect. Thoſe kinde of obiections, as they are full of a very idle eaſineſſe, ſince there is nothing of ſo ſacred a maieſtie, but that an itching tongue may rub it ſelfe vpon it, ſo deſerue they no other anſwere, but in ſteede of laughing at the ieſt, to laugh at the ieſter. Wee know a playing wit can prayſe the diſcretion of an Aſſe, the comfortableneſſe of being in debt, and the iolly commodities of being ſicke of the plague So of the contrary ſide, if we will turne *Ouids* verſe, *Vt lateat virtus proximitate mali, that good lies hid in neereneſſe of the euill*, *Agrippa* will bee as merry in the ſhewing the vanitie of Science, as *Eraſmus* was in the commending of folly: neither ſhall any man or matter, eſcape ſome touch of theſe ſmiling Raylers. But for *Eraſmus* and *Agrippa*, they had an other foundation then the ſuperficiall part would promiſe. Marry theſe other pleaſant fault-finders, who will correct the *Verbe* before they vnderſtand the *Noune*, and confute others knowledge, before they confirme their owne, I would haue them onely remember, that ſcoffing commeth not of wiſedome; ſo as the beſt title in true Engliſh they get with their merryments, is to bee called good fooles: for ſo haue our graue forefathers euer tearmed that humorous kinde of ieſters. But that which giueth greateſt ſcope to their ſcorning humor, is rymīg and verſing. It is alreadie ſaid, (and as I thinke truly ſaid) it is not ryming and verſing that maketh *Poeſie*: One may bee a *Poet* without verſing, and a verſifier without *Poetrie*. But yet preſuppoſe it were inſeparable, as indeede it ſeemeth *Scaliger* iudgeth truly, it were an inſeparable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reaſon, bee the greateſt gift beſtowed vpon *Mortalitie*, that cannot bee prayſeleſſe, which doth moſt poliſh that bleſsing of ſpeech; which conſidereth each word, not onely as a man may ſay by his forcible qualitie, but by his beſt meaſured quantitie: carying euen in themſelues a *Harmonie*; without perchaunce number, meaſure, order, proportion bee in our time growne odious. But lay aſide the iuſt prayſe it hath, by being the onely fit ſpeech for *Muſicke*, (*Muſicke* I ſay, the moſt diuine ſtriker of the ſenſes.) Thus much is vndoubtedly true, that if reading bee fooliſh without remembring, Memory being the onely treaſure of knowledge, thoſe wordes which are fitteſt for memory, are likewiſe moſt conuenient for knowledge. Now that Verſe farre exceedeth Proſe, in the knitting vp of the memorie, the reaſon is manifeſt, the wordes (beſides their delight, which hath a great affinitie to memorie) being ſo ſet as one cannot be loſt, but the whole worke failes: which accuſing it ſelfe, calleth the remembrance backe to it ſelfe, & ſo moſt ſtrongly confirmeth it. Beſides

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one word, so as it were begetting another, as be it in ryme or measured verse, by the former a man shall haue a neere gheſſe to the following. Lastly, euen they that haue taught the Art of memorie, and shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certaine roome deuided into many places, well and throughly knowne: Now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, euery word hauing his naturall seat, which seat must needs make the word remembred. But what needes more in a thing so knowne to all men? Who is it that euer was scholler, that doth not carrie away some verses of *Virgill*, *Horace*, or *Ouid*, which in his youth hee learned, and euen to his olde age serue him for hourely lessons; as *Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est. Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus.* But the fitnesse it hath for memory, is notably proued by all deliuerie of Arts, wherein for the most part, from *Grammer* to *Logicke*, *Mathematickes*, *Physicke*, and the rest, the Rules chiefly necessarie to bee borne away, are compiled in verses. So that verse being in it selfe sweete and orderly, and being best for memory, the onely handle of knowledge, it must bee in ieast that any man can speake against it. Now then goe wee to the most important imputations layd to the poore *Poets*; for ought I can yet learne, they are these: First, that there being many other more fruitefull knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them, then in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lyes. Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting vs with many pestilent desires, with a *Syrens* sweetenesse, drawing the minde to the Serpents taile of sinfull fancies; and herein especially *Comedies* giue the largest field to eare, as *Chaucer* saith, how both in other nations and ours, before *Poets* did soften vs, wee were full of courage, giuen to martiall exercises, the pillers of manlike libertie, and not lulled asleepe in shadie idlenesse with *Poets* pastimes. And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had ouer-shot *Robinhood*, that *Plato* banished them out of his Common-wealth. Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it. First to the first. That a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeede: but it doth as they say, but *petere principium*. For if it bee, as I affirme, that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth and moueth to vertue, and that none can both reach and moue thereto so much as *Poesie*, then is the conclusion manifest; that inke and paper cannot bee to a more profitable purpose imployed. And certainely though a man should graunt their first assumption, it should follow (me thinke) very vnwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and vtterly deny, that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitfull knowledge. To the second therefore, that they should bee the principall lyers, I answere, *Paradoxically*, but truely, I thinke truely: that of all writers vnder the Sunne, the *Poet* is the least lyer: and though he would, as a *Poet*, can scarcely be a lyer. The *Astronomer* with his cousin the *Geometrician* can hardly escape, whē they take vpon them to measure the height of the starres. How often thinke you doe the *Physitians* lye, when they auerre things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send *Charon* a great number of soules drowned in a potion, before they come to his Ferry? And no lesse of the rest, which take vpon them to affirme. Now for the *Poet*, hee nothing affirmeth, and therefore neuer lyeth: for as I take it, to lie, is to affirme that to bee true, which is false. So as the other *Artistes*, & especially the *Historian*, affirming many things, can in the cloudie knowledge of mankinde, hardly escape from many lyes. But the *Poet* as I said before, neuer affirmeth, the *Poet* neuer maketh any Circles about your imagination, to coniure you to beleeue for true, what he writeth: he citeth not authorities of other histories, but euen for his entrie, calleth the sweete *Muses* to inspire into him a good inuention. In troth not labouring to tell you what

is, or is not, but what should, or should not bee. And therefore though hee recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true, he lyeth not: without wee will say, that *Nathan* lyed in his speech before alledged to *David*, which as a wicked man durst scarce say, so thinke I none so simple, would say, that *Esope* lyed in the tales of his beasts: for who thinketh that *Esope* wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name Chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there, that comming to a play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great letters vpon an olde doore, doth beleeue that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arriue to the childes age, to know that the *Poets* persons and doings, are but pictures what should bee, & not stories what haue been, they will neuer giue the ly to things not affirmatiuely, but allegorically and figuratiuely written; and therefore as in history looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falshood: So in *Poesie*, looking but for fiction, they shall vse the narration but as an imaginatiue ground plat of a profitable inuention. But hereto is replied, that the *Poets* giue names to men they write of, which argueth a conceite of an actuall truth, and so not being true, proueth falsehood. And doth the *Lawyer* lye then, when vnder the names of *Iohn* of the *Stile*, & *Iohn* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his Case? But that is easily answered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more liuely, and not to build any Historie. Painting men, they cannot leaue men nameless. wee see we cannot play at Chesse, but that we must giue names to our Chessemen; and yet me thinkes he were a very partiall Champion of truth, that would say we lyed, for giuing a peece of wood the reuerend title of a Bishop. The *Poet* nameth *Cyrus* and *Aeneas*, no other way, then to shew what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates, should doe. Their third is, how much it abuseth mens wits, trayning it to wanton sinfulnesse, and lustfull loue. For indeede that is the principall if not the onely abuse I can heare alledged. They say the *Comedies* rather teach then reprehend amorous conceites. They say the *Lyricke* is larded with passionate *Sonnets*, the *Elegiacke* weepes the want of his mistresse, and that euen to the *Heroicall*, *Cupid* hath ambitiously climed. Alas Loue, I would thou couldest as well defend thy selfe, as thou canst offend others: I would those on whom thou doest attend, could either put thee away, or yeeld good reason why they keepe thee. But graunt loue of beautie to bee a beastly fault, although it bee verie hard, since onely man and no beast hath that gift to discerne beautie, graunt that louely name of loue to deserue all hatefull reproches, although euen some of my masters the *Philosophers* spent a good deale of their Lampoyle in setting forth the excellencie of it, graunt I say, what they will haue graunted, that not onely loue, but lust, but vanitie, but if they list scurilitie possesse many leaues of the *Poets* bookes, yet thinke I, when this is graunted, they will finde their sentence may with good maners put the last wordes formost; and not say, that *Poetrie* abuseth mans wit, but that mans wit abuseth *Poetrie*. For I will not deny, but that mans wit may make *Poesie*, which should be ἀπάτη, which some learned haue defined figuring forth good things, to be φαντασία, which doth contrarywise infect the fancie with vnworthy obiectes, as the Painter should giue to the eye either some excellent perspectiue, or some fine Picture fit for building or fortification, or contayning in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his sonne *Isaack*, *Iudith* killing *Holofernes*, *Dauid* fighting with *Goliat*, may leaue those, & please an ill pleased eye with wanton shewes of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing, make the right vse odious? Nay truly: though I yeeld that *Poesie* may not onely bee abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweete charming force, it can do more hurt then any other armie of words, yet shall it be so

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farre from concluding, that the abuſe ſhould giue reproch to the abuſed, that contrariewiſe, it is a good reaſon, that whatſoeuer being abuſed, doth much harme, being rightly vſed (and vpon the right vſe, each thing receiues his title) doth moſt good. Doe wee not ſee skill of Phyſicke the beſt rampier to our often aſſaulted bodies, being abuſed, teach poyſon the moſt violent deſtroyer? Doth not knowledge of Law, whoſe end is to euen and right all thinges, being abuſed grow the crooked foſterer of horrible iniuries? Doth not (to goe in the higheſt) Gods word abuſed breede hereſie, and his name abuſed, become blaſphemie? Truly a Needle cannot doe much hurt, and as truly (with leaue of Ladies bee it ſpoken) it cannot doe much good. With a ſword thou mayeſt kill thy Father, and with a ſword thou mayeſt defend thy Prince and Countrey: ſo that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they ſaid nothing, ſo in this their argument of abuſe, they proue the commendation. They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* began to bee in price, our Nation had ſet their hearts delight vpon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to bee written, then writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I thinke ſcarcely *Sphinx* can tell: ſince no memory is ſo ancient, that hath not the precedence of *Poetrie*. And certaine it is, that in our plaineſt homelineſſe, yet neuer was the *Albion* Nation without *Poetrie*. Marry this argument, though it be leuelled againſt *Poetry*, yet is it indeed a chain-ſhot againſt all learning or bookiſhneſſe, as they commonly terme it. Of ſuch minde were certaine *Gothes*, of whom it is written, that hauing in the ſpoile of a famous citie, taken a faire Library, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would haue ſet fire in it. No ſaid another very grauely, take heed what you do, for while they are buſie about thoſe toyes, we ſhall with more leiſure conquer their countries. This indeede is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words ſometimes I haue heard ſpent in it: but becauſe this reaſon is generally againſt all learning, as well as *Poetry*, or rather all learning but *Poetrie*, becauſe it were too large a digreſsion to handle it, or at leaſt too ſuperfluous, ſince it is manifeſt that all gouernement of action is to bee gotten by knowledge, and knowledge beſt, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I onely with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion, *Iubeo ſtultum eſſe libenter*: for as for *Poetry* it ſelfe, it is the freeſt from this obiection: for *Poetry* is the Companion of Camps. I dare vndertake, *Orlando furioſo*, or honeſt king *Arthure*, will neuer diſpleaſe a ſouldier: but the quidditie of *Ens* and *prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corſelet. And therefore as I ſaid in the beginning, euen *Turkes* and *Tartares*, are delighted with *Poets*. *Homer* a *Greecke*, flouriſhed, before *Greece* flouriſhed: and if to a ſlight coniecture, a coniecture may bee oppoſed, truly it may ſeeme, that as by him their learned men tooke almoſt their firſt light of knowledge, ſo their actiue men receiued their firſt motions of courage. Onely *Alexanders* example may ſerue, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of ſuch vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his footeſtoole, whoſe Actes ſpeake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeed the *Phœnix* of warrelike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schoolemaſter liuing *Ariſtotle* behinde him, but tooke dead *Homer* with him. Hee put the Philoſopher *Calliſthenes* to death, for his ſeeming Philoſophicall, indeede mutinous ſtubbornneſſe: but the chiefe thing he was euer heard to wiſh for, was, that *Homer* had beene aliue. Hee well found he receiued more brauery of minde by the patterne of *Achilles*, then by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore if *Cato* miſliked *Fuluius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may bee anſwered, that if *Cato* miſliked it, the noble *Fuluius* liked it, or elſe he had not done it, for it was

not the excellent *Cato Vticenſis*, whoſe authoritie I would much more haue reuerenced: but is was the former, in truth a bitter puniſher of faults, but elſe a man that had neuer ſacrificed to the *Graces*. He miſliked & cried out againſt all Greeke learning, & yet being foureſcore yeares olde, began to learne it, belike fearing that *Pluto* vnderſtood not Latine: Indeede the *Romane* lawes allowed no perſon to bee caried to the wars, but he that was in the ſouldiers role. And therfore thogh *Cato* miſliked his vnmuſtred perſon, he miſliked not his work. And if he had, *Scipio Naſica* (iudged by cõmon conſent the beſt *Romane*) loued him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no leſs ſurnames then of *Aſia* & *Affrick*, ſo loued him, that they cauſed his body to be buried in their ſepulture. So as *Catoes* authority being but againſt his perſon, & that anſwered with ſo far greater thẽ himſelf, is herein of no validity. But now indeed my burthen is great, that *Plato* his name is layd vpon me, whom I muſt confeſſe of all *Philoſophers*, I haue euer eſteemed moſt worthy of reuerence; & with good reaſon, ſince of all *Philoſophers* he is the moſt *Poeticall*: yet if he will defile the fountaine out of which his flowing ſtreames haue proceeded, let vs boldly examine with what reaſon hee did it. Firſt truly a man might maliciouſly obiect, that *Plato* being a *Philoſopher*, was a natural enemie of *Poets*. For indeed after the *Philoſophers* had picked out of the ſweet myſteries of *Poetry*, the right diſcerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in method, & making a ſchool Art of that which the *Poets* did onely teach by a diuine delightfulneſſe, beginning to ſpurne at their guides, like vngrateful prentices, were not cõtent to ſet vp ſhop for themſelues, but ſought by all meanes to diſcredit their maſters: which by the force of delight being barred them, the leſſe they could ouerthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeed they found, for *Homer* ſeuen cities ſtraue who ſhould haue him for their Citizen, where many cities baniſhed *Philoſophers*, as not fit members to liue among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* verſes, many *Athenians* had their liues ſaued of the *Syracuſans*, where the *Athenians* themſelues thought many *Philoſophers* vnworthy to liue. Certaine *Poets*, as *Simonides*, & *Pindarus*, had ſo preuailed with *Hiero* the firſt, that of a tyrant they made him a iuſt king: where *Plato* could do ſo little with *Dionyſius*, that hee himſelfe of a *Philoſopher*, was made a ſlaue. But who ſhould do thus, I confeſſe ſhould requite the obiections made againſt *Poets*, with like cauillations againſt *Philoſophers*: as likewiſe one ſhould do that ſhould bid one reade *Phædrus* or *Sympoſium* in *Plato*, or the diſcourſe of loue in *Plutarch*, and ſee whether any *Poet* do authoriſe abhominable filthineſſe as they do. Againe a man might aske, out of what cõmon-wealth *Plato* doth baniſh them, in ſooth, thence where hee himſelfe alloweth communitie of women. So as belike this baniſhment grew not for effeminat wantonnes, ſince litle ſhould poetical *Sonnets* be hurtful, when a man might haue what woman he liſted. But I honour Philoſophicall inſtructions, & bleſſe the wits which bred them: ſo as they be not abuſed, which is likewiſe ſtretched to *Poetry*. Saint *Paule* himſelfe ſets a watch-word vpon *Philoſophie*, indeed vpon the abuſe. So doth *Plato* vpon the abuſe, not vpon *Poetry*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, fild the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that vnſpotted eſſence; & therfore would not haue the youth depraued with ſuch opinions: herein may much by ſaid; let this ſuffice. The *Poets* did not induce ſuch opinions; but did imitate thoſe opinions already induced. For all the *Greeke* ſtories can well teſtifie, that the very religion of that time, ſtood vpon many, & many faſhioned gods: not taught ſo by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who liſt may reade in *Plutarch*, the diſcourſes of *Iſis* & *Oſiris*, of the cauſe why Oracles ceaſſed, of the diuine prouidence, & ſee whether the *Theologie* of that nation ſtoode

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not vpon ſuch dreames which the *Poets* indeed ſuperſtitiouſly obſerued; & truly ſince they had not the light of Chriſt, did much better in it then the *Philoſophers*, who ſhaking off ſuperſtition, brought in *Atheiſme*. *Plato* therefore whoſe authoritie I had much rather iuſtly conſtrue then vniuſtly reſiſt, meant not in generall of *Poets*, in thoſe words of which *Iulius Scaliger* ſaith; *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque inſipidi abuti velint ad Poëtas è Republica exigendos*; But onely meant to driue out thoſe wrong opinions of the Deitie: whereof now without further law, *Chriſtianity* hath taken away all the hurtfull beleefe, perchance as he thought, nouriſhed by then eſteemed *Poets*. And a man need goe no further then to *Plato* himſelfe to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giueth high, & rightly diuine commendations vnto *Poetry*. So as *Plato* baniſhing the abuſe, not the thing, not baniſhing it, but giuing due honour to it, ſhall be our Patron, & not our aduerſarie. For indeede, I had rather, ſince truely I may doe it, ſhew their miſtaking of *Plato*, vnder whoſe Lyons skinne they would make an Aſſe-like braying againſt *Poeſie*, then goe about to ouerthrow his authority; whom the wiſer a man is, the more iuſt cauſe hee ſhall finde to haue in admiration: eſpecially ſince he attributeth vnto *Poeſie* more then my ſelfe doe; namely to bee a very inſpiring of a diuine force, farre aboue mans wit, as in the forenamed Dialogue is apparant. Of the other ſide, who would ſhew the honours haue beene by the beſt ſort of iudgements graunted them, a whole ſea of examples would preſent themſelues; *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Scipioes*, all fauourers of *Poets*: *Lælius*, called the Romane *Socrates* himſelfe a *Poet*; ſo as part of *Heautontimeroumenon* in *Terence*, was ſuppoſed to bee made by him. And euen the *Greeke Socrates*, whom *Apollo* confirmed to be the onely wiſe man, is ſaid to haue ſpent part of his old time in putting *Eſopes* Fables into Verſes. And therefore full euill ſhould it become his ſcholler *Plato*, to put ſuch words in his maſters mouth againſt *Poets*. But what needs more? *Ariſtotle* writes the Arte of *Poeſie*: and why, if it ſhould not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the vſe to be gathered of them: and how, if they ſhould not bee read? And who reades *Plutarches* eyther Hiſtorie or *Philoſophie*, ſhall finde hee trimmeth both their garments with guardes of *Poeſie*. But I not liſt to defend *Poeſie* with the helpe of his vnderling *Hiſtoriographie*. Let it ſuffice to haue ſhewed, it is a fit ſoile for prayſe to dwell vpon: and what diſprayſe may ſet vpon it, is eyther eaſily ouercome, or transformed into iuſt commendations. So that ſince the excellencies of it may bee ſo eaſily and ſo iuſtly confirmed, and the low creeping obiections ſo ſoone trodden downe, it not being an Arte of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateneſſe, but of notable ſtirring of courage; not of abuſing mans wit, but of ſtrengthning mans wit; not baniſhed, but honoured by *Plato*; let vs rather plant more Laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heades (which honour of being Laureate, as beſides them onely triumphant Captaines were, is a ſufficient authoritie to ſhew the price they ought to be held in) then ſuffer the ill fauoured breath of ſuch wrong ſpeakers once to blow vpon the cleare ſprings of *Poeſie*. But ſince I haue runne ſo long a Carreir in this matter, mee thinkes before I giue my penne a full ſtoppe, it ſhall bee but a little more loſt time, to inquire why England the mother of excellent mindes ſhould bee growne ſo hard a ſtepmother to *Poets*, who certainely in wit ought to paſſe all others, ſince all onely proceedes from their wit, being indeede makers of themſelues, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime, *Muſa mihi cauſas memora quo numine læſo*. Sweete *Poeſie* that hath anciently had Kings, Emperours, Senators, great Captaines, ſuch as beſides a thouſands others, *Dauid*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not onely to fauour *Poets*, but to bee *Poets*: and of our neerer times, can preſent for her Patrons, a *Robert* King of *Sicill*, the great King *Fraunces*

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of *Fraunce*, King *Iames* of *Scotland*, ſuch Cardinals as *Bembus*, and *Bibiena*; ſuch famous preachers and teachers, as *Beza* and *Melanchthon*, ſo learned *Philoſophers*, as *Fracaſtorius*, and *Scaliger*, ſo great Orators, as *Pontanus*, and *Muretus*; ſo piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*; ſo graue Counſellours, as beſides many, but before all, that *Hoſpitall* of *France*; then whom I thinke that Realme neuer brought forth a more accompliſhed iudgement, more firmely builded vpon vertue: I ſay theſe with numbers of others, not onely to reade others *Poeſies*, but to *Poetiſe* for others reading; that *Poeſie* thus embraced in all other places ſhould onely finde in our time a hard welcome in England, I thinke the very earth laments it, and therefore deckes our ſoile with fewer Laurels then it was accuſtomed. For heretofore, *Poets* haue in England alſo flouriſhed: and which is to be noted, euen in thoſe times when the Trumpet of *Mars* did ſound lowdeſt. And now that an ouer faint quietneſſe ſhould ſeeme to ſtrow the houſe for *Poets*, they are almoſt in as good reputation, as the *Montebanckes* at *Venice*. Truly euen that, as of the one ſide it giueth great prayſe to *Poeſie*, which like *Venus* (but to better purpoſe) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, then enioy the homely quiet *Vulcan*: So ſerues it for a peece of a reaſon, why they are leſſe gratefull to idle *England*, which now can ſcarce enduer the paine of a penne. Vpon this neceſſarily followeth, that baſe men with ſeruile wits vndertake it, who thinke it enough if they can bee rewarded of the Printer: and ſo as *Epaminondas* is ſaid with the honour of his vertue to haue made an office, by his exerciſing it, which before was contemptible, to become highly reſpected: ſo theſe men no more but ſetting their names to it, by their owne diſgracefulneſſe, diſgrace the moſt gracefull *Poeſie*. For now as if all the *Muſes* were got with child, to bring forth baſtard Poets: without any commiſsion they doe poſt ouer the bankes of *Helicon*, till they make the Readers more wearie then poſt-horſes; while in the meane time, they *Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan*, are better content to ſuppreſſe the out-flowings of their wit, then by publiſhing them, to bee accounted Knights of the ſame order. But I, that before euer I durſt aſpire vnto the dignitie, am admitted into the company of the *Paper-blurrers*, doe finde the very true cauſe of our wanting eſtimation is want of deſert, taking vpon vs to bee *Poets* in deſpite of *Pallas*. Now wherein wee want deſert, were a thanke-worthy labour to expreſſe. But if I knew, I ſhould haue mended my ſelfe: but as I neuer deſired the title, ſo haue I neglected the meanes to come by it, onely ouer-maſtered by ſome thoughts, I yeelded an inkie tribute vnto them. Mary they that delight in *Poeſie* it ſelfe, ſhould ſeeke to knowe what they doe: and how they doe eſpecially looke themſelues in an vnflattering glaſſe of reaſon, if they bee inclinable vnto it. For *Poeſie* muſt not be drawne by the eares, it muſt be gently led, or rather it muſt lead, which was partly the cauſe that made the ancient learned affirme, it was a diuine gift and no humane skill, ſince all other knowledges lye readie for any that haue ſtrength of wit: A *Poet* no induſtrie can make, if his owne *Genius* bee not carryed into it. And therefore is an olde Prouerbe, *Orator fit, Poeta naſcitur*. Yet confeſſe alwayes, that as the fertileſt ground muſt bee manured, ſo muſt the higheſt flying wit haue a *Dedalus* to guide him. That *Dedalus* they ſay both in this and in other, hath three wings to beare it ſelfe vp into the ayre of due commendation: that is, Arte, Imitation and Exerciſe. But theſe neither Artificiall Rules, nor imitatiue patternes, wee much comber our ſelues withall. Exerciſe indeede wee doe, but that very fore-backewardly; for where wee ſhould exerciſe to know, wee exerciſe as hauing knowne: and ſo is our braine deliuered of much matter, which neuer was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principall parts, Matter to

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be expressed by wordes, and wordes to expresse the matter: In neither, wee vse Arte of Imitation rightly. Our matter is, *Quodlibet*, indeede although wrongly performing *Omne* Verse:

Quicquid cunque dicere, versus erit.

Neuer marshalling it into any assured ranke, that almost the readers cannot tell where to finde themselues. *Chaucer* vndoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Crescid*: of whom truly I know not whether to maruell more, either that he in that mystie time could see so clearely, or that wee in this cleare age, goe so stumblingly after him. Yet had hee great wants, fit to be forgiuen in so reuerent an Antiquitie. I account the Mirrour of Magistrates, meetely furnished of beautifull parts. And in the Earle of *Surreis Lyrickes*: many thinges tasting of a noble birth, and worthie of a noble minde. The Shepheards Kalender hath much *Poetrie* in his Eclogues, indeede worthy the reading if I bee not deceiued. That same framing of his stile to an olde rustieke language, I dare not allow: since neither *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* in Latin, nor *Sanazzar* in Italian did affect it. Besides these, I doe not remember to haue seene but few (to speake boldly) printed that haue Poeticall sinewes in them. For proofe whereof, let but most of the Verses be put in Prose, and then aske the meaning, and it will bee found, that one Verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first, what should bee at the last, which becomes a confused masse of wordes, with a tingling sound of time, barely accompanied with reason. Our Tragedies and Comedies, not without cause cried out against, obseruing rules neither of honest ciuilitie, nor skilfull *Poetry*. Excepting *Gorboducke* (againe I say of those that I haue seene) which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches, and well sounding phrases, climing to the height of *Seneca* his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtaine the very end of *Poesie*: Yet in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumstances, which grieues me, because it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faultie both in place and time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the stage should alway represent but one place; and the vttermost time presupposed in it, should be both by *Aristotles* precept, and common reason, but one day; there is both many dayes and many places, inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall haue *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other vnder-kingdomes, that the Player when hee comes in, must euer begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not bee conceiued. Now shall you haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee must beleeue the stage to bee a garden. By and by wee heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then wee are to blame if wee accept it not for a rocke. Vpon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a caue: while in the meane time two armies flie in, represented with foure swordes and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receiue it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberall. For ordinarie it is, that two young Princes fall in loue, after many trauerses shee is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy, hee is lost, groweth a man, falleth in loue, and is readie to get another childe; and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sense, euen sense may imagine: and Art hath taught, and all auncient examples iustified, and at this day the ordinary Players in *Italy* will not erre in. Yet will some bring in an example of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth

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matter of two dayes, yet farre short of twentie yeares. True it is, and so was it to bee played in two dayes, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And although *Plautus* haue in one place done amisse, let vs hit it with him, and not misse with him. But they will say, how then shall wee set forth a storie, which containes both many places, and many times? And doe they not know that a Tragedie is tyed to the lawes of Poesie, and not of Historie: not bound to follow the storie, but hauing libertie eyther to fayne a quite new matter, or to frame the Historie to the most tragicall conueniencie? Againe many thinges may be told, which cannot bee shewed: if they knowe the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speake though I am here, of *Peru*, and in speech digresse from that, to the description of *Calecut*: but in action I cannot represent it without *Pacolets* horse. And so was the manner the auncients tooke, by some *Nuntius* to recount thinges done in former time or other place. Lastly, if they will represent an Historie, they must not (as *Horace* saith) begin *aboue*, but they must come to the principall point of that one action which they will represent. By example this is will bee best expressed. I haue a storie of young *Polidorus*, deliuered for safeties sake with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polimnestor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Troian* warre time. Hee after some yeares, hearing of the ouerthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treasure his owne, murthereth the childe; the bodie of the childe is taken vp, *Hecuba*, shee the same day findeth a slight to bee reuenged most cruelly of the Tyrant. Where now would one of our Tragedie-writters begin, but with the deliuerie of the childe? Then should one saile ouer into *Thrace*, and so spend I know not how many yeares, and trauell numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? euen with the finding of the bodie, the rest leauing to bee told by the spirit of *Polydorus*. This needes no further to bee enlarged, the dullest wit may conceiue it. But besides these grosse absurdities, how all their Playes bee neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes, not because the matter so carieth it, but thrust in the Clowne by head and shoulders to play a part in Maiesticall matters, with neyther decencie nor discretion: so as neyther the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulnesse is by their mongrell Tragicomedie obtained. I know *Apuleius* did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the Ancients haue one or two examples of Tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitrio*. But if we marke them well, we shall finde that they neuer or very daintily match horne-pipes and funeralles. So falleth it out, that hauing indeede no right Comedie in that Comicall part of our Tragedie, we haue nothing but scurrilitie vnworthy of any chaste eares, or some extreme shew of doltishnesse, indeede fit to lift vp a lowd laughter and nothing else: where the whole tract of a Comedie should be full of delight, as the Tragedie, should be still maintained in a well raised admiration. But our Comedients thinke there is no delight without laughter, which is verie wrong: for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter: but well may one thing breede both together. Nay in themselues, they haue as it were a kind of contrarietie: For delight wee scarcely doe, but in things that haue a conueniencie to our selues, or to the generall nature. Laughter almost euer commeth of things most disproportioned to our selues & nature. Delight hath a ioy in it eyther permanent or present. Laughter hath only a scornefull tickling. For example, wee are rauished with delight to see a faire woman, and yet are farre from being moued to laughter. Wee laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainely wee cannot

cannot delight. Wee delight in good chances: wee laugh at miſchances. Wee delight to heare the happineſſe of our friends and Countrey, at which hee were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh: we ſhall contrarily ſometimes laugh to find a matter quite miſtaken, & goe downe the hill againſt the byas, in the mouth of ſome ſuch men, as for the reſpect of them, one ſhall bee hartily ſorie hee cannot chooſe but laugh, and ſo is rather pained, then delighted with laughter. Yet denie I not, but that they may goe well together: for as in *Alexanders* picture well ſet out, wee delight without laughter, and in twentie mad Anticks wee laugh without delight: So in *Hercules* painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attyre, ſpinning at *Omphales* commaundement, it breedes both delight and laughter: for the repreſenting of ſo ſtrange a power in Loue, procures delight, & the ſcornfulneſſe of the action ſtirreth laughter. But I ſpeake to this purpoſe, that all the end of the comicall part, be not vpon ſuch ſcornfull matters as ſtirre laughter onely, but mixe with it that delightfull teaching, which is the end of *Poeſie*. And the great fault euen in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainely by *Ariſtotle*, is, that they ſtirre laughter in ſinfull things, which are rather execrable then ridiculous: or in miſerable, which are rather to bee pitied then ſcorned. For what is it to make folkes gape at a wretched begger, and a beggerly Clowne: or againſt law of hoſpitalitie, to ieſt at ſtrangers, becauſe they ſpeake not Engliſh ſo well as we do? what do we learn, ſince it is certaine, *Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in ſe, Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit*. But rather a buſie louing Courtier, and a heart-leſſe threatning *Thraſo*; a ſelfe-wiſe ſeeming Schoolemaſter; a wry transformed Trauailer: theſe if we ſaw walke in ſtage names, which wee play naturally, therein were delightfull laughter, and teaching delightfulneſſe, as in the other the Tragedies of *Buchanan* doe iuſtly bring forth a diuine admiration. But I haue lauiſhed out too many wordes of this play-matter; I doe it, becauſe as they are excelling parts of *Poeſie*, ſo is there none ſo much vſed in *England*, & none can be more pitifully abuſed: which like an vnmannerly daughter, ſhewing a bad education, cauſeth her mother *Poeſies* honeſtie to bee called in queſtion. Other ſorts of *Poetry* almoſt haue we none, but that *Lyricall* kinde of ſongs and Sonnets, which, Lord, if he gaue vs ſo good mindes, how well it might be employed, and with how heauenly fruites, both priuate & publike, in ſinging the prayſes of the immortall beautie, the immortall goodneſſe of that God, who giueth vs hands to write, and wits to conceiue: of which wee might well want words, but neuer matter: of which wee could turne our eyes to nothing, but wee ſhould euer haue new budding occaſions. But truly many of ſuch writings as come vnder the banner of vnreſiſtable loue, if I were a miſtreſſe, would neuer perſwade mee they were in loue: ſo coldly they apply fiery ſpeeches, as men that had rather read louers writings, & ſo caught vp certaine ſwelling phraſes, which hang together, like a man that once told me the wind was at Northweſt and by South, becauſe hee would bee ſure to name winds enow, then that in truth they feele thoſe paſsions, which eaſily as I thinke, may be bewrayed by that ſame forcibleneſſe or *Energia* (as the Greekes call it) of the writer. But let this be a ſufficient, though ſhort note, that wee miſſe the right vſe of the materiall point of *Poeſie*. Now for the outſide of it, which is words, or (as I may terme it) *Diction*, it is euen well worſe: ſo is that hony-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparelled, or rather diſguiſed in a curtiſan-like painted affectation. One time with ſo farre-fetched wordes, that many ſeeme monſters, but moſt ſeeme ſtrangers to any poore Engliſhman: another time with courſing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the methode of a Dictionarie: another time with figures and flowers, extreamely winter-ſtarued. But I would this fault were onely peculiar to

Verſifiers,

Verſifiers, and had not as large poſſeſsion among Proſe-Printers: and which is to be maruelled among many Schollers, and which is to bee pitied among ſome Preachers. Truly I could wiſh, if at leaſt I might be ſo bold to wiſh, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacitie, the diligent imitators of *Tully* & *Demoſthenes*, moſt worthy to be imitated, did not ſo much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures & phraſes, as by attentiue tranſlation, as it were, deuoure them whole, & make them wholly theirs. For now they caſt ſuger and ſpice vpon euery diſh that is ſerued at the table: like thoſe *Indians*, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they will thruſt iewels through their noſe and lippes, becauſe they will bee ſure to be fine. *Tully* whē he was to driue out *Cataline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often vſeth the figure of repetition, as *viuit & vincit, imo in ſenatum venit, imo in ſenatum venit*, &c. Indeede inflamed, with a well grounded rage, hee would haue his wordes (as it were) double out of his mouth, & ſo do that artificially which wee ſee men in choler doe naturally. And we hauing noted the grace of thoſe words hale them in ſometimes to a familiar Epiſtle, when it were too much choler to bee cholerick. How well ſtore of *Similiter Cadenſes* doth ſound with the grauitie of the Pulpit, I would not inuoke *Demoſthenes* ſoule to tell, who with a rare daintineſſe vſeth them. Truly they haue made me thinke of the *Sophiſter*, that with too much ſubtiltie would proue two Egges three, & though he might be counted a *Sophiſter*, had none for his labour. So theſe men bringing in ſuch a kinde of eloquence, well may they obtaine an opinion of a ſeeming fineneſſe, but perſwade few, which ſhould be the end of their finenes. Now for ſimilitudes in certain printed diſcourſes I think all Herberiſts, all ſtories of beaſts, fowles & fiſhes are rifled vp, that they may come in multitudes to wait vpon any of our conceits, which certainly is as abſurd a ſurfet to the eares as is poſſible. For the force of a ſimilitude not being to proue any thing to a contrary diſputer, but onely to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the reſt is a moſt tedious pratling, rather ouer-ſwaying the memory from the purpoſe whereto they were applied, then any whit enforming the iudgement already either ſatisfied, or by ſimilitudes not to be ſatisfied. For my part, I do not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Craſſus*, the great foretathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* teſtifieth of them) pretended not to know Art, the other not to ſet by it (becauſe with a plaine ſenſibleneſſe they might win credit of popular eares, which credite is the neereſt ſtep to perſwaſion, which perſwaſion is the chiefe marke of Oratory) I doe not doubt, I ſay, but that they vſed theſe knackes very ſparingly, which who doth generally vſe, any man may ſee, doth daunce to his owne muſicke, and ſo to be noted by the audience, more carfeull to ſpeake curiouſly then truly. Vndoubtedly (at leaſt to my opinion vndoubtedly) haue found in diuers ſmall learned courtiers a more ſound ſtile, then in ſome poſſeſſors of learning, of which I can gheſſe no other cauſe, but that the courtier following that, which by practiſe hee findeth fitteſt to nature, therein (though he knew it not) doth according to Art, though not by Arte: where the other vſing Arte to ſhew Arte, and not hide Art (as in theſe caſes he ſhould doe) flyeth from nature, and indeede abuſeth Arte. But what? me thinkes I deſerue to bee pounded for ſtraying from *Poetry* to *Oratorie*: but both haue ſuch an affinitie in the wordiſh conſideration, that I think this digreſsion will make my meaning receiue the fuller vnderſtanding: which is not to take vpon me to teach *Poets* how they ſhould doe, but onely finding my ſelfe ſicke among the reſt, to ſhew ſome one or two ſpots of the common infection growne among the moſt part of writers; that acknowledging our ſelues ſomewhat awry, we may bend to the right vſe both of matter and manner. Whereto our language giueth vs great occaſion, being in-

deed

deed capable of any excellent exerciſing of it. I know ſome will ſay it is a mingled language: and why not ſo much the better, taking the beſt of both the other? Another will ſay, it wanteth Grammer. Nay truely it hath that praiſe, that it wants not Grammer; for Grammer it might haue, but needs it not, being ſo eaſie in it ſelfe, and ſo void of thoſe combersome differences of *Caſes*, *Genders*, *Moods* & *Tenſes*, which I thinke was a piece of the tower of *Babylons* curſe, that a man ſhould be put to ſchoole to learne his mother tongue. But for the vttering ſweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of ſpeech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy in compoſitions of two or three words together, neere the Greek, farre beyond the Latine, which is one of the greateſt beauties can be in a language. Now of verſifying, there are two ſorts, the one ancient, the other moderne: the ancient marked the quantitie of each ſyllable, and according to that framed his verſe: the modern, obſeruing only number, with ſome regard of the accent; the chiefe life of it ſtandeth in that like ſounding of the words, which we call Ryme. Whether of theſe be the more excellent, would beare many ſpeeches, the ancient no doubt more fit for Muſicke, both words & time obſeruing quantitie, and more fit liuely to expreſſe diuers paſsions by the low or loftie ſound of the well-weighed ſyllable. The latter likewiſe with his rime ſtriketh a certaine muſick to the eare: & in fine, ſince it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the ſame purpoſe, there being in either ſweetneſſe, & wanting in neither Maieſtie. Truly the Engliſh before any vulgar language, I know is fit for both ſorts: for, for the ancient, the *Italian* is ſo full of vowels, that it muſt euer be cumbred with *Eliſions*. The *Dutch* ſo of the other ſide with Conſonants, that they cannot yeeld the ſweet ſliding, fit for a verſe. The *French* in his whole language hath not one word that hath his accent in the laſt ſyllable ſauing two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spaniſh*, and therefore verie graceleſly may they vſe *Dactiles*. The *Engliſh* is ſubiect to none of theſe defects Now for Rime, though we doe not obſerue quantitie, yet we obſerue the accent very preciſely, which other languages either cannot doe, or will not doe ſo abſolutely. That *Cæſura*, or breathing place in the midſt of the verſe, neyther *Italian* nor *Spaniſh* haue: the *French* and we neuer almoſt faile of. Laſtly, euen the verie Rime it ſelfe the *Italian* cannot put in the laſt ſyllable, by the *French* named the *Maſculine* Rime, but ſtill in the next to the laſt, which the *French* call the *Female*; or the next before that, which the *Italian Sdrucciola*: the example of the former, is *Buono*, *Suono*; of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina*, *Semina*. The *French* of the other ſide hath both the Male, as *Bon*, *Son*; and the Female, as *Plaiſe*, *Taiſe*; but the *Sdrucciola* hee hath not; where the *Engliſh* hath all three, as, *Due*, *True*; *Father*, *Rather*; *Motion*, *Potion*, with much more which might be ſaid, but that alreadie I finde the triflings of this diſcourſe is much too much enlarged. So that ſince the euer praiſe-worthy *Poeſie* is full of vertue, breeding delightfulneſſe, & void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, ſince the blames laid againſt it are either falſe or feeble, ſince the cauſe why it is not eſteemed in *England*, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets. Since laſtly, our tongue is moſt fit to honour *Poeſie*, & to be honoured by *Poeſie*, I coniure you all that haue had the euill lucke to reade this inke-waſting toy of mine, euen in the name of the nine *Muſes*, no more to ſcorne the ſacred myſteries of *Poeſie*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fooles; no more to reſt at the reuerent title of a Rimer, but to beleeue with *Ariſtotle*, that they were the auncient Treaſurers of the Grecians diuinity; to beleeue with *Bembus*, that they were firſt bringers in of all ciuility: to beleeue with *Scaliger*, that no *Philoſophers*

precepts can ſooner make you an honeſt man, then the reading of *Virgil*; to beleeue with *Clauſerus*, the Tranſlator of *Cornutus*, that it pleaſed the heauenly deitie by *Heſiod* & *Homer*, vnder the vaile of Fables to giue vs all knowledge, *Logicke*, *Rhetoricke*, *Philoſophy* naturall and morall, and *Quid non?* To beleeue with me, that there are many myſteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpoſe were written darkely, leaſt by profane wits it ſhould be abuſed: to beleeue with *Landin*, that they are ſo beloued of the gods, that whatſoeuer they write, proceeds out of a diuine furie. Laſtly, to beleeue themſelues when they tell you they will make you immortall by their verſes. Thus doing, your name ſhall flourish in the Printers ſhops: thus doing, you ſhall be of kinne to many a Poeticall Preface: thus doing, you ſhall be moſt faire, moſt rich, moſt wiſe, moſt all: you ſhall dwell vpon ſuperlatiues: thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you ſhall ſuddenly grow *Herculea proles*, *Si quid mea Carmina poſſunt*. Thus doing, your ſoule ſhall be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchiſes*. But if (fie of ſuch a But) you be borne ſo neare the dul-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot heare the Planet-like muſick of *Poetry*; if you haue ſo earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift it ſelfe vp to looke to the skies of *Poetry*, or rather by a certaine ruſtical diſdaine will become ſuch a meme, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry*: then though I will not wiſh vnto you the Aſſes eares of *Midas*, nor to be driuen by a Poets verſes as *Bubonax* was to hang himſelfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is ſaide to be done in *Ireland*; yet thus much curſe I muſt ſend you in the behalf of all *Poets*, that while you liue, you liue in loue, and neuer get fauour, for lacking skill of a Sonet, and when you die, your memorie die from the earth for want of an Epitaph.

ASTROPHEL

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA;

WRITTEN BY THE NOBLE KNIGHT SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1.

LOuing in truth, and faine in verſe my loue to ſhow,
That ſhe (deare ſhe) might take ſome pleaſure of my paine:
Pleaſure might cauſe her reade; reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pittie win, and pitie grace obtaine,

I ſought fit words to paint the blackeſt face of woe,
Studying inuentions fine, her wits to entertaine:
Oft turning others leaues, to ſee if thence would flow
Some freſh and fruitfull ſhowers vpon my ſun-burn'd braine.

But words came halting forth, wanting inuention ſtay:
Inuention, Natures childe, fled ſtep-dame Studies blowes,
And others feet ſtill ſeem'd but ſtrangers in my way.

Thus great with childe to ſpeake, and helpleſſe in my throwes,
Biting my trew and pen, beating my ſelfe for ſpite,
Foole, ſaid my Muſe to me, looke in thy heart and write.

2.

Not at the firſt ſight, nor yet with a dribbed ſhot
Loue gaue the wound, which while I breathe will bleed:
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceede,
Till by degrees it had full conqueſt got.

I ſaw and liked, I liked but loued not,
I loued, but ſtraight did not what *Loue* decreed:
At length to *Loues* decrees, I forc'd, agreed,
Yet with repining at ſo partiall lot.

Now euen that footſtep of loſt libertie
Is gone, and now like ſlaue-borne *Muſcouite*,
I call it praiſe to ſuffer Tyrannie;

And now employ the remnant of my wit,
To make my ſelfe beleeue, that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

3

Let daintie wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That brauely maskt, their fancies may be told:
Or *Pindares* Apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enamling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold:

Or else let them in statelier glorie shine,
Ennobling new found Tropes with problemes old:
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbes or beasts, which *Inde* or *Affrike* holde.

For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know:
Phrases and Problemes from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too deare for my poore sprites.

How then? euen thus: in *Stellas* face I reed,
What Loue and Beautie be, then all my deed
But Copying is, what in her Nature writes.

4.

Vertue alas, now let me take some rest,
Thou setst a bate betweene my will and wit,
If vaine loue haue my simple soule oppresst:
Leaue what thou likest not, deale not thou with it.

Thy scepter vse in some old *Catoes* brest;
Churches or schooles are for thy seate more fit:
I doe confesse, pardon a fault confest:
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.

But if that needes thou wilt vsurping be
In little reason that is left in me,
And still th' effect of thy perswasions proue:

I sweare, my heart such one shall show to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a Deitie,
That *Vertue*, thou thy selfe shalt be in loue.

5

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serue
The inward light: and that the heauenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who doe swerue,
Rebels to Nature striue for their owne smart.

It is most true, what we call *Cupids* dart,
An image is, which for our selues we carue;
And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart,
Till that good God make Church and Churchman starue.

True, that true Beautie Vertue is indeed,
Whereof this Beautie can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortall mixture breed:

True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soule vp to our countrey moue:
True, and yet true that I must *Stella* loue.

Some

6

Some Louers ſpeake when they their Muſes entertaine,
Of hopes begot by feare, of wot not what deſires:
Of force of heav'nly beames, infuſing helliſh paine:
Of liuing deaths, deare wounds, faire ſtormes and freeſing fires:

Some one his ſong in *Ioue*, and *Ioues* ſtrange tales attires,
Bordred with Bulls and Swans, powdred with golden raine:
Another humbler wit to ſhepheards pipe retires,
Yet hiding royall bloud full oft in rurall vaine.

To ſome a ſweeteſt plaint, a ſweeteſt ſtile affords,
While teares poure out his inke, and ſighes breathe out his words:
His paper pale deſpaire, and paine his pen doth moue.

I can ſpeake what I feele, and feele as much as they,
But thinke that all the Map of my ſtate I diſplay,
When trembling voice brings forth that I doe *Stella* loue.

7

Conceits

When Nature made her chiefe worke, *Stella's* eyes,
In colour blacke, why wrapt ſhe beames ſo bright?
Would ſhe in beamie blacke, like painter wiſe,
Frame daintieſt luſtre, mixt of ſhades and light?

Or did ſhe elſe that ſober hue deuiſe,
In obiect beſt to knit and ſtrength our ſight,
Leaſt if no vaile theſe braue gleames did diſguiſe,
They ſun-like ſhould more dazle then delight?

Or would ſhe her miraculous power ſhow,
That whereas blacke ſeemes Beauties contrarie,
She euen in blacke doth make all beauties flow?

Both ſo and thus, ſhe minding loue ſhould be
Placed euer there, gaue him this mourning weed,
To honour all their deaths, who for her bleed.

8

Conceits

Loue borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,
Forc't by tedious proofe, that Turkiſh hardned hart,
Is not fit marke to pierce with his fine pointed dart:
And pleaſd with our ſoft peace, ſtaid here his flying race.

But finding theſe North clymes doe coldly him embrace,
Not vſde to frozen clips, he ſtraue to finde ſome part,
Where with moſt eaſe and warmth he might employ his art:
At length he perch'd himſelfe in *Stellas* ioyfull face,

Whoſe faire skin, beamy eyes like morning Sun or ſnow,
Deceiu'd the waking boy, who thought from ſo pure light,
Effects of lightly heat, muſt needs in nature grow.

But ſhe moſt faire, moſt cold, made him thence take his flight
To my cloſe heart, where while ſome firebrands he did lay,
Burnt vnwares his wings, and cannot flie away.

9

Queene *Vertues* court, which some call *Stellas* face,
Prepar'd by Natures choyſeſt furniture,
Hath his front built of Alablaſter pure:
Gold is the couering of that ſtately place.

The doore by which ſometimes comes forth her Grace,
Red Porphir is, which locke of pearle makes ſure:
Whoſe porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)
Marble mixt red and white doe enterlace.

The windowes now through which this heav'nly gueſt
Lookes ouer the world, and can finde nothing ſuch,
Which dare claime from thoſe lights the name of beſt.

Of touch they are that without touch doth touch,
Which *Cupids* ſelfe from Beauties mind did draw:
Of touch they are; and poore I, am their ſtraw.

10

Reaſon, in faith thou art well ſeru'd, that ſtill
Wouldſt brabbling be with ſenſe and loue in me:
I rather wiſht thee clime the Muſes hill,
Or reach the fruit of Natures choyſeſt tree,

Or ſeeke heav'ns courſe, or heav'ns inſide to ſee:
Why ſhouldſt thou toyle our thornie ſoile to till?
Leaue ſenſe, and thoſe which ſenſes obiects be:
Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leaue loue to will.

But thou wouldſt needs fight both with loue and ſence,
With ſword of wit, giuing wounds of deſpraiſe,
Till downe-right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence:

For ſoone as they ſtrake thee with *Stellas* rayes,
Reaſon thou kneel'dſt, and offeredſt ſtraight to proue
By reaſon good, good reaſon her to loue.

11

In truth, O Loue, with what a boyiſh kind
Thou doeſt proceed in thy moſt ſerious wayes?
That when the heav'n to thee his beſt diſplayes,
Yet of that beſt thou leav'ſt the beſt behinde.

For like a childe that ſome faire booke doth find,
With gilded leaues or coloured Velume playes,
Or at the moſt on ſome fine picture ſtayes,
But neuer heeds the fruit of writers mind:

So when thou ſaw'ſt in Natures cabinet
Stella, thou ſtraight lookt'ſt babies in her eyes,
In her cheekes pit thou didſt thy pit-fould ſet:

And in her breaſt bo-peepe or couching lies,
Playing and ſhining in each outward part:
But, foole, ſeekſt not to get into her heart.

Cupid

12

Cupid, becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stellas* eyes,
That from her locks, thy daunces none ſcapes free,
That thoſe lips ſweld, ſo full of thee they be,
That her ſweet breath makes oft thy flames to riſe,

That in her breaſt thy pap well ſugred lies,
That her Grace gratious makes thy wrongs, that ſhe
What words ſo ere ſhe ſpeake perſwades for thee,
That her cleare voyce lifts thy fame to the skies;

Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like thoſe whoſe powers
Hauing got vp a breach by fighting well,
Cry, victorie, this faire day all is ours.

O no, her heart is ſuch a Cittadell,
So fortified with wit, ſtor'd with diſdaine,
That to win it, is all the skill and paine.

13

Phœbus was Iudge betweene *Ioue*, *Mars* and *Loue*,
Of thoſe three gods, whoſe armes the faireſt were:
Ioues golden ſhield did Eagle ſables beare,
Whoſe talons held young *Ganimed* aboue:

But in Vertfield *Mars* bare a golden ſpeare,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did ſhoue:
Each had his creaſt, *Mars* carried *Venus* gloue,
Ioue on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.

Cupid then ſmiles, for on his creſt there lyes
Stellas faire haire, her face he makes his ſhield,
Where Roſes gueuls are borne in ſiluer field.

Phœbus drew wide the curtaines of the skies,
To blaze theſe laſt, and ſware deuoutly then,
The firſt, thus matcht, were ſcantly Gentlemen.

14

Alas haue I not paine enough my friend,
Vpon whoſe breaſt a fiercer Gripe doth tire,
Then did on him who firſt ſtale downe the fire,
While *Loue* on me doth all his quiuer ſpend,

But with your Rubarb words ye muſt contend,
To grieue me worſe, in ſaying that Deſire
Doth plunge my well-form'd ſoule euen in the mire
Of ſinfull thoughts, which doe in ruine end?

If that be ſinne which doth the manners frame,
Well ſtaid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit and fearing nought but ſhame:

If that be ſinne which in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all looſe vnchaſtitie,
Then Loue is ſinne, and let me ſinfull be.

15

You that doe ſearch for euery purling ſpring,
Which from the ribs of old *Parnaſſus* flowes,
And euery flower not ſweet perhaps, which growes
Neare thereabouts, into your Poeſie wring.

You that doe Dictionaries methode bring
Into your rimes, running in ratling rowes:
You that poore *Petrarchs* long deceaſed woes,
With new-borne ſighes and deniſend wit do ſing,

You take wrong wayes: thoſe far-fet helpes be ſuch,
As doe bewray a want of inward tuch:
And ſure at length ſtolne goods do come to light.

But if (both for your loue and skill) your name
You ſeeke to nurſe at fulleſt breaſts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to endite.

16

In nature apt to like when I did ſee
Beauties, which were of many Carrets fine,
My boyling ſpirits did thither ſoone incline,
And, Loue, I thought that I was full of thee:

But finding not thoſe reſtleſſe flames in me,
Which others ſaid did make their ſoules to pine:
I ſought thoſe babes of ſome pinnes hurt did whine,
By my ſoule iudging what Loues paine might be.

But while I (foole) thus with this Lyon plaid,
Mine eyes (ſhall I ſay curſt or bleſt) beheld
Stella; now ſhe is nam'd, need more be ſaid?

In her ſight I a leſſon new haue ſpeld,
I now haue learn'd Loue right, and learn'd euen ſo,
As who by being poyſond doth poiſon know.

17

His mother deare *Cupid* offended late,
Becauſe that *Mars* grownе ſlacker in her loue,
With pricking ſhot he did not throughly moue,
To keepe the pace of their firſt louing ſtate.

The boy refuſde for feare of *Marſes* hate,
Who threatned ſtripes, if he his wrath did proue:
But ſhe in chafe him from her lap did ſhoue,
Brake bow, brake ſhafts, while *Cupid* weeping ſate:

Till that his grandame *Nature* pitying it,
Of *Stellas* browes made him two better bowes,
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.

O how for ioy he leapes, O how he crowes!
And ſtraight therewith like wags newg ot to play,
Falls to ſhrewd turnes, and I was in his way.

With

18

With what sharpe checkes I in my self am shent,
When into Reasons audite I doe goe:
And by just counts my selfe a bankrout know
Of all those goods, which heav'n to me hath lent:

Vnable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
Which vnto it by birthright I do owe:
And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent.

My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toyes,
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which for reward spoyle it with vaine annoyes.

I see my course to lose my selfe doth bend:
I see and yet no greater sorrow take,
Then that I lose no more for *Stella*'s sake.

19

On *Cupids* bow how are my heart-strings bent,
That see my wracke, and yet embrace the same?
When most I glorie, then I feele most shame:
I willing run, yet while I run, repent.

My best wits still their owne disgrace invent:
My very inke turnes straight to *Stella*'s name,
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Accuse themselves that they are vainely spent.

For though she passe all things, yet what is all
That vnto me, who fare like him that both
Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?

O let me prop my mind yet in his growth,
And not in Nature, for best fruits vnfit:
Scholler, saith *Love*, bend hitherward your wit.

20

Fly, fly, my friends, I have my death wound; fly,
See there that boy, that murthring boy I say,
Who like a theefe, hid in darke bush doth ly,
Till bloody bullet get him wrongfull pray.

So Tyran he no fitter place could spie,
Nor so faire level in so secret stay,
As that sweet blacke which vailes the heav'nly eye:
There himselfe with his shaft he closed doth lay.

Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did,
And staid pleas'd with the prospect of the place,
While that blacke hue from me the blacker guest hid.

But straight I saw motions of lightning grace,
And then discried the glistring of his dart:
But ere I could flie thence, it pierc'd my heart.

21

Your words my friend (right healthfull cauſtiks) blame
My young minde marde, whom *Loue* doth windlas ſo,
That mine owne writings like bad ſeruants ſhow
My wits, quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame:

That *Plato* I read for nought, but if he tame
Such coltiſh yeares, that to my birth I owe
Nobler deſires, leaſt elſe that friendly foe,
Great expectation, weare a traine of ſhame.

For ſince mad March great promiſe made of me,
If now the May of my yeares much decline,
What can be hoped my harueſt time will be?

Sure you ſay well, your wiſedomes golden mine,
Dig deepe with learnings ſpade, now tell me this,
Hath this world ought ſo faire as *Stella* is?

22

In higheſt way of heav'n the Sunne did ride,
Progreſsing then from faire twinnes gold'n place:
Hauing no ſcarfe of clowds before his face,
But ſhining forth of heate in his chiefe pride;

When ſome faire Ladies by hard promiſe tyed,
On horſeback met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'd with fannes well ſhading grace,
From that foes wounds their tender skinnes to hide.

Stella alone with face vnarmed marcht,
Eyther to doe like him which open ſhone,
Or careleſſe of the wealth becauſe her owne:

Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,
Her daintieſt bare went free, the cauſe was this,
The Sunne which others burnt'd, did her but kiſſe.

23

The curious wits ſeeing dull penſiueneſſe
Bewray it ſelfe in my long ſetled eyes,
Whence thoſe ſame fumes of melancholy riſe,
With idle paines, and miſsing ayme, do gheſſe.

Some that know how my ſpring I did addreſſe,
Deeme that my Muſe ſome fruit of knowledge plies:
Others, becauſe the Prince my ſeruice tryes,
Thinke that I thinke ſtate errours to redreſſe.

But harder Iudges iudge ambitions rage,
Scourge of it ſelfe, ſtill climing ſlipperie place,
Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.

O fooles, or ouer-wiſe, alas the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither ſtop nor ſtart,
But onely *Stellaes* eyes and *Stellaes* hart.

24

Rich fooles there be, whose base and filthy heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:
And damning their owne selues to *Tantals* smart,
Wealth breeding want, more blist, more wretched growe.

Yet to those fooles heav'n such wit doth impart,
As what their hands doe hold, their heads do know,
And knowing *Loue*, and louing lay apart,
As sacred things, far from all dangers show.

But that rich foole who by blinde Fortunes lot,
The richest gemme of Loue and life enioyes,
And can with foule abuse such beauties blot;

Let him depriu'd of sweet but vnfelt ioyes,
(Exil'd for ay from those high treasures, which
He knowes not) grow in only folly rich.

25

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise,
By *Phœbus* doome, with sugred sentence sayes,
That Vertue if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of *Loue* it in our soules would raise.

But for that man with paine this truth descries,
Whiles he each thing in senses balance wayes,
And so not will, nor can behold those skies,
Which inward sunne to *Heroicke* minde displayes,

Vertue of late with vertuous care to ster
Loue of her selfe, tooke *Stellas* shape, that she
To mortall eyes might sweetly shine in her.

It is most true, for since I her did see,
Vertues great beautie in that face I proue,
And find th'effect, for I doe burne in loue.

26

Though dustie wits dare scorne Astrologie,
And fooles can thinke those Lampes of purest light,
Whose numbers weighs greatnesse eternitie,
Promising wonders, wonder do inuite:

To haue for no cause birthright in the skie,
But for to spangle the blacke weeds of night:
Or for some brawle, which in that chamber hie,
They should still daunce to please a gazers sight.

For me, I doe Nature vnidle know,
And know great causes, great effects procute:
And know those Bodies high raigne on the low.

And if these rules did faile, proofe makes me sure,
Who oft fore-iudge my after-following race,
By onely those two starres in *Stellas* face,

Because

27

Because I oft in darke abstracted guise,
Seeme most alone in greatest company:
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise;

They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
That poyson foule of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawne on my selfe, and others doe despise.

Yet pride I thinke doth not my soule possesse,
Which lookes too oft in his vnflattering glasse:
But one worse fault *Ambition* I confesse,

That makes me oft my best friends ouerpasse,
Vnseene, vnheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stellas* grace.

28

You that with allegories curious frame,
Of others children changelings vse to make,
With me those paines for God sake doe not take:
I list not dig so deepe for brasen fame.

When I say, *Stella*, I doe meane the same
Princesse of Beautie, for whose onely sake,
The raines of *Loue* I loue, though neuer slake,
And ioy therein, though Nations count it shame.

I begge no subiect to vse eloquence,
Nor in hid wayes doe guide Philosophie:
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence;

But know that I in pure simplicitie,
Breathe out the flames which burne within my heart,
Loue onely reading vnto me this art.

29

Like some weake Lords, neighbord by mighty kings,
To keepe themselues and their chiefe cities free,
Do easily yeeld, that all their coasts may be
Readie to store their campes of needfull things:

So *Stellas* heart finding what power *Loue* brings,
To keepe it selfe in life and libertie,
Doth willing graunt, that in the frontiers he
Vse all to helpe his other conquerings:

And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes
Serue him with shot, her lips his heralds are:
Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre:

Her flesh his food, her skin his armour braue,
And I, but for because my prospect lies
Vpon that coast, am giv'n vp for a slaue.

Whether

30

Whether the Turkiſh new-moone minded be
To fill his hornes this yeare on Chriſtian coaſt:
How *Poles* right king meanes without leaue of hoaſt;
To warme with ill-made fire cold *Moſcouy*.

If French can yet three parts in one agree,
What now the Duch in their full dyets boaſt,
How *Holland* hearts, now ſo good townes be loſt,
Truſt in the ſhade of pleaſing *Orange* tree.

How *Vlſter* likes of that ſame golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame,
If in the *Scotch* Court be no welcome yet.

Theſe queſtions buſie wits to me do frame;
I cumbred with good manners, anſwer doe,
But know not how, for ſtill I thinke of you.

31

With how ſad ſteps, O Moone, thou climb'ſt the skies,
How ſilently, and with how wanne a face,
What may it be, that euen in heav'nly place
That buſie archer his ſharpe arrowes tries?

Sure if that long with *Loue* acquainted eyes
Can iudge of *Loue*, thou feel'ſt a Louers caſe;
I reade it in thy lookes, thy languiſht grace
To me that feele the like, thy ſtate deſcries.

Then ev'n of fellowſhip, O Moone, tell me
Is conſtant *Loue* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are Beauties there as proud as here they be?

Doe they aboue loue to be lov'd, and yet
Thoſe Louers ſcorne whom that *Loue* doth poſſeſſe?
Doe they call *Vertue* there vngratefulneſſe?

32

Morpheus the liuely ſonne of deadly ſleepe,
Witneſſe of life to them that liuing die:
A Prophet oft, and oft an hiſtorie,
A Poet eke, as humours ſtirre or creepe:

Since thou in me ſo ſure a power doeſt keepe,
That neuer I with cloſe vp ſenſe doe lye,
But by thy worke (my *Stella*) I deſcrie,
Teaching blind eyes both how to ſmile and weepe.

Vouchſafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
Whence haſt thou Iuorie, Rubies, pearle and gold,
To ſhew her skin, lips, teeth and head ſo well?

Foole, anſwers he, no *Indes* ſuch treaſures hold,
But from thy heart, while my ſire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stellas* image I doe ſteale to mee.

33

I might, vnhappy word, O me, I might,
And then would not, or could not see my bliſſe:
Till now wrapt in a moſt infernall night,
I find how heav'nly day wretch I did miſſe.

Hart rent thy ſelfe, thou doſt thy ſelfe but right,
No louely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his:
No force, no fraud, robd thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is:

But to my ſelfe my ſelfe did giue the blow,
While too much wit (forſooth) ſo troubled me,
That I reſpects for both our ſakes muſt ſhow:

And yet could not by riſing Morne foreſee
How faire a day was neare, O puniſht eyes
That I had beene more fooliſh or more wiſe.

34

Come let me write, and to what end? to eaſe
A burthened heart, how can words eaſe, which are
The glaſſes of thy daily vexing care?
Oft cruell fights well pictured forth do pleaſe.

Art not aſham'd to publiſh thy diſeaſe?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is ſo rare:
But will not wiſe men thinke thy words fond ware?
Then be they cloſe, and ſo none ſhall diſpleaſe.

What idler thing, then ſpeake and not be hard?
What harder thing then ſmart, and not to ſpeake?
Peace fooliſh wit, with wit my wit is mard.

Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes on Inkes poore loſſe, perhaps ſome find
Stellas great powrs, that ſo confuſe my mind.

35

What may words ſay, or what may words not ſay,
Where truth it ſelfe muſt ſpeake like flatterie?
Within what bounds can one his liking ſtay,
Where Nature doth with infinite agree?

What *Neſtors* counſell can my flames alay,
Since Reaſon ſelfe doth blow the coale in me?
And ah what hope, that hope ſhould once ſee day,
Where *Cupid* is ſworne page to Chaſtitie?

Honour is honour'd, that thou doeſt poſſeſſe
Him as thy ſlaue, and now long needy Fame
Doth euen grow rich, naming my *Stellas* name.

Wit learnes in thee perfection to expreſſe,
Not thou by praiſe, but praiſe in thee is raiſde:
It is a praiſe to praiſe, when thou art praiſde.

36

Stella, whence doth this new assault arise,
A conquered golden heart to win?
Whereto long since through my long battred eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.

And there long since, *Love* thy Lieutenant lies,
My forces razde, thy banners raisd within:
Of conquest, doe not these effects suffice,
But wilt now warre vpon thine owne begin?

With so sweet voyce, and by sweet Nature so
In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall,
In all sweet stratagems, sweet Art can show,

That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall,
Long since forc'd by thy beames, but stone nor tree
By Sences priuiledge, can scape from thee.

37

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen then Lordings with good eare to me:
For of my life I must a riddle tell.

Toward *Auroras* Court a Nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which mans eye can see:
Beauties so farre from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise, saying she doth excell:

Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renowne,
Rich in the riches of a royall hart,
Rich in those gifts which giue th' eternall crowne;

Who though most rich in these and euery part,
Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,
Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is.

38

This night while sleepe begins with heauie wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that vnbitted thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powres are brought
To leaue the scepter of all subiect things,

The first that straight my fancies error brings
Vnto my mind, is *Stellas* image, wrought
By *Loues* owne selfe, but with so cutious drought,
That she, me thinkes, not onely shines but sings.

I start, looke, hearke, but what in closde vp sence
Was held, in opend sense it flies away,
Leauing me nought but wayling eloquence:

I seeing better sights in sights decay,
Cald it anew, and wooed sleepe againe:
But him her host that vnkind guest had slaine.

39

Come ſleepe, O ſleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The bayting place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore mans wealth, the priſoners releaſe,
Th' indifferent Iudge betweene the high and low;
With ſhield of proofe ſhield me from out the preaſe
Of thoſe fierce darts, deſpaire at me doth throw.
O make in me thoſe ciuill warres to ceaſe;
I will good tribute pay if thou do ſo.
Take thou of me ſmooth pillowes, ſweeteſt bed,
A chamber deafe to noiſe, and blinde to light:
A roſie garland, and a weatie head:
And if theſe things, as being thine by right,
Moue not thy heauie grace, thou ſhalt in me
Liuelier then elſe-where *Stellas* image ſee.

40

As good to write as for to lie and grone.
O *Stella* deare, how much thy power hath wrought,
Thou haſt my minde, none of the baſeſt, brought
By ſtill kept courſe, while other ſleepe, to mone.
Alas, if from the height of Vertues throne,
Thou canſt vouchſafe the influence of a thought
Vpon a wretch, that long thy grace hath ſought;
Weigh then how I by thee am ouerthrowne.
And then, thinke thus, although thy beautie be
Made manifeſt by ſuch a victorie,
Yet nobleſt Conquerours doe wreckes auoid.
Since then thou haſt ſo farre ſubdued me,
That in my heart I offer ſtill to thee,
O do not let thy Temple be deſtroyd.

41

Hauing this day my horſe, my hand, my launce
Guided ſo well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the iudgement of the *Engliſh* eyes,
And of ſome ſent from that ſweet enemie *Fraunce*;
Horſemen my skill in horſemanſhip aduance:
Towne-folkes my ſtrength, a daintier Iudge applies
His praiſe to ſleight, which from good vſe doth riſe:
Some luckie wits impute it but to chance:
Others, becauſe of both ſides I doe take
My bloud from them, who did excell in this,
Thinke Nature me a man of armes did make.
How farre they ſhot awry? the true cauſe is,
Stella lookt on, and from her heau'nly face
Sent forth the beames, which made ſo faire my race.

42

O eyes, which doe the Spheares of beautie moue,
Whose beames beioyes, whose ioyes all vertues be,
Who while they make *Loue* conquer, conquer *Loue*,
The Schooles where *Venus* her best learn'd Chastitie,

O eyes, where humble lookes most glorious prooue,
Onely lov'd Tyrants, iust in cruelties,
Doe not, O doe not from poore me remoue,
Keepe still my Zenith, euer shine on me.

For though I neuer seeme, but straight wayes
My life forgoes to nourish languisht spirits;
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes:

And if from Maiestie of faire bright light,
Oppressing mortall sense, my death proceed,
Wrackes Triumphs be, which *Loue* (high set) doth breed.

43

Faire eyes, sweet lips, deare heart, that foolish I
Could hope by *Cupids* help on you to pray;
Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,
As his maine force, choise port, and easefull stay.

For when he will see who dare him gain-say,
Then with those eyes he looks, lo by and by
Each soule doth at *Loues* feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he giue them leaue to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where blushing red, that *Loues* selfe them doth loue,
With either lip he doth the other kisse:

But when he will for quiet's sake remoue
From all the world, her heart is then his roome,
Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

44

My words I know doe well set forth my mind,
My mind bemoones his sense of inward smart;
Such smart may pitie claime of any hart,
Her hart, sweet hart, is of no Tygres kind:

And yet she heares, yet I no pitie finde;
But more I cry, lesse grace she doth impart.
Alas, what cause is there so ouerthwart,
That Nobleness it selfe makes thus vnkind?

I much doe ghesse, yet finde no truth saue this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth tuch
Those daintie dores vnto the Court of blisse,

The heav'nly nature of that place is such,
That once come there, the sobs of mine annoyes
Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of ioyes.

45

Stella oft ſees the very face of wo
Painted in my beclowded ſtormie face:
But cannot skill to pitie my diſgrace,
Not though thereof the cauſe her ſelfe ſhe know:

Yet hearing late a fable, which did ſhow
Of Louers neuer knowne, a grieuous caſe,
Pitie thereof gate in her breaſt ſuch place,
That from that Sea deriv'd teares ſpring did flow.

Alas, if fancie drawne by imag'd things,
Though falſe, yet with free ſcope more grace doth breed
Then ſeruants wrack, where new doubts honor brings;

Then thinke my deare, that you in me do reed
Of Louers ruine ſome ſad Tragedie:
I am not I, pitie the tale of me.

46

I curſt thee oft, I pitie now thy caſe,
Blind, hitting boy, ſince ſhe that thee and me
Rules with a becke, ſo tyrannizeth thee,
That thou muſt want or food, or dwelling place.

For ſhe proteſts to baniſh thee her face.
Her face? O *Loue*, a Rogue thou then ſhouldſt be!
If *Loue* learne not alone to loue and ſee,
Without deſire to feed of further grace.

Alas poore wag, that now a ſcholler art
To ſuch a ſchoole-miſtreſſe, whoſe leſſons new
Thou needs muſt miſſe, and ſo thou needs muſt ſmart.

Yet Deare, let me his pardon get of you,
So long (though he from booke my che to deſire)
Till without fewell you can make hot fire.

47

What haue I thus betrayed my libertie?
Can thoſe blacke beames ſuch burning markes engraue
In my free ſide? or am I borne a ſlaue,
Whoſe necke becomes ſuch yoke of tyrannie?

Or want I ſenſe to feele my miſerie?
Or ſprite, diſdaine of ſuch diſdaine to haue?
Who for long faith, tho daily helpe I craue,
May get no almes but ſcorne of beggerie.

Vertue awake, Beautie but beautie is,
I may, I muſt, I can, I will, I do
Leaue following that, which it is gaine to miſſe.

Let her do: ſoft, but here ſhe comes, go to,
Vnkind, I loue you not: O me, that eye
Doth make my heart to giue my tongue the lie.

Soules

48

Soules ioy, bend not thoſe morning ſtarres from me,
Where Vertue is made ſtrong by Beauties might,
Where *Loue* is chaſteneſſe, Paine doth learne delight,
And humbleneſſe growes one with Maieſtie.

What euer may enſue, O let me be
Copartner of the riches of that ſight:
Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light:
O looke, O ſhine, O let me die and ſee.

For though I oft my ſelfe of them bemone,
That through my heart their beamie darts be gone,
Whoſe cureleſſe wounds euen now moſt freſhly bleed:

Yet ſince my death-wound is alreadie got,
Deare Killer, ſpare not thy ſweet cruell ſhot:
A kind of grace it is to ſlay with ſpeed.

49

I on my horſe, and *Loue* on me doth try
Our horſemanſhips, while by ſtrange worke I proue
A horſeman to my horſe, a horſe to *Loue*;
And now mans wrongs in me poore beaſt deſcrie.

The raine wherewith my Rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of Reuerence moue,
Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt boſſe aboue
Of Hope, which makes it ſeeme faire to the eye.

The Wand is Will, thou Fancie Saddle art,
Girt faſt by Memorie, and while I ſpurre
My horſe, he ſpurres with ſharpe deſire my hart:

He ſits me faſt, how euer I doe ſturre:
And now hath made me to his hand ſo right,
That in the Manage my ſelfe takes delight.

50

Stella, the fulneſſe of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be ſtaid within my panting breaſt,
But they doe ſwell and ſtruggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be expreſt.

And yet as ſoone as they ſo formed be,
According to my Lord *Loues* owne beheſt:
With ſad eyes I their weake proportion ſee,
To portrait that which in this world is beſt.

So that I cannot chuſe but write my mind,
And cannot chuſe but put out what I write,
While theſe poore babes their death in birth doe find:

And now my pen theſe lines had daſhed quite,
But that they ſtopt his furie from the ſame,
Becauſe their forefront bare ſweet *Stellas* name.

Pardon

51

Pardon mine eares, both I and they doe pray,
So may your tongue ſtill fluently proceed,
To them that doe ſuch entertainment need,
So may you ſtill haue ſomewhat new to ſay.

On ſilly me doe not the burthen lay,
Of all the graue conceits your braine doth breed;
But find ſome *Hercules* to beare, in ſteed
Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wiſedomes heav'nly ſway.

For me while you diſcourſe of courtly tides,
Of cunning fiſhers in moſt troubled ſtreames,
Of ſtraying wayes, when valiant errour guides:

Meane while my heart confers with *Stellas* beames,
And is euen irkt that ſo ſweet Comedie,
By ſuch vnſuted ſpeech ſhould hindred be.

52

A ſtriſe is growne betweene *Vertue* and *Loue*,
While each pretends that *Stella* muſt be his:
Her eyes, her lips, her all, ſaith *Loue* doe this,
Since they doe weare his badge, moſt firmely proue.

But *Vertue* thus that title doth diſproue,
That *Stella* (O deare name) that *Stella* is
That vertuous ſoule, ſure heire of heav'nly bliſſe:
Not this faire outſide, which our hearts doth moue.

And therefore, though her beautie and her grace
Be *Loues* indeed, in *Stellas* ſelfe he may
By no pretence claime any manner place.

Well *Loue*, ſince this demurre our ſuit doth ſtay,
Let *Vertue* haue that *Stellas* ſelfe; yet thus,
That *Vertue*, but that bodie graunt to vs.

53

In Martiall ſports I had my cunning tride,
And yet to breake more ſtaues did me addreſſe:
While with the peoples ſhouts I muſt confeſſe,
Youth, lucke, and praiſe, euen fild my veines with pride.

When *Cupid* hauing me his ſlaue deſcride,
In *Marſes* liuery, prauncing in the preſſe:
What now ſir foole, ſaid he, I would no leſſe,
Looke here, I ſay. I look'd and *Stella* ſpide:

Who hard by made a window ſend forth light,
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,
One hand forgat to rule, th' other to fight,

Nor Trumpets ſound I heard, nor friendly cryes,
My Foe came on, and beat the ayre for me,
Till that her bluſh taught me my ſhame to ſee.

Becauſe

54

Becauſe I breath not loue to euery one,
Nor do not vſe ſet colours for to weare,
Nor nourish ſpeciall locks of vowed haire,
Nor giue each ſpeech a full point of agrone:

The courtly Nymphs, acquainted with the mone
Of them, who in their lips *Loues* ſtandard beare;
What he? ſay they of me, now I dare ſweare,
He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.

And thinke ſo ſtill, ſo *Stella* knowe my minde,
Profeſſe indeede I do not *Cupids* art;
But you faire maydes, at length this true ſhall finde,
That his right badge is but worne in the hart:

Dumbe Swannes, not chattring Pies, do Louers proue,
They loue indeede, who quake to ſay they loue.

55

Muſes, I oft inuoke your holy ayde,
With choiſeſt flowers my ſpeech t'engarland ſo,
That it deſpiſde in true but naked ſhew,
Might winne ſome grace in your ſweete grace arraid.

And oft whole troupes of ſaddeſt wordes I ſtayd,
Striuing abroad a foraging to goe;
Vntill by your inſpiring I might knowe,
How their blacke banner might be beſt diſplayd.

But now I meane no more your helpe to try,
Nor other ſugring of my ſpeech to proue,
But on her name inceſſantly to cry:

For let me but name her whom I do loue,
So ſweete ſound ſtraight mine eare and heart doth hit,
That I well finde no eloquence like it.

56

Fy ſchoole of Patience, Fy, your leſſon is
Farre farre too long to learne it without booke:
What, a whole weeke without one peece of looke,
And thinke I ſhould not your large precepts miſſe?

When I might reade thoſe letters faire of bliſſe,
Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke
Somwhat thy lead'n counſels, which I tooke,
As of a friend that meant not much amiſſe;

But now that I alas doe want her ſight,
What, doſt thou thinke that I can euer take
In thy dold ſtuffe a flegmatike delight?

No patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and heare with patience my deſire,
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

57

Wo, hauing made with many fightes his owne
Each ſence of mine, each gift, each power of mind,
Growne now his ſlaues, he forc't them out to find
The thoroweſt words, fit for woes ſelfe to grone,

Hoping that when they might finde *Stella* alone,
Before ſhe could prepare to be vnkind,
Her ſoule arm'd but with ſuch a daintie rind,
Should ſoone be pierc'd with ſharpeneſſe of the mone.

She heard my plaints, and did not onely heare,
But them (ſo ſweet is ſhe) moſt ſweetly ſing,
With that faire breaſt, making woes darkeneſſe cleare:

A pretie caſe I hoped her to bring
To feele my griefes, and ſhe with face and voyce,
So ſweets my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

58

Doubt there hath beene when with his golden chaine,
The Orator ſo faſte mens hearts doth bind,
That no pace elſe their guided ſteps can find,
But as he them more ſhort or ſlacke doth raine.

Whether with words this ſoueraignte he gaine,
Cloth'd with fine tropes, with ſtrongeſt reaſons lin'd,
Or elſe pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his owne liuely forme in rudeſt braine:

Now iudge by this, in piercing phraſes late,
The Anatomie of all my woes I wrate,
Stellas ſweet breath the ſame to me did reed.

O voyce, O face, maugre my ſpeeches might,
Which wooed wo, moſt raviſhing delight,
Euen thoſe ſad words, euen in ſad me did breed.

59

Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?
If he doe loue, I burne, I burne in loue:
If he waite well, I neuer thence would moue:
If he be faire, yet but a dog can be.

Little he is, ſo little worth is he;
He barks, my ſongs thine owne voyce oft doth proue:
Bidd'n perhaps he fetcheth thee a gloue,
But I vnbid, fetch euen my ſoule to thee.

Yet while I languiſh, him that boſome clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets, in ſpite of ſpite,
This ſowre-breath'd mate taſte of thoſe ſugred lips.

Alas, if you graunt onely ſuch delight
To witleſſe things, then *Loue*, I hope (ſince wit
Becomes a clog) will ſoone eaſe me of it.

When

60

When my good Angel guides me to the place,
Where all my good I do in *Stella* ſee,
That heav'n of ioyes throwes onely downe on me
Thundred diſdaines and lightnings of diſgrace:

But when the ruggedſt ſtep of Fortunes race
Makes me fall from her ſight, then ſweetly ſhe
With words, wherein the Muſes treaſures be,
Shewes loue and pittie to my abſent caſe.

Now I wit-beaten long by hardeſt Fate,
So dull am, that I cannot looke into
The ground of this fierce *Loue* and louely hate:

Then ſome good bodie tell me how I doe,
Whoſe preſence, abſence, abſence preſence is;
Bliſt in my curſe, and curſed in my bliſſe.

61

Oft with true ſighes, oft with vncalled teares,
Now with ſlow words, now with dumbe eloquence
I *Stellas* eyes aſſaid, inuade her eares;
But this at laſt is her ſweet breath'd defence:

That who indeed inſelt affection beares,
So captiues to his Saint both ſoule and ſence,
That wholly hers, all ſelfeneſſe he forbeares,
Then his deſires he learnes his liues courſe thence.

Now ſince her chaſte mind hates this loue in me,
With chaſtned mind, I ſtraight muſt ſhew that ſhe
Shall quickly me from what ſhe hates remoue:

O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,
Driv'n elſe to graunt by Angels ſophiſtrie,
That I loue not, without I leaue to loue.

62

Late tyr'd with woe, euen readie for to pine
With rage of *Loue*, I call'd my Loue vnkind;
She in whoſe eyes *Loue* though vnfelt doth ſhine,
Sweet ſaid that I true loue in her ſhould find,

I ioyed, but ſtraight thus watred was my wine,
That loue ſhe did, but loued a Loue not blind,
Which would not let me, whom ſhe loued, decline
From nobler courſe, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore by her Loues authoritie,
Wild me theſe tempeſts of vaine loue to flie,
And anchor faſt my ſelfe on *Vertues* ſhore:

Alas, if this the only metall be
Of *Loue*, new-coind to helpe my beggery,
Deare, loue me not, that ye may loue me more.

63

O Grammer rules, O now your vertues show;
So children still reade you with awfull eyes,
As my young Doue may in your precepts wise
Her graunt to me, by her owne vertue know.

For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I crav'd the thing which euer she denies:
She lightning *Loue*, displaying *Venus* skies,
Lest once should not be heard, twise said, No, No.

Sing then my Muse, now *Io Pean* sing,
Heav'ns enuy not at my high triumphing:
But Grammers force with sweet successe confirme:

For Grammer sayes (O this deare *Stella* say)
For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay)
That in one speech two Negatiues affirme.

First Song.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,
Which now my breast orecharg'd to Musicke lendeth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely in you, my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure,
Who keepes the key of Natures chiefest treasure:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely for you the heav'n forgate all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairenesse raigneth,
Who womankind at once both deckes and staineth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely by you Cupid *his crowne maintaineth.*

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetnesse planteth,
Who else for whom Fame *worthy trumpets wanteth?*
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely to you her Scepter Venus *granteth.*

Who hath the breast, whose milke doth passions nourish,
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish,
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth,
Who long dead beautie with encrease reneweth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Onely at you all enuie hopelesse rueth.

Who

Who hath the haire vvhich looſeſt faſteſt tieth,
Who makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:
Only of you the flatterer neuer lieth.

Who hath the voyce, vvhich ſoule from ſences ſunders,
Whoſe force but yours the bolts of beauties thunders:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muſe theſe notes entendeth,
Which now my breaſt orecharg'd to muſicke lendeth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:
Only in you my ſong begins and endeth.

64

No more, my deare, no more theſe counſels trie,
O giue my paſsions leaue to run their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worſt diſgrace,
Let folke orecharg'd with braine againſt me crie.

Let clouds bedimme my face, breake in mine eye,
Let me no ſteps but of loſt labour trace:
Let all the earth with ſcorne recount my caſe,
But doe not will me from my *Loue* to flie.

I doe not enuie *Ariſtotles* wit,
Nor do aſpire to *Cæſars* bleeding fame;
Nor ought doe care, though ſome abouc me ſit:

Nor hope, nor with another courſe to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruell hart:
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Vertue art.

65

Loue by ſure proofe I may call thee vnkind,
That giu'ſt no better eare to my iuſt cryes:
Thou whom to me ſuch my good turnes ſhould bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize:

For when nak'd boy thou couldſt no harbour find
In this old world, growne now ſo too too wiſe:
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
By Nature borne, I gaue to thee mine eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,
If ſo great ſeruices may ſmorned be:
Yet let this thought thy Tygriſh courage paſſe,

That I perhaps am ſomewhat kinne to thee;
Since in thine armes, if learn'd fame truth hath ſpread,
Thou bear'ſt the arrow, I the arrow head.

66

And doe I see some cause a hope to feede,
Or doth the tedious burden of long wo
In weakned mindes, quicke apprehending breed,
Of euery image, which may comfort show?

I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deed,
Fortunes wheeles still with me in one sort slow,
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my need,
Desire still on the stilts of feare doth go.

And yet amid all feares a hope there is,
Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,
Stellas eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,

Looking on me, while I lookt other way:
But when mine eyes backe to their heav'n did moue,
They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue.

67

Hope, art thou true, or doest thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now begin with pitious eye,
The ruines of her conquest to espie:
Will she take time before all wracked be?

Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee:
But failst thou not in phrase so heav'nly hie?
Looke on againe, the faire text better trie:
What blushing notes dost thou in margine see?

What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne?
Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworne?

Well, how-so thou interpret the contents,
I am resolv'd thy errour to maintaine,
Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

68

Stella, the onely Planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chiefe good, whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight.

Why doest thou spend the treasures of my sprite,
With voyce more fit to wed *Amphions* lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?

And all in vaine, for while thy breath most sweet,
With choisest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmely set on *Vertues* feet,

Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O thinke I then, what paradise of ioy
It is, so faire a Vertue to enioy.

69

O ioy, too high for my low stile to show:
O blisse, fit for a nobler state then me:
Enuie, put out thine eyes lest thou do see
What Oceans of delight in me do flow.

My friend, that oft saw through all maskes my wo,
Come, come, and let me powre my self on thee:
Gone is the winter of my miserie,
My spring appeares, O see what here doth grow.

For *Stella* hath with words where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchie:
I, I, O I may say that she is mine.

And though she giue but thus conditionly
This realme of blisse, while vertuous course I take,
No kings be crown'd, but they some couenants make.

70

My Muse may well grudge at my heav'nly ioy,
If still I force her in sad rimes to creepe:
She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes t' enioy
Nectar of Mirth, since I *Ioues* cup do keepe.

Sonets be not bound prentise to annoy:
Trebles sing high, as well as bases deepe:
Griefe but *Loues* winter liuerie is, the Boy
Hath cheekes to smile, as well as eyes to weepe.

Come then my Muse, shew thou height of delight
In well raisde notes, my pen the best it may
Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.

Cease eager Muse, peace pen, for my sake stay,
I giue you here my hand for truth of this,
Wise silence is best musicke vnto blisse.

71

Who will in fayrest booke of Nature know,
How Vertue may best lodg'd in beautie be,
Let him but learne of *Loue* to reade in thee
Stella, those faire lines, which true goodnesse show.

There shall he find all vices ouerthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest soueraignetie
Of reason, from whose light those nights-birds flie;
That inward sunne in thine eyes shineth so.

And not content to be Perfections heire
Thy selfe, doest striue all mindes that way to moue:
Who marke in thee what is in thee most faire.

So while thy beautie drawes the heart to loue,
As fast thy Vertue bends that loue to good:
But ah, Desire still cryes, giue me some food.

72

Desire, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure Loue, that I
One from the other scarcely can descrie,
While each doth blowe the fier of my hart;

Now from thy fellowship I needs must part,
Venus is taught with *Dians* wings to flie;
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;
Vertues gold now must head my *Cupids* dart.

Seruice and Honour, wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite.

These things are left me by my only Deare;
But thou Desire, because thou wouldst haue all,
Now banisht art, but yet alas how shall?

Second Song.

Haue I caught my heau'nly iewell,
Teaching sleepe most faire to be?
Now will I teach her that she
When she wakes, is too too cruell.

Since sweet sleepe her eyes hath charmed,
The two only darts of Loue:
Now will I with that boy proue
Some play, while he is disarmed.

Her tongue waking still refuseth,
Giuing frankly niggard No:
Now will I attempt to know,
What No her tongue sleeping vseth.

See the hand which waking guardeth,
Sleeping, grants a free resort:
Now will I inuade the fort;
Cowards Loue *with loss rewardeth.*

But O foole, thinke of the danger,
Of her iust and high disdaine:
Now will I alas refraine,
Loue *feares nothing else but anger.*

Yet these lips so sweetly swelling,
Doe inuite a stealing kisse:
Now will I but venture this,
Who will reade must first learne spelling.

Oh sweet kisse, but ah she is waking,
Lowring beautie chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Foole, more foole, for no more taking.

Loue

73

Loue ſtill a boy, and oft a wanton is,
School'd onely by his mothers tender eye:
What wonder then if he his leſſon miſſe,
When for ſo oft a rodde deare play he trye?

And yet my Starre, becauſe a ſugred kiſſe
In ſport I ſuckt, while ſhe aſleepe did lie,
Doth lowre, nay, chide; nay, threat for only this:
Sweet, it was ſaucie *Loue*, not humble I.

But no ſcuſe ſerues, ſhe makes her wrath appeare
In Beauties Throne, ſee now who dares come neare
Thoſe ſcarlet Iudges, threatning bloudie paine?

O heav'nly foole, thy moſt kiſſe-worthy face,
Anger inveſts with ſuch a louely grace,
That Angers ſelfe I needs muſt kiſſe againe.

74

I neuer dranke of *Agænippe* well,
Nor euer did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And Muſes ſcorne with vulgar braines to dwell,
Poore Layman I, for ſacred rites vnfit.

Some doe I heare of Poets furie tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they meane by it:
And this I ſweare by blackeſt brooke of hell,
I am no pick-purſe of anothers wit.

How falles it then, that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeake, and what I ſpeake doth flow
In verſe, and that my verſe beſt wits doth pleaſe?

Gheſſe we the cauſe, what is it thus? fie no:
Or ſo? much leſſe: how then? ſure thus it is:
My lips are ſweet, inſpired with *Stellas* kiſſe.

75

Of all the Kings that euer here did raigne,
Edward named fourth, as firſt in praiſe I name,
Not for his faire outſide, nor well lined braine;
Although leſſe gifts impe feathers oft on Fame:

Nor that he could young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant frame
His Sires reuenge, ioyn'd with a Kingdomes gaine:
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* ſo tame,
That Balance weigh'd what ſword did late obtaine.

Nor that he made the Floure-deluce ſo fraid,
Though ſtrongly hedg'd of bloudie Lyons pawes,
That wittie *Lewis* to him a tribute paid.

Nor this, nor that, nor any ſuch ſmall cauſe,
But onely for this worthy Knight durſt proue
To loſe his Crowne, rather then faile his Loue.

76

She comes, and ſtreight therewith her ſhining twins do moue
Their rayes to me, who in her tedious abſence lay
Benighted in cold wo, but now appeares my day,
The onely light of ioy, the only warmth of *Loue*.

She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue
Of gentle force, ſo that mine eyes dare gladly play
With ſuch a roſie morne, whoſe beames moſt freſhly gay,
Scorch not, but onely do darke chilling ſprites remoue.

But lo, while I doe ſpeake, it groweth noone with me,
Her flamie gliſtring lights increaſe with time and place;
My heart cryes ah, it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:

No wind, no ſhade can coole: what helpe then in my caſe,
But with ſhort breath, long looks, ſtaid feet & walking hed,
Pray that my ſunne go down with meeker beames to bed?

77

Thoſe lookes, whoſe beames be ioy, whoſe motion is delight,
That face, whoſe lecture ſhewes what perfect beautie is:
That preſence, which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light:
That grace, which *Venus* weeps that ſhe her ſelfe doth miſſe:

That hand, which without touch holds more then *Atlas* might;
Thoſe lips, which make deaths pay a meane price for a kiſſe:
That skin, whoſe paſſe-praiſe hue ſcornes this poore terme of white:
Thoſe words, which doe ſublime the quinteſſence of bliſſe:

That voyce, which makes the ſoule plant himſelfe in the eares:
That conuerſation ſweet, where ſuch high comforts be,
As conſterd in true ſpeech, the name of heau'n it beares,

Makes me in my beſt thoughts and quieteſt iudgement ſee,
That in no more but theſe I might be fully bleſt:
Yet ah, my Mayd'n Muſe doth bluſh to tell the beſt.

78

O how the pleaſant ayres of true loue be
Infected by thoſe vapours, which ariſe
From out that noyſome gulfe, which gaping lies
Betweene thk iawes of helliſh Ielouſie!

A monſter, others harme, ſelfe-miſerie,
Beauties plague, Vertues ſcourge, ſuccour of lies:
Who his owne ioy to his owne hurt applies,
And onely cheriſh doth with iniurie.

Who ſince he hath by Natures ſpeciall grace,
So piercing pawes, as ſpoyle when they embrace,
So nimble feet, as ſtirre ſtill though on thornes:

So many eyes ay ſeeking their owne woe,
So ample eares as neuer good newes know:
Is it not euill that ſuch a Diuell wants hornes?

Sweet

79

Sweet kisse, thy sweets I faine would sweetly endite,
Which euen of sweetnesse sweetest sweetner art:
Pleasingst consort, where each sence holds a part,
Which coupling Doues guides *Venus* chariot right.

Best charge, and bravest retrait in *Cupids* fight,
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Most rich, when most his riches it impart:
Neast of young ioyes, schoolmaster of delight,

Teaching the meane, at once to take and give,
The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and heale,
The prettie death, while each in other live.

Poore hopes finde wealth, a image of promist weale,
Breakefast of *Loue*, but lo, where she is,
Cease we to praise, now pray we for a kisse.

80

Sweet swelling lip, well maist thou swell in pride,
Since best wits thinke it wit thee to adoure;
Natures praise, vertues stall, *Cupids* cold fire,
Where words want watch, but heavnly graces slide.

The new *Pernassus*, where the Muses bide,
Sweetner of musicke, wise does's beautifier:
Breather of life, and feaster of desire,
Where Beauties blush in Honours graine is dide.

Thus much my heart compeld my mouth to say,
But now spite of my heart my mouth will stay,
Loathing all lies, doubting this Flatterie is:

And no spurre can this vaine rate renew,
Without how farre this praise is short of you,
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kisse.

81

O kisse, which doest those cruddie gemmes impart,
Or gemmes, or fruits of new-found *Paradise*,
Breathing all blisse and sweetning to the heart,
Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise.

O kisse, which soules, even soules together tyes
By links of *Loue*, and only Natures art:
How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part.

But she forbids, with blushing words, she sayes,
She builds her fame on higher seated praise:
But my heart burnes, I cannot silent be.

Then since (deare life) you faine would haue me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

Nymph

82

Nymph of the garden, where all beauties be:
Beauties which do in excellency paſſe:
His who till death lookt in a watry glaſſe,
Or hers whom nak'd the *Troian* boy did ſee.

Sweet garden Nymph, which keeps the Cherrie tree,
Whoſe fruit doth farre th' *Eſperian* taſte ſurpaſſe:
Moſt ſweet-faire, moſt faire-ſweet, do not alas,
From comming neare thoſe Cherries baniſh me:

For though full of deſire, emptie of wit,
Admitted late by your beſt-graced grace,
I caught at one of them a hungry bit,

Pardon that fault, once more grant me the place,
And I doe ſweare euen by the ſame delight,
I will but kiſſe, I neuer more will bite.

83

Good brother *Philip*, I haue borne you long,
I was content you ſhould in fauour creepe,
While craftily you ſeem'd your cut to keepe,
As though that faire ſoft hand did you great wrong.

I bare (with Enuie) yet I bare your ſong,
When in her necke you did *Loue* ditties peepe;
Nay, more foole I, oft ſuffered you to ſleepe
In Lillies neaſt, where *Loue* ſelfe lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is ſawcineſſe reward of curteſie?
Cannot ſuch grace your ſilly ſelfe content,

But you muſt needs with thoſe lips billing be?
And through thoſe lips drinke Nectar from that toong;
Leaue that ſir *Phip*, leſt off your necke be wroong.

12

Third Song.

If Orpheus *voyce had force to breathe ſuch muſicks loue*
Through pores of ſenceleſſe trees, as it could make them moue;
If ſtones good meaſure daunc'd, the Theban *walls to build,*
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphions *lyre did yeeld,*
More cauſe a like effect at leaſt wiſe bringeth:
O ſtones, O trees, learne hearing, Stella *ſingeth.*

If Loue might ſweet'n ſo a boy of ſhepheard breed,
To make a Lyzard dull to taſte Loues dainty food:
If Eagle fierce could ſo in Grecian *Mayd delight,*
As his light was her eyes, her death his endleſſe night;
Earth gaue that Loue, heau'n throw Loue reſuſeth:
O beaſts, O birds looke, Loue, lo, Stella *ſheweth.*

The

The birds, beasts, stones and trees feele this, and feeling Loue:
And if the trees nor stones stirre not the same to proue,
Nor beasts, nor birds doe come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmed!

84

High way since you my chiefe *Parnassus* be,
And that my Muse to some eares not vnsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses feet,
More oft then to a chambers melodie.

Now blessed you, beare onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart safe left shall meet,
My Muse and I must you of dutie greet
With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still faire, honourd by publike heed,
By no encrochment wrongd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for blood, nor sham'd for sinfull deed.

And that you know, I enuie you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,
Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feet may kisse.

85

I see the house, my heart thy selfe containe,
Beware full sayles drowne not thy tottring barge:
Least ioy by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine.

Nor doe like Lords, whose weake confused braine,
Not pointing to fit folkes each vndercharge,
While euery office themselues will discharge,
With doing all, leaue nothing done but paine.

But giue apt seruing their dueplace, let eyes
See Beauties totall summe summ'd in her face:
Let eares heare speech, which wit to wonder ties.

Let breath sucke vp those sweetes, let armes embrace
The globe of weale, lips *Loues* indentures make:
Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

Fourth Song.

Onely ioy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:
Let my whispring voyce obtaine,
Sweet reward for sharpest paine:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Night

Night hath cloſde all in her cloke,
Twinkling ſtarres Loue-thoughts prouoke:
Danger hence good care doth keepe,
Iealouſie it ſelfe doth ſleepe:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupids yoke to looſe or bind:
Theſe ſweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their beſt language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

This ſmall light the Moone beſtowes,
Serues thy beames but to diſcloſe,
So to raiſe my hap more hie;
Feare not elſe, none can vs ſpie:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

That you heard was but a Mouſe,
Dumbe ſleepe holdeth all the houſe:
Yet aſleepe, me thinkes they ſay,
Yong folkes, take time while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we miſſe
This large offer of our bliſſe:
Long ſtay ere he graunt the ſame:
Sweet then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Your faire mother is a bed,
Candles out, and Curtaines ſpread:
She thinkes you doe letters write:
Write, but let me firſt endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Sweet alas, why ſtriue you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs:
Leaue to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie ſtands:
Take thee to me, and me to thee.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Woe to me, and doe you sweare
Me to hate, but I forbeare,
Cursed be my destinies all,
That brought me so high to fall:
Soone with my death I will please thee,
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

86

Alas, whence came this change of lookes? if I
Haue chang'd desert, let mine owne conscience be
A still felt plague, to selfe condemning me:
Let wo gripe on my heart, shame loade mine eye.

But if all faith, like spotlesse Ermine ly
Safe in my soule, which onely doth to thee
(As his sole obiect of felicitie)
With wings of *Loue* in ayre of wonder flie,

O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slaue:
In iustice paines come not till faults do call,
Or if I needs (sweet Iudge) must torments haue,

Vse something else to chast'n me withall,
Then those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,
No doome should make ones heav'n become his hell.

Fift Song.

While fauour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought:
Then grew my tongue and pen records vnto thy glory:
I thought all words were lost, that were not spent of thee:
I thought each place was darke but where thy lights would be,
And all eares worse then deafe, that heard not out thy storie.

I said, thou wert most faire, and so ind ed thou art:
I said, thou art most sweet, sweet poyson to my heart:
I said, my soule was thine (O that I then had lyed)
I said, thine eyes were starres, thy breasts the milk'n way,
Thy fingers Cupids *shafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:*
And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is lost, vnkindnesse kils delight,
Yet thought and speech doe liue, though metamorphosd quite:
For rage now rules the raines, which guided were by Pleasure.
I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise,
That speech falls now to blame, which did thy honour raise,
The same key op'n can, which can locke vp a treasure.

Thou

Thou then whom partiall heauens conſpir'd in one to frame,
The proofe of Beauties worth, th' enheritrix of fame,
The manſion ſeat of bliſſe, and iuſt excuſe of Louers;
See now thoſe feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew moſt high:
See what cloudes of reproch ſhall darke thy honours skie,
Whoſe owne fault caſts him downe, hardly high ſeat recouers.

And O my Muſe, though oft you luld her in your lap,
And then a heav'nly childe gaue her Ambroſian pap:
And to that braine of hers your kindeſt gifts infuſed,
Since ſhe diſdayning me, doth you in me diſdaine:
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we ſuffer paine:
Princes in ſubiects wrongd, muſt deeme themſelues abuſed.

Your Client poore my ſelfe, ſhall Stella handle ſo?
Reuenge, reuenge, my Muſe. Defiance trumpet blow:
Threat'n vvhat may be done, yet do more then you threat'n.
Ah, my ſute graunted is, I feele my breaſt doth ſwell:
Now child, a leſſon new you ſhall begin to ſpell:
Sweet babes muſt babies haue, but ſhrewd gyrles muſt be beat'n.

Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine odourd ſnow,
Nor bluſhing Lillies, nor pearles ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden Sea vvhoſe vvaues in curles are brok'n:
But of thy ſoule, ſo fraught with ſuch vngratefulneſſe,
As where thou ſoone mightſt helpe, moſt faith doth moſt oppreſſe,
Vngratefull vvho is cald, the worſt of euils is ſpok'n:

Yet worſe then vvorſt, I ſay thou art a theefe: a theefe?
Now God forbid. A theefe, and of vvorſt theeues the cheefe:
Theeues ſteale for need, and ſteale but goods, which paine recouers,
But thou rich in all ioyes, doeſt rob my ioyes from me,
Which cannot be reſtor'd by time nor induſtry:
Of foes the ſpoile is euill, far vvorſe of conſtant louers.

Yet gentle Engliſh theeues doe rob, but vvill not ſlay;
Thou Engliſh murdring theefe, wilt haue harts for thy pray:
The name of murdrer now on thy faire forehead ſitteth:
And euen while I doe ſpeake, my death wounds bleeding be:
Vvhich (I proteſt) proceed from only Cruell thee,
Who may and will not ſaue, murder in truth committeth.

But murder priuate fault ſeemes but a toy to thee,
I lay then to thy charge vniuſteſt Tyrannie,
If Rule by force without all claime a Tyran ſheweth,
For thou doeſt lord my heart, who am not borne thy ſlaue,
And which is worſe, makes me moſt guiltleſſe torments haue,
A rightfull Prince by vnright deeds a Tyran groweth.

Lo

Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrans make subiects bow:
Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now;
Rebell by Natures law, Rebell by law of Reason,
Thou sweetest subiect wert borne in the realme of Loue,
And yet against thy Prince thy force dost daily proue:
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.

But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouthes purchase fame:
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,
Both Rebell to the sonne, and Vagrant from the mother;
For wearing Venus *badge, in euery part of thee,*
Vnto Dianaes *traine thou runaway didst flie:*
Who faileth one, is false, though trustie to another.

What is not this enough? nay farre worse commeth here;
A witch I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare;
For I protest, my sight neuer thy face enioyeth,
But I in me am chang'd, I am aliue and dead:
My feet are turn'd to rootes, my heart becommeth lead,
No witchcraft is so euill, as which mans mind destroyeth.

Yet witches may repent, thou art farre worse than they,
Alas, that I am forc't such euill of thee to say,
I say thou art a Diuell though cloth'd in Angels shining:
For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the hope in for thee,
And thy words of refuse, do powre euen hell on mee:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are Diuels in true defining.

You then vngratefull thiefe, you murdring Tyran you,
You Rebell run-away, to Lord and Lady vntrue,
You witch, you diuell (alas) you still of me beloued,
You see what I can say; mend yet your froward mind,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall find,
That all these cruell words, your praises shall be proued.

Sixt Song.

O you that heare this voyce,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choyce
Deserues the former place:
Feare not to iudge this hate,
For it is void of hate.

This side doth beautie take,
For that doth Musike speake,
Fit oratours to make
The strongest iudgements weake:
The barre to plead their right,
Is onely true delight.

Thus doth the voyce and face,
These gentle Lawyers wage,
Like louing brothers case,
For fathers heritage:
That each while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

For beautie beautifies,
With heauenly hew and grace,
The heauenly harmonies;
And in this faultlesse face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmonie.

Musicke more loftily swels
In speeches nobly placed:
Beautie as farre excels,
In action aptly graced:
A friend each partie drawes,
To countenance his cause:

Loue more affected seemes,
To beauties louely light,
And wonder more esteemes
Of Musick wondrous might:
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musicke doth witnesse call
The eare, his truth to trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
Eye-iudgement of the eye,
Both in their obiects such,
As no exceptions tuch.

The common sense, which might
Be Arbiter of this,
To be forsooth vpright,
To both sides partiall is:
He layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

Then reason Princesse hye,
Whose throne is in the mind,
Which Musicke can in sky
And hidden beauties find,
Say whether thou wilt crowne
With limitlesse renowne.

Seuenth Song.

Whose senses in so euill consort, their stepdame Nature laies,
That rauishing delight in them most sweet tunes do not raise;
Or if they doe delight therein, yet vse to close with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a title vpon it:
O let them heare these sacred tunes, and learne in wonders schools,
To be in things past bounds of wit fooles, if they be not fooles.

Who haue so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauties shew,
Or seeing, haue so wodden wits, as not that worth to know;
Or knowing, haue so muddy minds, as not to be in loue;
Or louing, haue so frothy thoughts, as easly thence to moue:
O let them see these heauenly beames, and in faire letters reede
A lesson fit, both sight and skill, loue and firme loue to breede.

Heare then, but then with wonder heare; see but adoring see,
No mortall gifts, no earthly fruits, now here discended be:
See, doe you see this face? a face? nay image of the skies,
Of which the two life-giuing lights are figured in her eyes:
Heare you this soule-inuading voyce, and count it but a voyce?
The very essence of their tunes, when Angels do reioyce.

Eight Song.

In a groue most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton musicke made,
May *then yong his py'd weeds showing,*
New perfum'd with flowers fresh growing,

Astrophel *with* Stella *sweet,*
Did for mutuall comfort meet,
Both within themselues oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had alas the while,
But now teares themselues did smile,
While their eyes by loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighes of woes were glad sighes mixt,
With armes crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.

Their eares hungry of each word,
Which the deere tongue would afford,
But their tongues restraind from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake;
Loue did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speake in loue and wonder:

Stella *soueraigne of my ioy,*
Faire triumpher of anney,
Stella *starre of heauenly fier,*
Stella *loadstar of desier.*

Stella, *in whose shining eyes,*
Are the lights of Cupids *skies,*
Whose beames where they once are darted,
Loue therewith is streight imparted.

Stella, *whose voyce when it speakes,*
Senses all asunder breakes;
Stella, *whose voyce when it singeth,*
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, *in whose body is*
Writ each character of blisse,
Whose face all, all beautie passeth,
Saue thy mind which yet surpasseth.

Graunt, O graunt, but speech alas,
Failes me, fearing on to passe,
Graunt, O me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt, O deere, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I loue you,
Time and place for me may moue you.

Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it;
Smiling ayre allowes my reason,
These birds sing; now vse the season.

This small winde which so sweet is,
See how it the leaues doth kisse,
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of loue to loue inspiring.

Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sinke;
And if dumbe things be so wittie,
Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine;
But her hands his hands repelling,
Gaue repulse all grace excelling.

Then she spake; her speech was such,
As no eares but hart did tuch:
While such wise she loue denied,
As yet loue she signified.

Astrophel *said she, my loue*
Cease in these effects to proue:
Now be still, yet still beleeue me,
Thy griefe more then death would grieue me.

If that any thought in me,
Can tast comfort but of thee,
Let me fed with hellish anguish,
Ioylesse, hopelesse, endlesse languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
Halfe so deere as you to me,
Let me home returne, starke blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

If to secret of my hart,
I doe any wish impart,
Where thou art not formost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say,
All my blisse in thee I lay;
If thou loue, my loue content thee.
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me while I thee deny;
In my selfe the smart I try,
Tyran honour doth thus vse thee,
Stellas *selfe might not refuse thee.*

Therefore, Deere, this no more moue,
Least though I leaue not thy loue,
Which too deepe in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named.

Therewithall away she went,
Leauing him to passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

Ninth Song.

Goe my flocke, go get you hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding,
Where you may haue some defence
Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom all wo
Can abide to keepe no measure,
Merry flocke, such one forgo,
Vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischiefs treasure.

Yet alas before you goe,
Heare your wofull maisters sorie,
Which to stones I else would show:
Sorrow onely then hath glory,
When tis excellently sorie.

Stella *fiercest shepheardesse,*
Fiercest, but yet fairest euer;
Stella *whom O heauens do blesse,*
Tho against me shee perseuer,
Tho I blisse enherit neuer.

Stella *hath refused me,*
Stella *who more loue hath proued,*
In this caitife heart to be,
Then can in good eawes be moued,
Toward Lamkins *best beloued.*

Stella *hath refused me,*
Astrophel *that so well serued,*
In this pleasant spring must see
While in pride flow'rs be preserued,
Himselfe onely winter-sterued.

Why alas doth she then sweare,
That she loueth me so dearely,
Seeing me so long to beare
Coles of loue that burne so clearely;
And yet leaue me helplesse meerely?

Is that loue? forsaken drow,
If I saw my good dog grieued,
And a help for him did know,
My loue should not be beleeued,
But he were by me releeued.

No, she hates me, wellaway,
Fayning loue, somewhat to please me:
For she knowes, if she display
All her hate, death soone would seaze me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu deere flocke adieu:
But alas, if in your straying
Heauenly Stella *meet with you*
Tell her in your piteous blaying,
Her poore slaues vnmeet decaying.

87

When I was forst from *Stella* euer deere,
Stella food of my thoughts, hart of my hart,
Stella whose eyes make all my tempests cleere,
By iron lawes of duetie to depart:

Alas I found, that she with me did smart,
I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare;
I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sense did heare.

For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so,
I sigh'd her sighes, and wailed for her wo,
Yet swam in ioy, such loue in her was seene.

Thus while th' effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing then the cause more sweet could be,
I had beene vext, if vext I had not beene.

88

Out traytour absence, darest thou counsell me,
From my deere Captainesse to run away;
Because in braue array here marcheth she,
That to win me, oft shewes a present pay?

Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee?
When Sun is hid, can starres such beames display?
Cannot heau'nly food once felt, keepe stomacks free
From base desire on earthly cates to pray.

Tush absence while thy mistes eclipse that light,
My Orphan sense flies to the inward sight,
Where memorie sets forth the beames of loue.

That

That where before hart lou'd and eyes did ſee,
In heart both ſight and loue now coupled be;
Vnited powers make each the ſtronger proue.

89

Now that of abſence the moſt irkſome night,
With darkeſt ſhade doth ouercome my day;
Since *Stellas* eyes wont to giue me my day,
Leauing my Hemiſphere, leaue me in night,

Each day ſeemes long, and longs for long-ſtaid night,
The night as tedious, wooes th' approch of day;
Tyr'd with the duſtie toyles of buſie day,
Languiſht with horrors of the ſilent night;

Suffering the euils both of day and night,
While no night is more darke then is my day,
Nor no day hath leſſe quiet then my night:

With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day,
That liuing thus in blackeſt winter night,
I feele the flames of hotteſt ſommer day.

90

Stella thinke not that I by verſe ſeeke fame,
Who ſeeke, who hope, who loue, who liue but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine hiſtorie:
If thou praiſe not, all other praiſe is ſhame.

Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame
A neſt for my young praiſe in lawrell tree:
In truth I ſweare, I wiſh not there ſhould be
Grau'd in mine Epitaph a Poets name:

Ne if I would, I could iuſt title make,
That any laud to me thereof ſhould growe,
Without my plumes from others wings I take.

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beautie doth endite,
And loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

91

Stella, while now by honours cruell might,
I am from you, light of my life miſ-led,
And that faire you my Sunne, thus ouerſpred,
With abſence Vaile, I liue in Sorowes night.

If this darke place yet ſhew like candle light,
Some beauties peece, as amber colourd hed,
Milke hands, roſe cheekes, or lips more ſweet, more red,
Or ſeeing gets blacke, but in blackneſſe bright.

They

They pleaſe I doe confeſſe, they pleaſe mine eyes,
But why? becauſe of you they models be,
Models ſuch be wood-globes of gliſtring skies.

Deere, therefore be not iealous ouer me;
If you heare that they ſeeme my heart to moue,
Not them, O no, but you in them I loue.

92

Be your words made (good Sir) of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by ſo ſmall rate?
Or doe you curted Spartanes imitate,
Or doe you meane my tender eares to ſpare?

That to my queſtions you ſo totall are,
When I demaund of *Phenix Stellas* ſtate,
You ſay forſooth, you left her well of late,
O God, thinke you that ſatisfies my care?

I would know whether ſhe ſit or walke,
How cloth'd, how waited on, ſigh'd ſhe or ſmilde,
Whereof, with whom, how often did ſhe talke,

With what paſtime times iourney ſhe beguilde,
If her lips daign'd to ſweeten my poore name,
Say all, and all, well ſayd, ſtill ſay the ſame.

Tenth Song.

O deare life, when ſhall it be,
That mine eyes thine eyes may ſee?
And in them thy mind diſcouer,
Whether abſence haue had force
Thy remembrance to diuorce,
From the image of thy louer?

Or if I me ſelfe find not,
After parting ought forgot;
Nor debard from beauties treaſure,
Let no tongue aſpire to tell,
In what high ioyes I ſhall dwell,
Onely thought aymes at the pleaſure.

Thought therefore I will ſend thee
To take vp the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry.
There vnſeene thou maiſt be bold,
Thoſe faire wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought see thou no place forbeare,
Enter brauely euery where,
Seaze on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst garded be,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Thinke of that most gratefull time,
When thy leaping heart will climbe,
In my lips to haue his biding.
There those roses for to kisse,
Which doe breathe a sugred blisse,
Opening rubies, pearles diuiding.

Thinke of my most Princely power,
When I blessed shall deuower,
With my greedy licorous sences,
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, loue
While she doth against me proue
Her strong darts, but weake defences.

Thinke thinke of those dallyings,
When with Douelike murmurings,
With glad moning passed anguish,
We change eyes, and hart for hart,
Each to other doe depart,
Ioying till ioy make vs languish.

O my thought my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking;
Thinke no more but die in me,
Till thou shalt reuiued be,
At her lips my Nectar drinking.

53

O faire, O fault, O curse, child of my bliss,
What sobs can giue words grace my griefe to show?
What inke is blacke enough to paint my woe?
Through me, wretch me, euen *Stella* vexed is.

Yet truth (if Caitifs breath may call thee) this
Witnesse with me, that my foule stumbling so,
From carelesnesse did in no manet grow,
But wit confus'd with too much care did misse.

And doe I then my selfe this vaine excuse giue?
I haue (liue I and know this?) harmed thee,
Tho words quite me, shall I my selfe forgiue?

Onely

Only with paines my paines thus eaſed be,
That all thy hurts in my hearts wracke I reede;
I cry thy ſighes; my deere, thy teares I bleede.

94

Griefe find the words, for thou haſt made my braine
So darke with miſtie vapors, which ariſe
From out thy heauie mould, that inbent eyes
Can ſcarce diſcerne the ſhape of mine owne paine.

Doe thou then (for thou canſt) doe thou complaine,
For my poore ſoule, which now that ſickneſſe tries,
Which euen to ſence, ſence of it ſelfe denies,
Though harbengers of death lodge there his traine.

Or if thy loue of plaint yet mine forbeares,
As of a caitife worthieſo to die,
Yet waile thy ſelfe, and waile with cauſefull teares,

That though in wretchedneſſe thy life doth lye,
Yet grow'ſt more wretched then thy nature beares,
By being plac'd in ſuch a wretch as I.

95

Yet ſighes, deere ſighes, indeed true friends you are,
That doe not leaue your left friend at the wurſt,
But as you with my breaſt I oft haue nurſt,
So gratefull now you waite vpon my care.

Faint coward ioy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yeeld when this wo ſtrake him furſt:
Delight proteſts h' is not for thee accurſt,
Though oft himſelfe my mate in armes he ſware.

Nay ſorrow comes with ſuch maine rage, that he
Kils his owne children, teares finding that they
By loue were made apt to conſort with me.

Onely true ſighes, you doe not goe away,
Thanke may you haue for ſuch a thankefull part,
Thank-worthieſt yet when you ſhall breake my hart.

96

Though with good cauſe thou lik'ſt ſo well the night,
Since kind or chance giues both one liuerie,
Both ſadly black, both blackly darkned be,
Night bard from Sun, thou from thy own Suns light;

Silence in both diſplayes his ſullen might,
Slow heauineſſe in both holds one degree,
That full of doubts, thou of perplexitie;
Thy teares expreſſe nights natiue moiſture right.

In

In both a mazefull ſolitarineſſe:
In night of ſprites the gaſtly powers to ſtur,
In thee or ſprites or ſprited gaſtlineſſe:

But but (alas) nights ſide the ods hath fur,
For that at length yet doth inuite ſome reſt,
Thou though ſtill tyr'd, yet ſtill dooſt it deteſt.

97

Dian that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
Shewes her oft, at the full, her faireſt face,
Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry Nymphs, whoſe chace
From heauenly ſtanding hits each mortall wight.

But ah poore Night in loue with *Phœbus* light,
And endleſly deſpairing of his grace,
Her ſelfe (to ſhew no other ioy hath place)
Silent and ſad in mourning weedes doth dight:

Euen ſo (alas) a lady *Dians* peere,
With choiſe delights and rareſt company,
Would faine driue cloudes from out my heauy cheere.

But wo is me, though ioy it ſelfe were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blind braine waies of ioy,
While I deſpaire my Sunnes ſight to enioy.

98

Ah bed, the field where ioyes peace ſome doe ſee,
The field where all my thoughts to warre be traind,
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtaind!
How thy lee ſhores by my ſighes ſtormed be!

With ſweet ſoft ſhades thou oft inuiteſt me
To ſteale ſome reſt, but wretch I am conſtraind
(Spurd with loues ſpur, though gald and ſhortly raind
With cares hard hand) to turne and toſſe in thee.

While the blacke horrors of the ſilent night
Paint woes blacke face ſo liuely to my ſight,
That tedious leaſure markes each wrinkled line:

But when *Aurora* leades out *Phœbus* daunce,
Mine eyes then only winke, for ſpite perchance,
That wormes ſhould haue their Sun, and I want mine.

99

When far ſpent night perſwades each mortall eye,
To whom nor art nor nature graunteth light,
To lay his then marke wanting ſhafts of ſight,
Clos'd with their quiuers in ſleepes armory,

With

With windowes ope then moſt my minde doth lie,
Viewing the ſhape of darkneſſe and delight,
Takes in that ſad hue, which with th'inward night,
Of his mazde powers keepes perfit harmonie:

But when birds charme, and that ſweete ayre, which is
Mornes meſſenger with roſe enameld skies
Cals each wight to ſalute the floure of bliſſe;

In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forſt by their Lord, who is aſham'd to find
Such light in ſenſe, with ſuch a darkned mind.

100

O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,
Making thoſe Lillies and thoſe Roſes grow,
Which ay moſt faire, now more then moſt faire ſhow,
While gracefull pittie beautie beautifies.

O honied ſighs, which from that breaſt do riſe,
Whoſe pants doe make vnſpilling creame to flow,
Wing'd with whoſe breath, ſo pleaſing *Zephires* blow,
As can refreſh the hell where my ſoule fries.

O plants conſeru'd in ſuch a ſugred phraſe,
That eloquence it ſelfe enuies your praiſe,
While ſobd out wordes a perfect Muſicke giue.

Such teares, ſighs, plaints, no ſorrow is, but ioy:
Or if ſuch heauenly ſignes muſt proue annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in ſorrow liue.

101

Stella is ſicke, and in that ſicke bed lies
Sweetneſſe, which breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And grace ſicke too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That ſickeneſſe brags it ſelfe beſt graces to be.

Beautie is ſicke, but ſicke in ſo faire guiſe,
That in that paleneſſe beauties white we ſee,
And ioy which is inſeparate from thoſe eyes:
Stella now learnes (ſtrange caſe) to weepe in thee.

Loue moues thy paine, and like a faithfull page
As thy lookes ſturre, comes vp and downe to make
All folkes preſt at thy will thy paine to aſſwage.

Nature with care ſweates for her darlings ſake,
Knowing worlds paſſe, ere ſhe enough can find
Of ſuch heauen ſtuffe, to cloath ſo heauenly a mind.

102

Where be thoſe Roſes gone, which ſweetned ſo our eyes?
Where thoſe red cheeks, which oft with faire encreaſe doth frame
The height of honour in the kindly badge of ſhame?
Who hath the crimſon weeds ſtolne from my morning skies?

How doth the colour vade of thoſe vermillion dies,
Which Nature ſelfe did make, and ſelfe engraind the ſame?
I would know by what right this paleneſſe ouercame
That hue, whoſe force my heart ſtill vnto thraldome ties?

Galens adoptiue ſonnes, who by a beaten way
Their iudgements hackney on, the fault on ſickneſſe lay,
But feeling proofe makes me (ſay they) miſtake it furre:

It is but loue which makes this paper perfit white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtory of delight,
While beauties reddeſt inke *Venus* for him doth ſturre.

103

O happie Tems, that didſt my *Stella* beare,
I ſaw thy ſelfe with many a ſmiling line
Vpon thy cheerefull face ioyes liuery weare:
While thoſe faire planets on thy ſtreames did ſhine

The boate for ioy could not to daunce forbeare,
While wanton windes with beauties ſo diuine
Rauiſht, ſtaid not, till in her golden haire
They did themſelues (ô ſweeteſt priſon) twine.

And faine thoſe *Aeols* youth there would their ſtay,
Haue made, but firſt by Nature ſtill to flie,
Firſt did with puffing kiſſe thoſe lockes diſplay:

Shee ſo diſcheueld, bluſht; from window I
With ſight thereof cried out; ô faire diſgrace,
Let honour ſelfe to thee grant higheſt place.

104

Enuious wits what hath beene mine offence,
That with ſuch poyſonous care my lookes you marke,
That to each word, nay ſigh of mine you harke,
As grudging me my ſorrowes eloquence?

Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, ſo farre thence, that ſcarcely any ſparke
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,
Where rigours exile lockes vp all my ſenſe?

But if I by a happy window paſſe,
If I but ſtars vpon mine armour beare,
Sicke, thirſty, glad (though but of emptie glaſſe:)

Your mortall notes ſtraight my hid meaning teare,
From out my ribs, and puffing proues that I
Do *Stella* loue, fooles who doth it deny?

Eleuenth

Eleuenth Song.

Who is it that this darke night,
Vnderneath my window playneth?
It is one who from thy ſight,
Being (ah) exil'd, diſdayneth
Euery other vulgar light.

Why alas, and are you he?
Be not yet thoſe ſanties changed?
Deere when you find change in me,
Though from me you be eſtranged,
Let my chaunge to ruine be.

Well in abſence this will dy,
Leaue to ſee, and learne to wonder;
Abſence ſure will helpe, if I
Can learne, how my ſelfe to ſunder
From what in my heart doth ly.

But time will theſe thoughts remoue:
Time doth worke what no man knoweth,
Time doth as the ſubiect proue,
With time ſtill affection groweth
In the faithfull Turtle doue.

What if ye new beauties ſee,
Will not they ſtir new affection?
I will think they pictures be,
(Image like of Saints perfection)
Poorely counterfeyting thee.

But your reaſons pureſt light,
Bids you leaue ſuch minds to nourriſh.
Deere, do reaſon no ſuch ſpite,
Neuer doth thy beautie flouriſh
More, then in my reaſons ſight.

But the wrongs loue beares, will make
Loue at length leaue vndertaking;
No the more fooles it doe ſhake,
In a ground of ſo firme making,
Deeper ſtill they driue the ſtake.

Peace, I thinke that ſome giue eare:
Come no more, leſt I get anger.
Bliſſe, I will my bliſſe forbeare,
Fearing (ſweet) you to endanger,
But my ſoule ſhall harbour there.

Well, be gone; be gone I ſay,
Leſt that Argus *eyes perceiue you,*
O vniuſt fortunes ſway,
Which can make me thus to leaue you:
And from lowts to run away.

105

Vnhappie ſight, and hath ſhe vaniſht by
So neere, in ſo good time, ſo free a place?
Dead glaſſe doſt thou thy obiect ſo embrace,
As what my heart ſtill ſees thou canſt not ſpie?

I ſweare by her I loue and lacke, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race
Onely vnto the heav'n of *Stellas* face,
Counting but duſt what in the way did lie.

But ceaſe mine eyes, your teares do witneſſe well,
That you guiltleſſe thereof, your Nectar miſt:
Curſt be the page from whence the bad torch fell,

Curſt be the night which did your ſtrife reſiſt,
Curſt be the Coachman which did driue ſo faſt,
Which no worſe curſe then abſence makes me taſt.

105

O abſent preſence, *Stella* is not here;
False flattering hope, that with ſo faire a face,
Bare me in hand, that in this Orphane place,
Stella, I ſay my *Stella* ſhould appeare.

What ſaiſt thou now, where is that daintie cheere,
Thou toldſt mine eyes ſhould helpe their famiſht caſe?
But thou art gone now that ſelfe felt diſgrace,
Doth make me moſt to wiſh thy comfort neere.

But here I doe ſtore of faire Ladies meete,
Who may with charme of conuerſation ſweete,
Make in my heauie mould new thoughts to grow:

Sure they preuaile as much with me as he
That bad his friend but then new maim'd, to be
Merry with him, and not thinke of his woe.

107

Stella ſince thou ſo right a Princeſſe art
Of all the powers which life beſtowes on me,
That ere by them ought vndertaken be,
They firſt reſort vnto that ſouraigne part;

Sweet

Sweet for a while giue respite to my hart,
Which pants as though it still should leape to thee:
And on my thoughts giue thy Lieftenancie
To this great cause, which needs both vse and art.

And as a Queene, who from her presence sends
Whom she imployes, dismisse from thee my wit,
Till it haue wrought what thy owne will attends.

On seruants shame oft Maisters blame doth sit;
O let not fooles in me thy workes reproue,
And scorning say, see what it is to loue.

108

When sorrow (vsing mine owne fiers might)
Melts downe his lead into my boyling brest,
Through that darke furnace to my heart oppresst,
There shines a ioy from thee my only light:

But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young soule flutters to thee his nest,
Most rude despaire my daily vnbidden guest,
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night,

And makes me then bow downe my head, and say,
Ah what doth *Phœbus* gold that wretch auaile,
Whom iron doores doe keepe from vse of day?

So strangely (alas) thy workes in me preuaile,
That in my woes for thee thou art my ioy,
And in my ioyes for thee my only annoy.

The end of Astrophel and Stella.

¶ Her moſt excellent Maieſtie walking in Wanſted Garden, as ſhe paſſed downe into the groue, there came ſuddenly among the traine one apparelled like an honeſt mans wife of the countrey, where crying out for iuſtice and deſiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to ſpeake a good word for her, ſhe was brought to the preſence of her Maieſtie, to whom vpon her knees ſhe offered a ſupplication, and

THE SVITER.

MOſt faire Ladie, for as for other your titles of ſtate ſtatelier perſons ſhall giue you, and thus much mine owne eyes are witneſſes of, take here the complaint of me poore wretch, as deepely plunged in miſerie as I wiſh to you the higheſt point of happineſſe.

Onely one daughter I haue, in whom I had placed all the hope of my good hap, for with her good parts recompenced my paines of bearing her, and care of bringing her vp: but now alas that ſhe is come to the time I ſhould reape my full comfort of her, ſo is ſhe troubled with that notable matter which we in the countrey call matrimony, as I cannot chuſe but feare the loſſe of her wits, at leaſt of her honeſtie. Other women thinke they may be vnhappily combred with one matter husband, my poore daughter is oppreſſed with two, both loouing her, both equally liked of her, both ſtriuing to deſerue her. But now lately (as this realoufie forſooth is a vile matter) each haue brought their partakers with them, and are at this preſent, without your preſence redreſſe it, in ſome bloudie controuerſie: now ſweet Lady helpe, your owne way guides you to the place where they encomber her, I dare ſtay here no longer, for our men ſay in the countrey, the light of you is infectious.

And with that ſhe went away a good peace, leauing the ſupplication with her Maieſtie, which very formally contained this.

Supplication.

Moſt gratious Soueraigne,

To one whoſe ſtate is raiſed ouer all,
Whoſe face doth oft the braueſt ſort enchaunt,
Whoſe minde is ſuch, as wiſeſt minds appall,
Who in one ſelfe theſe diuerſe gifts can plant;
How dare I wretch ſeeke there my woes to reſt,
Where eares be burnt, eyes dazled, harts oppreſt?

Your ſtate is great, your greatneſſe is our ſhield,
Your face hurts oft, but ſtill it doth delight,
Your mind is wiſe, your wiſedome makes you mild,
Such planted gifts enrich euen beggers ſight:
So dare I wretch, my baſhfull feare ſubdue,
And feed mine eares, mine eyes, my heart in you.

Herewith

Herewith the woman-ſuiter being gone, there was heard in the wood a confuſed noyſe, and forthwith there came out ſixe ſhepheards with as many ſoſters haling & pulling to whether ſide they ſhould draw the Lady of May, who ſeemed to encline neither to the one nor other ſide. Among them was Maiſter *Rombus* a Schoole-maiſter of a village there by, who being fully perſwaded of his owne learned wiſedome, came thither, with his authoritie to part their fray; where for anſwer he receiued many vnlearned blowes. But the Queene comming to the place where ſhee was ſeene of them, though they knew not her eſtate, yet ſomething there was which made them ſtartle aſide and gaze vpon her: till old father *Lalus* ſtepped forth (one of the ſubſtantialleſt ſhepheards) and making a legge or two, ſaid theſe few words.

Lalus the old Shepheard.

May it pleaſe your dignitie to giue a little ſuperfluous intelligence to that, which with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth ſhall deliuer vnto you. So it is right worſhipfull audience, that a certaine ſhee creature, which we ſhepheards call a woman of a miniſcall countenance, but by my white Lambe not three quarters ſo beautious as your ſelfe, hath diſanulled the braine pan of two of our fcatiouſt young men. And wil you wot how? by my mother *Kits* ſoule, with a certaine franſical maladie they call Loue; when I was a yong man they called it flat folly. But here is a ſubſtantiall Schoole-maiſter can better diſnounce the whole foundation of the matter, although in ſooth for all his loquence our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkeſhip: Come on, come on Maiſter ſchoole-maiſter, be not ſo baſhfeſſe; we ſay, that the faireſt are euer the gentleſt: tell the whole caſe, for you can much better vent the points of it then I.

Then came forward Maiſter Rombus, *and with many ſpeciall graces made this learned Oration.*

Now the thunderthumping *Ioue* transfund his dotes into your excellent formoſitie, which haue with your reſplendent beames thus ſegregated the emnitie of theſe rurall animals: I am *Potentiſſima Domina*, a ſchoole-maiſter, that is to ſay, a Pedagogue, one not a little verſed in the diſciplinating of the iuuenall fric, wherin (to my laud I ſay it) I vſe ſuch geometricall proportion, as neither wanted manſuetude nor correction, for ſo it is deſcribed.

Parcare Subiectos & debellare ſuperbos.

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me from the contaminating hands of theſe plebeians: for comming *ſolummodo* to haue parted their ſanguinolent fray, they yeelded me no more reuerence, then if I had bin ſome *Pecorius Aſinus*. I, euen I, that am, who am I? *Dixi verbus ſapiento ſatum eſt*. But what ſaid that Trojan *Aeneas*, when he ſoiourned in the ſurging ſulkes of the ſandiferous ſeas, *Hac olim memonaſſe iuuebit*. Well well, *ad propoſitos reuertebo*, the puritie of the veritie is, that a certaine *Pulchra puella profecta* elected and conſtituted by the integrated determination of all this topographicall region, as the ſoueraigne Lady of this Dame Maias month, hath beene *quodammodo* hunted, as you would ſay, purſued by two, a brace, a couple, a caſt of yong men, to whom the craftie coward *Cupid* had *inquam* deliuered his dire-dolorous dart.

But here the May-Lady interrupted his ſpeech, ſaying to him:

Away away you tedious foole, your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princely ſight, much leſſe your fooliſh tongue to trouble her wiſe eares.

At which Maſter Rombus in a great chafe cried out:

O Tempori, ô Moribus! in profeſsion a childe, in dignitie a woman, in yeares a Lady, *in cæteris* a mayde, ſhould thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the ſuperſcription of a foole, *ô Tempori, ô Moribus!*

But here againe the May Lady ſaying to him,

Leaue off good Latine foole, and let mee ſatisfie the long deſire I haue had to feede mine eyes with the onely ſight this age hath graunted to the world.

The poore ſchoolemaſter went his way backe, and the Lady kneeling downe ſaid in this maner:

Doe not thinke (ſweet & gallant Lady) that I do abaſe my ſelfe thus much vnto you becauſe of your gay apparell, for what is ſo braue as the naturall beautie of the flowers, nor becauſe a certaine Gentleman hereby ſeekes to doe you all the honour he can in his houſe; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and theſe be our owne groues, nor yet becauſe of your great eſtate, ſince no eſtate can be compared to be the Lady of the whole moneth of May as I am. So that ſince both this place and this time are my ſeruants, you may be ſure I would look for reuerēce at your hands if I did not ſee ſomething in your face which makes me yeelde to you; the troth is, you excell me in that wherein I deſire moſt to excell, and that makes mee giue this homage vnto you, as to the beautifulleſt Lady theſe woods haue euer receiued. But now as old father *Lalus* directed me, I wil tel you my fortune, that you may be iudge of my miſhaps & others worthineſſe. Indeede ſo it is, that I am a faire wench or elſe I am deceiued, & therefore by the conſent of all our neighbours haue beene choſen for the abſolute Lady of this mery Moneth, with me haue been (alas I am aſhamed to tell it) two yong men, the one a forreſter named *Therion*, the other *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard very long euen in loue forſooth. I like them both, and loue neither, *Eſpilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the liuelier: *Therion* doth me many pleaſures, as ſtealing mee veniſon out of theſe forreſts, and many other ſuch like prettie and prettier ſeruices; but withall he growes to ſuch rages, that ſometimes hee ſtrikes me ſometimes hee rayles at mee. This ſhepheard *Eſpilus* of a milde diſpoſition, as his fortune hath not beene to doe me great ſeruice, ſo hath he neuer done me any wrong, but feeding his ſheepe, ſitting vnder ſome ſweete buſh, ſometimes they ſay hee records my name in dolefull verſes. Now the queſtion I am to aske you faire Lady, is, whether the many deſerts and many faults of *Therion*, or the very ſmall deſerts, and no faults of *Eſpilus* be to be preferred. But before you giue your iudgement (moſt excellent Ladie) you ſhall heare what each of them can ſay for themſelues in their rurall ſongs.

Thereupon Therion challenged Eſpilus to ſing with him, ſpeaking theſe ſixe verſes:

Therion.

Come Eſpilus, *come now declare thy skill,*
Shew how thou canſt deſerue ſo braue deſire,
Warme well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will,
For water cold did neuer promiſe fire:
Great ſure is ſhe, on whom our hopes do liue,
Greater is ſhe who muſt the iudgement giue.

But

But *Eſpilus* as if he had beene inſpired with the Muſes, began forthwith to ſing, whereto his fellow Shepheards ſet in with their recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes, and ſo of *Therions* ſide did the foreſters, with the corners they wore about their neckes like hunting hornes in baudrikes.

Eſpilus.

Tune vp my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceipts the ſong muſt needs be high,
More high then ſtarres, more firme then flintie field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue or die:
Sweet ſoule, to whom I vowed am a ſlaue,
Let not wild woods ſo great a treaſure haue.

Therion.

The higheſt note comes oft from baſeſt mind,
As ſhallow brookes do yeeld the greateſt ſound,
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to find;
Thy ſtarres be fall'n, plowed is thy flintie ground:
Sweet ſoule let not a wretch that ſerueth ſheepe,
Among his flocke ſo ſweet a treaſure keepe.

Eſpilus.

Two thouſand ſheepe I haue as white as milke,
Though not ſo white as is thy louely face,
The paſture rich, the wooll as ſoft as ſilke,
All this I giue, let me poſſeſſe thy grace,
But ſtill take heed leſt thou thy ſelfe ſubmit
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

Therion.

Two thouſand Deere in wildeſt woods I haue,
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
He is not poore who can his freedome ſaue,
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:
But take this beaſt, if beaſts you feare to miſſe,
For of his beaſts the greateſt beaſt he is.

Eſpilus *kneeling to the Queene.*

Iudge you to whom all beauties force is lent.

Therion.

Iudge you of Loue, to whom all Loue is bent.

But as they wayted for the iudgement her Maieſtie ſhould giue of their deſerts, the Shepheards and Foreſters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellowes had the better, and ſo whether the eſtate of Shepheards or Foreſters were the more worſhipfull. The ſpeakers were *Dorcas* an old Shepheard, & *Rixus* a yong Foſter, betweene whom the Schoole-maiſter *Rombus* came in as a moderator.

Dorcas the Shepheard.

Now all the bleſsings of mine old grandam (ſilly *Eſpilus*) light vpon thy ſhoulders for this honicombe ſinging of thine; now of my honeſtie all the bells in the towne could

could not haue ſung better, if the proud heart of the harlotrie lye not downe to thee now, the ſheepes not catch her, to teach her that a faire woman hath not her faire-neſſe to let it grow ruſtiſh.

Rixus the ſaſter.

O *Midas*, why art thou not aliue now to lend thine eares to this drivle, by the precious bones of a hunſ-man, he knowes not the bleaying of a calfe from the ſong of a Nightingale, but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wiſe as ſhe is faire, *Therion* thou ſhalt haue the prize, and thou old *Dorcas* with young maſter *Eſpilus* ſhall remaine tame fooles, as you be.

Dorcas. And with cap and knee be it ſpoken, is it your pleaſure neighbor *Rixus* to be a wilde foole?

Rixus. Rather then a ſheepiſh dolt.

Dorcas. It is much refreſhing to my bowels, you haue made your choiſe, for my ſhare I will beſtow your leauings vpon one of your fellowes.

Rixus. And art not thou aſhamed old foole, to liken *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard to *Therion* of the noble vocation of hunſ-men, in the preſence of ſuch a one as euen with her eye onely can giue the cruell puniſhment?

Dorcas. Hold thy peace, I will neither meddle with her nor her eyes, they ſaine in our towne they are dangerous both; neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Eſpilus*, ſince one is a theeuiſh proller, and the other is as quiet as a lambe that new came from ſucking.

Rombus the Schoole-maiſter.

Heu, Ehem, hei, Inſipidum, Inſcitium vulgorum & populorum. Why you brute Nebulons haue you had my *Corpuſculum* ſo long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edifie an argument? Attend and throw your eares to me, for I am grauidated with childe, till I haue endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebroſities. Firſt you muſt diuiſionate your point, *quaſi* you ſhould cut a cheeſe into two particles; for thus muſt I vniforme my ſpeech to your obtuſe conceptions: for *prius dividendum oratio antequam definiendum*; *exemplum gratia*, eyther *Therion* muſt conquer this Dame *Mayas* Nymph, or *Eſpilus* muſt ouerthrow her, and that *ſecundum* their dignitie, which muſt alſo be ſubdiuiſionated into three equall *ſpecies*, eyther according to the penetrancie of their ſinging, or the melioritie of their functions, or laſtly the ſuperancie of their merits *De* ſinging *ſatis*. *Nunc* are you to argumentat of the qualifying of their eſtate firſt, and then whether hath more infernally, I mane deepely deſerued.

Dorcas. O poore *Dorcas*, poore *Dorcas*, that I was not ſet in my young dayes to ſchoole, that I might haue purchaſed the vnderſtanding of maſter *Rombus* myſterious ſpeeches. But yet thus much I concerne of them, that I muſt euen giue vp what my conſcience doth find in the behalfe of ſhepheards. O ſweet hony milken Loms, and is there any ſo flintie a hart, that can find about him to ſpeake againſt them, that haue the charge of ſuch good ſoules as you be, among whom there is no [illegible] and all obedience, where it is lawfull for a man to be good if he liſt, & hath no outward cauſe to withdraw him from it, where the eye may be buſied in cõſidering the works of nature, and the heart quietly reioyced in the honeſt vſing them? If contemplation as Clarks ſay, be the moſt excellent, which is ſo fit a life for Templers as this is, neither ſubiect to violent oppreſsion, nor ſeruile flatterie? how many Courtiers thinke you I haue heard vnder our field in buſhes make their wofull complaints, ſome of the greatnes of their Miſtriſſe eſtate, which dazeled their eyes & yet burned their harts;

ſome

ſome of the extremitie of her beautie mixed with extreme crueltie, ſome of her too much wit, which made all their louing labours folly. O how often haue I heard one name ſound in many mouthes, making our vales witneſſes of their doleful agonies! So that with long loſt labour finding their thoughts bare no other wooll but deſſpaire, of yong Courtiers they grew old ſheepheards. Well ſweete Lams I will end with you as I began, hee that can open his mouth againſt ſuch innocent ſoules, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox, let the taſte of him be worſe then muſty cheeſe, the ſound of him more dreadfull then the howling of a wolfe, his ſight more odible then a toade in ones porreage.

Rixus. Your life indeede hath ſome goodneſſe.

Rombus the ſchoole-maſter.

O tace, tace, or all the fat will be ignified, firſt let me dilucidate the very intrinſicall maribone of the matter. He doth vſe a certaine rhetoricall inuaſion into the point, as if indeed he had conference with his Lams, but the troth is he doth equitate you in the meane time maiſter *Rixus*, for thus hee ſaith, that ſheepe are good, *ergo* the ſhepheard is good, An *Enthimeme à loco contingentibus*, as my finger & my thumbe are *Contingentes*: againe hee ſaith, who liueth well is likewiſe good, but ſhepheards liue well, *ergo* they are good; *Sillogiſme* in *Darius* king of *Perſia* a *Cõingatis*; as you would ſay, a man coupled to his wife, two bodies but one ſoule: but do you but acquieſcate to my exhortation, & you ſhall extinguiſh him. Tell him his maior is a knaue, his minor is a foole, and his concluſion both, *Et ecce homo blancatus quaſi lilium.*

Rixus. I was ſaying the ſheepheards life had ſome goodneſſe in it, becauſe it borrowed of the countrey quietneſſe ſomething like ours, but that is not all, for ours beſides that quiet part, doth both ſtrengthen the body, & raiſe vp the minde with this gallant ſort of actiuitie. O ſweete contentation to ſee the long life of the hurtleſſe trees, to ſee how in ſtreight growing vp, though neuer ſo high, they hinder not their fellowes, they onely enuiouſly trouble, which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours where the very growing things are enſamples of goodneſſe? wee haue no hopes, but we may quickely go about them, & going about them, we ſoone obtaine them; not like thoſe that haue long followed one (in troth) moſt excellent chace, doe now at length perceiue ſhe could neuer be taken: but that if ſhee ſtayed at any time neere the purſuers, it was neuer meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to fly further from them. He therefore that doubts that our life doth not farre excell all others, let him alſo doubt that the well deſeruing & painefull *Therion* is not to be preferred before the idle *Eſpilus*, which is euen as much to ſay, as that the Roes are not ſwifter then Sheepe, nor the Stags more goodly then Gotes.

Rombus. Bene bene, nunc de queſtione prepoſitus, that is as much to ſay, as well well, now of the propoſed queſtion, that was, whether the many great ſeruices and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few ſmall ſeruices and no faults of *Eſpilus*, bee to bee preferred, incepted or accepted the former.

The May Ladie.

No no, your ordinarie braines ſhall not deale in that matter, I haue already ſubmitted it to one, whoſe ſweete ſpirit hath paſſed through greater difficulties, neyther will I that your blockheads lie in her way.

Therfore ô Lady worthy to ſee the accompliſhment of your deſires, ſince all your deſires be moſt worthy of you, vouchſafe our eares ſuch happines, & mee that particular fauour, as that you will iudge whether of theſe two be more worthy of me, or whether I be worthy of them: & this I will ſay, that in iudging me, you iudge more then me in it.

This

This being ſaid, it pleaſed her Maieſtie to iudge that *Eſpilus* did the better deſerue her: but what words, what reaſons ſhe vſed for it, this paper, which carieth ſo baſe names, is not worthy to containe. Sufficeth it, that vpon the iudgement giuen, the ſheepheards and forreſters made a full conſort of their cornets and recorders, and then did *Eſpilus* ſing this ſong, tending to the greatneſſe of his owne ioy, and yet to the comfort of the other ſide, ſince they were ouerthrowne by a moſt worthy aduerſary. The ſong contayned two ſhort tales, and thus it was.

Siluanus *long in loue, and long in vaine,*
At length obtaind the point of his deſire,
When being alone, now that he did obtaine
His wiſhed meate, what more he could require:
Nothing ſaid he, for moſt I ioy in this,
That Goddeſſe mine, my bleſſed being ſees.

When wanton Pan *deceiu'd with Lions skin,*
Came to the bed, where wound for kiſſe he got,
To woo and ſhame the wretch did enter in,
Till this he tooke for comfort of his lot,
Poore Pan *(he ſaid) although thou beaten be,*
It is no ſhame, ſince Hercules *was he.*

Thus ioyfully in choſen tunes reioyce,
That ſuch a one is witneſſe of my heart,
Whoſe cleereſt eyes I bleſſe, and ſweeteſt voyce,
That ſee my good, and iudgeth my deſert:
Thus wofull I in woe this ſalue doe finde,
My ſoule miſhap came yet from faireſt minde.

The Muſicke fully ended, the May Ladie tooke her leaue in this ſort.

Lady your ſelfe, for other titles doe rather diminiſh then adde vnto you, I and my litle company muſt now leaue you. I ſhould doe you wrong to beſeech you to take our toiles well, ſince your bountie is ſuch, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wiſh you good night, praying to God according to the title I poſſeſſe, that as hitherto it hath excellently done, ſo hence forward the flouriſhing of May, may long remaine in you and with you.

(∴) (∴)

FINIS.